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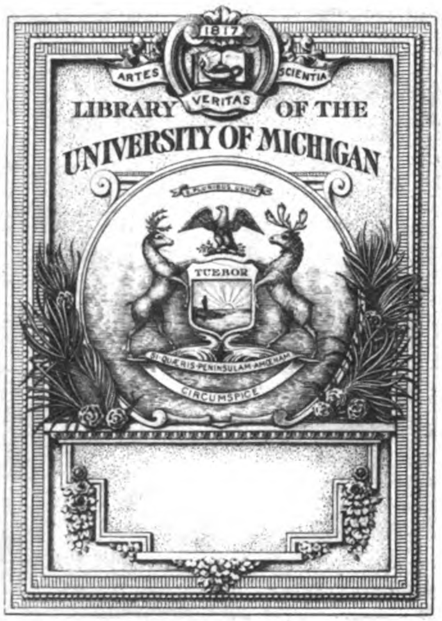
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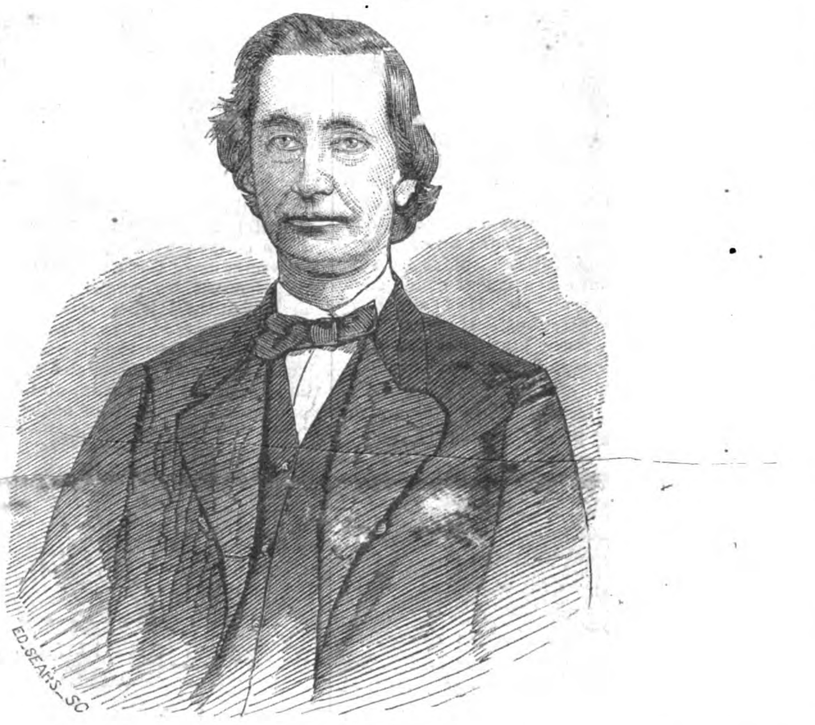

Judge William Henry Lyons, of Richmond, Virginia.

A writer in the Richmond *Examiner*, to which we are indebted for much of the material for this sketch, says of our lamented brother:

> When may we again hope to see so much modesty, united with so much firmness; so much sagacity with so much modesty; so much learning with so much purity; so much wisdom with so much gentleness; so much talent with so much benevolence; so much everything to love and admire with nothing, absolutely nothing, to regret.

Our brother, the late Judge William Henry Lyons, was born May, 1831, in the city of Richmond, and was the son of one of its most popular and eminent citizens. In his veins ran the blood of Virginia's oldest and most distinguished colonial and Masonic families, and, for more than a century, among his ancestors were numbered the ablest jurists, physicians, advocates and statesmen of the Commonwealth.

Long ere Judge Lyons had attained the years of manhood the gentleness of his manners, his beauty and remarkable gracefulness of person, quickness of intellect and chivalric elevation of character, had endeared him to all classes of men.

He entered "William and Mary" College in 1847, but only remained there one session, becoming, in the fall of 1848, a student of the University of Virginia, where he completed his academic studies in 1850, when he returned to his home in Richmond.

At the University of Virginia and other institutions of learning in the State, where he studied with distinguished success, he was universally admired and beloved for those early developed virtues which made him in later life the model of an upright, courteous, learned and popular magistrate.

Without an effort to become popular, he won all hearts in the very outset of life. Affection, friendship, private regard and public confidence at once poured their full and universal tribute upon his modest head. His brief life was filled up in the conscientious discharge of important duties.

His health being bad he did not commence the study of the law regularly for some time after his return. He subsequently, however, studied law in the office of his father—the Hon. James Lyons—and in due course of time was admitted to the bar. During the winter of 1855–'56 he married Mary, the daughter of John H. Hobson, Esq., of Richmond. He leaves her with five orphan children, to mourn, as only the widow and orphan can mourn, the loss of such a husband and father.

After a few years of practice at the bar, which were full of promise and rich with indications of that remarkable forensic ability which has so long characterized his family, the Hustings Court of Richmond was created by an act of the General Assembly, and the ermine was placed upon his youthful shoulders, to be worn with distinction and honor until death removed him from our midst. His competitors for that office were old, able and honored members of the bar, but the high appreciation in which the almost beardless candidate was held secured his election by a large majority. From the time of his elevation to office he devoted himself, night and day, to its varied and responsible duties.

His brief life was marked by the rapid expansion of a vigorous intellect, by a granite firmness in the performance of his duty, blended with the sweet tenderderness and gentleness of the most refined woman. His only ambition was to do right, and while holding the scales of justice in most exact equipoise, he did so with a kindness which subdued the bitterness of disappointed litigants, and won the complete respect of defeated counsel.

In his life there was no extravagant vanity or eccentricity which left the trace of a storm or cloud upon his fame; no infirmities of temper; no acts of hasty harshness to be apologized for; no vices to be blushed for or wept over by those who mourn his untimely end. If here and there the severest scrutiny might be thought capable of detecting any slight admixture of human frailty, "it was so shaded off in its coloring that it melted into some blended virtue."

Indeed, there was in this young jurist, whom we all loved so tenderly, a rare combination of the noblest affections. Where shall we find heroic firmness, blended with so much kind suavity; where such rare and lovely private virtues, combined with such spotless purity of political life? He had a deep sense of moral and religious obligation, and a love of truth, constant, enduring and unflinching, which naturally gave rise to a sincerity of thought, purpose, expression and conduct which, though never severe, was always open, manly and straightforward. His modesty was excessive and unaffected. He had no desire for display and no ambition for admiration. He made no effort on the bench, or in social intercourse, to win by judicial opinion, or in conversation more attention than was absolutely necessary. He sought "no fine terms of expression; no vividness of diction; no ornate elegancies of thought; no pointed sentences to attract observation." What he said, however, was always well said, because it came from one of the most admirably balanced intellects which we have ever encountered upon the bench. He had great simplicity of character, manners and deportment; and yet when he first went upon the bench, a beardless youth, he carried with him a natural dignity that "suppressed impertinence and silenced rudeness."

He was endowed by nature with a temper of great susceptibility, but it had been so schooled by discipline, or rather so moulded and chastened by his affections, that it seemed "in gentleness like the distilling dews of evening."

Of his vast, unending and distinguished labors as a judge, it is almost unnecessary for us to speak. Year after year, through all the revolving seasons, in the depth of winter as well as at midsummer, in the stifling atmosphere of a crowded hall, he courteously and with untiring industry bore the heavy burdens of high official station. To him there was no rest, and with a temper so sweet that neither pain nor weariness could ruffle it, he wore out his young life in dispensing justice with most impartial hand. The varied, multiform and enormous business which flowed in a deep, steady, full current into his court should long since have been divided among other judges. Common law, chancery and criminal law allowed him few moments of rest. His court adjourned at a late hour each day, merely for his patient, conscientious labors at chambers to commence. The variety, extent and magnitude of his labors, during the nine years of his judicial life, will forever remain a monument of his intelligent industry, sound judgment and strict impartiality. His dispatch of business was wonderful. No judge was ever more courteous to counsel, but no judge ever sat upon the bench who detected fallacies of reasoning with more unerring judgment. His powers of analysis defied the ingenuity of the most adroit sophist. No error of reasoning, however skillfully disguised, escaped his detection. He followed it through all its doublings until it became palpable and stripped of all disguise.

During the progress of a civil war, which enlisted his sympathies for his section, there were ample opportunities of marking how fearlessly, at the darkest period of a hopeless struggle, *he threw the broad shield of the great writ of habeas corpus over the humblest conscripts and most friendless prisoners.* In his court, when the clangor of arms was loudest, and when the Federal troops were thundering at Richmond, *he never forgot that he was a High Priest officiating in the Temple of Justice.*

A brother says:

As the representative of the Confederate Government, when too eagerly pressing the imperious demands of that government, and the eager claims of the military to exercise jurisdiction in cases of conscripts and forcible impressments, we have been often sent reeling from his court, *baffled and defeated by the stern courage with which he always protected the liberty and property of the private citizen.*

During the war, while the labors of other judges were diminished, those of the Judge of the Hustings Court were greatly increased. *The desire to do good, however, and to assist suffering humanity*, which was a marked characteristic of the deceased, *sent him to every battle-field in the performance of the Samaritan duties of a member of that noble "Ambulance Committee," the memory of whose good deeds will never die. In ministering to the wounded and dying, no inconsiderable portion of the time of Judge Lyons was consumed from the commencement to the end of the civil war.*

All near him received his nursing care, but devoted was he to a Masonic brother, whether Federal or Confederate.

In the very flower of early manhood, when his services were most needed, when his intellect was most clear and vigorous, at an age when many jurists, who become subsequently eminent, had not appeared in their first cause at the bar, this youthful, yet distinguished and most beloved and upright judge has gone—gone to the high reward of a brief life of eminent services and exhausting labors for a people who honored and loved him with surpassing tenderness. But yesterday he was in his court patient, urbane, firm, intelligent, earnest and untiring in the discharge of his judicial duties. But yesterday we read his name carved in granite upon the massive arch of a great work of public improvement which traverses this city, and but little dreamed that it was so soon to become a wonderful monument to his almost universal usefulness.

So young, wise, beloved and dear to honored sire, loving wife, sweet children, adoring relatives, and a multitude of ardent friends, no more now to hold scales of justice so firmly and impartially as to recall the memory of better days, it is impossible to reflect that the places which once knew him will know him no more without a sense of inexpressible melancholy.

In the majestic circle of Freemasonry he moved as a bright and shining light. He exhibited all those attributes of goodness of heart and sublime devotion to the cause of virtue, which, when thrust forward ostentatiously, give men the claim to the title of philanthropist and benefactor. Having entered Metropolitan Lodge, No. 11, Richmond, Va., and finding the ceremonies and teachings of the Order congenial to the noble and generous instincts of his lofty ideas of philanthropy, he soon learned to take a deep and lively interest in all that appertained to his obligations as a member of the Order, and faithfully performed all the duties assigned him in the same spirit of quiet and unpretending usefulness that characterized his conduct in all the rest of his actions. Feeling the importance of a thorough understanding of this, as well as everything else which he pursued, he did not hurry through the degrees with the rapidity which is too often more characteristic of a prurient curiosity than of zeal for knowledge in the teachings of the Order, and which is so inconsistent with its lessons of prudence and moderation. On the contrary, he was content to remain a Master Mason the allotted time, and devote himself to the lessons taught in the degrees he had taken. As a member of Metropolitan Lodge he was prompt and punctual in his attendance and faithful to his vows.

At the formation of the Masonic Board of Education he was unanimously elected by his Lodge to represent it in the Board, and in his attention to the business of this important body he acted as he did in all other places, and on all other occasions. Ever ready to carry out the objects of its organization, prompt to devise plans which would be useful, or to expose the fallacy of those which, though plausible, would have been unwise, he was looked up to, even by those twice his age, for advice and direction. His love for the Order increased with his years, and anxious to penetrate further into that Temple whose ante-chamber presented so many attractions to him, he had applied for admission in, had been elected, and, if alive and well at the next meeting of the Royal Arch Chapter, he would have been admitted into its sublime mysteries. But the Great Master has called him home to explore those profound secrets which none but the disembodied can know, and we are left to bemoan his loss, to imitate his example, and to look in vain for his equal among the countless thousands he has left behind him.

Rev. Dr. Moore, in his sermon, addressing the Masonic brethren, said:

Your ancient and mystic rites have never invested a novitiate with the emblem of purity who embodied in his life more beautifully all that is good in their teachings.

When his death was announced, at five o'clock in the evening of June 18, the bells of the city were tolled in its announcement, and the expression of sorrow was universal, for the whole community had lost a sympathizing brother and friend.

At a meeting of the Richmond bar, Mr. McFarland, upon taking the chair, said, "The public heart was touched, aye, appalled to learn that Judge Lyons had been called to his long home."

Judge Crump said:

His services to the State have won, and will, through all times, secure the profound respect and unmixed admiration of all who value eminent worth, real wisdom, thorough and extensive learning, general courtesy and an inflexible integrity, which gave honor to the ermine he wore, and reflected lustre upon the judicial annals of the Commonwealth. But, in us, this sad event awakens a sense of bereavement which each feels as a special and peculiar sorrow. He is endeared to us by the tenderest recollections. How can language portray his gentle virtues, his bland and winning manners, his exhaustless patience, his affectionate and noble disposition?

The funeral (the most numerous of any ever known in Richmond) took place at four o'clock of Thursday, attended by the Masonic fraternity and citizens of Richmond, Metropolitan Lodge and the Masonic Board of Education being chief mourners. The procession was more than a mile in length. Business was suspended. Doors and windows were draped in mourning, and the letter "L." was placed in the midst of the drapery.

Bro. Lyons was buried with Masonic rites, Bro. William L. Maule, Master of Metropolitan Lodge, No. 11, who had conferred the degrees upon him, officiating.

Rev. Dr. Moore, in the funeral sermon, said:

Since the lamented Stonewall Jackson had "passed over the river and rested under the shade of the trees," no calamity had touched the public heart of this city as this had done. He spoke of the grief and mourning of the people, and said that when a great man, full of years, was called to his long home, it always brought sorrow; but when one who combined the mature qualities of age with the vigor of youth was cut off in the midst of his usefulness, after having lived just long enough that his great services were invaluable to his fellow-citizens, it was a subject for much more profound sorrow. He spoke of the peculiar position of him who filled the position of a judge.

Legislative officers were bound to follow, to some extent, the whims of the people; but a judge was the representative of the justice of God. He was to be the vindicator of the rights of the widow and orphan, the representative of justice, the citadel of public liberty, and the palladium of private right. The upright judge performs his duties without fear or favor; in the discharge of his duties he knows no man. Such an one was he who had just passed to his long home. He was a treasure to any community. His quiet, gentle and unassuming manners had endeared him to all. No one could help loving him. He combined all that was beautiful in woman and noble in man. His life was full of humility, but he commanded and received the respect of all.

The following are extracts from the late charge of Bro. Lyons to the Grand Jury (the last official act of his life), delivered the day before his illness. Having adverted to the changed condition of things, and the enlarged duties of the court as to persons of color, he adds:

You will therefore inquire into, and true presentments make of, all offenses committed by colored persons, or against their persons or property, in the same manner as if they were white. You will receive and give proper consideration to their testimony in all cases in the same manner as if they were white. It is useless, nay, more than useless, for us to stop and complain of the present condition of affairs, or to argue that it ought not to be. We have to deal with facts as they are, to administer the laws as we find them. "Let the dead past bury its dead." "Let us act in the living present." Let us so act as to show that we are not influenced by passion or prejudice, but are determined to administer equal and impartial justice to all, irrespective of class, condition or color.

We find these people—our former slaves—free and in our midst. During the war they adhered with remarkable fidelity to their owners and their families. The very care we took of them as slaves rendered it unnecessary for them to attempt to provide for themselves or their families, and probably increased their natural tendency to be improvident and careless of the future.

Without any fault of theirs, they have been deprived of the care of their former protectors, and many of them, ignorant, improvident and averse to labor, have been thrown upon the cold charities of the world, liable to be imposed upon, cheated and defrauded by wicked men of their own as well as of the white race. Their former good conduct towards us entitled them to our protection, and their present condition is such as to appeal to the sympathy of all good men. Religion, law and self-interest all combine to urge, even to require us to do all in our power to protect and elevate them. There are now more than two hundred thousand negroes in Virginia, and although they may ultimately find their way further South, or disappear in the contest with white labor, yet we must have a large number of them with us for many years to come, and we must, for some time, depend upon them for our agricultural labor, if not our domestic servants. It is, therefore, to our interests to do all in our power to elevate them in the moral scale, to teach them the necessity of self-control and of living in obedience to the laws of God and man, and of becoming, as freedmen, useful members of society. As they have had no voice in the passage of the laws or the administration of the Government, it is, therefore, the more incumbent upon us to protect them from wrong and injury, and to punish promptly every infringement upon their rights. By acting in this spirit and manner we will continue the kindly feelings which have heretofore existed, and benefit both races in future, and we will do what is far more to be considered by us than interest—our duty.

AN ORIGINAL HYMN,

Sung at the dedication of the Boston Temple, June 24.

BY BRO. JOHN H. SHEPPARD.

The mountains round Jerusalem
The same forever stand;
But the dark clouds which rest on them
O'ershadow sea and land.
No sail is seen on Galilee,
No harp in Judah's halls;
The city, once so brave and free,
The scimitar appals:
A remnant scarce is left in her
To Guard the Holy Sepulchre.

In streets our ancient Brethren trod
Rings the Muezzin's cry;
And where our Temple rose to God
A mosque invades the sky:
Our Temple, which once stood sublime
On Mount Moriah's height,
A mould of beauty for all time,
An oracle of light,
The glorious handicraft of them,
The Grand Lodge of Jerusalem.

Its form and grandeur yet survive
In every Mason's mind:
Though Mosque and Minaret may strive
To leave no trace behind,
The ideal presence stands the same
Where'er on earth we roam;
Jerusalem, from whence we came,
Is still the Brother's home.
He ne'er forgets, while time runs on,
The Temple of King Solomon.

The glory of the Holy Land,
Though vanish'd from the eye,
Still warms the heart and guides thy hand,
Immortal Masonry!

[illegible]

Like Venus rising from the sea,
  A form of loveliness,
This beauteous, sculptured Fane to Thee
  We dedicate, and bless.
In Saint John's name, to Christ so dear,
We consecrate our Altars here.

◆

O D E,

Sung at the dedication of the Boston Temple, June 24.

BY P. R. W. BRO. HENRY GRAFTON CLARKE.

Music by L. H. Southard, Esq.

Now open wide the TEMPLE's doors,
  On golden hinges moving!
Securely tread the solid floors,
  The "work" well done approving.

Deep buried by the MASTER's care,
  On firm foundations lying,
Its granite walls have risen, to where
  Our RED-CROSS FLAG is flying.

From finial to foundation stone,
  From floor to groinèd ceiling,
It stands unrivaled and alone,
  Its beauties self-revealing.

Sweet summer breezes to the sky
  Their odors fresh are flinging;
While swings our fragrant censer high,
  Its incense-clouds commingling.

But when the consecrated FANE
  With time shall be decaying,
And unto dust returns again,
  The MASTER's WORD obeying:

When these fair HALLS are desolate,
  And silent is our singing,
Seraphic songs at Heaven's high gate
  WILL IN OUR EARS BE RINGING!

◆

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

Thy neighbor? [illegible] thou
  Hast power to aid and bless;
Whose aching heart or burning brow
  Thy soothing hand may press.

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the fainting poor
  Whose eye with want is dim;
Whom hunger sends from door to door—
  Go thou and succor him!

Thy neighbor? 'Tis that weary man,
  Whose years are at their brim;
Bent low with sickness, cares and pain—
  Go thou and comfort him!

Thy neighbor? 'Tis the heart bereft
  Of every earthly gem;
Widow and orphan, helpless left—
  Go thou and shelter them!

Whene'er thou meet'st a human form
  Less favored than thine own,
Remember 'tis thy neighbor worm,
  Thy brother or thy son.

Oh, pass not, pass not heedless by!
  Perhaps thou canst redeem
The aching heart from misery—
  Go, share thy lot with him.

◆

ORIGIN OF THE RED AND WHITE ROSE.

FROM THE GERMAN.

'Tis said the world's Messiah,
  In childhood's sunny hours,
With other children sported
  Among the fragrant flowers.

In a green bower of roses,
  Whose perfume filled the air,
Stood the boy, intently musing
  O'er the supremely fair.

Its hue was very faint then,
  But as Jesus bowed his head,
A crimson blush o'erspread it,
  That remained a brilliant red.

Long years it grew and flourished,
  The pride of all the bowers,
'Till late in its posterity,
  'Twas crowned the Queen of Flowers.

In defiance of affliction,
  Our Lord enjoyed the hour
When he could stand and muse
  O'er his loved and cherished flower.

And on that dreadful morning
  He to Calvary was brought,
When the sun withheld its shining,
  And wonders dire were wrought,

The rose, his favorite flower,
  Deadly pallid at the sight,
Was transformed, in that sad hour,
  To a pure and changeless white.

Then, sinful humanity!
  Had thy stains thus passed away,
Replaced by Eden's purity,
  It had been thy proudest day.

Oft within the rose's calyx
  A limpid tear you view,
'Twas fancied Jesus wept there
  A last fond, sad adieu.

Full of meaning, too, the dress
  That the Queen of Flowers adorns,
An emblem of the scarlet robe
  And crown of piercing thorns.

◆

TOO LATE AT THE LODGE.

[HUSBANDS AND WIVES AND MASONS, DO LIKEWISE.]

> What do you think of marriage?
> I take it as those that deny purgatory;
> It locally contains a heaven or hell.
> There is no third place in it.—WEBSTER.

Mary Williams had been six months a bride, or rather, as she expressed it, a housekeeper. Soon after her marriage, her husband Charles had taken a neat white cottage; this had been nicely repaired, painted and furnished, and into it the happy couple had moved immediately, believing, as most newly married people do, that however dark and dreary the world may be elsewhere, there is, to say the least, a paradise open for them [illegible] the sunshine will linger all their lives long.

Mary was a girl full of home tastes and home loves. She was not a beauty. No one would have thought of looking after her twice in a crowded assembly. She was neither a Venus nor a Juno; perhaps she might have been called a Hebe, for she was full of youth and health. But her eyelashes were not long, her mouth was not perfect, her stature was not faultless; yet her husband, when he saw her face radiant with good humor, and her cheeks dimpled with smiles—when he looked into the depths of her soft, serious eyes, and saw that feelings, gentle and tender, stirred within her heart—when he listened to her common-sense remarks, and noticed her tidy dress and the neatness of her household arrangements, took her hand affectionately in his, and felt her to be, what his lips declared that she was, namely, a most excellent woman. When he first saw her, he never dreamed of loving her. He knew of a dozen prettier girls, any one of whom he could have married had he chosen to do so; but he was so situated that he was thrown daily into contact with her, and at first talked to her for the want of something better to do. There was no one else at hand for him to notice, no one else for him to care for. But daily her charms increased in his eyes. There was a quiet, womanly air about her that pleased him. He found himself studying her character hourly, and as often becoming more and more satisfied with it. At length he concluded that the emotion that he felt for her must be that mysterious thing called love. He left her society reluctantly, and came back eagerly. He said to himself that there was not so sweet a voice as hers in the whole world; its tones were soft, low, and sweet, like liquid music. When he went to a party, he looked first to see if she were present; if so, all seemed pleasant, social and genial. If she was absent, he yawned, concluded that the place and the amusements were dull, and withdrew.

On the next page in his biography we find him torturing himself with endless surmises in regard to whether he was beloved. Had he known Mary's heart was entirely his, he might have addressed her immediately, but he dared not hazard a cold and formal refusal. He dreaded to see others approach her. He had grown to be a jealous lover, and imagined that the face which had at first seemed to him to be destitute of attractions must have grown beautiful in the eyes of all.

But at length he summoned resolution, and declared his passion. Oh, delightful discovery! he found that he was beloved, and the good, gentle and affectionate Mary became his wife. She made his cottage the most cheerful spot on earth. The furniture in it was neither rich nor costly, but the tables and chairs, when arranged under her eye, looked bright and attractive. The house was not a very pleasant one, but she trained vines around the doors and over the bright windows, until it looked in the eyes of Charles something as Paradise must have seemed to Adam, before the serpent had left his poisonous trail among the plants and flowers. At night, when he sat down to read to her out of some favorite author, he imagined that he had never before seen so ruddy a fire, so clean a hearth, so pretty a carpet, so nice a workbox, and so charming a woman as that neat little parlor contained. A distinguished statesman has recently said, in a public address delivered before one of the female colleges, that "Woman's greatest triumph is a happy home." If this be so, Mary Williams surely had triumphed as few do; for in the heart of her husband, and in the bosom of a happy home, her presence was felt and acknowledged to be almost a sweet and gentle divinity.

But did she know this? If she had, surely she might have said, with Willis, in his revery at Glenmary:

> "I have enough, O God! My heart to-night
> Runs over with its fullness of content.
> . . . . . Rich, though poor!
> My low-roofed cottage is this hour a heaven."

But Charles had never told her in so many words what delightful emotions he experienced during those calm, quiet evening hours. He had not thought it to be necessary. He imagined that she must see from his whole conduct that they were dear to his heart; that he delighted in them. He did not know how jealous of rivalry, how covetous of love a true womanly heart is often found to be while she is walking among her household idols.

It was about the time that our story commences that Charles Williams joined the Masons. He did not say anything to Mary about this step. He did not suppose that she would care about it any way. His joining, indeed, was upon the impulse of the moment. Some of his friends proposed it to him one night, just as he was leaving his office for home. They were members, and wanted his company. He said to them:

"Yes, I will join you after supper, and take the necessary preliminary steps."

Accordingly, after tea, he, unlike his custom, took his hat, and went out without saying a word, or intimating where he was going. Mary, who had been looking forward all day to a pleasant chat with her husband at night, felt surprised and annoyed by his abrupt and unceremonious departure.

"Where can he be going?" she asked herself, mentally. "Surely he will not stay out long! He must know that my days are lonely, and that his society at night is necessary to my happiness. He may be out of cigars, and has stepped out after some. I am certain that he will soon be back. I have two new books for him to read. I will prepare everything ready for him when he does come in."

She drew up a little table before the ruddy fire. She arranged the rocking-chair in the most convenient spot, placed before it Charlie's slippers, and laid the new book on the table beside the chair. She then took her sewing, and sat down to await his return. Tick, tick, tick went the French clock upon the mantlepiece—now and then a coal dropped through the grate. Save these, no sounds disturbed the stillness of the apartment. Eight o'clock was counted off—then nine—then ten. Still Charles came not. The young wife grew uneasy. She put down her work, and went to the window to look out. As she lifted the curtain, she saw that the night was one of inky blackness. Heavy clouds hung over the face of the moon, and blotted out the stars. Now and then a large rain-drop came dashing against the window-pane. What could be the meaning of Charles's protracted absence? Where could he be? What had happened to him? Must it not be something serious to keep him thus away from home?

All these questions came through Mary's mind as she contemplated the dreariness of the night. At length she dropped the curtain, and went back to the table. She sat down, and watched the hands of the clock, until they pointed to a quarter to eleven. Just then her ear caught the echo of a familiar step. She jumped up, with a sense of relief at her heart. The door opened, and Charles came in.

"What! up yet, Mary?" he exclaimed, in a cheerful voice. "I expected you were in bed an hour ago."

"I could not sleep when you were absent," she said, setting back the table, and moving the slippers. "I have been expecting you continually. Pray where have you been?"

"Oh! I stayed with some friends until it was rather late, I will admit—later than I thought for; but never wait for me, Mary, again. Go to bed when you get sleepy. I can take care of myself when I come home, and shall not mind a dim light and a cold fire. So never wait for me."

"Is it possible," sighed the young wife to herself, "that he intends condemning me to another night of loneliness and gloom? Does he mean to go out often thus? I wonder where he has been? What society is attractive enough to keep him away from me all day, and almost all night? If he leaves me thus, may I not well imagine that he is getting tired of me and his home?"

But she did not give expression to these thoughts in words. If she had, how many weary hours of doubt, grief and distrust might she afterwards have been spared.

Days, weeks, months, went by. In the home of Charles and Mary Williams the eye of the stranger would have remarked no change, but a great gulf had become fixed between them, and though neither ever referred to it, each knew of its existence, and was wretched.

Charles, not unfrequently, came in and found Mary in tears. At first the sight of them had surprised him, and he had taken her gently to him, and had striven to discover the cause of her grief. But in vain. She felt half ashamed of her weakness while in his presence, and shrank from blaming him for his seeming neglect of her in words. He saw that she strove to conceal from him something, and he felt hurt and wounded that she should withold her confidence from him, when he had given, as he fancied, his so unreservedly to her. Somehow the impression was fastened upon his mind that Mary was ceasing to love him; that she was becoming tired of the home which she had rendered such a paradise for him.

"If she does not love me," he said, mentally, "the less I am with her the better;" and so he now not unfrequently left her alone until far into the night. When he came in he found his slippers placed for him—a light burning, and a cheerful fire in the grate. But Mary had retired. When he took the light and went into their chamber, he found her with closed eyes, a flushed cheek, bearing traces of having been recently bathed in tears.

"Poor Mary!" he sighed, mentally; "would that I could make your happiness as complete as you have made mine; but I cannot. A dreadful, a fearful mistake was made by you, when you married me. Alas! that a chain, whose link seemed to me all flowers, should have changed into a galling one, dragging us both downward to despair."

Things had been going on thus for a long time. Home was fast becoming to the young husband the least cheerful spot on earth. Distrust had come like a servant into their domestic bower.

One day Charles came in an hour earlier at dinner than was his wont. Not finding Mary in the sitting-room, he supposed that she was probably in their sleeping apartment. He accordingly pushed open the door and looked in. Mary was not there; but laying upon the table were instruments for writing, and what seemed to be a half written epistle. He stepped forward, not with the intention of reading what she had written; but as he reached the table, his own name, written on the half-finished page, arrested his attention, and he saw that the paper was blistered with tears. He snatched it up and read:

"Dearest Sister:

"You complain of my letters. You say that they are short, dry and formal. You ask what has occurred to change me so, for changed I must of late have become. You judge from the tone of my epistle that I am not the glad, happy creature that I once was. Alas! my dear Maggie, alas! that you should guess so correctly. I *am* changed, and even now there is a sick shiver at my heart. *Charles loves me no longer.* You start over the words, and well you may, for they are true. I, who was once the happiest of all wives, am now miserable. Do you ask what reason I have for doubting my husband's affection? Once, my dear Maggie, he seemed to live only for me. The moment he was released from business he came eagerly to my side—he read to me—we laughed, talked and chatted, and were the happiest of mortals. But there came a change. I shall never forget the first dreary, endless evening in which he left me alone until late into the night, and that, too, without one word of apology. I sat and counted the measured strokes of the pendulum, and listened in vain for his returning footsteps. When he came at last he alleged, as an excuse for his absence, that he had met with some friends, and he had been betrayed into keeping later hours than he had imagined. There was not a word of concern expressed in regard to my solicitude, for solicitude he must have known that I felt for him through that dismal evening, sitting there alone, with storm and darkness without. I did not tell him of my loneliness, or expostulate with him a single moment; I only grieved that his home had been less attractive to him than the crowded bar-room, but I hoped that he would not often leave me thus. But again and again he absented himself, and that, too, without saying a word in regard to where he spent the hours of his absence. Do you wonder, my dear Maggie, that my face grew shaded and thoughtful, and that anxiety crept into my heart? You will not wonder; and now there is, alas! a great chasm between us. He eats in haste, and leaves the house. His whole demeanor to me says: 'You are no longer loved. I will avoid you if I can!' This is killing me, for I love this man to idolatry. In the midst of his neglect I still love him. I must ever worship, but, alas! that I cannot make the happiness of him I idolize so much! Why did he marry me? He was in everything my superior, and why was I fool, dotard enough to imagine that I possessed the power of enchaining his heart! I cannot do it; but I have found out my mistake, alas! too late—too late for his happiness, and this is what grieves me most. I am willing to suffer, but I cannot bear the thought, that from now until the grave is reached by one of us, I must stand between him and happiness. Marriage! it is a fearful thing, because it binds with such strong, enduring bonds. Could the future be scanned, how many a gay bride, instead of being covered with orange flowers, would wreathe amid her locks the mournful cypress and the funeral yew! Charles has ceased to love me. Do you wonder, Maggie, that I am wretched?"

The young husband had read thus far almost without breathing. He now threw down the paper, and clasped his hands tightly over his forehead. "Fool, dotard, that I have been!" he exclaimed, "to have acted thus. Why have I, by my carelessness, pained so good, so sensitive a heart? Why did I neglect to tell Mary the cause of my absence? The dear child does not even know that I am a Mason. How should she surmise that I was absent at the Lodge during the evening that she has mentioned, and during many subsequent ones. How should she know that I was watching, sometimes with a sick brother, or carrying relief to widows and orphans? But, thank God, there is a great load off my heart! She loves me, and to be assured of this, I would do and suffer much."

[illegible] Charles went into the sitting-room, he found the apartment still empty. He [illegible] newspaper and began to read.

Soon a light footstep was heard, and Mary came into the room. She took up her work, and sat down thoughtfully by the table. Her husband evidently had not been observed.

Charles laid down the paper, and stealing softly to the back of her chair, bent over and kissed her forehead. The young wife started, and a flush of surprise went over her pale cheek rapidly.

"Why, Charles!" she exclaimed, half smiling, "how you frightened me. I did not know that you were in the room. Pray, when did you come?"

"Half an hour ago," he said. "I could not find you, and so sat down to wait impatiently for your return. The house is very lonesome without you. In fact, I would not give much to live anywhere unless you were near."

Again the crimson hue came to the cheek of the wife—again a happy light visited for a moment her eyes. She looked up timidly into the face of her husband, as if fearful that her ears had deceived her. But no, she saw in the honest face above her nothing but truth and affection.

"You have grown thin and pale, Mary," he continued. "You do not exercise enough in the fresh air. If you will go out with me this afternoon, we will take a long ramble, and I will show you how I have of late been spending some of my evenings."

Mary nodded, as if the request and the manner of her husband were nothing unusual; but tears sprang into her blue eyes, and rolled down upon the work in her lap. He saw them, and taking the sewing from her hands, laid it upon the table, and sitting down, drew her tenderly towards him.

"Would you like to go, Molly?" he said, using the name by which he had always called her in happier days. "Perhaps when you see you will think that you are, in part at least, repaid for your loneliness."

"Yes, above all things, Charles, I should like to go out with you," she said, "unless"——she hesitated.

"Unless what, Molly?"

"Unless I should be an incumbrance," she replied.

"Incumbrance! nonsense!" he exclaimed, impatiently; "haven't I just said that I wouldn't give much to live where you were not?"

"Yes, Charles," she found courage to say, "but of late you *have* lived away from me a great deal. You are absent about your business all day: I expect that; but after tea you are often out again. I almost began to fear that I had lost the heart of my husband."

"I know it, Mary, I know it very well. Things have been going on wrong between us for a long time, and the fault has all been mine. It is as clear as daylight now. But I haven't meant to wound or wrong you, Molly—heaven knows that I have not! After dinner you shall go with me. I rue my blunder—indeed it has come near being the death of my happiness, but a vail of *mystery* shall no longer vail our hearts."

Mary Williams was a happy creature at that moment. You should have seen her face. For almost the first time in her life, you, doubtless, would have pronounced her beautiful.

She went out with her husband after dinner. She visited dark alleys where she had never been before. She penetrated sick chambers; and, strange to tell, she found that her Charles was everywhere recognized and welcomed. To one he had carried, it seemed, medicine; with another he watched; to a widow and an orphan he had given work; and a pale, crippled boy he had supplied with books.

"What does this mean, Charles?" said Mary, as, half-blinded with her tears, she stood once more in the street; "what does this mean? I cannot understand it."

"It means," said Charles, "that I am a Mason—that I have been visiting my brother Masons during some of those long tedious hours in which you have been left alone. The first night that I ever left you after our marriage, Molly, was spent at the Lodge—you have seen what I have been about since. I should have told you, dearest, about this before, but secrecy is a part of our proceedings in the sick chamber as well as in the Masonic Hall. Can you forgive me for staying *too late at the Lodge?*"

The Mason found himself answered by a sob and a kiss.

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Reception of Lodge Visitors by Violin and Whistles.

BRO. LYON'S VIEWS—SCOTLAND.

The right to visit a Lodge, *with or without modification*, has been discussed of late among our Anglican brethren.

Our esteemed brother D. Murray Lyon, in our British contemporary declares that:

In the MS. records of those three century-old sections of the fraternity of operative Masons to whose archives we have enjoyed the privilege of access, we have never yet found the slightest trace of the appearance in Masonic courts of "visiting brethren," or the existence of any law on the subject of their admission; neither can we, in Scotland, point to any really ancient regulation, anent the rights of visitors in Lodges of speculative Freemasons, or the mode of their reception. The wretched condition in which the public roads were kept and the dangers incidental to traveling, at and long after the institution of the present Grand Lodge, must have operated to render the visitation of Lodges by transient brethren a thing of rare occurrence, except in the case of the Edinburg Lodges, whose favorable position in this respect was due to the custom more universally observed then than now, of country gentlemen resorting to the Scottish metropolis to spend the winter months of each year in a circle of society larger and more varied and attractive than could possibly be met with in the provinces. In the early years of the craft in its present phase of existence its courts were thronged with gentlemen Masons, principally men of independent means, to whom, and the few commercial gentlemen then connected with the fraternity, the practice of visiting sister Lodges was very much, if not almost entirely, confined. In the district from which we write, the improvement which about the middle of the last century began to develop itself in roadmaking, as well as in the means of transit by public or private conveyance, led also to a corresponding development of the fraternal feeling prompting to the interchange of visits between Lodges and individual brethren separated by long distances from each other. In the times of which we speak, and up to a comparatively recent period, troops passing to or from Ireland took Ayrshire in their route, and these contributed largely to the number of visiting brethren borne upon the ederunt books of many of the old west country Lodges.

Deputations from sister Lodges, and non-representative or visiting brethren, would seem, when the custom of paying Masonic visits was yet young, to have made it a point to repair to the Lodge intended to be visited at the hour at which the members were appointed to convene, and with them to take part in the opening ceremonial. If there was little formality in the reception of visitors, there was, on the part of the Lodge visited, as little reserve shown in the transaction of business in the presence of visitants, who generally remained during refreshment, and with its members participated in the privilege of drinking punch and taking snuff at the Lodge's expense; although, on occasions of their being visited by a brother of quality, the brethren were not averse to accept a treat at the hand of their guest. By and by visitors were treated to a more ceremonious reception, and greater vigilance was displayed in fencing the Lodge against the intrusion of unworthy brethren; and, as bearing upon this, we shall quote a By-Law which we find to have been framed in 1799: "That there shall no visiting brethren be admitted into the Lodge before the Tyler apprises the Lodge, and the Lodge be in good order to receive them. No admittance for any stranger brethren unknown, until such time as they give a proper account what they are and what Lodge they belong to, and be carefully examined by the Past Master and whoever he shall choose to assist him." Under this regulation, visitors were wont to be admitted immediately on the opening of the Lodge and before labor of any kind was entered upon, their entrance being greeted by the strains of the Masonic march played by the Lodge fiddler, aided by a whistling accompaniment by the members, who also kept time with hand and foot until the strangers were seated; and in recording the visits of such brethren, Secretaries are found ringing the changes thus: Brother so and so entered into the Lodge as a visiting brother; another appeared in the Lodge as a visiting brother; a third honored the Lodge with his presence, &c. So highly esteemed were such visits, that some Lodges, with a prodigal distribution of honorary membership to visitors, placed their own sons in a minority as compared with the number of those whose only recommendation for appointment to the distinction referred to lay in their having once sat in the Lodge.

With this excessive regard for and encouragement of the company of visitors came a change in the mode of dealing with brethren charged with Masonic offenses; Lodge trials began more generally to be conducted before committees specially appointed to the work, the financial affairs of the Lodge falling also to be attended to in committee—visiting brethren, however, being allowed to sit in open Lodge during the discussions following upon the presentation of reports affecting the position of members or having reference to financial affairs, during the exercise of discipline, and at meetings for the election of office-bearers. It is still not unusual to find the accused put upon trial in the face of an open Lodge; and even under such circumstances the exclusion of visitors is not of universal practice. Indeed, the custom of excluding sojourners on any ground other than their inability to satisfy the Lodge as to their being Freemasons of good standing, appears to have been introduced into this district within the last twenty years. Old Masons, some of them octogenarians, assure us that to shut the door of the Lodge in the face of a worthy visiting brother was a thing never in their day thought of; but whether such an act would have been viewed as an encroachment on the rights of visitors, or as a breach of fraternal courtesy, our aged informants cannot determine, they never having heard the question raised.

While the rights of visitors in daughter Lodges have never been authoritatively defined by the Grand Lodge of Scotland, the power which any individual member of that august body possesses, at any time and without discussion, to order the retirement of visiting brethren, may be held to rule the action of Subordinate Lodges as regards the presence of visitors at any of their meetings, save those summoned for the celebration of Masonic rites. Nevertheless, among the thirty-two Lodges in the province, the exclusion of visitors is but rarely, and then only under very peculiar circumstances, resorted to. Again, so far as the practice of Grand Lodge can be accepted as a precedent for the exclusion of visitors by Lodges when engaged on business alleged to be private, those who advocate the right of Lodges at pleasure to receive or to decline the visits of stranger brethren, may, we think, strengthen their position by a reference to the law anent Grand Visitations, which enacts "that, previous to such visitation taking place, the Master of the Lodge to be visited shall send notice to the Masters of all the Lodges in the district, requesting their attendance along with their brethren; but when visitations are purely of a business character, and made for the purpose of inquiring into the mode of conducting the Lodge, examining its books, etc., no notice of such visits require to be sent to the other Lodges in the district."

For our own part, and notwithstanding the array of law and usage advanced against it, we are of opinion that whenever the ring of the gavel has proclaimed the existence of an open Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons, within the inner lines of that circle any worthy brother, known to be such, has an undoubted right to be present, there (should he so choose) to remain until the communication terminates. And we humbly think that to urge private business as a plea for the exclusion of visitors betrays a suspicion of transient brethren scarcely in unison with the principles of a fraternity by whom that charity which thinketh no evil is esteemed as chief of the Masonic virtues, and is calculated to present a barrier to that undisturbed flow of fraternal communion which should ever and in all circumstances characterize Masonic communications. If it were not told us in so many words, the impression left on our mind on being made, was that in no circumstances could a worthy craftsman feel otherwise than at home when knocking for admission to a Mason Lodge. But if, when so presenting himself, the applicant finds that he is excluded merely because the brethren within do not choose to admit visitors, how could he be blamed for regarding the much vaunted universality of the brotherhood's love as empty sentimentalism, beautiful in theory, but utterly worthless when attempted to be tested by an active practice?

In Scotland another mode of snuffing out visitors has recently been inaugurated, namely, to close the Lodge immediately on their entry; but this objectionable course of procedure is, speaking from personal observation, only adopted by or at the instigation of brethren supposed to have private pique to gratify by the unfraternal act.

Hannah Erwin Israel.

A MASONIC ANECDOTE OF THE REVOLUTION.

Israel Israel, the husband of this lady, was one of the Committee of Safety. His residence was near Wilmington, Delaware. On a visit to his mother's dwelling, he found it in possession of several soldiers quartered on the family. While the family were seated at supper, the house was surrounded and Israel taken prisoner as a rebel. He convinced them of their error by saying it was his brother Joseph; this was done merely to gain time.

Having bid adieu to his family, Mr. Israel set forth on his journey homeward. He arrived only to be made a prisoner. The loyalist who had given him the countersign had betrayed the secret of his expedition. He and his wife's brother were immediately seized and carried on board the frigate Roebuck, lying in the Delaware, a few miles from the then borough of Wilmington, and directly opposite his farm, in order to be tried as *spies*.

Being one of the Committee of Safety, the position of Mr. Israel, under such an accusation, was extremely critical. On board the ship he was treated with the utmost severity. His watch, silver shoe-buckles, and various articles of clothing, were taken from him; his bed was a coil of ropes on deck, without covering from the bitter cold of the night air; and to all appearances his fate was already decided. The testimony of his Tory neighbors was strong against him. Several were ready to swear to the fact that, while the loyal population of the country willingly furnished their share of the provisions needed by the ships of war, he had been heard to say repeatedly that he "*would sooner drive his cattle as a present to General Washington, than receive thousands of dollars in British gold for them.*"

On being informed of this speech, the commander gave orders that a detachment of soldiers should proceed to drive the rebel's cattle, then grazing in a meadow in full view, down to the river and slaughter them in the face of the prisoners.

What, meanwhile, must have been the feelings of the young wife, herself about to become a mother, when her husband and brother were led away in her very sight? The farm was a mile or more from the river, but there was nothing to intercept the view, the ground from the meadow sloping down to the water. Mrs. Israel was at this period about nineteen years of age, and is described as of middle height, and slight, but symmetrical figure; of fair complexion, with clear blue eyes and dark hair; her manners modest and retiring. She was devoted to her family and her domestic concerns. It needed the trying scenes by which she was surrounded to develop the heroism which, in times more peaceful, might have been unmarked by those who knew her most intimately.

From her position on the look-out she saw the soldiers land from the ship, shoulder arms, and advance toward the meadow. In an instant she divined their purpose, and her resolution was taken. With a boy eight years old, whom she bade follow her at his utmost speed, she started off, determined to baffle the enemy and save the cattle, at the peril of her life. Down went the bars, and, followed by the little boy, she ran to drive the herd to the open lot. The soldiers called out repeatedly to her to desist, and threatened, if she did not, to fire on her.

"Fire away!" cried the heroic woman. They fired! The balls flew thickly around her. The frightened cattle ran in every direction over the field.

"This way!" she called to the boy, nothing daunted "this way, Joe! Head them there! Stop them, Joe Do not let one escape!"

And *not one* did escape! The bullets fired by the cowardly British soldiers continued to whistle around her person. The little boy, paralyzed with terror, fel to the ground. She seized him by the arm, lifted him over the fence, and herself drove the cattle into the barn-yard. The assailants, baffled by the courage of woman, and probably not daring, for fear of the neighbors, to invade the farmhouses, retraced their steps, and returned disappointed to the ship.

All this scene passed in sight of the officers of the Roebuck and the two prisoners. The agony of suspense and fear endured by the husband and brother, when they saw the danger to which the wife exposed herself, may be better imagined than described. It may also be conceived how much they exulted in her triumph.

The trial was heard on board the ship. The Tory witnesses were examined in due form, and it was but too evident that the lives of the prisoners were in great danger A kind-hearted sailor sought an opportunity of speaking in private with Mr. Israel, and asked him if he were *Freemason*. The answer was in the affirmative. The sailor then informed him that a Lodge was held on shipboard, and the officers, who belong to it, were to mee that night.

The prisoners were called up before their judges, and permitted to answer to the accusation against them. Mr Israel, in bold but respectful language, related his story and acknowledged his secret visit to Philadelphia, no in the character of a spy, but to carry relief to his suffering parent and her family. He also acknowledged having said, as was testified, that "he would rather give his cattle to Washington, or destroy the whole herd than sell them for British gold." This trait of magnanimity might not have been so appreciated by the enemies of his country as to operate in his favor but that watching his opportunity, he made to the commanding officer the secret sign of Masonic brotherhood. The effect was instantly observable. The officer's stern countenance softened; his change of opinion and that of the other judges became evident; and after some further examination, the court was broken up. The informant and those who had borne testimony against the prisoners hung their heads in shame at the severe rebuke of the court for their cowardly conduct in betraying and preferring charges against an honorable man, bound on mission of love and duty to his aged mother. The acquitted prisoners were dismissed, loaded with presents of pins, handkerchiefs, and other articles not to be purchased at that time, for the intrepid wife, and were sent on shore in a splendid barge, as a mark of special honor from the officer in command.

Catholic Masonry.

BY REV. BRO. WILLIAM S. STUDLEY, AT BOSTON, JUNE 24.

For centuries past men of different nationalities, men of diverse views in philosophy, men of widely varying types of religious faith, men of diametrically opposite political sentiments, men of antipodal habits of thought and action on all matters that have divided public interest and opinion, aye, even men who have contended fo the mastery of each other in the field of deadly comba have been brought into harmonious and abiding soci relations by simply discovering that they were kinsme according to our mystic tie. We confess it to be inferio to Christianity in its subjective work as well as in it objective aim; but we insist that it tends to the cultivation of dispositions and habits which are in unison wit the aim and teachings of the Christian system. It promotive of good will, philanthrophy and brotherl kindness. Its members are united to one another b particular obligations, and made acquainted with eac other by certain secret signs and tokens. These sign and tokens may be understood at once by those to whom each other's native tongue is altogether unintelligible and they will insure substantial sympathy from thos who are capable of their interpretation. If that ma who makes two blades of grass to grow where but on grew before may justly be considered a physical benefactor of the race, then that institution deserves to b esteemed morally beneficient which is capable of promoting the kindest feelings of fraternity among me of different nations and parties and sects; and Masonr has this power. Its mysteries have a surprising influence upon the sympathetic qualities of every understanding heart. Its Lodge is a place of social exchange where the most interesting truths are mingled with th freest fellowship. "Its laws are reason and equity; i principles are benevolence and love; its religion is purit and truth; its intention is peace on earth, and its disposition is good will toward men."

Of all the institutions which exist outside and ind pendent of the Church of Christ, I know of none that wields such a mighty social and moral influence as Masonry. There is no one which exerts such a widespread, harmonizing power. There are other institutions which merit the countenance and support of all such as delight in the increase among men of beneficence and fraternity; but these institutions have not behind them the accumulated force and weight of centuries. Masonry wears upon its forehead the gathered scars and wrinkles of a thousand years, and yet it is as vigorous to-day, as resolute of moral purpose, as if it bore upon its frontlet only the glittering dew of youth. We offer hearty prayers for the prosperity of all institutions which aim to unite men in bonds of amity and friendship; the world is wide enough, and the demand is great enough to employ the energies of all; but it must be confessed that Masonry heads the column of that grand army which follows the Church of Christ, up and down and to and fro in the earth, conquering peace and fraternity among men. Let us see to it that it never occupies a lower rank—that it never yields its glory to another. * * Masons are to have no regard to nationality, complexion, or estate; they are to divest themselves of all local, sectional, partisan, and personal prejudices. The necessity for doing so is obvious. Masonry is a unit the world over. It is one and the same, whether in Europe or Asia, or Africa, or in our land. As Masons, we may need at some time the sympathy and assistance of our brethren in India, or Russia, or China, or Japan, or amid the sources of the Nile, or on the banks of the Niger, or in that land hallowed by the footprints and memories of the Saviour of mankind; and if, in the hour of need, we would secure for ourselves such sympathy and assistance, our practice as well as our theory of brotherly love must be large and free. Almond-shaped eyes, foreign accent, sunburned or frost-bleached skin; no such accidents of birth are to prevent a complete fulfillment of the catholic doctrine on this point, which we, as a fraternity, profess and teach. As Masons, we are to make no cognizance of party ties, or sectional tenets, or antecedent social status, or previous errors of judgment or affection. Even if they who have stood against us in line of battle will but give the hailing sign of brotherly love, the spirit of contention in our hearts is to cease.

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The Chapel of Roslin—"Prentice Pillar" and its Legend—Death—Inconsistency.

[While dissenting from several paragraphs of the following article by Bro. Anthony Oneal Haye, we cheerfully publish, by request, the article from the Freemasons' Magazine and Masonic Mirror.]

There are no remains of the craftsmen of the Middle Ages more fraught with interest to the thoughtful Freemason of the present day than the beautiful collegiate church, or chapel, as it is commonly called, of Roslin, built on a commanding eminence, from which the looker sees spread out beneath him the grand valley of the Esk, with the magnificent trees of Hawthornden, and the old manor house crowning a high bluff, closing the vista. It seems a practical example of "looking up from Nature unto Nature's God." So retired a spot must have been dear to the contemplative monk, whose mind, among the glorious scenery, far from the city's turmoil and the heart's burnings of selfish and ambitious churchmen, would gain in his holy musings glimpses of that heavenly peace and joy in an after state of which this earth knoweth naught, neither can it give. Nor, returning to the chapel, would this strain of pious mental melody quit him, for that wondrous work of the builder's skill, that wild warbling of a magnificent poem in stone, that grand combination of the solidity of the Norman, with the finest tracery and ornamentation of the Tudor period, which makes the building a gem of architectural beauty, would tell him, likewise, of the Great Master's hand, which had spread out the heavens like a scroll of glory, and whose spirit of harmony, breathed into the builder's heart, had caused to arise this confusing mass of order. It would tell him, moreover, in that wondrous diversity of design, where no two pillars are alike, that God has made no two men alike; but yet, by His power, the world is still held in the balance, and man has still a claim to be called "the son of the Father." And, at length, his steps, leading him to the altar, would place him before that utter extravagance of human ingenuity and skill, and the "Prentice Pillar" would preach to him in its stone, of death, while the Star in the East, hanging from a drop in the groining, above the high altar, would point to that land beyond the grave where sorrow is unknown and peace reigns eternal.

The legend of the "Prentice Pillar" is well known, but it is necessary here to refer to it. During the building of the chapel the plan of a certain pillar having been lost, or having never been sent from Rome, where the charts had been prepared, the master builder went to the Eternal City to obtain a fresh one. An apprentice, who had previously displayed great talent, during his absence cut out a pillar, which so pleased the brethren that they immediately set it up in the vacant place, and went on finishing the building. The master builder returned from Rome, saw the pillar, and, inflamed by rage and jealousy, killed the apprentice with a heavy setting maul. The apprentice was the son of a widow, and the head of the master, with a kind of ruff round his neck—the legend says he was hanged for the crime—the apprentice, with a gash on the brow, and the widow, are placed in corners. I need not point out the great resemblance of this to a legend of considerable importance in Masonry, where a person is killed; and also to another legend, where a Fellow-Craft prepared a stone, which was thrown among the rubbish by the careless or incompetent overseer, but which afterwards became the crown of the building.

This legend is not confined to Roslin Chapel, but will be found in many Gothic churches. A similar story is told of a fine circular transept window in Lincoln Cathedral, as also in Rouen Cathedral of two rose windows in the transepts—both fine, but one finer than the other; the latter the work of an apprentice, who had competed with his master, whose work was the inferior, and who in jealousy slew him—and of many other Continental cathedrals. Now this legend was current before the year 1700. I could suppose that the three heads in Roslin Chapel stood for Christ, the Virgin Mary, and perhaps Joseph. There might, however, have been some story connected with their being so placed, like the spirit of the legend, of which we now have no account. But the universality of the legend of the murder of the prentice, a widow's son, by a heavy setting maul, demands a little consideration. This consideration each brother must give himself, or the subject may be discussed in Lodge. It would be out of place to do so here. I may state that my own opinion is that, in former times, there was a third degree, or, at least, a superior degree, which treated of death and the resurrection, given at great assemblies of the chief craftsmen, just as "capping" takes place in our universities; but those received must have been few in numbers, and gradually the assemblies falling off the members would die out and the degree be lost. Hence the substitute characters of the modern third degree. We have no precise details of its rise, the minute books of the time are silent on the subject; but it is perfectly clear that, at the same time, this degree came into operation all over the Masonic world. No one could be hardy enough to insist upon it being the old degree, which was lost, but to complete the Rite, the third, although a substitute is necessary, because it speaks of the death of that which was not, and then was. Any degree beyond the third is absurd. The vail is drawn, the compasses, with extended points, are put in our hands. It is to nullify the whole system to presume that what is hid can be revealed in this life, and, as an eloquent and learned brother writes relative to the Royal Arch, "its object is to supplement the third degree of St. John's Masonry; but this is entirely unnecessary, as it is known to every *intelligent* Master Mason that this Order (*i. e.*, St. John's Freemasonry) is complete in itself, and that which was lost can only be found beyond the vail of time, towards which the eye of the aspirant is directed."

I must confess that I am surprised that a body of men, numbering amongst them the greatest talents of the time, can longer bolster up such absurd degrees, falsifying, as they do, the whole principles of Freemasonry. Furthermore, how can an installed Master reconcile his obligation, as such, with his practice, supposing he belongs to these upper degrees?

"Art. 8. You promise to respect true and faithful brethren, and to discountenance all impostors, and *dissenters from the original plan of the Institution.*"

"Art. 10. You admit that it is not in the power of any man, or body of men, *to make alteration or innovation in Masonry.*"

I fear some Masters have not studied these articles. Let these upper degrees, then, abandon the name of Masonry. If they will not, I am afraid, by the letter and spirit of these articles, St. John's Freemasons must abandon them. If obligations are only made to be broken, it would be as well not to make them at all.

The third degree, then, treats of death. Let us, for a brief space, consider this dread subject.

In the prime of summer, have you, my brethren, ever seen, between two glorious days of sunshine, one of gloom; or have you ever felt, while mirth and laughter rolled their glad waves around you, a sudden chill strike your heart, killing the jest upon your tongue, the smile upon your lip; a chill which you could not account for, a cloud upon your mind, when never shone your horizon more brightly? Nature and the secret emotions of the soul point the same stern lesson—death. Have you not wandered through a garden, plucking roses; have you not, in your gathering, plucked one withered and dead; have you not thrown it away, and then stooped to pick it up, wondering why one should be dead while the others lived? Does not nature teach that in the midst of life we are amid death? Does not the universal creation eternally point to the grave, not alone amid her cold gleaming palaces of ice, but also among her bowers of rare blossoms? If, then, nature tells this in all her varied phases, can we wonder that the soul, that spark of the divine Creator, that most sensitive, that most inscrutable gift of the great I Am, should likewise point out this truth, that in our glee we may not forget the stern fact that we must die?

Death, then, is the proper subject of contemplation for man—the conqueror of kings, the liberator of captives, the soother of the weary, the comforter of the heartbroken, and the reliever of the earth-tired. Many creeds have claimed to be catholic; none of them can boast more truly of its catholicity than can the grave. Pope and priest, monarch and subject, freeman and bondman—all must die; all must take that long and unknown road, alike unguided, but yet, if sought for and obtained, comforted and lighted by the divine spark kindled at the fountain-head of light. And in this teaching Freemasonry excels earth's ordinary teachers. There is no distinction made of persons; she dins into her children's ears the dread truth, "Thou, too, must die." The mightiest of her sons have traveled the unknown road; the weakest have gone the same way. For this reason, she displays prominently in her courts, amid the songs of mirth and the shouts of glee, the skull and the cross-bones. She urges importunately upon her children the truth that man is a perishable being, and that all things must die. Yet, while teaching this stern fact, she places upon the altar of each Lodge the volume of the Sacred Writ, wherein man finds the only guide which will make man happy in this life and certain of an entrance into those higher courts where He, who gave her to earth as a great teacher, reigns to judge, to reward, or (oh, dread reality!) to punish.

Have we not often been told by the ignorant and the unthinking that Masonry is bad, that she leads her novices in the paths of wickedness, and confirms them in the ways of sin? Aye, scarce a day passes but such statements are made, statements as vile as they are false. Will any man, the most prejudiced against us, dare to repeat these calumnies when told that the volume of God's word is ever open at our meetings, that His holy name is constantly invoked in our assemblies, not with laughter nor with scoffing, but with fear and trembling; that the ribald and the debauchee are expelled from our society, and the wicked and the vile refused admittance? Dare he repeat these, when the great truth is kept ever before the eyes of the brethren that death is the doom of all, and that after death cometh the judgment? If so, then what can we say to such an one, but that the heart is deceitful and wicked above all things, and, with Freemasonry, in his estimation, stand condemned the great, the noble, and the virtuous of all nations and of all degrees. Have we not witnessed the demeanor of those who, when at length resolved to probe the mystery which men cling to with such tenacity, through the perils of persecution, through the tortures and the faggots of the inquisition, even till the cold hand of death is laid upon their hearts, smite their bosoms, and confess with pain, with mortification and with contrition, the evil which they spoke against us in their ignorance, and confess that Freemasonry is the sister to religion. Many a one, and I myself among the number, have scoffed at Freemasonry as a vain show, and a hollow cheat, before the light shone down upon the dark waters of ignorance, and now acknowledge with gratitude that the first thoughts of an after state, the first gleams of an awakening to a higher and better life, and the first longings to be enrolled in that society of the Almighty's chosen, were engendered by the teachings of Freemasonry. Because they have felt this to be so, do fathers bring their children before the altars of Freemasonry, and dedicate them to its life-long service. I do not know a better guide for a young man in commencing life than the doctrine taught in our Lodges that he must die. The brightest day must be swallowed up in night, and the grandest life be forgotten by men in death.

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Family Circle.

THE REAPER AND THE FLOWERS.

BY LONGFELLOW.

There is a Reaper, whose name is Death,
And with his sickle keen
He reaps the bearded grain at a breath,
And the flowers that grow between.

"Shall I have naught that is fair?" saith he;
"Have naught but the bearded grain?
Though the breath of those flowers is sweet to me,
I will give them all back again."

He gazed at the flowers with tearful eyes,
He kissed their drooping leaves—
It was for the Lord of Paradise
He bound them in his sheaves.

"My Lord has need of the flowers gay,"
The Reaper said and smiled,
"Dear tokens of the earth are they,
Where he was once a child.

"They shall all bloom in fields of light,
Transplanted by my care,
And saints upon their garments white
These sacred blossoms wear."

And the mother gave, in tears and pain,
The flowers she most did love;
She knew she should find them all again
In the fields of light above.

Oh, not in cruelty, not in wrath,
The Reaper came that day;
'Twas an angel visited the green earth,
And took the flowers away.

WITHOUT THE CHILDREN.

Oh, the weary, solemn silence
Of a house without the children!
Oh, the strange, oppressive stillness
Where the children come no more!
Oh, the longing of the sleepless
For the soft arms of the children!
Ah, the longing for the faces
Peeping through the opening door—
Faces gone for evermore!

Strange it is to wake at midnight
And not hear the children breathing—
Nothing but the old clock ticking,
Ticking, ticking by the door.
Strange to see the little dresses
Hanging up there all the morning;
And the gaiters—ah! their patter,
We will hear it nevermore
On our hearth-forsaken floor!

What is home without the children?
'Tis the earth without its verdure,
And the sky without the sunshine;
Life is withered to the core!
So we'll leave this dreary desert,
And we'll follow the Good Shepherd
To the greener pastures vernal,
Where the Lambs have "gone before,"
With the Shepherd evermore!

THE CHEERFUL GIVER.

"What shall I render Thee, Father supreme,
For Thy rich gifts, and this the best of all?"
Said a young mother, as she fondly watched
Her sleeping babe.
There was an answering voice
That night in dreams—
"Thou hast a little bud
Wrapt in thy breast, and fed with dews of love;
Give me that bud. 'Twill be a flower in Heaven."
But there was silence. Yea, a hush so deep,
Breathless and terror-stricken, that the lip
Blanched in its trance.
"Thou hast a little harp,
How sweetly would it swell the angels' song;
Give me that harp!"
There burst a shuddering sob,
As if the bosom, by some hidden sword,
Were cleft in twain.
Morn came. A blight had found
The crimson velvet of the unfolding bud;
The harp-strings ran a thrilling strain, and broke,
And that young mother lay upon the earth
In childless agony.
Again the voice
That stirr'd her vision—
"He who asked of thee
Loveth a cheerful giver!"
So, she raised
Her gushing eye, and, ere the tear-drop dried
Upon its fringes, smiled.
Doubt not that smile,
Like Abraham's faith, was counted righteousness.

DEAL GENTLY WITH THE LITTLE ONES.

A child, when asked why a certain tree grew crooked, replied: "Somebody trod upon it, I suppose, when it was little."

He who checks a child with terror,
Stops its play and stills its song,
Not alone commits an error,
But a grievous moral wrong.

Give it play and never fear it,
Active life is no defect;
Never, *never* break its spirit;
Curb it only to direct.

Would you stop the flowing river,
Thinking it would cease to flow?
Onward must it flow forever;
Better teach it where to go.

MAXIMS OF BISHOP MIDDLETON.—Persevere against discouragements. Keep your temper. Employ leisure in study, and always have some work in hand. Be punctual and methodical in business, and never procrastinate. Never be in a hurry. Preserve self-possession, and do not be talked out of conviction. Rise early, and be an economist of time. Maintain dignity without the appearance of pride; manner is something to everybody, and everything with some. Be guarded in discourse, attentive and slow to speak. Never acquiesce in immoral or pernicious opinions. Be not forward to assign reasons to those who have no right to ask. Think nothing in conduct unimportant or indifferent. Rather set than follow examples. Practice strict temperance, and in your transactions remember the final account.

BOOKS.—Give us a house furnished with books rather than furniture! Both, if you can, but books at any rate! To spend several days in a friend's house, and hungry for something to read, while you are treading on costly carpets and sitting down upon luxurious chairs and sleeping upon down, is as if one were bribing your body for the sake of cheating your mind. Books are the windows through which the soul looks out. A house without books is like a room without windows. A book is good company; it is full of conversation without loquacity. It talks to you, not through the ear, but another way.

TACT AND TALENT.—Talent is something, but tact is everything. Talent is serious, sober, grave and respectable; tact is all that, and more, too. It is not a seventh sense, but it is the life of all the five. It is the open eye, the quick ear, the judging taste, the keen smell and the lively touch; it is the interpreter of all riddles—the surmounter of all difficulties—the remover of all obstacles. It is useful in all places, and at all times; it is useful in solitude, for it shows a man his way into the world; it is useful in society, for it shows him his way through the world. Talent is power—tact is skill; talent is weight—tact is momentum; talent knows what to do—tact knows how to do it; talent makes a man respectable—tact will make him respected; talent is wealth—tact is ready money. For all the practical purposes of life, tact carries it against talent—ten to one.

THE QUEEN OF SPAIN'S SHOE.—There is a well authenticated story of a poor woman, not precisely a beggar, but who had a petition to present, the prayer of which was of course a *limosna*, who pounced upon the Queen just as she was coming out of the garden of the Retiro. Her prayer was very soon heard; but unhappily, when her majesty felt in her pocket she found that she had no money. Kings, queens, millionaires, and theatrical managers never have ready money about them enough to pay for a cab or a turnpike. "Come to the palace to-morrow," said the Queen to the petitioner. "Alas!" replied the poor woman, "the servants will not let me pass." Whereupon it is upon record that Donna Isabella de Bourbon, stooping down, *took off one of her shoes* and gave it to the suppliant as a token and a sign that she might be allowed next day to pass the palace gates and have her claim allowed.

Anecdotes and Sayings of Masons.

GENERAL PUTNAM'S DUEL.—A certain English officer, who was a prisoner on his parole or word of honor, took mortal offense at some sharp remarks in which the General had indulged respecting the British, and challenged him, thinking this was the easiest way to take satisfaction and correct the General's candid opinion at the same time. Putnam accepted his braggart challenge without any hesitation, and proposed to meet him on the following day. On the next morning they were both to be at a certain place at a specified hour, and Putnam, who was the challenged party, and of course had choice of them, was to provide the weapons.

When the English officer arrived at the place agreed upon, he found Putnam seated on a bench, on which stood, close beside, a keg of what was to appearance powder. A hole was bored into the head, and a match had been thrust into the hole, all ready to be lighted.

Putnam removed his pipe from his mouth and told the Englishman to sit down on the bench on the other side of the keg.

As soon as the latter had complied, Putnam lit the match by his pipe, and began to smoke again with as much unconcern as if there was no possible danger. His opponent sat and watched the burning of the match as long as he could, and then began to grow nervous.

The moment the fire came near the few grains of powder that lay scattered about the head of the barrel, the officer sprang up in great haste and ran off at the top of his speed.

"You are just as brave a man as I thought you were," exclaimed the triumphant Putnam, "this is only a keg of onions, with a little powder sprinkled over its head to try your pluck! I see you don't like the smell."

He had the laugh against the Englishman, who never forgave him for the mock test to which he thus publicly put his personal courage.

RUFUS CHOATE.—In the winter of 1850, a large party was given in Washington, and many illustrious personages were present, who have since, like Mr. Choate, gone down to the grave amid the tears of their countrymen. The Senate, at that time worthy of the name, was well represented on this occasion of festivity, and the play and airy vivacity of the conversation, with "the cups which cheer but not inebriate," relaxed at intervals even senatorial dignity. During the evening the subject of "Young America" was introduced, his waywardness, his extravagance, his ignorance and presumption. Mr. Webster observed that he hoped the youth would soon come to his senses, and atone, by the correctness of his deportment, for his juvenile dissipation. At the same time he added that, in his opinion, the only efficient remedy for the vice and folly of the lad would be found in early religious training, and stricter parental restraint. Mr. Choate declared that he did not view the hair-brained youth in the same light with his illustrious friend; that every age and country had, if not their "Young America," at least something worse. The character of Trajan, the best and purest of Roman emperors, said he, was unable, with all its virtue and splendor, to check the "Young Italy" of that day. Our lads would seem to have sat for the picture which has been drawn of the Roman youths by the hand of one who seldom colored too highly: "*Statim sapiunt, statim sciunt omnia; neminem verentur, imitantur neminem, atque ipsi sibi exempla sunt*"—which, translated, reads thus: "From their cradles they know all things, they understand all things; they have no regard for any person whatever, high or low, rich or poor, religious or otherwise, and are themselves the only examples which they are disposed to follow." Mr. Benton thought the quotation too happy to be genuine, and demanded the author. Mr. Choate, with the utmost good humor, replied that his legal habits had taught him the importance of citing no case without being able to give his authorities; he called for the younger Pliny, and triumphantly showed the passage, amid the admiration of that brilliant assembly, in the 23d letter of the 8th book of the younger Pliny! Our informant remarks that the history of literature, perhaps, cannot show an equally felicitous quotation.

Myriads of examples might be cited of Mr. Choate's prompt fertility of classic illustration in Court. I remember a patent cause, where he was exhibiting a model of a ship to a jury. After exhausting the [illegible] of the parts he stopped; then glancing at the foreman, he said quickly, "But why do I talk of these things so minutely to you? it is like *talking on war before Hannibal*;" an allusion, it will be seen, to a beautiful passage in Cicero's "De Oratore."

He once commenced a legal address thus, "In the language of the Greek epigram, gentlemen of the jury," etc. What the Greek epigram was, that jury of hard-fisted fellows knew no more than they knew what the stars were made of.

In the famous Shaw Case *vs.* The Worcester Railroad, one of the witnesses, named Colonel Rice, testified that the wagon containing the party who were struck by the locomotive, came on at a steady pace till close by the track, where the horse stopped; "yes," said the witness, "the horse stopped; the horse thought"—"Wait a moment," broke in the rich voice of Mr. Choate, and rising, he addressed the bench, "May it please your honor, Homer tells us in the 'Iliad' of the dog's dreams; but I prefer better authority than Colonel Rice's for the horse's thoughts. I object to the statement;" and, amid much laughter, it was ruled out.

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The Life and the Forms of Freemasonry.

The attention of the fraternity must not be taken off from the life of Freemasonry to its forms, from our profound and practical sentiments to their faint, theoretic outline. There are brethren among us who are Freemasons in heart and life, and are not yet able to describe with precision our ceremonies or to descant satisfactorily on their beauties.

While not negligent of Masonic faith and forms, we desire that Freemasonry shall labor to show her faith by her works; that she should abandon the pursuit of the shadow and hold fast the substance. If any Mason have the spirit of our institution, he is sure to have its theory and form. A Masonic profession may be made, the Masonic tone may be affected, a Masonic mask may be put on, but a narrow look at the temper and character will soon discover the cheat.

The principal element of the Masonic spirit is *charity*, or *love*. How fully is this element of a true Freemason set forth in the thirteenth chapter of the first Epistle to the Corinthians? It is directly opposed to selfishness. It is the very life of Freemasonry. Freemasonry without love is a body without life. He that professes zeal for Freemasonry and breathes hatred toward men, especially his brethren, shows that he has mistaken his place. Masonic charity or love is a principle of affinity, which, by the power of its attraction, overcomes all repulsive influences; which, in feeling, in trial, in sympathy, in depression and triumph, identifies as *one body*, animated by one pervading spirit, the "*sons of light*" who are scattered abroad. Some of them may be surrounded with glittering honors, while others sigh out their energies in the shade of poverty, and lift up to T.·. G.·. A.·. O.·. T.·. U.·. eyes dimmed with tears and hands palsied with disease! Some may be exulting in that vernal season, when the blossoms of life are opening in the sunshine of hope; while others have "faded into age," blanched and withered, and drooping over the grave. Some may boast of the most capacious intellect, filled with the costliest stores of knowledge, while to others

> "Science did ne'er unroll her ample page."

Yet, when they compare their experience as "craftsmen," "travelers" and "pilgrims," these diversities vanish from the view or recede to the distance, and they all feel that they are brethren—love being the principle of assimilation by which they are brought into this communion.

The vain live to be advanced—the ambitious to gain power—the covetous to amass wealth—the voluptuous to enjoy pleasure. To effect these purposes, all the powers of soul and body put forth their efforts; memory recalls the past, judgment reasons on the present, and hope or fear anticipates the future with a degree of interest proportioned to their bearing on the supreme and ruling object of life—an object which controls the conduct, fashions the character and weaves the destiny. It is not so with the true Freemason. He does not live to himself. He provides for his own wants and those of his family; but he forgets not his brethren, the widows and the orphans of the institution.

Freemasonry is not an abstraction. The responsibility is individual and personal, and every brother for himself must bear his part in it. What has each reader done for his brother, the stranger, the widow, the orphan? Have we all, bidding away from our minds all selfish partialities and party predilections, and paltry sectionalism, been supporting what wisdom and experience have proved efficient in Masonic work? Or have we looked about first to see how these plans might affect our own little interest or party, and apprehending injury to it, immediate or remote, retired to our repose with shrugs and hints designed and calculated to damp the zeal of our brethren in the cause of charity?

It is by *seeing* our good works, our brotherly and beneficial love, that men are led to praise our institution and glorify T.·. G.·. A.·. O.·. T.·. U.·.

We conclude with the exhortation: "Be like minded, having the same love, being of one accord, of one mind. Let nothing be done through strife or vainglory; but in lowliness of mind let each esteem other better than themselves. Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others. Do all things without murmurings and disputings: that ye may be blameless and harmless, the sons of God without rebuke; in the midst of a crooked and perverse nation, among whom ye shine as lights in the world."

◆

Another Proverb of our Wise Grand Master, King Solomon.

"There is that scattereth, and yet increaseth." Here is an obscure enigma. To scatter generally means to waste, and hence to destroy. How seemingly inconsistent, then, that to waste is to accumulate. But it is true as King Solomon meant it—that Masons and Lodges may cast their bread upon the waters and after many days find it—that which is given with the liberal hand of charity will again be returned—it may be in a different form, still of equal or superior value. As the mite of corn from the granary is scattered in the open field, and even dies, yet in the end secures the full ear or abundant crop, to be returned a hundred fold to the same granary, so also even with greater certainty that which is scattered with a benevolent heart or a liberal hand, and with a generous Masonic motive, will, in due time, even by the Great Architect who seeth in secret and will reward openly, be returned in good measure, pressed down, nay, running over, abundant satisfaction and a harvest of joy.

The Lodges that abide the anti-Masonic storm, and are permanent in their prosperity, are those that have given most liberally to every benevolent Masonic enterprise—to the widow, the orphan, the stranger and the fatherless.

Thus is verified that "there is that scattereth and yet increaseth," and "there is that withholdeth more than is meet, but it tendeth to poverty."

◆

Bro. Faulkner is fully accredited as agent for Washington city, and has conducted the business of the National Freemason with scrupulous exactness. Let our Washington brethren aid his labors.

The President,

at his reception on Tuesday, at the capital of Massachusetts, said:

> If we were all brought more in contact with one another, and could see more of and understand each other better, the differences which operate practically in keeping us somewhat apart, and which are for the greater part imaginary, would disappear. [Applause.] The asperities, and I might say our prejudices, would then be removed.

[This the Lodge-room secures by bringing together persons of different religious and political views.]

Our Bro. the Post-Master General, upon the same occasion, thus concluded his remarks:

> Let us then see that our civilization is Christianized, and that purity of purpose underlies and permeates all our laws and politics, and all other things upon which we are called upon to act.

The party visited Bunker Hill and viewed the interior and exterior of the monument and statue of our Masonic martyr and Grand Master, Warren.

During the trip in return to Washington, the President and party have been escorted by the Washington and Columbia Commanderies, and our brethren have contributed much to the success of the presidential visit, keeping off to a great extent the mere politicians. They deserve the thanks of the country.

We would here remark, as the President was upon a Masonic mission, it was highly improper, in our judgment, for politicians, as such, to intrude themselves upon the President. Let there be one day in the year and one journey in a Presidential term free from their annoyance. There were thousands of Freemasons along the route, who were desirous of shaking the hand of the President as a brother and as President, who could find no access to him, because certain parties felt that they had him in charge. The President himself carefully abstained from all political allusions, except where they were literally forced upon him, by those who understand neither proprieties of time nor place.

A Masonic speaker upon one ~~occasion used his oppor~~tunity to commingle his Masonic with political allusions, being more of a politician than a Freemason, and who is seen more frequently in political than in Masonic gatherings. Masonry does not interfere with politics nor religion, nor their advocacy by their adherents, but offensive allusions should be as carefully avoided without, in public Masonic assemblies, as within the Lodge. Committees in securing orators for public occasions should also select judicious Freemasons, who are thoroughly imbued with our principles, who will not obtrude peculiar Masonic theories, and who will not take the opportunity to suggest external modes of reaching evil, unknown to Freemasonry. It is perfectly proper for a Masonic orator to dwell upon Temperance, but he must understand that there is a Masonic view and theory thereof which should not be ignored. So of every other evil.

◆

The Institution for the deaf and dumb celebrated, June 26, their semi-centennial anniversary, in the chapel of the institution, Washington Heights. In Mr. Winthrop's address he referred to Grand Master DeWitt Clinton as the first President (in 1817) of the institution. *Clarum et venerabile nomen.*

◆

We omitted to state, in our account of the Boston Festival, that Bro. Winslow Lewis, P. G. M., in behalf of the Masons of Mass., very properly introduced the President to the Grand Lodge Hall.

◆

Indisposition prevented us from being at the dedication of Bunting Lodge, No. 655, Harlem, Tuesday evening; from the institution of Copestone Lodge, No. 641, on Wednesday evening, from the Academy of Music on Thursday evening, and from Scotia Lodge dedication on Friday evening.

◆

We were glad to welcome to our office, many of our old friends and brothers of Washington city, during the past ten days.

Masonic Styles.

The recent labors of pains-taking travelers trace to their very starting point the history of the diversified styles which owe their origin to the Mason. In the square boxes, with the least number of openings for light, due to the English window, there may be traced the decadence of English building, marking a return to the original wigwam, which some servile American architects have been imitating. But the offensive square churches are giving way to stately palaces of worship. And yet our religious brethren do not adapt their buildings to their worship so as to make them symbolical. The Methodists have one mode of worship, the Presbyterians have theirs, and the Episcopalians differ from both. Their churches should conform to their peculiarities. So our Lodge halls, Grand and Constituent, should be symbolical of our rites; but they are generally planned by architects, who, however skilled in general building, know very little of our peculiarities.

What a flood of light is being thrown upon our art and the early stone structures by the photographs of Jerusalem, the fruit of the ordnance survey of Palestine, to which several years ago we called the attention of the readers of the National Freemason. Palestine is the great spot where the super-imposed work of successive generations can be distinctly traced. Beneath the rubbish of the present we discover the rough Masonry of the Templars, built as by those who wrought with their weapons by their side. Then there are the sacred relics of the Saracens, of Julian and of Adrian in their unsuccessful efforts to rebuild the holy city. Then comes the distinct marks of the regular Masonry, by which the magnificent Idumean restored, though he could not rival, the massive ashlar of the Grand Master, the great founder of the temple. Nehemiah's work cannot escape observation, and there can be no mistake as to that of Solomon. Vast blocks ~~of channeled~~ limestone, as much as five or six feet in thickness and thirty-five or forty-two feet in length, still remain to explain how it came to pass that Eastern traditions hold our Monarch Grand Master to have been served by the Genii. The prodigious scale on which the buildings of Solomon were designed sprung from the desire of our royal Grand Master that his work should not be dwarfed by comparison with that of giants.

◆

The New York *Daily Times*, a paper friendly to Mr. Seward, says:

> The participation of the President and Secretary Seward in the dedication of a Masonic Temple suggests reflections on the revenges said to be brought about by the "whirligig of time." It is a little over thirty years since hostility to Masonry was the inspiring sentiment of a great political party, and Mr. Seward's earliest political distinctions grew out of his connection with it. In 1830 or thereabouts Mr. Seward would probably have declined such an invitation as that which has just taken him to Boston. But those old things, as well as a good many others, have passed away.

◆

Richmond, Va.

The widow of Louis Francis Ridoux wishes information of her late husband, who was a member of a Lodge of the Grand Orient of France, and who was color-bearer in the 55th regiment (Garde Lafayette) of New York. He was wounded at the battle of the Seven Pines, and taken prisoner at Richmond, where he died of his wounds in an hospital of that city. She prays the party who may have found his diploma of the Masonic Order, on parchment, and a certificate of the Odd Fellows' society, to be kind enough to send them to the National Freemason, or Mme. Ridoux, 73 West Houston street, New York City.

◆

The next number of the National Freemason will contain a large and expensive illustration of the Masonic Temple at Boston, dedicated June 24.

A Leaky Vessel.

According to those beautiful pictures we see in illustrated works on physiology, the nervous system of the *genus homo* begins at the brain and radiates throughout the body. These delicate fibres are the electric wires along which messages are conveyed whenever the will of the individual is exercised. They are peculiarly sensitive, as becomes their calling, but some more so than others, as for instance those connected with a sick tooth. On this point, almost every reader could furnish a feeling paragraph, while no one will deny its apt and peculiar sensibility. A mere breath causes it to vibrate and the whole body responds. There is another nerve not recognized by the surgeons (except when they make out their bills) which has its termination in the pocket. Its sensibility is marvelous in most men, and yet, what is equally strange, these same persons, when aggregated in a Lodge, become princely in their liberality and disdain the monitions of the pocket nerve altogether.

Lodges composed of such members are easily recognized by their sturdy contempt for the wiles of the hyenas, ever nosing around for prey, and by the fact that when asked to unite with their brethen in providing a common defense against the prowlers, invariably respond that they can give their own charity and protect their own interests, constantly forgetting, however, that for every dollar of real charity bestowed by them, ten dollars are carried off from their treasuries by the buzzards constantly hovering around the flesh-pots. Scarcely a day passes that we do not meet with some one who lives by the facile fraud of imposing a plausible story on the custodians of easily opened cash boxes. Now these brethren aver, and we can without difficulty believe them, that they care nothing about the amount they would have to pay into the treasury of the Board, for it is in fact but a small matter; that is not the difficulty, but it is that they do not like to give up what they call their independence of action—the right of doing what they will with their own—forgetting that their so-called independence is purchased at the cost of many fleecings, and of giving their money not for the purposes of Masonic charity, but for the encouragement of the idle and dissolute, to whose cheap solicitations they yield with the most charming *naiveté*. Notwithstanding the dear bought experience of many years and multitudinous swindles, these Lodges cling to their idea that they are fully competent to deal with this subject, and they exhibit their competency by voting five or ten dollars to every applicant, leaving the consequences to take care of themselves. The party who takes the money paddles off to another lodge where the performance is repeated, and in due time comes back under some other name and gets a fresh evidence of the confiding generosity of the brethren, and so on, *ad infinitum*.

The remedy for this is not altogether in joining the Board of Relief, for many Lodges contributing to that excellent organization commit the same blunder, but in addition to becoming members of the Board, to steadily refuse to give money at the Lodge-door to unknown applicants. The business of the Board is to know whom they give to and what use is likely to be made of the money; they keep a pen and ink portrait of all applicants, and record their stories as well as such verifications or contradictions thereof as they may discover by their own investigations. If all the Lodges would unite with them and render them assistance by keeping their treasuries locked up from strangers until they had passed inspection by the Board, it would require but a short time to cypher down the present swarm of itinerants and make the business so unprofitable that but few would care to follow it. Until this is done and thoroughly done Lodges will be constantly pestered with applicants about whom they know nothing, and will as constantly be liable to give their money in the wrong direction. We urge upon the brethren generally attention to this most important matter, not so much for the money consideration *per se*, as for the moral obliquity of furnishing the sinews of war to the herds of greasers who are constantly living upon their bounty, and of thus restricting the means of benevolence due to those who upon strict trial and due examination are found worthy. If all the Lodges united with the Boards of Relief in their respective localities and rigidly observed their regulations, they might possibly spend just as much money in the course of a year, but they would have the satisfaction of knowing that the scaliwags had been headed off, and that the deserving had received a larger share of kindness and Masonic charity.

The foregoing remarks have been suggested by a case recently brought to our attention, the case of an individual who for years past has been engaged in living on his wits, or rather on the proceeds of his wits as applied to Lodges abundantly able and *willing* to bestow their own charities. This amiable and enterprising youth sets up to be a doctor John Levy, which, however, is slightly incorrect. He is not a doctor at all, unless it be of the art of swindling, and being the son of one Levi he should write his name Levison. He has, we are informed, recently matriculated from an institution in the State of New Jersey where the company is more select than genteel, and where for three years he has been unwillingly kept for having indulged in the amiable peccadillo of espousing one more wife than the law allows. At the end of this term he found his pocket-book in a terrible state of dilapidation, and with ready wit came over to New York to replenish it. His first visit was to a Methodist Conference, where he obtained leave to speak, and stated that, owing to his devoted loyalty to the flag of his country, he had been obliged to leave his family and property in a Southern city and flee for his life; that his property had been confiscated, and that he was now seeking to obtain means to bring his family to New York. A liberal contribution from the good but rather verdant dominies cheered the heart of the S. P. B., and sent him rejoicing on his way among the Lodges, where he was enabled to double the sum, not one dollar of which will ever reach his family, seeing that he long since abandoned them to the tender mercies of the world. The history of this fellow is written in the books of the New York Board, and had the Lodges, instead of wasting their time in listening to his fraudulent story and their money in relieving his supposititious distress, sent him promptly to the Board, the imposture would have been detected and they saved the mortification of helping to fill the pockets of a swindler. Will the Lodges heed the lesson?

Aid for the Famishing.

Grand Oration at the Academy of Music.—Thursday evening, 27th inst., will long be remembered by those who took part as one of the most successful demonstrations ever organized by the craft in this jurisdiction. The large auditorium of the Academy was filled with an audience in earnest to show their sympathy for the object of the call, as well as for the fraternity at whose instigation they were assembled. The programme consisted of music by artists of distinction, who volunteered their services and did themselves credit by the execution of their several parts, and of an address by brother the Hon. James T. Brady, which we reproduce for the convenience of our southern readers.

Bro. Brady was introduced to the audience by M. W. Bro. Holmes, and greeted with enthusiastic applause. When silence was restored he said:

Ladies and Gentlemen: Such is the ordinary language of courtesy when a speaker presents himself before a mixed assemblage on public occasions; and, having now dismissed that phrase, permit me to address the gentlemen present by an application more endearing, and which in its present connection falls from my lips for the first time in my life, "Brother Masons." And I must say, so far as the gratification of a mere personal feeling is concerned, I wish I could add something more beautiful and graceful, and say, "Sister Masons." (Applause.) I have been informed by gentlemen connected with this most venerable, honorable and honored institution that it has not for ever been divested of this grace in its organization. Two women have at least in its history adorned it by being admitted as members. One, Lady Walworth, the daughter of Lord Doneraile, at whose father's house in Dublin a meeting of Masons was held, of which Order he was a member. There had been some repairs done to the house, and a little unfinished space was left, to which the ingenuity of woman might be applied with the aid of that familiar implement, a scissors—(applause)—with which she managed to make a little hole through which she could get a limited view of the ceremonies. She was, however, detected. It has never been known up to this time what prompted the act, though some slanderous historian suggested it might be curiosity. (Laughter.) But no reasonable person will say there was any warrant for that. (Continued laughter.) But she did make the examination, and as it was not absolutely necessary to take her life, which no Mason could possibly do, she was admitted to the Order, and from thenceforth with her apron, a very appropriate garment, she went through the city devoting herself to the education of the young orphans of her native city. The next woman admitted to the Order was a Madame Kirkeneau, a distinguished French woman, who excited the satire and provoked the sneers of the famous critic Voltaire, who taunted and reproached her with having connected herself with this institution. She answered him by saying of the institution "that she loved it because it demonstrates the beauty of doing good." In a beautiful piece by the dramatist, in one of whose temples we now stand, in that beautiful play of Shylock, he introduces to us the great advocate, who figures in one of his passages second to none in eloquence, persuasion and power. He illustrates the character of Portia, and she comes to my mind in virtue of that beautiful speech placed upon her eloquent lips by the orator, where she speaks of mercy:

> "The quality of mercy is not strained;
> It droppeth as the rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed—
> It blesseth him that gives and him that takes."

And in a presence like this, one to-night naturally inquires why this large assemblage of persons of the Order, of men whose brotherhood extends all over creation, and which has come down in majesty and beauty through centuries? Why is it graced by the presence of ladies, who frequently, for domestic reasons—reasons no doubt of love towards husbands, fathers and brothers—have felt inclined to speak harshly and judge partially of the Order? Nothing is more appropriate than that the delicate sex should be here and everywhere where Masons are gathered together; for there is no order of men on earth who have established in their institutions such sacred and loyal obligations for the honor of their sex. (Great applause.) I regard these women here to-night as encouraging us to come forward for one of the noblest purposes that ever stirred the heart and excited the motives of men to a direct termination of the purposes which benevolence can attain. It is most gratifying to me that I am permitted to enjoy the grand privilege of speaking a few words in the cause for which we are convened. On the ticket sent to me I saw printed these few eloquent, pathetic, tearful, terrible words: "The cry of the poor." This is no catch of the pen; it is no sketch of the fancy—it is a solid, stern truth; and while I stand here before you to-night there are those who have been brought up at the South, delicately fostered in the arms of mothers who bent over them with smiles benignant as that heaven to which in childhood we look up towards the Master of the Universe—men, women, and children, educated and nurtured in the lap of luxury, are to-night suffering from the pinching want of the commonest necessaries of life. We are here to-night that those who cry for bread, as if in the wilderness, may have manna sent to them through the agency of this meeting. We are here to answer the cries of famishing women and children, and of strong men so impoverished and debilitated as to be unfit to labor for bread for their little ones. We are here to vindicate the high character of the Order, and to show that no men can surpass it in noble and charitable deeds. (Applause.) This is their mission, and they are ever true to the principles, precepts and practices of their Order; and it is their pride always to be engaged in that work which the great American poet, Bryant, calls "the labor of good to men—unpublished charity, unbroken faith." Healing shall come from them on the wings of the wind, even to the Pacific and to the frozen regions of the pole. It is peculiarly interesting to contemplate our duty to the South, in view of the grand circumstances developed during the war so lately brought to a close. When it broke out, from its very nature it disrupted families, and severed the ties of personal friendship. It made faces accustomed to look at each other radiant with smiles, turn to looks of hate. It obstructed the government, and made it topple to its very ruin. It may be even said to have struck at the very foundations of religion. But through all this it left Masonry standing in all its grandeur, perfectly intact. Masonry, that had defied empires and emperors, monarchs and sovereigns of every degree, foes of every kind, high and low, weak and powerful,—still comes down to us beautiful and perfect at this hour. It illustrates that when it was founded it was founded in strict adherence to the principles of love to the Deity, and proves to-day that now, as it has ever done heretofore, it adheres to the great Master through all time. And now to-night, when it is represented here for the purpore of obtaining means to send sustenance for the life of their famishing brothers and sisters in the South, may God come down as if by direct interposition and enter into our hearts, and come to the tabernacle of our souls, and fill us with a spiritual determination that to-night, and to-morrow, and for weeks and months, and through the year, we shall contribute to the relief of these suffering people. And our example shall be imitated all over the Union—aye, all over the world. Wherever the cry of their distress may be heard the Masons will gather together and send aid and comfort to our afflicted brethren. That I have been appointed to take a part in this great work, that I have been made the humble instrument to appeal to you to-night, has given me the most intense gratification. I have had in past years an intimate acquaintance with a large number of that ardent, spirited and proud race who are now bent in anguish over ruined hopes and ambitions prostrated; and I fear that some of them will not permit us to do all we wish for their improvement. I would not speak in reference to political questions, and, in a social point of view, I wish to Heaven the men of the South, putting questions of reconstruction aside, stretch out our arms for their protection, and seeing us would rush to us, and, putting away all political and groveling impulses, accept our hearts and hands, and press us that we might help them to sustain life and preserve the remnant of their pride. You, my brothers, stand on the common platform of humanity; we are all wayfarers towards a common doom, approaching the ultimate judgment seat of our Maker. Therefore, my brethren of the South, we need not ask you to cease any debate or agitation which, in a politicel sense, may secure you what you value and recognize as your just right. Do unite with us Masons, and we will devote ourselves to support every person, under the sublime dictates of charity, kindness and benevolence.

Mr. Brady, on concluding, was loudly applauded. The remainder of the programme being satisfactorily carried out, the immense audience dispersed, well pleased with the evening's entertainment.

High Twelve.—The fervid manner in which King Sol appears disposed to show his power will have the effect of putting a stop to the labors of a large portion of our metropolitan Lodges and other bodies. Masonry will be the gainer by having a check on the stream of initiations, and the working bees will obtain a short respite in which to recuperate their energies for the fall campaign. 'Tis well. Blessed is the man who invented sleep. Which would you rather, or go a-fishing?

Two Questions for the Public to Decide.

S. Weir Roosevelt, an eminent lawyer of New York City, says: "The fact that it uses a single thread and an ordinary spool, is a great convenience; but this has given rise to some misgiving in the public mind in regard to the strength and durability of the stitch. The head of my family informs me, after consultation with other female heads of families, who have long used the Willcox & Gibbs Machine, that the stitch is as strong as the material, and will last as long as the garment, and a little longer; so the question for the public to decide is, whether anything stronger or longer is really needed in domestic life." We agree with Mr. Roosevelt, that the twisted loop stitch is sufficiently strong and durable for family sewing or any other; indeed, without disparaging other stitches, we think it is the strongest and most durable stitch made. But we also think that, such being the fact, another and the most important question for the public to decide is, whether two threads, and the complicated machinery required to use two threads, are any longer necessary.

The *Union* (Missouri) says:

The National Freemason is the best of its class that has come to our knowledge.

Answers to Correspondents.

Nightmare.—The "mare" of this word is from the Anglo-saxon *Mara*, a hobgoblin, known to all the nations of the North as a being who torments sleepers.

> "The Nightmare Life—in death was she—
> Who thicks man's blood with cold."
>
> —*Coleridge's Ancient Mariner.*

⁂

Ireland.—Yes, they admit them upon equivalent degrees.

⁂

Dimit.—The applicant need not specify his intentions as to subsequent Lodge connections, unless the Grand Lodge has so required by express statute. If not assured of a permanent residence in the future, let your present Lodge connections remain unsevered.

⁂

The Medal referred to is that of a Knight or Heroine of Jericho. It is oval or round with the letters B. F. R. P. N. W. T. T. B. N. around the margin and the word Faith in the middle, with the name, address and date on the reverse.

⁂

The Order of the Good Samaritan has for its officers President, Mentor, Conductor, Master of Ceremonies, Traveler and Janitor. This is an adoptive degree. Around the rim of the Medal of this degree are the letters, E. F. I. W. S. T. O. L. Eight curved lines are drawn from alternate letters on the rim, L. T. T. N.; O. N. A. O. S.; T. I. M. I. T. W.; S. I. I. T. C.; W. I. I. C. N.; I. T. M. T. S. A. L W. G. I. U.; F. W. N. O. L. I. T. S. D.; E. L. A. T. I. In the centre of the medal are the letters S. G.

⁂

Garibaldi, we are informed, did issue an invitation for a Freemasons' Congress at Naples, to have been held as the centenary of St. Peter at Rome. But not favoring opposition, especially of an organized Masonic character, against any church, we did not give currency to it. The old paths are the best to walk in.

⁂

Titusville.—"Is there any law in Masonry requiring a Master Mason, changing his residence from one jurisdiction to another, to live in the new place one year before he can affiliate?"

Answer.—No. A Master Mason having honorably withdrawn from his Lodge can affiliate with any other willing to receive him, without regard to residence and without waiting any longer than may be necessary for the usual course of petition, investigation and ballot. The law of residence applies only in the case of profanes who desire to be made Masons.

⁂

Manual.—"Where charges are preferred against a brother for an alleged offense which is already the subject of investigation before a judicial tribunal of the land, is it not the duty of the Lodge to suspend action until the matter is disposed of by the Court? If not, what would be the situation of the accused if he should be acquitted by the Court and convicted by the Lodge?"

Answer.—Under the circumstances mentioned, it would clearly be the duty of the Lodge to await the result of proceedings in the Court. If the proceedings these should terminate in a conviction, the Lodge proceedings would be greatly simplified. If, on the other hand, the accused should be acquitted, the Lodge, if so minded, might again put him on trial, for what might not be considered an offense in law might nevertheless be regarded as a Masonic crime. In your second supposition you place the Lodge and the brother in an anamolous position, the Lodge declaring him guilty of a crime while the law says he is innocent. This might, however, very well happen, for the reason we have stated above; but the practice has always been, and doubtless will continue to be, to make the Lodge wait until the civil court has disposed of the matter.

⁂

B. B. B.—"When charges are preferred in a Lodge against a brother, does the fact of their presentation by the Junior Warden cover the real accuser? Has not the accused a right to know who he is, and whether he is competent to make charges?

"2. Has the Master a right to receive and refer such charges without action by the Lodge?

"3. Is not the Master bound, in naming the commission, to select unbiased brethren?"

Answer.—The Junior Warden simply presents the charges *ex officio*, without in any way becoming responsible for them or hiding the real accuser, who, on the demand of the accused, must stand forth.

2. The Master has no power in the matter except to submit the charges to the judgment of the Lodge. If, after consideration, the Lodge decides to send the charges to a commission, then it is the prerogative of the Master to select the brethren who are to compose it.

3. He is, however, directed by the law to select brethren without bias, or to remove those first appointed and substitute others, when objection is made on account of bias.

⁂

Hot Weather.—"The Lodge to which I belong has a clause in its by-laws fixing the time of meeting for every Friday. It is proposed to take a recess during the summer months. Can we do so legally, without amending the by-law, even though unanimous consent be given to the recess?"

Answer.—Of course there can be no justification for the violation of its by-laws by a Lodge any more than by an individual member; nevertheless, the clause in question is violated every year about this time by many Lodges. This reminds us of the story of the chap who went to see his friend in jail. "Well, Samuel," said he, "what have they put you in here for?" "For profane swearing," says the prisoner. "But," responds his friend, "they can't put you in jail for that." "But they *have*," was the knock-down argument of the incarcerated.

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW YORK CITY.

Columbian Council, No. 1, *June* 19, elected the following officers:

Wm. S. Paterson, T. Ill. M.; Charles Van Holland, D. M.; George B. Berrick, P. C. W. Joseph W. Feuchtwanger, T.; Wm. J. Surre, P. Th. Ill. R.: Jonathan Jarvis, P. T. Ill. C.; Alonzo Durkee, C. G.; John Lanktree, C. C.; Samuel J. Leszynsky, M.; Daniel Bing, Stew., Wm. Boardman, Sen.

⁂

Girard Lodge, No. 631, was duly constituted and its officers installed on Friday evening last, at their rooms, 594 Broadway, by the M. W. Stephen H. Johnson, Grand Master, assisted by John W. Simons, James M. Austin, Wm. T. Woodruff, John Hoole, W. H. Thompson and others. At the conclusion of the ceremonies a bountiful collation was served in a neighboring restaurant, and the baby's head was moistened in the most approved style.

VIRGINIA.

Richmond.—Richmond Consistory, No. 2, has just been organized. The following are the officers:

John Dove, M. D., Ill. Com.; Jas. Evans, 1st L. C.; Wm. L. Maule, 2d L. C.; James A. Scott, M. of S.; John F. Regnault, Ch.; James E. Riddick, Sec.; Thos. H. De Witt, T.; Charles P. Bigger, K. of the S.; Jos. Hall, C. E.; Wm. E. Tanner, H.; John Latouche, M. of C.; M. W. Yarrington, C. of the G.; James W. Archer, C.; C. J. Grinnan, Beaus.; Charles Lundin, Bearer of the Vexillum Belli; R. M. J. Paynter, S. B.; Thomas Angel, S.

⁂

Of Chapter Rose Croix.—Wm. L. Maule, M. W. M.; Wm. E. Tanner, S. W.; John Latouche, J. W.; Jas. A. Scott, O.; R. B. Snead, A.; J. E. Riddick, S.; T. H. De Witt, T.; B. M. Harris, M. of C.; M. W. Yarrington, S. Ex.; C. Lundin, J. Ex.; C. J. Grinnan, G. of the T.; Thomas Angel, Tyler.

⁂

Of Lodge of Perfection, No. 1.—Dr. J. P. Little, T. P. G. M.; J. F. Regnault, S. G. W.; J. A. Scott, J. G. W.; Wm. L. Maule, O.; R. B. Snead, A.; J. E. Riddick, S.; T. H. De Witt, T.; B. M. Harris, M. of C.; J. W. Archer, S. G. Ex.; C. Lundin, J. G. Ex.; R. M. J. Paynter, G. C. of the H.; Thomas Angel, Tyler.

⁂

The installation of officers took place June 24. Those of Metropolitan Lodge, No. 11, were installed at 7 A. M.; of No. 10, at 12 M.; of Nos. 53 and 130, at 5 and 8 P. M.; Manchester Lodge, No. 14, at 8 P. M. The officers of Nos. 19 and 36 were installed on Sunday afternoon, June 23, at 5 o'clock.

⁂

The following are the officers of Richmond Commandery, No. 2., just elected:

Edward H. Gill, C.; John F. Regnault, G.; William L. Maule, C. G.; Thomas H. DeWitt, P.; Thomas U. Dudley, T.; James E. Riddick, R.; James A. Scott, S. W.; William T. Allen, J. W.; William E. Tanner, St. B.; James E. Goode, S B.; Benjamin M. Harris, W.; M. W. Yarrington, Thomas H. Wynne, John T. Sizer, Guards; Thomas Angel, S. and S.; members of Ed. Com., E. H. Gill, William L. Maule, Thomas H. Winne.

⁂

Harrisonburgh.—Bro. Ligget made the address at the Festival, June 24.

⁂

Lynchburg.—Bro. Capt. G. W. Latham delivered a beautiful and instructive address St. John's Day. His text was: "Love one another."

WEST VIRGINIA.

Grand Lodge.—At its last meeting the following officers were elected:

W. J. Bates, G. M.; B. F. Martin, D. G. M.; A. Workman, S. G. W.; B. H. Hoyt, J. G. W.; W. P. Wilson, G. T.; T. H. Logan, G. S.; T. G. Farnsworth, S. G. D.; R. P. Hosack, J. G. D.; J. H. Dickey, G. P.; W. L. Hyland, G. C.; T. Bliss, G. T.

The Grand Master, in his address, says:

I desire to promote peace and maintain harmony with the Grand Lodge of Virginia—a body which, by reason of its wisdom and age, is worthy of our highest respect and veneration. And although we have constituted a Grand Lodge for ourselves, I trust that our regard for the parent Grand Lodge will remain unimpaired, and that there will be no severance of association or correspondence; but that in the future we shall cultivate for each other the most sincere fraternal relations.

The Grand Master further says:

All the rules absolutely necessary to be observed in order to make the new Grand Lodge legal and regular are, 1st, the district within which the new Grand Lodge is to be located shall be a separate State or Territory; 2d, there shall at the time be no Grand Lodge existing within the limits of such State or Territory; 3d, there shall be at least *three* chartered Lodges in *active* existence within such State or Territory, and consenting to the formation of a Grand Lodge; 4th, they shall meet in convention as *Lodges*, and not as *individuals;* 5th, the newly elected Grand Master shall be installed by some Past Grand Master, or by the senior Past Master present.

The Text-Book of Bro. John Dove was adopted by the Grand Lodge of West Virginia for the Constituent Lodges.

The Grand Lodge declined to issue Grand Lodge Diplomas, and recommended Constituent Lodges to pay dues owing to Grand Lodge of Virginia at the time the Grand Lodge of West Virginia was organized.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Washington City.—Lafayette Lodge made an excursion June 24th to Mount Vernon, where interesting services were observed at the Tomb of Washington.

⁂

Georgetown.—Comp. John L. Lewis, G. G. H. P. U. S., has issued the following:

Office of the G. G. High Priest,
Penn Yan, N. Y., *June* 4, 1867.

To all Companion Royal Arch Masons within our Jurisdiction, Greeting:

Know ye that, having examined and considered the situation and condition of Potomac Chapter, No. 8, in the District of Columbia, and its rights under its Warrant, we do hereby decide and determine that said Potomac Chapter may continue its labors as heretofore, under and by virtue of its Warrant, any assumption of authority by any companion or body of companions, save the officers and companions of the G. G. Chapter of the U. S. A., or of the Grand Chapter of Maryland, to the contrary notwithstanding, and for so doing this shall be the Warrant and authority of said Potomac Chapter, No. 8.

John L. Lewis, G. G. H. P.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Erie.—The brethren gathered in strong force from twenty different neighboring Lodges to celebrate St. John's Day and dedicate the Lodge of this place. Mrs. White presented a magnificent Bible to Perry Lodge. Rev. Bro. Black delivered the address.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Grand Chapter.—The following companions were installed Grand Officers for ensuing year: Nath'l W. Cumner, G. H. P.; Dan'l R. Marshall, D. G. H. P.; John A. Harris, G. K.; Edw'd Gustine, G. S.; John Knowlton, G. T.; Horace Chase, G. S.

KENTUCKY.

Frankfort.—St. John's day was spent in hearing an oration at the Presbyterian church, from Rev. Bro. Henderson.

LOUISIANA.

Our Masonic jurisdiction enjoys peace and harmony throughout all our borders.

Bro. Norwood, the Deputy Grand Master of last year, is Grand Master, and Bro. James C. Bachelor is Grand Secretary. They are both performing their duties acceptably to the craft, as are also Bro. Swasey, Deputy Grand Master; Bro. Jones, Sen. G. W.; Bro. Stevenson, Jun. G. W.; Bro. Todd, G. Treas., and the appointed officers.

There are several thousand dollars in the treasury, and the Grand Lodge owns property to the amount of $220,000. The Chartered Lodges are gradually recovering from the effects of the war, and Dispensations of new Lodges are being issued. The Grand Lodge has recognized the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia.

The Grand Lodge has set its seal of condemnation upon all electioneering for office in our jurisdiction.

TEXAS.

The following are the officers just installed in Texas:

Grand Commandery.—N. B. Yard, Grand Commander; P. W. Gray, D. G. C.; F. B. Sexton, G. G.; John Sayles, G. C. G.; A. S. Richardson, G. P.; D. W. C. Baker, G. S. W.; G. W. Van Vleck, G. J.; B. A. Botts, G. T.; R. Brewster, G. R.; C. M. Winkler, G. Std. B.; S. S. Munger, G. S. B.; H. F. Gillette, G. W.; A. C. Baker, G. P.; N. H. Darnell, G. C. of G.; A. B. George, G. S.

Grand Chapter.—B. F. Sexton, G. H. P.; F. D. Giddings, D. G. H. P.; W. D. Wood, G. K.; S. S. Munger, G. S.; B. A. Botts, G. T.; R. Brausten, G. S.; Rev. R. A. Wagner, G. C.; A. S. Richardson, G. D.; Jas. Wrigley, G. M.

Grand Lodge.—J. R. Fretwell, G. M.; P. C. Tucker, D. G. M,; P. W. Gray, G. S. W.; C. K. Stribling, H. T. W.; B. A. Botts, G. T.; C. H. Bringhurst, G. S.

◆

Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

TURKEY.

CONSTANTINOPLE, *May* 25, 1867.

Sir Henry Bulwer has always taken a warm interest in Masonry, and filled his position of P. G. M. of Turkey with great dignity and honor to the craft. Bro. Hyde Clarke has been most zealous and indefatigable in the promotion of its interests, and, indeed, Masonry here and in Smyrna, if not throughout the empire, owes much to his labors for its extension and well-being. * * The office of P. G. M. must always be one of much responsibility and delicacy, especially in a distant country like this, where it has to recommend itself to the respect and favor of the public, especially the Mussulman public, through the perfect harmony not only of all of the Lodges, but even of all of the brethren, and a constant union in effecting good objects.

J. P. B.

ENGLAND.

Foreign Gossip.—In the published notice of the Annual Grand Festival of the United Grand Lodge of England, held April 24, 1867, ~~we observe the following~~ names as composing the "Board of Grand Stewards:"

President—W. Bro. James Percy Leith, No. 2; Treasurer—W. Bro. Edward J. A. Trimmer, No. 21; W. Bros. G. N. Chambers, No. 1; George Cockle, No. 4; Thomas Cristie, Jr., No. 5; Henry J. W. Wheeler, No. 6: Fred. John Nokes, No. 8; James Broadbridge, No. 14; William H. Warr, No. 23; Joseph Sharpe, LL.D., No. 26; Reginald P. Wilkins, No. 26; George H. Haydon, No. 46; Walter H. Hindley, No. 58; Thomas Middleton, No. 91; Charles de Bruyn, No. 99; Horace Jones, No. 197; Archibald Alex. Spiers, No. 259.

Tickets to the Festival were 15s. sterling, about $5 in greenbacks, at present reduction. Dinner is announced to be on the table at five o'clock. "Brethren to appear in full Maso[illegible]craft costume." The music to be under the direction of James Cowan, the Grand Organist. This notice is signed by Frederick Binckes, of Lodge No. 60, Honorary Secretary of the Board.

Our readers will be interested in the perusal of the following notice, under date April 20, 1867:

Jubilee.—Fiftieth Anniversary of the Lodge of Instruction, under sanction of the Lodge of Stability, No. 217. Bro. Henry Muggeridge, P. M. 192, W. M. The anniversary meeting will be held at Radley's Hotel, Bridge street, Blackfriars, on Friday, the 26th day of April, 1867, at half-past five o'clock precisely, when the Lecture of the Second Degree will be worked in sections by the following brethren, viz.: 1st section, Bro. John Lacey, P. M., 49; 2d section, J. Hamilton Townend, 715: 3d section, Thomas M. Norman, J. D., 22; 4th section, T. H. J. Goldsbro', M.D., P. M. G. S. W. North Wales and Shropshire, 201; 5th section, Henry Muggeridge, P. M., 192. The R. W. Bro. John Havers, P. G. W., will preside at the banquet, which will be on the table at 8 o'clock. The brethren will appear in full Masonic craft costume.

There is a "glee union" in London, which advertises a vacancy for one alto, tenor and bass. The conductor is Bro. John Read.

The semi-annual election in the two great Masonic schools of England are always advertised. We append the notices of the last:

Royal Masonic Institution for Boys, Wood Green, London, N. Patron—Her Most Gracious Majesty the Queen; President—the Right Hon. the Earl of Zetland, K. T., M. W. G. M. At a quarterly general court held at Freemasons' Hall, London, Monday, 15th April, 1867, the ballot for the election of five boys resulted as follows: Successful: 27, Holland, William R., 1288; 22, Hopwood, George, 1267; 8, Hopkins, Charles, 1184; 21, Palmer, Charles F. H., 1128; 29, Moxon, Frank H. G., 1041. Unsuccessful: 6, Williams, James E. H., 1010; 14, VarJen, Edward John, 725; 7, Fisher, Stephen Brant, 718; 4, Atkinson, John, 624; 17, Belcher, Vincent H., 603; 18, Gondie, William R., 584; 10, Millbourn, Joseph, 538; 20, Mould, Alfred, 460; 9, Mace, William Francis, 378; 30, Bryant, Charles Lyne, 330; 3, Hickmott, Henry, 332; 1, Jackson, Herbert J., 285; 23, Collingwood, John, 248; 35, Shipway, William H., 199; 34, Hennis, Charles, 148; 2, Bentley, Edwin T., 125; 11, Smith, Lewis, 115; 32, Cottrell, John Thomas, 108; 12, Marjason, Josiah, 78; 13, Dowsing, John Edward, 76; 33, Wills, Thomas W., 69; 5, Walsha, Herbert, 62; 6, Addison, [illegible]mes, 34; 15, Nicholas, Tom F., 34; 19, Laws, George, 24; 26, Rigden, Henry T., 22; 24, McDowell, William, 3; 28, Bone, Thomas R., 3; 31, Bowcock, Arthur W., 1.

The numbers prefixed to the names refer to the numbers of the cases on the voting papers.

The votes polled by the unsuccessful candidates will be carried to their credit at the election in October next.

FREDERICK BINCKES, *Secretary.*

Office: 6 Freemasons' Hall, W. C., April 15th, 1867.

Royal Freemasons' School for Female Children, St. John's Hill, Battersea Rise. At a quarterly general court of this institution, held at Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen street, Lincolns-inn-fields, on Thursday, the 11th day of April, Bro. John Udall, V. P., in the chair, after the general business was disposed of, the governors and subscribers proceeded to the election, by ballot, of seven children into the institution from a list of eighteen approved candidates, when the following were declared duly elected:

1, Blair, Emily, 839; 2, Ingram, Alice M., 565; 3, Madely, Harriet L., 537; 4, Fleck, Grace Annie, 534; 5, Baxter, Elizabeth J., 527; 6, Travers, Mary Ellen, 522; 7, Fletcher, Cara B., 485.

The votes of the following unsuccessful candidates will be carried forward to the election in October next:

1, Witherwick, Mary I., 416; 5, Allen, Ann B., 382, 18, Batley, Alice M. M., 237; 8, Rennet, Ada, 213; 6, Geere, Elizabeth, 196; 13, Gregory, Catharine M., 119; 2, Brookes, Emma J., 96; 17, Bryant, Maria A., 13; 16, Barrett, Kate I., 9; 11, Dunn, Emily Alice, 3.

EDWARD HENRY PATTEN, P. G. S. B., *Sec.*

Office: 5 Freemasons' Hall, Great Queen street, W.C.

We propose, ere long, to give historical sketches of these grand and noble institutions, so creditable to the Freemasonry of England and of the world.

FRANCE.

Paris.—Among the Masons gathering to the Exposition are Abd-el-Kader and his sons.

HOLLAND.

Frederick, Prince of the Netherlands and Grand Master of the Grand Lodge, laments, in an especial address, the death of Bros. Alex. de Rappard and of J. D. Hochmater.

The Royal Grand Master says:

Not only the Masonic Order, but also the College of the Grand Officers in the Low Countries, has recently suffered two very sensible losses by the decease of these two illustrious brethren.

Bro. Hochmater was a member of the Grand College of Officers since 1842, and would have completed, during this year, his twenty-five years of Masonic services, as such, if the Great Architect of the Universe had spared his life. His death has greatly affected me, for the Order loses in him a brother very worthy, whose memory will be dear as well to me as to all those who have had the good fortune to know him.

Six days after his death our Order had to deplore a misfortune greater still in the unexpected decease of the most esteemed and most honored Bro. de Rappard. The Order in general loses in him one of its brightest ornaments, and the College of the Grand Officers one of its most solid supports. A member of our Order for more than fifty-two years, he has been a member of the *Supreme Council for twenty-seven consecutive years.* His death has deprived me of a powerful succor, at an epoch when I had great need of it. From 1818 to 1821 he was First Surveillant, and from 1842 to 1852 he assisted me as Grand Secretary, and to the date of this last epoch as Deputy Grand Master Nat.·.

The whole Masonic body in the Low Countries and its dependencies is in mourning in consequence of the death of Bro. de Rappard, our Deputy G.·. M.·. Nat.·., who labored with heart and soul and without relaxation for the well-being of our Order. The Prince orders the insignia and banners to be covered with crape till the meeting of the next general assembly of Freemasons.

The Prince adds:

His name and his actions will never be forgotten, and may the manner with which he conscientiously discharged his duties as a Mason serve for a long time as an example and an encouragement to virtue.

INDIA.

Burmah.—This district mourns the loss, by death, of its Grand Master, Maj.-Gen. William Pitt Macdonald.

IRELAND.

May 31, the Freemasons met at their Hall, Dublin, to consider the proposal to establish a Masonic male orphan school, and several thousand dollars were subscribed upon the spot.

GERMANY.

Coburg.—Bro. Jannasch, in his address, thus alludes to the exclusion of Jews from Masonic Lodges:

Let the Word become flesh; give it life. Do not reach out your right hand, and give the pressure of brotherhood, wounding at the same time with your tongue. Exclude nobody from our union who is in earnest towards himself; try everything, and keep the best only. Consider man, and do not barter about his being a Jew, or a Catholic, or a Protestant.

◆

Nathaniel Greene,

the Rhode Island Freemason, has been selected by the Rhode Island Legislature as one of the two subjects for a contribution to the National Statuary Hall of the House of Representatives.

The House of Representatives of Rhode Island says of this distinguished brother, whose Masonic life we gave months ago to our readers:

The second of these events, the American Revolution, emanating from the spirit that "Government derives its just powers from the consent of the governed," will yet do for the political world what the doctrine of Roger Williams has done for the spiritual. It will do away with the "divine right of kings" and establish the right of all men to self-government. In the accomplishment of this, the first step in the political enfranchisement of the human race, *Nathaniel Greene, of Rhode Island, was admitted by all to rank next to George Washington.*

He was "second in war, second in peace, and second in the hearts of his countrymen." As Roger Williams and Nathaniel Greene must be universally regarded as among the greatest benefactors of our race, and as they have achieved for our little State a fame that must endure as long as history, your committee unanimously recommend that a suitable statue of each of them be placed in the niche assigned to Rhode Island in the National Statuary Hall, in the Capitol of the nation.

Your committee, in closing this report, beg leave to express their cordial sympathy with the proposed use of the old hall of the House of Representatives. Scipio Africanus said, if at any time he felt his love of his country growing cold, he was in the habit of visiting and looking at the statues of his ancestors. We trust the patriotism of the representatives of the people in Congress, and all other American citizens, will be inspired and encouraged by the imposing presence of the statues of those whose names and deeds illustrate and adorn our national history.

◆

The Temple at Boston.

The beautiful façade of the new Masonic Temple is adorned by two traditional emblems of Freemasonry—the pillars called Jachin and Boaz, in their appropriate niches, beside the grand entrance. The intrinsic beauty of these columns, together with the effect by contrast from their color with the surrounding stone-work ornamentation, has at once arrested the attention of passers by the building. A word on their origin may be in place.

In the Bible, Kings I., chapter vii., the building of King Solomon's Temple is described in part:

18. And he made the pillars, and two rows round about upon the one net work, to cover the chapiters that were upon the top with pomegranates, and so did he for the other chapiters.

19. And the chapiters that were upon the top of the pillars were of lilly work in the porch, four cubits.

21. And he set up the pillars in the porch of the temple: and he set up the right pillar and called the name Jachin; and he set up the left pillar and called the name thereof Boaz.

These columns were turned, and carved out of Winooski marble from Vermont. The chapiters appear to be of granite, but the whole pillar is from block of marble; the chapiters being left unpolished. The globes on the top, one celestial and the other terrestrial, are emblematical of the universality of Freemasonry.

BOOK NOTICES.

Lossing's Pictorial History of the United States. Illustrated by over 200 Engravings. New York: Mason & Bros.

Lossing's Common School History. New York: Mason & Bros.

Lossing's Primary United States. New York: Mason & Bros.

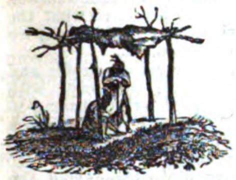
These three works are deservedly popular. They embrace the same range, present the elementary facts in the first series, advance in the second to further elucidation, and in the third develop the philosophy of history. The interweaving the system of concordance with the foot notes is of the first importance.

The style is admirable, simple, chaste and perspicuous.

The Declaration of Independence, with historical notes, Biographies of the Signers, Lives of the Presidents, and Chronological Tables, are added.

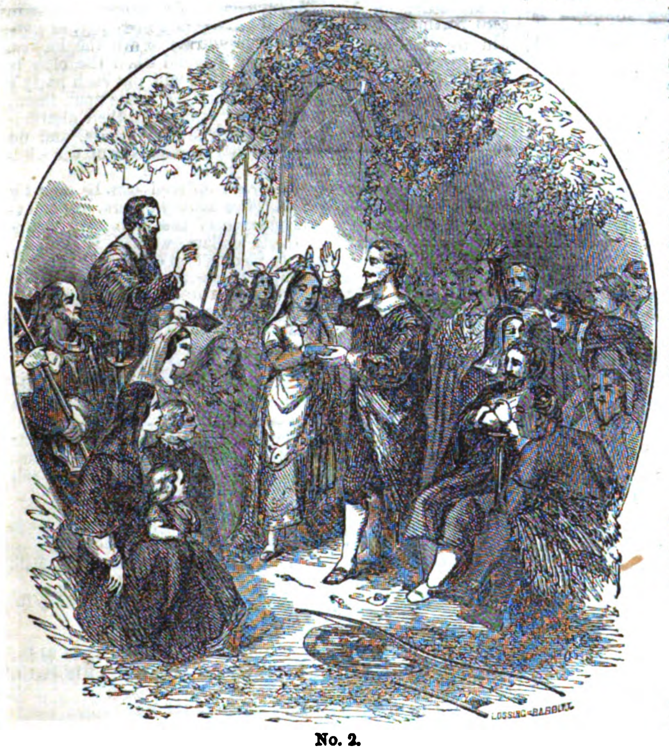
Parents and teachers would do well to examine these works. They will make history attractive to the young. Wherever they have been used they have been as popular in schools and families as Lossing's large works are among the community.

We present below illustrations of this work, as specimens of its interest and attractiveness.


No. 1.

(1.) This is a scaffold burial place of the Indians. The dead body, wrapped in skins, was laid upon sticks in the bottom of a pit, or in a sitting posture in a grave, or upon a high scaffold out of the reach of wild beasts.

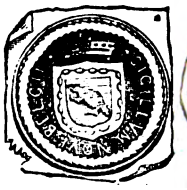
(2.) This illustrates the marriage of Pocahontas, whose life was published in a late number of the National Freemason.



No. 2.

(3.) This is the Seal of New Netherlands, the territory in America (1614) from Cape May to Nova Scotia.

(4.) First money coined in the United States in 1652.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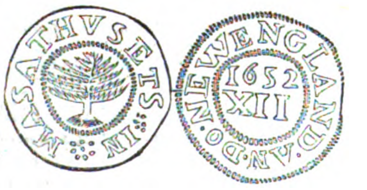
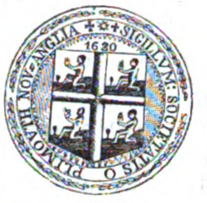
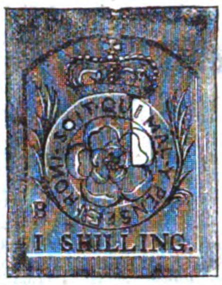


No. 4.

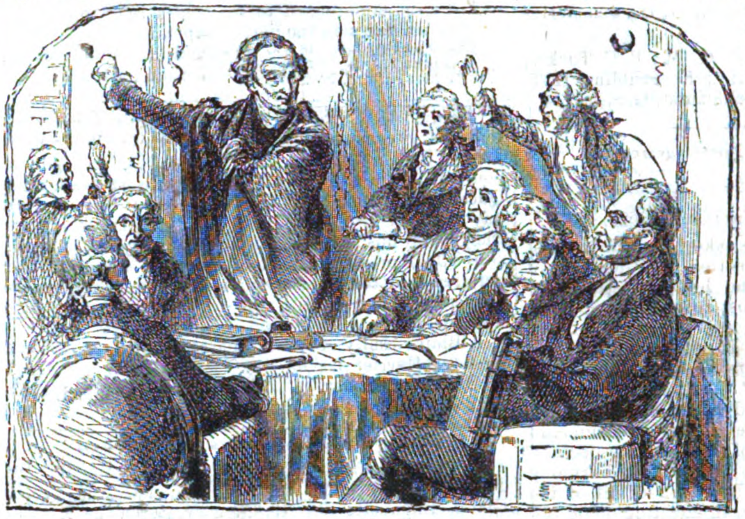
(5.) First Colony Seal.


SIGILLVM SOCIETATIS PLIMOVTH NOV ANGLIA
1620
No. 5.

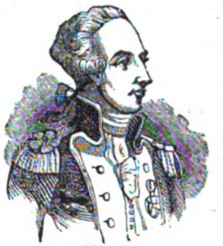


No. 6.

(6.) A Stamp. The Stamp Act required the Colonists to purchase, for specified sums, and place on all written documents, stamps furnished by the British Government. The stamps were on blue paper, in the form here seen. For a common property deed the charge was one shilling and sixpence; for a college diploma, two pounds, &c.


No. 7.

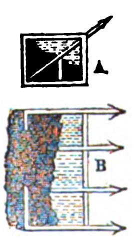
(7.) Patrick Henry addressing the Virginia Assembly. In this scene Henry has presented his resolutions in behalf of the rights of the colonies, and is about concluding his speech thereupon, when, alluding to tyrants, he said: "Cæsar had his Brutus, Charles the First his Cromwell, and George the Third ——" there was a cry of "Treason! Treason!" He paused a moment and said, "may profit by their example. If that be treason, make the most of it."


No. 8.

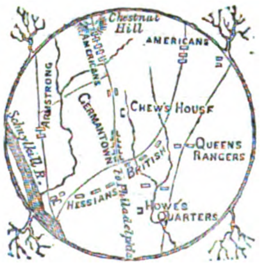
(8.) Likeness of Gen. Lafayette, the friend of our country, and the Masonic associate of Gen. Washington.

(9.) *Chevaux-de-frise.* Obstructions placed in river channels to prevent the passage of vessels. They are generally made of a series of heavy timbers, pointed with iron, and secured at an angle in a strong frame filled with stones, as seen in the engraving. The upper figure shows the position under water—the lower one shows how the timbers are arranged and the stones placed in them.

(10.) Topographical Map of Battle of Germantown.



No. 9.



No. 10.

The Mystic Circle and American Hand-Book of Masonry, containing a brief History of Freemasonry in Europe and America, Symbolic Chart, the Old Charges, Anderson's Constitutions, Constitutional Rules, Resolutions, Decisions, and Opinions of Grand Lodges and enlightened Masons on Questions liable to arise in Subordinate Lodges; a Code of By-Laws for Subordinate Lodges; Instructions and Suggestions for Secretaries of Lodges. A new edition, with important additions by the author. By George H. Gray, Sen., of Mississippi. Cincinnati: R. W. Carroll & Co., publishers, 117 West Fourth Street. 1867.

Bro. Gray's work of 546 pages has passed through six editions, and has borne the test of sixteen years, and has met the approval of various Grand Lodges.

It contains unquestionably one of the best succinct histories of general and American Freemasonry we have yet seen. The following is an extract from the work:

Illustration of the Mystic Circle.—The Circle represents that boundary or line within which our every thought, word, and action should be circumscribed. Its radius is the full extent of our duties to God, our neighbor, and ourselves. It is embordered by the lines of a perfect Square, the sides equal, the angles equal, which represents the divine mind of Omnipotence. The perpendicular lines represent the parallel drawn by St. John the Baptist and St. John the Evangelist. The right-angled square, the fourth part of the circle, comprehends the union of the celestial and terrestrial capacities, and is an emblem of morality and justice. The star in the center forcibly reminds us of the duties which, as Masons, we owe to each other. The letter Y is one of the symbolical characters of Pythagoras, and "represents the course of human life. Youth, arriving at manhood, sees two ways before him, and deliberates which he will pursue. If he meets with a guide that directs him to pursue philosophy, and he procures initiation, his life shall be honorable and his death happy. But if he omits to do this, and takes the left hand path, which appears broader and better, it will lead him" (not only beyond the Mystic Circle, but without the pale of divine precept) "to sloth and luxury, will waste his estate, impair his health, and bring on a premature old age of remorse and misery." The Holy Scriptures, in the fork of the ways, is the guide placed in the hands of man by his benevolent Creator to point out the way that leads to happiness in this life and endless bliss in the world of immortality. The three positions represent the three steps of Masonry, which are emblematical of the three stages of human life, youth, manhood, and age, and remind us that in youth, as Entered Apprentices, we ought industriously to occupy our minds in the attainment of useful knowledge; in manhood, as Fellow-Crafts, we should apply our knowledge to the discharge of our respective duties to God, our neighbors, and ourselves; that so in age, as Master Masons, while we are journeying in the downhill of life, to "that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns," we may enjoy the happy reflection consequent on a well spent life, and a well grounded hope of a glorious immortality.

U. S. Tariff, 1867, compiled by E. D. Ogden.

This work of 126 pages, published a few days ago by Bogert, Kidder & Nexsen, 174 and 176 Pearl street, must prove invaluable to many of our readers. It gives the rates of duties payable on goods, wares and merchandise imported into the U. S.; the acts and resolutions of Congress, secret circulars and decisions, tables of weights, measures, &c.

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MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE.

IOWA.—GRAND MASTER PECK'S DECISIONS, 1866–67.

Query.—Is a brother who has served in a subordinate office for two or three years, and is again appointed by the W. M., required to serve when unwilling to do so?

Answer.—He cannot be compelled to do so, and the W. M. should appreciate his faithfulness and consult his wishes in the appointment.

Query.—If a committee report unfavorably on a petition for initiation, can the W. M. refuse to let it go to a ballot on the ground that an unfavorable report rejects a petition?

Answer.—After the petition goes to the committee it is the property of the Lodge, and the ballot must be spread, even though the report be unfavorable.

Query.—If a petition from a person not a resident within the jurisdiction of the Lodge has been received and referred to a committee, can the Lodge dispose of it without a ballot, and, if so, how?

Answer.—The committee should report the facts in the case, and, for want of jurisdiction, the petition should be returned.

Query.—If a petition which was not within their jurisdiction is acted upon by a Lodge, and duly rejected, can it afterwards be received in the Lodge that has the jurisdiction, without the consent of the Lodge that has rejected him?

Answer.—As the Lodge had no right to receive the petition, therefore that Lodge has no permission to grant to the Lodge within whose jurisdiction petitioner resides. They can receive his petition and act upon it regardless of the previous rejection. But if they are aware of it, it becomes them to ascertain the cause, that no unworthy material may gain admission.

Query.—Can the Secretary and Tyler, after election and installation, refuse to serve, and absent themselves from the Lodge, because dissatisfied with the action of the Lodge or some of its members? If so, how can the vacancy be filled and who will receive the remuneration?

Answer.—Attendance upon Lodge meetings is not obligatory except in case of summons. For good and sufficient reasons, a W. M. can arrest the jewel of a subordinate officer, and appoint some brother to fill the office, either permanently or from night to night. The officer removed could not expect to receive the fees attached to the office, but they would go to the one discharging its duties.

FRANCE.

The Council of Order, the governing body *ad interim* of the Grand Orient (Grand Lodge) of France, sitting April 8, as the chamber of justice and of appeal, issued the following:

Whereas, at the solstitial session, July 3, 1864, Lodge *Parfaite-Union*, Orient (District) of Rennes, said Lodge refused to admit into its Temple Bro. Fayon, M.·., initiated by the Lodge the *Clémente-amitrié Cosmopolite*, Orient of Paris, assigning as reasons that this brother was not a worthy Mason, and that he had been irregularly initiated, and that his diploma bore the false statement of his residence in Paris;

And whereas, the letter of Bro. Fayon, dated Sept. 18, 1865, complains to the Grand Orient of the treatment that he has met with, and that he considers it of a nature to prejudice his moral character;

And whereas, the decision of the Council of the Order, dated Feb. 25, 1867, refers back the affair to the Chamber of Appeal, upon the express demand of the Lodge the *Parfaite Union;*

And whereas, we have heard the report of the Committee on Grievances, and have learned the explanations furnished by the representatives of the Lodge *Parfaite Union* of Rennes, and of the Lodge *Clémente-amitrié*, Orient of Paris; also the statement of Bro. Fayon in his observations, and also the brother orator in his conclusions;

Now, therefore, as the facts alleged by the Lodge *Parfaite Union* contain nothing of a nature to vitiate the initiation of Bro. Fayon, or to reflect upon his honor, and that, consequently, this brother enjoys all the rights and privileges attached to Freemasonry; and as

The Lodge of Rennes has ignored these rights in refusing to admit into its Temple Bro. Fayon, thereby inflicting a moral injury on this brother; and considering that, if the Lodges are free to regulate their internal affairs, it is on condition, notwithstanding, of conforming to the rules prescribed by the constitution and the general statutes of the Order, as well as Masonic usages, and that, in this circumstance, the Lodge has departed from them;

Therefore, resolved, that censure be and hereby is passed upon the Lodge *Parfaite Union*, Orient of Rennes; and we also recommend to the Council of the Order, sitting administratively, to enact a statute upon the question of diplomas.

* * *

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☞ For manner of getting up Clubs, &c., see the edition of this paper of April 6, 1867.

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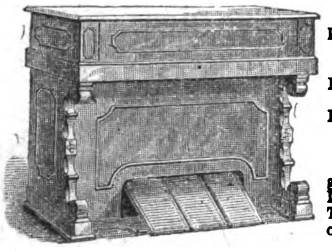

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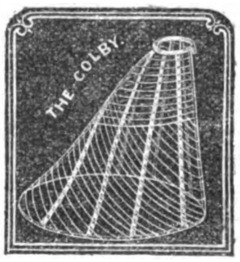

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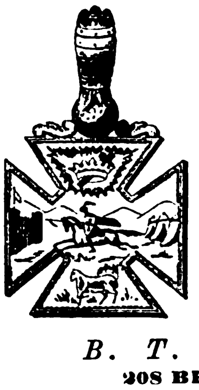

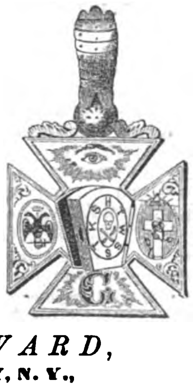

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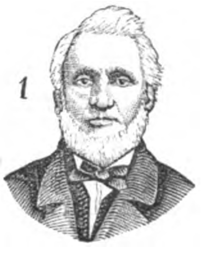

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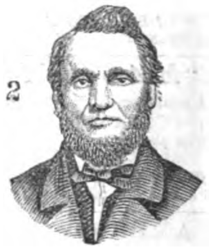

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THE CREED OF MASONRY.

Whoe'er believes in an Almighty cause,
And strict obedience pays to moral laws,
Of whatsoever faith or clime he be,
He shall receive a brother's love from me.
What though we here such different roads pursue,
All upright Masons, all good men and true,
Shall meet together in the Lodge above,
Where their good names shall certain pass-words prove.

THE MASONS.

The women don't like the Masons,
Don't believe in them, at least—
From the Tyler at the entrance
To the fellow in the East.
Lodge meetings are but covers
To hide some lurking dodge—
Look out when mates and lovers
Have "business at the Lodge,"
Where they meet upon the level
To part upon the square,
And to raise the very devil
While congregated there.

ST. JOHN THE EVANGELIST.

BY THE HON. AND REV. BAPTIST NOEL.

If minds were moulded of the elements,
Some, we might think, were form'd in cloudy tents
Of rattling thunders; while the lightning's stream
Baptized them at their birth, so much they seem
Creatures of storm and fire. Still blazing on
Wherever strife is stirr'd and honor won,
They peal above the factions of this world
Like thunder among Alpine summits hurl'd.
But the beloved Seer, whose even mind
In loving Christ had learned to love mankind,
Why was *he* named of thunder? Storms of life
Ne'er roused his gentle spirit into strife,
But as a lake, around whose margin rise
Tall woods and cliffs, that seem to touch the skies—
Fenced from intrusive winds, serenely blue,
Takes from the sky its deepest, purest hue,
And lies so still, a child his skiff might guide,
Ev'n in his mother's sight, across its tide—
So in *his* soul such love and peace combined,
Learnt from his Lord, that not a holy mind
But loves to anchor 'midst the truths he taught
As on a tide of love—a sea of holy thought.
Love color'd his existence; holy love,
Which angels feel, and ransom'd saints above:
There his thoughts centred, thence his strains arose,
Nor, till the end of time shall round us close,
Will those sweet echoes of his spirit die,
But live, the music of eternity!

In early days, the fiercer name bestow'd
Mark'd that his soul had been a thunder-cloud,
When pride and fashion forged their bolts of ire;
But grace, extinguishing the restless fire,
Could make his gentle mien, his placid face,
Attest the calm within. Blest work of grace!
Here pictured see it all: Devotion, peace,
Meekness, and musings high, and tenderness![*]

The thing that portrait seems, believer! be,
And charm the world, as that now pleases thee.
Henceforth may wisdom guide the course of youth;
Not passion sway thee, but the force of truth;
Thy love, no longer fanciful, but just,
Make thee not rudely judge, nor rashly trust:
Humble, not mean; though holy, not austere;
Active, yet calm, with conscience good and clear—
Live thou to draw men to the heavenly road,
Then die to reign with thy incarnate God!

---

[*] Alluding to a beautiful portrait of the "beloved disciple."

GOOD HAND, GOOD HEART.

Give me your hand, it is coarse and brown,
But it is neither the hand of a knave or a clown;
It's the hand of a man, and each pulse that starts
Comes straight from a heart that's the heart of hearts.

That hand I have known in the bitter night—
In the winter eve with its pitiless blight—
To take from its woes the child of care
And lead it to scenes that were warm and fair.

I have seen it delve in the sullen sod,
I have seen it raised in prayer to God,
It has tilled the soil with its muscles strong,
It has hurled in wrath from the right the wrong.

It has followed in vengeance with naked blade,
Through dreary swamp and pathless glade,
Those who had threatened the dear bequest—
Home and the country it loved the best.

Hands have been fairer, but not so dear;
Hands have been softer, but not so rare;
A king might be proud this hand to own—
Aye, proud, indeed, though it's coarse and brown.

SONG OF THE SOWER.

Brethren, the sower's task is done;
The seed is in its winter bed.
Now let the dark brown mould be spread
To hide it from the sun,
And leave it to the kindly care
Of the still earth and brooding air;
As when the mother, from her breast,
Lays the hushed babe apart to rest,
And shades its eyes and waits to see
How sweet its waking smile will be.
The tempest now may smite, the sleet
All night on the drowned furrow beat,
And winds that, from the cloudy hold
Of winter, breathe the bitter cold,
Stiffen to stone the mellow mould.
Yet safe shall lie the wheat;
Till, out of heaven's unmeasured blue,
Shall wake again the genial year,
To wake with warmth and nurse with dew
The germs we lay to slumber here.

THE MASON'S WIFE'S TRIAL.

BY MISS BARBER.

"Act well thy part,
There all the honor lies."—Pope.

It was the night before Christmas. Emily Browning came and sat down on a cushion at her mother's feet. Her face was grave, almost sad.

"What is the matter with my daughter?" said the old lady, laying her hand affectionately upon her curls. "New Year's Day is your wedding day. Surely, you do not intend carrying this sober face with you into the festivities of that occasion?"

The young girl did not reply, but hid her face with her hands.

Mrs. Browning sewed on awhile in silence. At length she said, "Emily, my child, your conduct puzzles me. I have sometimes feared that you were rushing into this union rashly, without due consideration. There is an unsuitability of age between you and Major Meggs. You are only seventeen; he is, to say the least, forty-five; but he has youthful manners, a fine person, and is in every respect pleasing. Still, if you do not like him, yes, love him, better than any thing else in the world, you had best not marry him."

"I like him," answered the girl.

"Well, what are you sad about, then? Doesn't your wedding dress please you? Perhaps you would rather have had white brocade. It would certainly have been very suitable to your age and condition in life; but, on account of the major's age, and in consideration of his being a widower, with one child, I selected a sky-blue silk. I think that, worn with orange flowers and vail, will be exceedingly bride-like and pretty."

"My dress is well enough," answered the girl.

"Well, what is it, then? Do tell me what distresses you," pursued the old lady.

Emily looked up, and threw her curls back from her eyes. "It is this housekeeping business, mother," she said. "I shall never be able to please Major Meggs in this world. He is so particular about every thing, and I have so little experience. I begged and begged him to board, but he would not hear to it. How am I, inexperienced as I am, to get along with his servants, and with his daughter Diana? I don't think Major Meggs is a very patient man. His wife, I am told, kept a house perfect in all of its appointments. He will expect me to do the same, and will fret if I do not. Now, mother, I have learned music, you know, but I never practiced at all upon the spinning-wheel. I have studied chemistry, but I could not concoct a pudding to save my life. I have often and skillfully swept the strings of my harp, but I never swept a floor in all my days. In short, I have learned almost every thing but those things which now, in the capacity of wife and mother, I shall most need to know. Some wise body has said that the ability or inability of woman to discharge the duties devolving upon her—household duties, I suppose he means—touches the equilibrium of society and the hidden springs of existence. If this is true, I am in a bad condition," and the girl sighed deeply.

"Pshaw! Emily, is that all?" answered old Mrs. Browning, in a relieved tone. "Well, child, I wouldn't trouble my head about that, I can assure you. What can Major Meggs expect a girl of seventeen to know about household duties? He certainly can't expect you to know much, and it is very easy learning about these things when you have them to do. I have felt that you could have but one girlhood, and I wanted you to enjoy its freedom and pleasures to the uttermost. The sad, serious realities of life come too soon at best. I would not be borrowing trouble on that score now, on the eve of my marriage, I know. Get up and let me see how this mazarine blue walking-dress, trimmed with white ermine, is going to become you. I think it will suit your complexion exactly, and Miss Seward has made it to fit admirably."

The girl-bride donned the apparel, and walked two or three times across the floor in front of the large mirror which hung against the wall. The dress was indeed most becoming. She had never looked, in her own eyes, more beautiful than she did at that moment, and she had, ever since coming out, been styled a belle. Her cheek flushed, and her eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"My husband will not be disappointed in me," she said, mentally. "I shall at least adorn his parlor, if I cannot keep his kitchen in order. Mamma is right; it is best to dance while the sun shines."

New Year's Day came and went, and Emily Browning assumed the name of Mrs. Meggs, and entered upon the untried path from which she had in all her reflective moments shrunk back with a feeling of dread at the heart. She found old and well trained servants who needed directing—the major's daughter, a young miss almost as old as her pretty step-mother, was disposed to treat her very civilly, if not affectionately, and Emily trod the halls of her new home with a step almost as high as the skies, and bound so familiar to her father's household.

But one dark Monday morning—alas! that dark Mondays will happen to us all—Beatrice, the house-girl, stuck her sable face into Mrs. Megg's dressing-room, with the announcement upon her lips that Rose, the cook, was sick—had quite given up, and was down in the bed with a fever.

Emily hurried on her morning attire and hastened to the kitchen. Not a particle of fire existed in the stove—the dull, dead ashes seemed to look at her half derisively. She next went to Rose's house. The old woman lay tossing about, and groaning dolefully. Indeed, she seemed so ill that Emily sent directly for a physician. Next came the query, Who was to take Rose's place in the kitchen? Beatrice did not, by any means, seem disposed to make trial of her skill, and Nelson, a mulatto, who waited about the establishment, declared that cooking was entirely out of the line of his business. He had never made a biscuit in his life.

Poor Mrs. Meggs! her perplexity was great. But it was getting late, and Major Meggs liked, above all things, punctuality about the meals. A fire must, through somebody's instrumentality, be kindled. Nelson at last made his appearance with an armful of wood. Beatrice condescended to take up the ashes, and Mrs. Meggs herself laid on the splinters and applied an ignited match to them; but she was not used to a stove, and continually burnt or blacked her fingers. When she came to look for coffee, none had been parched; when she was ready to mix the dough, she could not, for the life of her, determine whether water or milk was used in the operation. Two or three times she sat down and cried for vexation; but crying did no good; it neither parched the coffee nor prepared the bread and toast. So she arose and went heroically to work again. At length the meal was upon the table, and she, the mistress, sat down with smarting fingers, flushed face, disheveled hair, and eyes red from weeping, by the coffee urn, to await the major and Diana's entrance. At length they made their advent, both looking very unconcerned, and entirely unconscious of any trouble in the kitchen department. The truth was that neither had heard of the cook's illness, and neither seemed to care very much about it when they did hear of it. The major merely replied:

"She is subject to such attacks; she will soon be well again;" and scrutinizing the black fluid falsely called coffee, with which his cup was filled, applied it to his lips without saying a word, as a dutiful husband should have done, and swallowed it, dregs and all. Then he threw on his hat, and went down town to his office. Diana good naturedly muttered something about the biscuit being heavy, for the truth was Mrs. Meggs had entirely forgotten that soda was requisite in their composition. She, however, managed to swallow one, and then adjourned to the parlor, to thump away upon the piano and finish a drawing. Mrs. Meggs listened to her for a few moments. "Happy girl!" she said, mentally, "sing while you can. But no," she said, correcting herself hastily, "that maxim was acted on in my education, and to-day I am paying for my inexperience roundly. What shall I do about dinner? I forgot," she added, "to tell my husband not to bring anybody home with him to-day. He is a Mason, and is forever meeting with some of his Masonic brethren and bringing them home to dine. When the cook is well, I am glad to see them; but to-day, when every thing is at sixes and sevens, would it not be dreadful?"

But the young wife did not have many moments to spend in reverie. The cups were to be rinsed, the stove replenished, vegetables gathered, meat prepared, the table laid, and sundry other things done for dinner! All the morning Emily was busy; at every step she felt, bitterly felt, her ignorance and inexperience. Nothing went right; the meat was burnt, the vegetables were half boiled, never were such pies and puddings concocted before, never had Emily's face worn so deep a shadow of perplexity and dismay. The clock struck hour after hour, but she did not heed the flight of time. She was astonished when Di came bursting into the dining-room at half-past two, and, breathless with delight, announced that pa was coming up the gravel walk through the park, with two distinguished looking strangers, one of whom she felt very sure was Captain Brambley. Di had met with Captain Brambley the summer before at the Springs, and Emily had learned from her to think of him as a great personage.

The poor housewife, to Di's astonishment, lifted up her two blistered hands deprecatingly to her head, and burst into tears.

"What is the matter," said the girl, wonderingly. "I thought you were always glad to see my father's Masonic friends. Captain Brambley is a Freemason."

"So I am, dear Di, so I am, under ordinary circumstances; but Rose is sick, the dinner is not fit to eat, I am not dressed, and my head is aching. What will Captain Brambley think of us?"

"Think? why he will think you have a very handsome face, I dare say, if you will only wash the smut off it," cried Di, catching her by the arm, and dragging her towards her dressing-room. "As to the dinner, it will all pass off well enough if you will put on a sunshiny face. Sour looks in the mistress of an establishment render the best dishes in the world unpalatable; so smooth your hair, and put on your prettiest silk basque and most unexceptionable collar. If you do your best at making your toilet, my father's guests will be so charmed with his pretty wife that they will forget to look at the meat and pies, and all those sort of things, but will eat heartily, asking no questions for conscience sake, as the good apostle commends us to do; so do as I bid you, while I run up stairs and fix my curls."

There was no resisting Di's good humor, so Mrs. Meggs bathed her face, smoothed her hair, and tried to erase all traces of vexation from her face. As she cast her eyes over her dresses, wondering at the same time which one she had best put on in honor of the occasion, her eye fell upon the mazarine blue, trimmed with ermine. She took it down, and arranged herself in it carefully. It looked charmingly; but, in spite of herself, the tears would keep forcing themselves into her eyes.

"Oh! that this hateful dinner was over," she said, mentally, a hundred times. "How shall I manage to hold up my head at the table at all?" She had just fastened the pin into her collar when she heard the major ushering his guests into the parlor, and then he turned, she knew, in search of her. There was a bright smile upon his face as he pushed open the door and looked in upon her.

"Em," he said, "I've brought company home to dinner. Where is Di? I want her to go into the parlor and play for them. But," he added, in a graver tone, stepping forward and closing the door behind him, "what's the matter? You look so flushed and worried, and tears are swimming in your eyes. What is the matter, Em? I never saw you look so before in my life."

"My dear husband, is it possible that you have forgotten Rose is sick, and neither Nelson nor Beatrice ever cooked a mouthful in their lives, and that your wife is quite as ignorant as they are? How could you be thoughtless enough to bring those distinguished gentlemen home with you to dinner?"

The major uttered a prolonged whistle. "Is that it," he said, in a relieved tone of voice. "I entirely forgot about Rose; so when Captain Brambley and Smith came into my office this morning, I asked them home with me, supposing it would all be right. But don't cry; that will only make a bad matter worse. I'll apologize for the dinner. Trouble will come in the best of families; it does in mine," he continued, laughing, and, going out, he banged the door behind him.

Emily proceeded to the table. Beatrice brought on the dishes, and the bell was rung.

The company soon came in a group. Capt. Brambley had met Di, it seemed, and in his great happiness he scarcely seemed conscious of Mrs. Megg's presence, although formally introduced to her. Mr. Smith was deep in a discussion with the major about a certain Masonic school to be located somewhere in his neighborhood; so the burnt meats were heedlessly discussed, and worse desserts swallowed without an apparent thought from either of their guests. Di was too delighted with the attention of the captain to care much what she ate, and the major, who saw the course matters were taking, wisely forebore calling the attention of those present to the poorly cooked dinner by apologizing about it. Things passed off much better than poor Mrs. Meggs had expected, and that put her into a sunny humor.

After the company was dismissed from the table, and while Di was playing her best pieces for their edification, the major came back into the dining-room, to look after his wife.

"It all did very well, Em," he said; "but I will send you a cook this afternoon. It is too bad for you to be slaving yourself in this manner; but the like of this often happens in every household—domestics will get sick—guests will drop in unexpectedly."

"And she is not fit to be at the head of a household," said Mrs. Meggs, "who is not, by her knowledge and previous home education, prepared for all such emergencies. You were in your dotage, my dear husband, when you married such a silly young thing as I am; but I will learn how to do every thing. Bear with me patiently, and you shall not much longer be annoyed by bad dinners and sick servants. It is just as I told my dear mother before my marriage. I know and understand every thing but those common, practical, every-day affairs which every woman ought to be taught."

The major stalked out of the room, looking very much as if he did not care to be aroused out of his dotage, even if he were still in it; and Em, leaving Beatrice mistress of ceremonies in the dining-room, went to take Di's place at the piano, for that young lady seemed indisposed to carry on the musical entertainment which she had so handsomely begun. She preferred gossiping with the captain about various characters met with the summer before at the Springs. With Di's gossip and Mrs. Megg's music, the evening passed away charmingly, and Captain Brambley, whose business with the Lodge detained him for some weeks in the village, testified his appreciation of the efforts made to entertain them on that memorable day by calling often afterwards.

It was towards spring, when the major came suddenly into the parlor, one evening, and stepped behind Di's chair. He seemed a little frustrated and surprised, but not unpleasantly agitated.

"Di," he said, "I have just had a long talk with Brambley. You, too, it seems, are bent upon getting married. I have no objections. Brambley is a fine, whole-souled fellow; but you Di—are you fit for a wife? You must go into the kitchen and take lessons from Emily. She has perfected herself in all culinary affairs. She will be a good teacher. Will you undertake her case, my dear?"

"Yes," said Emily, coming forward, and laying her hand, together with the major's, upon Di's head. "Trust me, Di, no girl is fit to become the wife of a distinguished Freemason until she is competent to regale his friends with a well cooked dinner."

Di profited by all this wise counsel, and became a model housewife, and afterwards the wife of Captain Brambley.

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The Volunteer Counsel.

A THRILLING STORY.

John Taylor was licensed, when a youth of twenty-one, to practice at the bar. He was poor, but well educated, and possessed extraordinary genius. He married a beauty, who afterwards deserted him for another.

On the 9th of April, 1840, the courthouse in Clarksville, Texas, was crowded to overflowing. An exciting case was to be tried. George Hopkins, a wealthy planter, had offered a gross insult to Mary Ellison, the young and beautiful wife of his overseer. The husband threatened to chastise him for the outrage, when Hopkins went to Ellison's house and shot him in his own door. The murderer was arrested and bailed to answer the charge. This occurrence produced great excitement, and Hopkins, in order to turn the tide of popular indignation, had circulated reports against her character, and she had sued him for slander. Both suits were pending—for murder and slander.

The interest became deeper when it was known that Ashlee and Pike, of Arkansas, and S. S. Prentiss, of New Orleans, by enormous fees, had been retained to defend Hopkins.

Hopkins was acquitted. The Texas lawyers were overwhelmed by their opponents. It was a fight of a dwarf against giants.

The slander suit was for the 9th, and the throng of spectators grew in numbers as in excitement. Public opinion was setting in for Hopkins; his money had procured witnesses who served his powerful advocates. When the slander case was called, Mary Ellison was left without an attorney—all had withdrawn.

"Have you no counsel?" inquired Judge Mills, looking kindly on the plaintiff.

"No, sir; they have all deserted me, and I am too poor to employ any more," replied the beautiful Mary, bursting into tears.

"In such a case, will not some chivalrous member of the profession volunteer?" said the judge, glancing around the bar.

The thirty lawyers were silent.

"I will, your honor," said a voice from the thickest part of the crowd, from behind the bar.

At the sound of that voice many started—it was so unearthly, sweet and mournful.

The first sensation was changed into laughter when a tall, guant, spectral figure elbowed his way through the crowd, and placed himself within the bar. His clothes looked so shabby that the court hesitated to let the case proceed under his management.

"Has your name been entered on the rolls of the State?" demanded the judge.

"It is immaterial," answered the stranger, his thin, bloodless lips curling up with a sneer. "Here is my license from the highest tribunal in America," and he handed the judge a broad parchment.

The trial went on.

He suffered the witnesses to tell their own story, and he allowed the defense to lead off. Ashlee spoke first, followed by Pike and Prentiss. The latter brought the house down in cheers, in which the jury joined.

It was now the stranger's turn. He rose before the bar, not behind it, and so near the wondering jury that he might touch the foreman with his long, bony finger. He proceeded to tear to pieces the arguments of Ashlee, which melted away at his touch like frost before a sun beam; every one looked surprised. Anon he came to the dazzling wit of the poet-lawyer Pike. Then the curl of his lip grew sharper, his smooth face began to kindle up, and his eyes to open, dim and dreary no longer, but vivid as lightning, red as fire globes, and glaring as twin meteors. The whole soul was in the eye; the full heart streamed out of his face. Then, without bestowing an allusion to Prentiss, he turned short around on the perjured witnesses of Hopkins, tore their testimony into threads, and hurled in their faces such terrible invectives that all trembled like aspens, and two of them fled from the courthouse. The excitement of the crowd was becoming tremendous. Their united life and soul seemed to hang upon the burning tongue of the stranger, and he inspired them with the power of his passions. He seemed to have stolen nature's long hidden secret of attraction. But his greatest triumph was to come.

His eyes began to glance at the assassin Hopkins, as his lean, taper fingers assumed the same direction. He hemmed the wretch with a wall of strong evidence and impregnable argument, cutting off all hope of escape. He dug beneath the murderer's feet ditches of dilemma, and held up the slanderer to the scorn and contempt of the populace. Having thus girt him about with a circle of fire, he stripped himself to the work of massacre.

Oh! then it was a vision both glorious and dreadful to behold the orator. His actions became as impetuous as the motion of an oak in a hurricane. His voice became a trumpet filled with wild whirlpools, defeaning the air with the crashes of power, and yet intermingled all the while with a sweet undersong of the soft cadence. His forehead glowed like a heated furnace, his countenance was haggard like that of a maniac, and ever and anon he flung his long and bony arms on high as if grasping after thunderbolts.

He drew a picture of murder in such appalling colors that in comparison hell itself might seem beautiful; he painted the slanderer so black that the sun seemed dark at noonday when shining on such a monster. And then fixing both portraits on the shrinking Hopkins, fastened them forever. The agitation of the audience amounted almost to madness.

All at once the speaker descended from the perilous height. His voice wailed out for the murdered dead and living—the beautiful Mary, more beautiful every moment as her tears flowed faster—till men wept and sobbed like children.

He closed by a strange exhortation to the jury, and through them to the bystanders; he advised the panel, after they should bring in a verdict for the plaintiff, not to offer violence to the defendant, however richly he might deserve it; in other words, "not to lynch the villain, but leave his punishment with God." This was the most artful trick of all, and best calculated to insure vengeance.

The jury returned a verdict of fifty thousand dollars; and the night afterwards Hopkins was taken out of his bed by lynchers and beaten almost to death. As the court adjourned the stranger said:

"John Taylor will preach here this evening at early candle light."

He did preach, and the house was crowded. I have listened to Clay, Webster and Calhoun—to Dwight, Bascom and Beecher—but never heard anything in the form of sublime words even approximating to the eloquence of John Taylor—massive as a mountain, and wildly rushing as a cataract of fire.

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The Theory of Evil, as it is Set Forth in the Beginning of the Book of Genesis—Symbolism—Tubal-Cain. (No. 3. Concluded.)

It is the mission of man to once again take possession of the garden of Eden. As the first Adam, by his descent, and through the solidarity of man with nature, caused a hardening and deterioration of his environment, so it is the mission of a new and second Adam, by his ascent, and through the same principle of solidarity, to cause a redemption, spiritualization, and restoration of the material universe, including the body of man. "The age of gold, which a blind tradition has placed in the past," says Claude Henri de Saint Simon, with a clear apprehension of the exact position of the case, "is in the future, which shall henceforth show itself to men, not as a dangerous reef of rocks, but as a secure harbor. THE TERRESTRIAL PARADISE IS BEFORE US."

"Four men," according to the traditions, "have passed the guard of Cherubim, and have re-entered the garden of delights, Ben Asaï, Ben Zoma, Acher, and Rabbi Akiba. The first lost his life, the second his reason, the third his faith, but Akiba came out safe and sound." Apparently the first teacher went back in his theory (for the story is obviously symbolical) to the epoch of mere virtuality, in which Adam existed without life; Ben Asaï taught, therefore, as it would seem, a doctrine of self-effacement akin to Buddhism; the second teacher went back, perhaps, to the period when Adam existed instinctively only; Ben Zoma taught, therefore, a doctrine of mystical sentimentalism; perhaps the third went back to the eating of the fruit of the tree of good and evil, and set forth a doctrine utterly incompatible with any form of orthodoxy; as for Akiba, we have gained very little by his adventures in Eden, and it is possible that his excursion within the walls was not extensive. We are told that Elisha Ben Abouia, afterwards called Acher (*another man*), mastered the Kabbala, and then taught the doctrines of "Dualism." If we may be permitted to express our opinion on these matters, we would state it as follows: It is not by following the footsteps of these four worthies that we are to reconquer the garden of Eden. We are to go, not backward, but forward! The terrestrial paradise is, as Saint Simon affirms, before us! The race is approaching it every day!

The Book of Light says, profoundly, but mysteriously, "The Eternal produced the form of the celestial man *(Adam Olah)*, and made use of it as a chariot *(merceba)* for his descent; and willed to be called by this form, *which is the holy name*, JEHOVAH."

It appears, therefore, if we may believe the *Zohar*, that mankind is a mediator, or connecting link, between the unnameable God and the material universe; also, that the race of mankind is an inspired body, the chariot, and the dwelling place of the Most High; also, that the most adequate idea which men can form of the inconceivable Creator, is that of a spiritual, perfect, ideal, infinite, eternal, and absolute man, above all material conditions, and transcending the relations of space and time. The unrevealed and inconceivable Original Being is too high to be the object of human apprehension and worship. Without some revelation of the Supreme, given either through tendencies of the human heart or the nature of the universe, man cannot rise to the conception of a religion. It is not in their own strength, therefore (if we may believe the Zohar), that all men, marching forward as a single collective man, advance toward the gates of Eden; it is in the strength of the creative energy which quickens them immanently, yea, in the strength of the Shekinah of the Almighty, that they knock at the gates of the kingdom of heaven.

A vigorous writer, endeavoring to explain the origin of evil, says, and apparently without suspecting that he is making a commentary on the beginning of the Book of Genesis:

"If, suddenly, reflection and reasoning should become joined to the blind but harmonic and convergent instinct of a swarm of bees, the little society would soon cease to exist. For, first, the bees would not fail to try some new industrial scheme, say that of making their cells round or square. They would try one invention and system after another, until long practice, assisted by an acquired knowledge of geometry, and by all the resources of the differential and integral calculus, should have demonstrated that the hexagonal figure is the most advantageous. Afterwards, there would be insurrections. The drones would be told to earn their own living, and the queen would be invited to go to work like the others. A committee would be appointed to make investigations, and to report upon the utility of monarchial government as compared with its expense. Jealousies would break out among the working bees; there would be discord everywhere; each bee would begin to work on her separate account; the hive would be abandoned, and the bees would perish.

"Intelligence, and the faculty of reasoning, are obviously the foundation upon which the glory of a commonwealth is laid; and yet it is through these that evil and ruin, *like a serpent hidden by flowers*, would glide into the commonwealth of the bees. *Moral evil, and the disorders of society, are naturally explained as consequences of man's faculty of reflecting and reasoning.* Pauperism, crimes, rebellions, wars, have had for their mother the inequality of conditions, which is itself the daughter of PROPERTY, which, again, was born of egotism, which was begotten of private judgment, which descends in a direct line from the autocracy of the reasoning faculty.

"It is only by observation and experience that man becomes skillful; he reflects upon his observations and reasons upon his experiments. In reasoning, he becomes a victim to illusions, and, in reflecting, he deceives himself. He believes he is in the right when he is in the wrong; he becomes eloquent and obstinate in defending his own views, and learns to esteem himself and despise others. Then he isolates himself; for, if he should submit to the opinion of others, he would abdicate his own will and opinions, that is, he would abdicate himself, which, to a man who has ever really formed an individual opinion of his own, is utterly impossible. And he will necessarily remain in this isolation, in this rational egotism, in this individualism of opinion, *until the truth shall have been clearly demonstrated to him.*"

The natural series of the initiation of man into the mystery of evil, and of redemption from the same, as presented by this writer, appears to be as follows: 1. The autocracy of the reasoning faculty. 2. The exercise of private judgment. 3. Egotism. 4. PROPERTY. 5. The inequality of conditions. 6. Pauperism, crimes, rebellions, wars. 7. The redemption of man from evil through his attainment of a knowledge of the truth. This series seems to be substantially the same with the one set forth in the ritual contained in the beginning of Genesis. We have already considered (1), the autocracy of the reasoning faculty; (2), the exercise of private judgment; (3), egotism; and we will now recommence our commentary on the Hebrew ritual, beginning at the point at which we left off.

It is written, "And Adam knew Eve, his wife, and she conceived, and bare Cain (Heb.—KIN), and said, 'I have possessed (or gotten, Heb.—KNITHI) a man, the Lord,'"—Gen. iv. 1. Now Cain is simply, in Hebrew, *a possession, a thing gotten* in short, PROPERTY. "And Eve again bare his brother Abel"—ver. 2. Abel signifies, in Hebrew, *breathed out, emptiness, vanity.* Cain and Abel are the rich and the poor, the capitalist and the laborer, the strong and the weak, the baron and the serf, the master and the servant, etc. The murder of Abel by Cain was simply the absolute triumph of capital and power. But capital and power, when they triumph absolutely, become sterile, because they are not in their nature capable of standing alone. Cain slew the necessary complement of his own existence; he slew the brother who was predestined to make him strong and rich. Cain followed the impulse of his own blind egotism, and defeated his own ends; such is always the fate of capital and power when they pretend to exist for for themselves only. It is obvious that the ritual, which has been hitherto a symbolical treatise of psychological morality, is now becoming a treatise of political economy. "And now art thou cursed from the earth, which hath opened her mouth to receive thy brother's blood from thy hand. *When thou tillest the ground it shall not henceforth yield unto thee her strength.*"—Gen. iv., 11, 12.

Then the Lord made Cain to be cognizant of the fact that, having killed, he should continue to kill; and that to every man who should raise his hand against Cain, he, Cain, should requite back the evil sevenfold—ver. 15. Also, "The Lord set a mark upon Cain, lest any finding him should kill him"—ver. 15. What was this mark? It was the *prestige* of Cain; the *prestige* whereby capital, whether just or unjust, commands credit; whereby domination, whether just or unjust, commands loyalty; whereby mastery, whether just or unjust, commands obedience.

"And Cain's wife conceived, and bare Enoch (Heb. *—trained, initiated, consecrated*), and he builded a city (symbolically, *an institution*), and called the name of the city after his son Enoch. And unto Enoch was born Irad (or *the instituted initiation;* for, by adding the letter *d* to the word, which in Hebrew denotes a city, or fortified village, we obtain the word *Irad.*) And Irad begat Mahiyael (Heb.—*smitten of God**); and Mahiyael begat Methusael (Heb.—*death of the grave*†); and Methusaël begat Lamech"—ver. 17, 18. It is easy to infer, from the consequences stated, the nature of the institution established by Cain, the character of the initiation devised by him, and the import of the Cainic consecration. "And Lamech took unto him two wives (symbolically, *established two religious institutions*), the name of the one was Adah (Heb.—*a federated congregation, a troop, band or gang*), and the name of the other was Zillah" (Heb.—*shadowy, mysterious, protected*)—ver. 19. Then Lamech, standing at the door of his harem, said:

"Adah and Zillah, hear my voice!
"Ye wives of Lamech, hearken unto my speech!
"For the least wrong done unto me, I will kill;
"For a wound, I will kill a man;
"For a deadly wound, I will kill a child even;
"For, if Cain avengeth him sevenfold,
"Surely Lamech shall avenge himself seventy and seven fold"—ver. 23, 24.

"And Adah bare Jabal; he was the father of such as dwell in tents, and of such as have cattle. And his brother's name was Jubal; he was the father of all such as handle the harp and organ. And Zillah, she also bare Tubal-Cain (Heb.—THU, *the sign, or cross-mark;* BL, *not;* KIN, *of Cain*) an instructor of every artificer in brass and iron; and the sister of Tubal-Cain was Naamah," (Heb.—*beauty, loveliness, grace, favor*)—ver. 20, 22. The names Jabal and Jubal are supposed to be derived from some Hamitic language. It is pretended that the characters of these half-brothers of Tubal-Cain are known; they are reputed to have been conspirators, and stand charged with the crime of preconcerted assassination. According to one tradition, there was also another brother, whose name is not mentioned in the text; according to another tradition the names (which in the process of transmission have become altogether barbarous) of these three sons of Adah denote *the throne, the strong box, and the altar.* As for Tubal-Cain, he is the symbol of the organized caste of mechanics and artizans. The *tan*, or cross-mark of Tubal-Cain, as distinguished from the *aoth*, or mark, of Cain, is the *prestige* of natural property, power, right, &c., as distinguished from such as is merely political. It is the mission of Tubal-Cain in the earth to reduce political power, property, and right, to coincidence with natural power, property and right. Cain affirms the rights of government as against man. Tubal-Cain affirms the natural and indefeasible rights of man as against governments. Robespierre said: "*Property* is the right of each citizen to enjoy, and to dispose of, the ~~portion of wealth~~ *that is guaranteed to him by law.*" There is no arbitrary government that uses the law itself as an instrument of its purposes, that does not recognize and protect the right of property, *as so defined.* Robespierre's definition is sealed with the *aoth* of Cain, not with the *tan* of Tubal-Cain; it sanctions every form of legal slavery, every form of the legal exploitation of man by man. Tubal-Cain is the symbol of the ever abiding secret conspiracy of natural right against the usurpations of the throne, the strong box, and the altar.

After Lamech comes Noah, and an epoch of utter dissolution and of subsequent regeneration.

X. MARK.

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[*] This is the rendering given by Gesenius, in his dictionary, as probable; in our opinion, the meaning is much more profound, and the first syllable *mch*, is to be translated literally, *marrow*.

[†] Heb.—MTH—V—SHAL. The word SHAL may be translated the grave, the under world, hell, etc. MTH is death. There is, apparently, an allusion to the meaning of the name Methusael in Revelation, vi. 8.

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The Grandest Procession in the World.

Never was there such a concourse of people orderly arrayed and governed by exact rule, as the *Grand Procession of Israel*, coming from Egypt in search of the land possessed by their fathers two hundred years before. We are not left in the dark as to the order of march and other details of this great campaign. The skillful captain himself, who, greater than Alexander, Cæsar or Napoleon, wrote out the annals of the march, has spared no pains to impart clearly whatever will serve to enlighten and interest the reader. Let us, readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON, look into the history together.

It will be remembered that Jacob had twelve sons, each of whom became the founder of a tribe. The adoption of the two sons of Joseph, Ephraim and Manasseh, by Jacob in his old age, made the number, in fact, *thirteen;* but this inconvenience was remedied by Moses, who, under divine command, made a sacerdotal branch of *Levi*, depriving him of landed inheritance, and reducing the computation of tribes, as at first, to *twelve.* In the desert-journeying the tabernacle was under the care of the priests, the children of Levi, and this was always pitched in the centre of the encampment, the twelve tribes being arranged about it in the form of a hollow square. Three tribes were in the *east*, viz., Judah, Issachar and Zebulon, whose departmental banner (according to the traditions of the Jews) was a *young lion.* Three tribes were in the *south*, viz., Reuben, Simeon and Gad, whose departmental banner was a *bounding deer.* Three tribes were in the *west*, viz., Ephraim, Manasseh and Benjamin, whose departmental banner was a *young man.* Three tribes were in the *north*, viz., Dan, Asher and Naphtali, whose departmental banner was a *serpent.*

The relative numbers of these tribes are accurately communicated by the inspired writer as follows:

The tribe of *Judah* had 74,600 warriors; Nahshon was captain of this tribe.

The tribe of *Issachar* had 54,400 warriors; Nathaneel was captain of this tribe.

The tribe of *Zebulon* had 57,400 warriors; Eliab was captain of this tribe.

These three tribes formed the *vanguard* in the march, their numbers aggregating 186,400 fighting men.

The tribe of *Reuben* had 46,500 warriors; Elizur was captain.

The tribe of *Simeon* had 57,300 warriors; Shelumiel was captain.

The tribe of *Gad* had 45,650 warriors; Eliasaph was captain.

These three tribes came next to the vanguard in the grand procession, their numbers aggregating 151,450 fighting men.

Following the second grand division (army corps), the tabernacle of the congregation set forward with the camp of the Levites. These were not numbered.

The tribe of *Ephraim* had 40,500 warriors; Elishama was their captain.

The tribe of *Manasseh* had 32,200 warriors; Gamaliel was their captain.

The tribe of *Benjamin* had 35,400 warriors; Abidan was their captain.

These three tribes came next following the tabernacle of the congregation, aggregating 108,100.

The tribe of *Dan* had 62,700 warriors; their captain was Ahiezer.

The tribe of *Asher* had 41,500 warriors; their captain was Pagiel.

The tribe of *Naphtali* had 53,400 warriors; their captain was Ahira.

These three tribes formed the rear guard, aggregating 157,600.

It will be seen that the total of warriors in this vast army was 603,550. Adding the necessary numbers to ~~represent the~~ women and children, and we cannot rationally place the whole under two millions and a half of souls.

The manner of signalizing adopted, to move in due precision such a multitude, corresponds in sound judgment with the details already given.

Two trumpets of silver were made to be used for the calling of the assembly, and for the journeying of the camp. When one of these was blown the princes who were the heads of the thousands of Israel gathered themselves together near the tabernacle, in the centre. When an alarm was blown the vanguard went forward. A second signal like the first, the second division went forward, followed by the priests with the tabernacle, and those by the third and fourth divisions.

It was in relation to the orderly array and military precision of these encampments that the prophet Balaam was moved to say:

"How goodly are thy tents, O Jacob, and thy tabernacles, O Israel!

"As the valleys are they spread forth, as gardens by the river's side, as the trees of lign aloes which the Lord hath planted, and as cedar trees beside the waters."

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What the World Wants is Religion.

Says Ruskin: Most of the good religious communication that I remember has been done on foot, and it cannot be easily done faster than at foot pace. Is it science? But what science—of motion, meat, and medicine? Well; when you have moved your savage, and dressed your savage, fed him with white bread, and shown him how to set a limb—what next? Follow out that question. Suppose every obstacle overcome; give your savage every advantage of civilization to the full; suppose that you have put the red Indian in tight shoes; taught the Chinese how to make Wedgwood's ware, and to paint it with colors that will rub off; and persuaded all Hindoo women that it is more pious to torment their husbands into graves than to burn themselves at the burial—what next? Gradually, thinking on from point to point, we shall come to perceive that all true happiness and nobleness are near us, and yet neglected by us; and that till we have learned how to be happy and noble, we have not much to tell, even to red Indians. The delights of horse-racing and hunting, of assemblies in the night instead of the day, of costly and wearisome music, of costly and burdensome dress, of chagrined contention for place or power, or wealth, or the eyes of the multitude, and all the endless occupation without purpose, and idleness without rest, of our vulgar world, are not, it seems to me, enjoyments we need be ambitious to communicate. And all real and wholesome enjoyments possible to man have been just as possible to him since first he was made of the earth as they are now; and they are possible to him chiefly in peace. To watch the corn grow and the blossoms set; to draw hard breath over ploughshare or spade; to read, to think, to love, to hope, to pray—these are the things that make men happy; they have always had the power of doing these, they never *will* have power to do more. The world's prosperity or adversity depends upon our knowing and teaching these few things; but upon iron, or glass, or electricity, or steam, in no wise.

And I am Utopian and enthusiastic enough to believe that the time will come when the world will discover this. It has now made its experiments in every possible direction but the right one; and it seems to me that it must, at last, try the right one, in a mathematical necessity. It has tried fighting, and preaching, and fasting, buying and selling, pomp and parsimony, pride and humiliation—every possible manner of existence in which it could conjecture there was any happiness or dignity; and all the while, as it bought, sold, and fought, and fasted, and wearied itself with policies, and ambitions, and self-denials, God had placed its real happiness in the keeping of the little mosses of the wayside, and of the clouds of the firmament. Now and then a weary king or a tormented slave found out where the true kingdoms of the world were, and possessed himself, in a furrow or two of garden ground, of a truly infinite dominion. But the world would not believe their report, and went on trampling down the mosses, and forgetting the clouds, and seeking happiness in its own way, until, at last, blundering and late, came natural science; and in natural science not only the observation of things, but the finding out of new uses for them. Of course the world, having a choice left to it, went wrong as usual, and thought that these mere material uses were to be the sources of its happiness. It got the clouds packed into iron cylinders, and made it carry its wise self at their own cloud pace. It got weavable fibres out of the mosses, and made clothes for itself, cheap and fine—here was happiness at last. To go as fast as the clouds, and manufacture everything out of anything—here was paradise indeed!

And now, when, in a little while, it is unparadised again, if there were any other mistake that the world could make, it would of course make it. But I see not that there is any other; and, standing fairly at its wits' end, having found that going fast, when it is used to it, is no more paradisaical than going slow; and that all the prints and cottons in Manchester cannot make it comfortable in its mind, I do verily believe it will come, finally, to understand that God paints the clouds and shapes the moss-fibres, that men may be happy in seeing Him at His work, and that in resting quietly beside Him, and watching His working, and, according to the power He has communicated to ourselves, and the guidance He grants, in carrying out His purposes of peace and charity among all His creatures, are the only real happinesses that ever were, or will be, possible to mankind.

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Pencilings of Sunday Thoughts.

The beautiful allusions to the "Dream of Jacob" at Bethel, in the Entered Apprentice's Lecture, are paralleled in the well known hymn, "Nearer, my God, to Thee." We note three of the stanzas, as follows:

"Though like a wanderer,
Daylight all gone,
Darkness be over me,
My rest a stone;
Yet, in my dreams I'd be
Nearer, my God, to Thee.

"There let the way appear
Steps up to heaven,
All that thou sendest me
In mercy given;
Angels to beckon me
Nearer, my God, to Thee.

"Then with my waking thoughts
Bright with thy praise,
Out of my stony griefs
'Bethel' I'll raise;
So by my woes to be
Nearer, my God, to Thee."

Now let us compare this with the original, in Genesis xxviii., 10–22:

"And Jacob went out from Beersheba, and went toward Haran.

"And he lighted upon a certain place and tarried there all night, because the sun was set; and he took of the stones of that place and put them for his pillows, and lay down in that place to sleep.

"And he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up in the earth, and the top of it reached to heaven; and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it.

"And behold the Lord stood above it and said, 'I am the Lord God of Abraham thy father, and the God of Isaac; the land where thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed.

"'And thy seed shall be as the dust of the earth, and thou shalt spread abroad to the west and to the east, and to the north and to the south; and in thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed.

"'And behold I am with thee and will keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee until I have done that which I have spoken to thee of.'

"And Jacob awakened out of his sleep and he said, 'Surely the Lord is in this place, and I knew it not.'

"And he was afraid and said, 'How dreadful is this place! this is none other but the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven.'

"And Jacob rose up early in the morning, and took the stone that he had put for his pillows and set it for a pillar, and poured oil upon the top of it.

"And he called the name of that place Bethel; but the name of that city was called Luz at the first.

"And Jacob vowed a vow, saying, 'If God will be with me, and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat and raiment to put on,

"'So that I come again to my father's house in peace, then shall the Lord be my God.

"'And this stone, which I have set for a pillar, shall be God's house; and of all that thou shalt give me I will surely give the tenth unto thee.'"

Lodge Nomenclature.

BY BRO. WILLIAM BREED DRAKE.

It is a puzzling task to settle upon the right name for a new baby. Shall it be John, Charles or Harry; Mary, Catherine or Sarah? There are objections to all of them, although each may have its particular appropriateness. A good old aunt wants it to have a Bible name, while a cousin comes in and proposes something romantic. And so the afflicted parents are thrown into a worry, and compromise the matter by naming their little one for some prominent general or politician. But in these days of transmigrating reputations, that is a wonderfully unsafe alternative. There are hosts of parents who named their sons during the late war for military men who were of much note at the time, but who afterwards sank in the popular estimation, and now the father of the hero-christened youngster would fain wipe out his cognomen, and give him a new one free from the taint of the name-giver's unpopularity.

Isn't this sometimes the case with the names of Lodges and Chapters? It is a difficult and sometimes an awkward matter to select an appropriate name for a new Lodge; but of all modes of choosing a name, that of christening a Lodge *for a living person* seems most objectionable. The objections are many: such names are commonly far from euphonious—John Smith Jones Lodge, No. 999—not much music in that, surely. Many of these names have only a local reputation, whereas the name of a Masonic Lodge should be of such world-wide meaning that a brother from the furthermost parts of the earth may recognize its fitness. Reputations are risky; no man stands so safe but he may fall, and who would like to be a member of a Lodge named for a dishonored Mason? But there is, perhaps, a better reason still why Lodges should not be named for persons—*they should have Masonic names.*

I know it is very pleasant for the members of a new Lodge to recognize the distinguished Masonic services or the marked friendship of some prominent member of the craft—gratifying to him and agreeable to the Lodge; but this recognition might be made manifest in some other way than by making the Lodge said Mason's name-child. Resolutions of respect and gratitude may be passed and presented to him; his portrait may be hung in the Lodge-room; the members may emulate his Masonic character and virtues, and show to the world that Masonry is as noble a science as his life has proved it. Those tokens of gratitude towards a good Mason would be delicate and appropriate; far better than to make use of his name, which has really no Masonic significance.

It is less objectionable to name Lodges for deceased Masons of eminence. Washington Lodge, Lafayette Lodge, Kane Lodge—these are all very appropriate names, providing that a strictly Masonic nomenclature is not to be adhered to. But in such cases the name chosen should be one of cosmopolitan reputation—never one of merely local fame.

Another mode of naming Lodges, which it always seemed to us might be improved upon, is to call them by the names of the localities where they are held. "Podunk Lodge, of Podunk"—can you imagine any thing dryer? It implies great paucity of imagination on the part of the founders of a Lodge—especially where Lodges have numbers in addition to their names is this the case.

The only proper way of naming a Lodge is to *give it a Masonic designation.* This is not a difficult matter at all. Masonic appellations are not few; they are appropriate and euphonious. Do the members of a new Lodge say they cannot find a "pretty" Masonic name; that there are no Masonic names but have been used over and over again? It only shows that they are unfit to be granted the privilege of a dispensation. If they are so ignorant of Masonic tradition, history, landmarks, work, etc., that they cannot find a fitting name for their Lodge in some of these departments, they ought to be sent into the quarries till they can do good work and show some proficiency in the use of their tools.

But what a vast number of Masonic words there are which may be appropriately used? Call it "Shibboleth Lodge," where manhood shall be the shibboleth of admission. "Tubal Cain Lodge," whose members shall be artificers of correct opinions and just sentiments; "Doric" or "Ionic" Lodge; "Faith," "Hope," or "Charity" Lodge; "Beehive" Lodge; "Gavel" or "Compass" Lodge; "Ghiblim" or "Perfect Ashlar," "Widows Son," or "Mount Moriah," "Tyrian" or "Blazing Star" Lodge. Appropriate names for Masonic bodies flow into the mind faster than the pen can write them. St. John's Lodge is handsomely named; but where is the Masonic appropriatness ~~in~~ "St Andrew's?" One of the finest Lodge names of my memory is "Gate of the Temple," of South Boston; for a Lodge should be the gateway to all the lessons of truth and wisdom which a sojourn in the holy of holies can impart. As an offset to this, there is a Lodge in ———, Pennsylvania—call it Smithville, whose name is "Smithville," and whose every officer is a Smith! This is not the real name, but anybody by looking over Manning's Lodge Register can see what Lodge I mean. It has only one name for Lodge, locality and officers There is a "Thomas" Lodge in Massachusetts, but who knows that "doubting Thomas" was a Freemason? If he was not, keep his name out of Lodge nomenclature There is also a "Lodge of Eleusis;" but the Eleusinian mysteries were not Masonic, though of interest to the Freemason. And so of other names; every one can recall to mind names of Lodges beautifully appropriate or egregiously unfit.

This subject of Lodge nomenclature will bear more attention than has been paid to it in the past. What has been done cannot well be undone; and so Lodges with uncouth and inappropriate names will continue to shoulder them. but the members of new Lodges can give more careful attention to the subject. It is hardly a matter for a Grand Lodge to meddle with; and yet I don't know but it could consistently refuse to give a charter to a Lodge improperly or unmasonically named. If a firm stand is taken in this matter, it would be productive of signal benefit. What say you, NATIONAL FREEMASON?

The Dedication of the Temple and the Dying Craftsman.

BY COMP BAXTER.

The dedication to the God of Israel, and the glorious acceptance of the offering, took place in the year of the world 3000, or about eleven months after its completion. Most solemn and impressive were the ceremonies by which that offering was made. The hosts of Israel were marshaled to bear the holy ark that had accompanied them in their wanderings to the place prepared for it in the Temple. I have sometimes tried to picture in my own mind the grandeur of the spectacle, as that imposing procession ascended the sacred mountain with songs of praise, accompanied with the music of trumpet and timbrel and harp. There were the Levites arrayed in white, the king in his royal robes, the priests in their sacerdotal garments, the banners of Israel floating in the sunlight, and the snowy Temple towering above them. A deep silence pervaded that vast multitude while the blood of the sacrificial offerings flowed upon the altar and the king's hands were extended toward heaven in prayer. Suddenly, the portals of the blue arch above seemed to open, the celestial fire descended, and a radiant light that outshone the midday sun wrapt the scene in unearthly splendor. The host of Israel fell upon their faces, and with united voice proclaimed the goodness of God, "for His mercy endureth for ever."

Through the merits of Him who was slain, a Temple is completed whose glory is infinitely greater than the type that stood upon Mount Moriah. How beautiful, how grand is the plan upon which it is reared! Its corner-stone is the Word of God, laid in the rock of faith. The stone that was rejected becomes the head of the corner; the fire of God's spirit descends to kindle upon the altar of the human heart a flame of love to God and man; the inner courts are filled with the light of the divine presence; the ineffable NAME is written in the *sanctum sanctorum* of the soul, and the incense of a pure heart is borne to heaven with the song of redemption.

When I contemplate the solemn ceremonies of the Most Excellent Master's degree, I am often reminded of an incident that I have somewhere read (and the substance of which I quote from memory), of an aged brother who had finished the labors of life and was about to lay aside the garb of mortality. The death-damp was upon his pale brow, and friends gathered around his bed to witness the spirit's flight. It was a warm summer evening, and the windows were thrown open that the gentle zephyrs might fan the cheek of the dying man as he lay waiting for the "silver cord" of life to be loosed. Suddenly, something seemed to arouse and attract his attention. He turned his face toward the open casement, and his eyes seemed riveted upon a light that glimmered through the curtained window of an upper chamber on the opposite side of the street. The music of a song floated down from that window and fell upon his listening ear:

> "All hail to the morning that bids us rejoice!
> The Temple's completed, exalt high each voice,
> The cap-stone is finished, our labors are o'er,
> The sound of the gavel shall hail us no more."

As his ear caught the joyous strain he seemed nerved with unnatural strength, and, raising himself, he sat upright, his face lit up with a gleam of intense interest, and his lips moving as if in an effort to join in the song. It was but for a moment. His nerves relaxed from exhaustion, and he fell back upon his pillow, exclaiming, "*The Temple's completed.*" And as the last stanza—

> "Almighty Jehovah! descend now and fill," etc.—

came floating down in solemn cadence from that Masonic Lodge-room, the spirit of that old craftsman winged its way to the God who gave it.

When, as moral craftsmen, our labors of life are ended, may we go forth to be acknowledged as Most Excellent Masters, and receive the reward that has been promised to the faithful!

The Egyptian Calendar.

(From BUNSEN.)

We welcome the following from Bro. A. Pike, M∴ P∴ Sov∴ G∴ Com∴ S. J.

There were no intercalary days or intercalary months in the civil calendar of the Egyptians, before the time of Augustus, and therefore the one year of 365 days gradually ran further and further into the true solar year, anticipating it by nearly one day in every four years, 30 days, or a month in 120 years. (37.)

There were three seasons of four equal months, of 30 days each. The 5 supplemental days were added on to the 12th.

Thoth was always the first month, and began the Green Season.

For thousands of years past the rising of the Nile below the 2d cataract (Syene) always commences at the summer solstice. From that time it continues to rise until it overflows, and the inundation comes to its height after the lapse of 100 days. (39.)

The *Water Season* commenced with the solstice, and pretty nearly corresponded with July, August, September and October.

The *Green Season* began about 25th October, and comprised November, December, January and February.

The *Harvest Season* comprised March, April, May and June.

The 12th March was Mesori, sign, "Her-ra [qu., *Hiram?*] (Horas, sun) of the two hemispheres." Explanation: Mes-Herra, heat of the sun; Horas, in reference to the winter solstice, the birth of the sun of the New Year.

1,505 *solar* years was always exactly equal to 1,506 years of 365 days; wherefore, every 1,505 years the 1st of *Thoth* would fall on the 25th October, corresponding with the beginning of the Green Season; *gr. ex.*, in the years, B.C., 275, 1780, 3285.

The Egyptians had a great year, called the *Sothiac* year, because, on the first day of it the sun rose at the same moment as *Sirius Sothis, i. e.*, Sirius rose heliacally.

The Sothiac Circle is a period of 1460 years, *i. e.*, 365 x 4.

Sirius rose heliacally, on the 1st of Thoth, and about the time of the summer solstice (beginning of the water season), in the years B. C. 1322. 2782, 4242.

And, as said before, the 1st Thoth fell on the 25th of October [reckoning the solstice on 22d June] in the years 1780 and 3285.

The year 3285 *alone* possesses this peculiarity, that in it, while 1st Thoth falls at the very time its sign requires (the beginning of the green season), but the heliacal rising of Sirius coincides exactly with the solstice and the beginning of the inundation.

This coincidence was maintained for several centuries, owing to the procession of the equinoxes, it rising nearly in the same proportion, later, as the Julian year, which was about 11′ 12″ too long, ran more and more into the solar year. And so his heliacal rising, from 3300 B. C. down to a few centuries after Christ, always coincided in Egypt with the beginning of the same day, 20th July. It was the guiding star of their history (the Blazing Star of our Lodges).

The summer solstice of the year 3285 *exactly* coincided with the 20th July (Julian), and, consequently, with the heliacal rising of Sirius in Egypt.

Biot made the calculation, with great care, for 30° N. L., which was that of Memphis and Heliopolis. (46.) Bouvard found by calculation that the solstice that year fell on the 20th July, which day was that year the 1st Pachon (1st March of the water season).

The coincidence of the heliacal rising of Sirius with the summer solstice, continued, not exactly but approximatively, for many centuries before and after 3285. Those risings, in 500 years, for example, not departing from the solstice more than 3 or 4 days. For 5 or 6 centuries before and after 3285, he might be regarded as rising so—say from 3800 to 2800.

In 100 or 120 years observations it could be known that every 4 years the year of 365 days commenced one day too soon, and so was a whole month in advance in 120 years; so that only at the end of 1460 years, the *beginning* of the 1461st year coincided with the heliacal rising of the star.

So Sirius came to be considered the exciting principle of the waters of the river, and as bringing with him fecundity. Then he became the object of a worship that associated him with all the mysteries, *and inscribed him on all the monuments.*

The Sothiac year was *the year of God*, in which the earth, stars, seasons, and zodiacal signs were again in harmony. To this year every tenth year added a quarter of a day. The priests represented this by drawing a quarter of an acre (a measure of 100 ells, or 150 feet). Thus every four years they obtained a □ of that size. This is why the *palm branch*, the sign of the year, is sometimes found planted on a *square.*

The *apis* circle was a period of 25 years.

The *phœnix* circle was a period of 500 years [or 487—⅓ of 1461.]

The Egyptian number of the great cosmic year of 36,525 years opened on the apis period, and its connective canicular cycle, it being nearly 1461 x 25.

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This is Masonry.

BY W. BRO. LEONIDAS K. PRATT, OF CALIFORNIA.

Masonry itself is something more than ceremonies, forms, and symbols. It is a spirit—the spirit of God manifesting itself in purity and power, through the beautiful language and material emblems, devised by man with His Almighty aid and counsel. We may know its history and traditions, its achievements and jurisprudence; we may wander through its mysterious chambers, understanding and interpreting its symbolism; we may be learned in its lectures and masters of its secret work, and yet the volume of Masonry be to us a sealed and silent book. We may know its requirements and disregard them—understand the duties it enjoins and not observe them. We may admire its spirit, and refuse that spirit a dwelling place within our souls; its lessons may have fallen on our hearts like grateful rains upon the vast Sahara—producing no fruits, but leaving behind only the desolate waste of former years. We may have appreciated and admired the beauty, symmetry, and perfection of its ceremonies, its lectures, and its laws; but if we have failed to observe that these are but the avenues which lead us up to the moral edifice beyond, that they are only emblems of the like qualities in the spiritual structure—Masonry itself—then, indeed, our lessons and our toils have been in vain. But the kindly spirit, the sentiment, the charity, the emotion of heart which leads us up with pity, tenderness, and love, and prompts and commands us to do good for the love of doing it and of being just and generous—the power which imbues with the essence of divinity—which expands and purifies, elevates, and enobles the soul, and fills it with the presence of the Infinite—which lifts us upward and onward, and assimilates our natures to the spiritual character of the Heavenly Master, and fits and prepares us for the society of angels—this is Masonry; all else are but the agencies through which it toils and triumphs. This is the divinity which dwells within your temples, and if it dwell not also in your hearts, then you are but whited sepulchres, bearing the name, but mocking the spirit and purpose of your fraternity.

"What Mission has Freemasonry in the Middle of the 19th Century?" Answered by Rt. Rev. Dr. Randall, Bishop of Colorado.

What mission has such an ancient institution here in the middle of the nineteenth century? Its very principles suggest its office. In an age of irreverence and unbelief, no association can be out of place which demands faith in God as a first condition of membership; which makes His holy Word its own great light, without which it can have no organic existence; which teaches a scriptural morality, and recognizes the soul's immortality, and which, in precept and practice, regards charity as the great law of social life; which affords to its members an asylum from the distractions of the world, where all classes, of all creeds in religion and politics, may meet on a fraternal equality, undisturbed by the tumult of the strifes which so mark and mar the differences that obtain among men. Such a society surely cannot be out of its proper sphere in this age and in this country.

It has, moreover, its use in its *practical work.* It is pre-eminently a charitable institution, and surely, so far as it is such, it cannot be out of place in such a world as ours. This work it does silently and as far as may be secretly, that while distress is relieved the natural sensitiveness of the heart shall not be wounded by publicity. It is against its principles to boast of its work. It is not for me on this occasion, as its organ, to publish its good deeds. But while this world is the scene of changes, which belong to the vicissitudes of fortune; while the relation of a stranger is inevitable among men; while this earth is the abode of want and the dwelling-place of the widow and the fatherless, this society will have an office in its fraternal, practical charities.

While it teaches and practices religious duties without being itself religious, so also it inculcates political principles without being itself political. During the brief presidency of Louis Napoleon, the most popular political maxim was that which was everywhere inscribed in the public places of Paris as if it were a principle which had just been born and was now heralded to the world by the infant republic, a sentiment read and cheered with the wildest enthusiasm of the French democracy — "LIBERTY, EQUALITY, FRATERNITY." Yet these principles had been taught as primary truths for hundreds of years, in the lessons of Masonic learning. Hence despots have ever been afraid of its influence. It has struggled for life in the countries where civil and religious liberty are unknown, and has endured its severest persecutions from the hands of the most intolerant bigotry. On the other hand, it has flourished most in the most enlightened age and under the most liberal governments. In England and the United States, the two freest governments on earth, it has been strongest. It inculcates loyalty to the government, to the powers that be, as ordained of God. It teaches by its own internal policy the necessity of authority in government, the duty of strict subordination on the part of the governed, and maintains more strictly and uniformly, perhaps, than any earthly institution, the supremacy of law and the necessity of order. Such principles silently, constantly inculcated and illustrated, uncontaminated by the poison of party, must ever exert a salutary influence upon a public which holds in its own hands its own political destiny.

This ancient fraternity has its field of usefulness, not only in this age, but especially in this republic, which is becoming the great asylum for the oppressed of all nations. In no country on the face of the earth can there be found so many who are literally *strangers;* who have left their homes for the new world in search of that which they failed to find and enjoy in the old. But to the young men of our country the discovery of great mineral wealth in the heart of the continent affords attractions which stimulate their ambition to such a degree that it bursts the bands of home, and by thousands they flock to the wilder and newer portions, where they may find a fortune and fame. This class is among the most intelligent, energetic and enterprising of her population. They are the most valuable contribution which the East makes to the West. They are the hope of the land. But they are always from the loving guardianship of home and all its restraining, refining and elevating influences. They miss the associations of cultivated society. Many of them are not connected with any religious body. They are in peril as never before. A social nature craves society. In their new homes are attractions which lure only to destroy. To yield is to die. Where is the Good Samaritan, whose hand of love shall lead the unwary into an asylum of safety—where his acquaintances shall be friends that are brethren—who will warn him of danger—afford him a safe retreat at the close of the day, where what he shall see and hear will aid him in his efforts to attain the full stature of a true manhood—this ancient fraternity is here to do this office. But it goes further and does more. It protects him when assailed—it relieves him in distress—it ministers to him in sickness—and when he dies the hands of brethren carry his body to the tomb, and bear to bereaved friends afar the tidings of his departure and his last messages of love.

Its office is so to perfect the fraternal relation as to give it power to subdue not only the selfishness of human nature, but control its fiercer passions, as they are seen in the violent contests among men, not only in domestic discord, but in national contentions. This has been demonstrated in times of war. Incidents might be cited which occurred during the Revolution—in the war of 1812 with England—and in the late civil strife, beautifully illustrating the power of Masonic obligations to quench the fires of hate and to reveal a brother in a foe, who seeks to heal what he has been constrained to wound—to impart relief where he was eager to take life. All this can be done—has been done without compromise of principle or patriotism. It is only the triumph of fraternal love over the hates of the human heart.

It is sometimes objected that this society is antiquated, and has outlived its purpose. I have shown that it still has a work, though its original purpose be no longer pursued. Some are offended by its secrecy. Its secrets are simply a necessity of its universality. But for them it could not have a universal language by which its members could make themselves known. The exclusion of females is sometimes objected to. I have said that it must be secret in order to answer its purpose by being universal. No *lady* would allow herself to be a member of a *secret society*, even if the constitutions allowed it. Its enemies have charged it with being political. The fact that men of all parties at all times are members sufficiently refutes that. It allows not the shadow of politics to cross its threshold. The political complexion of this very assemblage contradicts such an idea.

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Anecdotes and Sayings of Masons.

FRANKLIN'S MAXIMS.—Eat not to fullness; drink not to elevation.

Speak nothing but what may benefit others or yourself; avoid trifling conversation.

Let all things have their own places; let each part of your business have its time.

Resolve to perform whatever you ought; perform without fail, what you resolve.

Make no expense, but to do good to others and yourself; that is, waste nothing.

Lose no time; be always employed in something useful.

Poor Artemus Ward! Just as his life was ebbing away in London, a correspondent at Folsom, California, under date of February 28, tells us of a good old grandmother who was seated at a tea table where they were speaking of Artemus's reception in England. After some of his clever witticisms had been repeated, the good lady raised her specs and said: "What a funny man! Now do you r'ally s'pose *Artemus Ward Beecher* said all them things?"

SIR WALTER SCOTT used to tell with much zest a story of a man who tried to frighten his friend by encountering him at midnight on a lonely spot, which was supposed to be the resort of a ghostly visitant. He took his seat on the haunted stone, wrapt in a long white sheet. Presently, to his horror, the real ghost appeared, and sat down beside him, with the ominous ejaculation, "You are a ghost, and I am a ghost; let us come closer and closer together.' And closer and closer the ghost pressed, till the sham ghost, overcome with terror, fainted away.

JUDGE BRADY, of the Common Pleas of this city, will not blame us for reproducing, without his consent, the following, which he related a few evenings since:

An Irishman, who had doubtless been "blue mouldin' for want of a batin'," and could not resist the temptation to have a little exercise, was arraigned for an assault and battery. He listened with apparent rapt attention to the reading of the indictment. When that ceremony was ended Mr. Vandervoort, the clerk, asked him, in accordance to the form then in use: "Do you demand a trial on this indictment?" Pat, leaning forward in seeming utter ignorance of what had been asked him, said: "What's that?" Mr. Vandervoort, a little dashed by the manner of the man, repeated the question; and the response was: "The divil a thrial I want! Ye needn't give yourself the throuble of thryin' me! Ye may as well save the expinse of that and put me down innocent! Contint am I to lave this wid me blessin' on ye! Indade I'm anxious, for me boss is waitin' for me beyant! Oh, no, no; the divil a thrial I want at all, at all!" All this was said so rapidly that Mr. Vandervoort could not interpose to stop it; and the prisoner having, as he supposed, settled the business, attempted to leave the court, but was of course prevented. Mr. Vandervoort, when the mirth had subsided, changed the question, and asked: "Are you guilty or not guilty?"

"What's that?" said he again, leaning forward with his hand to his ear, as if he had not heard the question.

"Are you guilty or not guilty?"

The answer came at once: "*Arrah! how the divil can I tell till I hear the ividence?*"

He was permitted to hear just the least taste of testimony, that eventuated in his being sent to quod for one calendar month.

Kind Words, Good Deeds, and Evidences of Progress.

The Czar of Russia has left a million for the poor of Paris.

George Peabody erects a *free* church at Georgetown, Mass.

John Clark, of Baltimore, has left to the Manual Labor School for Indigent Boys, $10,000; to the Baltimore Orphan Asylum $10,000; and to the *Board of Beneficence*, of St. John's Church, $650,000.

The Family Circle.

GOOD NIGHT.

"Good-night!" a sweet voice laughing said;
And by the hope within me born,
I knew we only said good-night
To meet again at morn.

"Good-night!" one time it softly said;
And by the heavy heart I bore,
I knew full well we said good night—
Good-night for evermore.

Ah, sweet it was to say good-night,
When morning could our joy restore;
What grief to part beneath the stars,
And meet on earth no more!

WILL IT COMFORT US IN DYING?

When the "silver cord" is loosed,
When the "golden bowl" is broken—
When to this life and its joys
The sad parting words are spoken—
When upon our death-bed lying,
Where will be our hope in dying?

When we grasp the trembling hand
Of the aged, weeping mother,
Nearer in that trial hour,
Dearer than is any other—
What will still that mother's weeping,
With a torpor o'er us creeping?

When the last farewell is said,
When the final kiss is taken,
Will a faith in Jesus' blood
In that solemn hour be shaken?
Will it comfort us in leaving
Those who stand around us grieving.

When the valley clods are laid
Over what a coffin covers;
When the spirit in the air,
Loving yet its prison, hovers;
When the mourners check their singing,
Leave the body lonely lying,

When they gather round the hearth,
With a vacant chair near them,
Will this faith and trust in God,
In that hour, sustain and cheer them?
Is it balm to sore hearts given,
That the loved are safe in heaven?

Safe Maxims.—A poor boy, having written, asking what he should do to become rich, Horace Greeley gives him the following good advice:

1st. Firmly resolve never to owe a debt.

2d. Acquire promptly and thoroughly some useful calling.

3d. Resolve not to be a rover; where you have stuck your stake stand by it.

4th. Comprehend that there is work almost everywhere for him who can do it.

5th. Realize that he who earns sixpence a day more than he spends must get rich, while he who spends sixpence more than he earns must become poor.

If you love others, they will love you. If you speak kindly to them, they will speak kindly. Love is repaid with love, and hatred with hatred. Would you hear a sweet and pleasing echo, speak sweet and pleasantly yourself.

"Owe No Man Anything."—Keep out of debt. Avoid it as you would war, pestilence and famine. Hate it with a perfect hatred. Dig potatoes, break stones, peddle tin ware, do anything that is honest and useful, rather than run in debt. As you value comfort, independence, good digestion, healthy appetite, placid temper, smooth pillow, pleasant dreams, and happy walkings, keep out of debt. Debt is the hardest of all taskmasters, the most cruel of all oppressors. It is a millstone about the neck—an incubus on the heart—eclipses the sun; blots out the stars and dims the beautiful blue sky. It breaks up the harmony of nature and turns to dissonance all the voices of melody. It furrows the forehead with premature wrinkles, it plucks the eye of its light and drags the nobleness and kindness out of the port of man. It takes the soul out of his laugh, and all stateliness and freedom from his walk. Pass by it as you would pass a leper, or one smitten by plague.

What Hope Did—A Word of Encouragement.—It stole on its pinions to the bed of disease; the sufferer's frown became a smile—the emblem of peace and love.

It went to the house of mourning, and from the lips of sorrow there came sweet and cheerful songs.

It laid its head upon the arm of the poor, which stretched forth at the command of holy impulses, and saved him from disgrace and ruin.

It wells like a living thing in the bosom of the mother, whose son tarried long after the promised time of his coming, and saved her from desolation and "the care that killeth."

It hovered about the head of the youth who had become the Ishmael of society, and led him on to works which even his enemies praised.

It snatched the maiden from the jaws of death, and went with the old man to heaven.

No hope, my good brother? Have it; keep it always with you. Wrestle with it that it may not depart. It may repay your pains. Life is hard enough at best, but hope shall lead you over its mountains and sustain you amid its billows. Part with all beside, but keep thy hope!

Advice to Marriageable Girls.—Punch's Pocket-Book contains the following, from the pen of "a single woman of the world:"

If a man wipes his feet on the door-mat before coming into the room, you may be sure he will make a good domestic husband. If a man, in snuffing the candles, puts them out, you may be sure he will make a stupid husband. If a man puts a handkerchief on his knee while taking tea, you may be sure he will make a prudent husband. In the same way, always mistrust the man who will not take the last piece of toast, but prefers waiting for the next warm batch; it is not unlikely that he will make a greedy and very selfish husband, with whom you will enjoy no "brown" at dinner, no crust at tea, no peace whatever at home. The man, my dears, who wears goloshes, and is careful about wrapping himself up before venturing into the night air, not unfrequently makes a good invalid husband that mostly stops at home, and is easily comforted with slops. The man who watches the kettle and prevents its boiling over, will not fail, my dears, in his marriage state, in exercising the same care in always keeping the pot boiling. The man who doesn't take tea, ill treats the cat, takes snuff, stands with his back to the fire, is a brute, whom I would not advise you, my dears, to marry upon any consideration, either for love or money; but most decidedly not for love. But that man who, when tea is over, is discovered to have had none, is sure to make a good husband. Patience like his deserves being rewarded with the best of wives, and the best of mothers-in-law. My dears, when you meet with such a man do your utmost to marry him. In the severest winter he would not mind going to bed first.

The Best Fun.—"Now, boys, I'll tell you how we can have some fun," said Freddie B—— to his companions, who had assembled on a beautiful moonlight evening for sliding, snow-balling, and fun generally.

"How?" "Where?" What is it?" asked several eager voices, all at once.

"I heard widow M—— tell a man, a little while ago," replied Freddie, "that she would go over and sit up with a sick child to-night. She said she would be over about eight o'clock. Now, as soon as she is gone, let's go and make a big snow man on her door-step, so that when she comes back in the morning she cannot get into her house without first knocking him over."

"Capital," "First-rate," "Hoora," shouted some of the boys.

"See here," said Charlie N——, "I'll tell you the best fun."

"What is it?" again inquired several voices, at once.

"Wait awhile," said Charlie. "Who's got a wood-saw?"

"I have." "So have I," answered three of the boys. "But what in the world do you want a wood-saw for?"

"You shall see," replied Charlie. "It is almost eight o'clock now, so go and get your saws. You, Freddie and Nathan, get each an axe, and I will get a shovel. Let us all be back here in fifteen minutes; and then I'll show you the fun."

The boys separated to go on their several errands, each wondering what the fun could be, what possible use could be made of wood-saws and axes in their play. But Charlie was not only a great favorite with them all, but also an acknowledged leader, and they fully believed in him and his promise. Their curiosity gave elasticity to their steps and they were soon assembled.

"Now," said Charlie, "Mrs. M—— is gone, for I met her when I was coming back; so let's be off at once."

"But what are you going to do?" inquired several impatient members of the party.

"You shall see, directly," replied the leader, as they approached the humble residence of Mrs.——.

"Now, boys," said Charlie, "you see that pile of wood; a man hauled it here this afternoon, and I heard Mrs. M—— tell him that unless she got some one to saw it to-night she should have hardly anything to make a fire of in the morning. Now, we can saw and split that pile of wood just about as easy as we could build a great snow man, and when Mrs. M.—— comes home from watching, she will be fully as much surprised to find her wood sawed as she would to find a snow man on her doorsteps, and a great deal more pleasantly surprised, too. What say you? Will you do it?"

One or two of the boys rather demurred at first. They didn't like to saw wood, they said. But the majority were in favor of Charley's project, so they finally joined in, and went to work with a will.

"I'll go around to the back of the shed," said Charley, "and crawl through the window and unfasten the door. Then we'll take turns in splitting and carrying in the wood; and I want to pile it up real nice, and to shovel all the snow away from the door; and a good wide path, too, from the door to the street—won't it be fun when she comes home and sees it?"

The boys began to appreciate the fun, for they felt that they were doing a good deed, and individually experienced that self-satisfaction and joy which always result from well-doing.

It was not a long or wearisome job for seven robust and healthy boys to saw, split and pile up the poor widow's half-cord of wood and shovel a good path; and when it was done, so great was their pleasure and satisfaction that one of the boys who objected to work at first, proposed that they should go to a neighboring carpenter's shop—where plenty of shavings could be had for the carrying away—and each bring an armful of kindling wood. The proposition was readily acceded to, and this done, they repaired to their homes, all of them more than satisfied with the "fun" of the evening. And next morning, when the weary widow returned from watching by the sick bed, and saw what was done, she was pleasantly surprised; and afterward, when a neighbor, who had, unobserved, witnessed the labors of the boys, told how it was done, her fervent invocation, "God bless the boys," of itself, if they could but have heard it, was an abundant reward for their labors.

Ah, boys and girls, the best fun is always found in doing something that is kind and useful. This is the deliberate opinion of a gray-headed old man; but if you doubt it in the least, just try it for yourself and be convinced.

He who loves but little, prays but little; he who loves much, prays much.—*Austin.*

A Movement in the Right Direction.

The Grand Lodge of Maine holds the following language:

Presentations.—We notice that it has become quite common for Grand Lodges to make presentations of jewels, &c., to retiring Grand Officers. The custom is a pleasant one, but we question its propriety. Masonry is a practically charitable institution, and it seems to us that all its revenues, above absolutely necessary expenses, should be appropriated to charitable purposes; especially in these days, when there are so many and so deserving claimants for our bounty. Of course, when brethren choose to contribute specially for such an object, we do not object. Our objection goes only to the appropriation for that object of funds that have been raised to be dispensed in charity.

The Twisted-Loop Stitch.

What it is and what it makes.

The Officers of the State Agricultural Society of Pennsylvania, in their published Report, say: "We will remark, that the stitch made by the Willcox & Gibbs is very different from any other single-thread stitch—as all the loops are *twisted* and drawn smooth into the goods."

The Scientific American says: "The stitch is new and peculiar. It is called the '*Twisted-Loop Stitch*,' and requires but one thread to form it, producing, thereby, a beautiful, elastic, and durable seam—which is so strong, that a piece not half an inch long, cut from it, cannot be pulled apart!"

The National Freemason,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S., Editor.

John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

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The great and unprecedented success of the National Freemason induces its publishers to offer ample inducements to the craft for large lists.

The following is not designed to interfere with terms above; but some prefer this method of being compensated for their labor. Lodges thus have an opportunity to furnish their officers and rooms:

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For 50 subscribers, at $4 each, an organ of any New York manufacturer, worth	$.50
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" 100 " "	100
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For five subscribers, at $4, Oliver's Landmarks, 2 vols., octavo, $5.

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In this proportion for any Masonic work in the New York market.

Regalia.

For 50 subscribers, at $4 each, 10 Velvet Collars, properly trimmed, for either Lodge or Chapter, worth $50.

For 45 subscribers, 10 Masonic Ribbon Collars and 10 Lodge Jewels, heavily plated, engraved in same style as pure silver, worth $45.

For 30 subscribers, 10 Lodge Jewels, heavily plated, worth $30.

For 50 subscribers, 10 Officers' Aprons, stamped in gold, with jewel of office, trimmed with silk, $50.

For 6 subscribers, 1 M. Mason Dress Apron, ornamented with Masonic devices in blue and gold, with silver Masonic tassels, worth $6.

For 12 subscribers, a Gold Pen.

For 50 subscribers, a Gold Watch and Chain, for lady or gentleman.

We will deliver the articles at our rooms, 432 Broome Street, second story, or send the books by mail, stamps having been furnished. If the article is to be boxed, the expense must be prepaid by the person sending for it.

One copy will be sent free also to each person making up a club of seven or more.

A. and A. Rite.

We are in receipt of communications from brethren distinguished for their enlightenment and for their zeal in the propagation of the Scottish Rite, who invite our co-operation in an effort to reduce the number of degrees in the system, so as to make it about the same as a Chapter of Royal Arch Masons. The reasons urged are that many of the degrees are cumbersome, meaningless, and having no relation one to the other, for which reason they are either not given at all or are simply communicated, which amounts practically to the same thing; that no average brain can recollect a tithe of the explanations, instructions and arcana, and therefore that the whole matter should be reduced to practical dimensions. We do not propose to argue the position of our correspondents, because it is not probable that the most remote hope of success can be indulged, and besides the Scottish Rite, if it needs any thing at present, needs rest after the long and feverish excitement through which it has been passing. To attempt now to bring about such a sweeping change would reawaken the lately soothed animosities, undo the good work of pacification, and set us all adrift again upon the uncertain sea of trouble and dissension. We propose, therefore, to let the subject severely alone—at all events, until the wounds of the late strife are fairly healed.

Another Proverb of Grand Master King Solomon.

"A merry heart doeth good, like medicine."—Prov. xvii. 22.

True cheerfulness is not levity, nor the mirth of the vicious. It is necessary recreation, the natural expression of a healthful state of body and mind, and often delights in T.·. G.·. A.·. O.·. T.·. U.·., his works and his word, or in a happy exercise of Masonic benevolence. It is commendable, and a gift from God.

Some brothers with whom we meet are always sad, their constitutions and temperaments naturally predisposing them to melancholy. While not criminal, it is an evil and is in the way of their usefulness. For such, we prescribe laudable amusements, cheerful conversation, the green fields and the sunshine of nature, and an affectionate love and worship of the Supreme Being as Creator, Father, God.

The Degree of Grand Master.

Our impulsive friend, Gouley, Grand Secretary of Missouri, wants to know who ever heard of the secret degree of Grand Master? He considers it a new wrinkle, and says they haven't got it out West. It is possible that there may be other things of which our brother has not heard, but no argument can be drawn from such a fact to prove their non-existence. The degree of Past Grand Master has been conferred in this State from the earliest organization of our Grand Lodge, and we rather guess that if Bro. Gouley will take the trouble to inquire he will find the same to be the case in all the old States, and that if the Grand Masters in the West have not received it, why there is still something for them to learn.

Corn, Wine, Oil.—Flour, the main support of life; oil, the symbol of richness; wine, the symbol of vigor and refreshment. These are the proper emblems of a Freemason's wages.

The Temple at Boston.

[See opposite page for a view of it.]

The Temple is an imposing edifice, seven stories in height, with an octagon tower in the south corner, rising 121 feet, and a smaller and less lofty tower at the north corner. The front of the Temple has a width of 85 feet. The general style is Gothic, freely treated. In the first story features of the Romanesque are a fitting foundation upon which to build the lighter and more elegant forms of pointed architecture.

The main entrance for Masonic purposes is ten feet wide, the stairway being of uniform width to the seventh story. The second story contains the offices of Grand Master, Grand Secretary and superintendent on the left of the corridor, and on the right the Grand Lodge hall and spacious reception rooms. The hall itself is finished in the Corinthian style of architecture, the frescoing being especially elegant. On the ceiling is represented the blue canopy of heaven, the moon and stars, illustrating the omniscience of the Supreme Being, and the Genius of Masonry, holding in her hands the square, compass and plumb, attended by cherubim, with an extended olive branch. symbolical of good will to all mankind, and a scroll representing the laws of the Order, together with other appropriate emblems, portraits of Washington, Warren, Lafayette and Franklin filling the corner niches. Committee and ante-rooms are also provided, and several likenesses of eminent men adorn the walls. A fine organ occupies the west side of this hall. Over the presiding officer's chair at the easterly end are the seal of the Grand Lodge, adopted in 1856, the arms of Montacute, from whom the charter of 1733 was obtained, and on a pillar at the westerly end of the room is the seal of 1733, accompanied on the opposite side of the organ by that adopted by the Order in 1810. The corners above the portraits have representations of the Bible, square and compass, pot of incense, beehive, hour-glass and scythe, bearing their appropriate signification in the work of the Order. The southerly side has a full length figure of Silence, and the sun is represented at its rise, at meridan, and setting, at the apex of the east, south and west walls. The figure of Justice, flanked by cherubim, is supported by the canopy above the choir, and the Doric, Grecian and Ionic pillars, with the rich furniture, complete this elegant hall.

The third story is partitioned off into halls for meetings of small Masonic bodies, and apartments for Knights' armories, and the storing of regalia. The armories are fitted up with rich plate glass and black walnut cases, that of the Boston Encampment being enriched by the seal in fresco in the centre of the ceiling, bearing the crown and cross, with the motto, "Be faithful unto death," and the words, "I will give thee a crown of life."

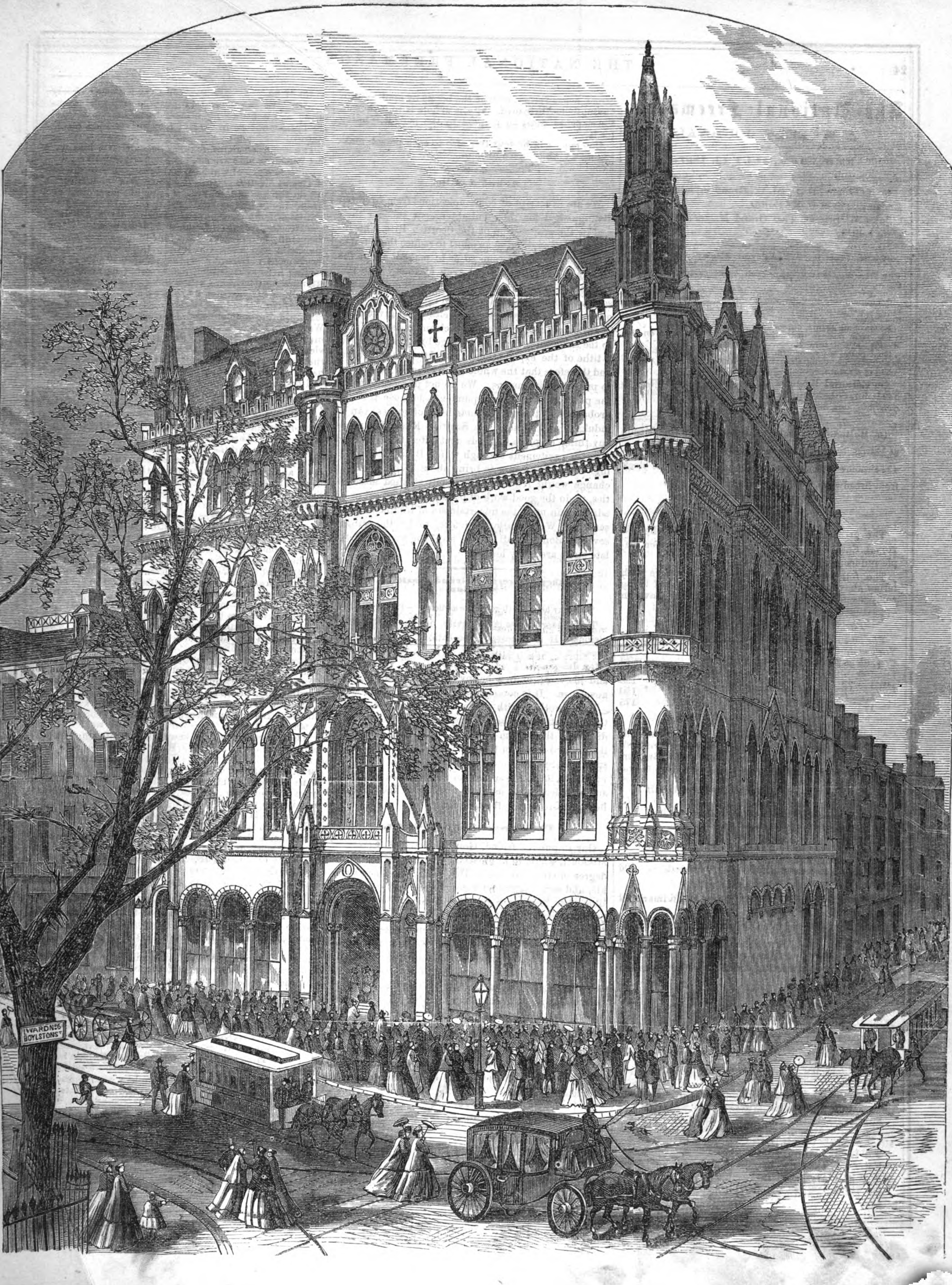
The fourth and fifth stories are arranged for miscellaneous purposes, including reception rooms for Grand and Subordinate Chapters, the hall in the fourth story, designed for Chapter meetings, being finished in the pure Egyptian style. Two of the pillars at the easterly end are covered by Egyptian characters, which are interpreted at the base as follows: the letters on the left of the chair signifying "May thy soul attain to K H N U M, the Creator of all Mankind:" that on the right, "Thy name is firm as Heaven; the duration of thy days is as the disk of the Sun." The hieroglyphics of these pillars are taken from the western face of the Obelisk Lunor, now standing in the Place de la Concorde, Paris, and refer to Rameses III. (Sesostris), B. C. 1550.

The sixth story contains the grand Gothic Hall of the Knights Templar, which is the most magnificent and costly of the apartments in the building. The walls and ceiling are frescoed with a groundwork of light drab color, the panels bearing superb designs, representing the arms, shields, and numerous styles of armor used by Knights during the crusades. The poverty of the Knights of that period was admirably set forth by an elaborate picture on the banner painted on the westerly wall, in which two of the self-sacrificing Christians are represented as riding one charger.

On the same floor is the richly furnished armory of the De Molay Encampment, in similar style to that of the Boston Encampment, the frescoing being a little more profuse and gaudy than that of the other small rooms, and the furniture being rather more elaborate than that furnished for the Boston Encampment.

The seventh story is divided into three large banqueting halls, so arranged with folding doors as to be easily converted into one at a moment's notice, and provided with ante-rooms and pantries, immediately communicating with the kitchen in the basement by means of an improved elevator. Two water tanks of 12,000 gallons capacity are placed in the top of the building, for supplying the four fountains, two of which are in front of the structure, on Tremont street.

The effect produced on the mind of the visitor when he views the interior is grand in the fullest sense of the term. The woodwork is mainly of chestnut, and the trimmings of black walnut; as much pains have been been taken with the upper as with the lower stories in this respect.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Masonic Schism—Esprit du Corps.

The gloomy Mason who excludes himself from society, who feels without acting, and exhibits the spirit of the sluggard, has mistaken altogether the genius of our institution, as much so as he who knows no Masonry beyond that of the Lodge-room. Like the miser who starves in a garret lest he should diminish his hoarded treasures, he lives to himself and lives unblest. He never gives out aught of what he receives. His mind is like a fountain flood by the reflux of its own waters. No wholesome stream of knowledge issues from it to irrigate the wilderness in which he dwells. Thought becomes stagnant, giving birth only to vain or vile imaginations which debilitate and pollute the soul. His benevolence, having no outlet or object, has died in his heart; his sensibility is selfishness. Sympathy he has none, except that which is *reflex*, and which converts the feelings of others into food for an inordinate self-love. He deems himself the centre of the circle in which he moves, and thinks of the opinions and interests of others only as they have a bearing on his own enjoyment. Masonry has no place for such, nor for him who regards himself as the special favorite of heaven, fancying that the springs of Providence move only for his sake, and that the eternal decrees are so ordered as in every trivial incident to meet his particular convenience. Masonry has no place for him who chronicles all his feelings and notes his prayers in a diary, and who, if he mentions a sin or a fault, it is sure to be blotted out by a penitential tear which he takes care also to record; but if his attention be for a moment turned to the experience of another, he hears the most interesting recital with evident impatience,

> "And drags at each remove a lengthening chain."

The very reverse of this is the spirit of our institution, which teaches us to go about doing good, and to enter with a willing heart, with a ready and tender sympathy, into the feelings of others. It inculcates love, disinterested, expansive and generous, flowing from a "pure heart, fervently," and awakening corresponding affection in those on whom it acts, kindred streams meeting and commingling, and flowing on in their peaceful channel as one. Without kindred affections and the attractive influence of love, there can be no fraternity. In the absence of these, the Lodge is vexed with the painful conflict of antagonist feelings, where all contact is repulsion, all activity strife.

Now, when similar feelings and interests lead men to unite for common purposes, it becomes necessary in order to guard and perpetuate the fraternity, that each individual should be animated by zeal for the *principles* to which all are committed. Without such zeal no combination can keep together. Destitute of any adhesive principles, its independent parts would fall asunder. No united efforts would be steadily put forth to consolidate and extend the influence of the body—to conciliate the favor of friends, or repel the assaults of enemies. To express this common zeal we have no adequate phrase in our language. The French call it *esprit du corps*, to which our term *party spirit* would correspond, were it not that the latter is used invariably in a reprehensible sense. Hence, to express it, we resort to circumlocution. We need much more of it in Freemasonry. When any reasonably just and right measure is proposed, this should lead all our Lodges to hearty co-operation. The thing itself is not to be condemned. It is founded on nature. Even the lower animals are led by instinct to unite their powers, in order to provide food or shelter, to defend themselves from danger, or secure their prey. As the social principle is a part of human nature, necessary not only to the civilization and happiness of man, but the very existence of our race, it was to be experted that Masonry, the embodiment of charity, would cultivate and purify, instead of proscribing and eradicating this propensity. This is still more necessary in Masonic than in civil life. In the latter, a feeling of interest or of danger impels men to combine in order to realize an object, which by isolated effort could not be obtained. And as the wants of the selfish present press so unfortunately on the attention, the craving of desire, no less than the dictates of prudence, would enforce the necessity of united action. But in Masonry it is otherwise. The objects of charity, fraternity and hope are frequently invisible and future; the interests of our Order are often remote and spiritual, and dimly seen, and, therefore, too often yield to the near and hourly impression of the senses. Hence the necessity of keeping alive our awakened minds to the blissful emotions of holy charity, so as to overpower the separating selfishness of the heart. Humility and love must reign. We must be careful that our zeal for our principles and fraternity does not degenerate into party spirit, does not become contracted, bitter and intolerant, studious only of the interests of our institution and hostile to all else, and the sympathetic ties of charity giving way before it like the flax at the touch of fire.

Party spirit in Freemasonry is the selfishness of each particular member diffused through the whole body and returning back with augmented force to the mind from which it emanated. Association and seclusion render the *virus* of party spirit in Freemasonry most malignant. This party spirit sometimes is found dividing the members of a Lodge. At other times it ranges one or more Lodges against other Lodges, or one Grand Lodge against other Grand Lodges. Now Freemasonry must be regarded as a *whole*, of which the various Masonic communities or Lodges, Grand and Constituent, scattered through the world are its constituent members.

All jurisdictions imposing terms of Masonic communion which exclude real Freemasons and render fellowship impossible without a violation of conscience, are more or less schismatical. Prussian Freemasonry is guilty in excluding Israelites, and those French brethren also who attempt to subvert the doctrine of a God under the plea of the "moral independent."

We find this spirit in our own country, cropping out occasionally in organized schism. It is intensely selfish. It affords an opportunity to its subjects to go about establishing their own Masonic importance. It is by advancing from the particular to the universal that we arrive at a right conclusion at the heinous offense against the body of Freemasonry.

Let faction be avoided, and while cultivating the *esprit du corps* in our fraternity, let us beware of the very suggestion of a party spirit which too often results in schism.

* * *

There are in the United States 400,000 affiliated Freemasons. During the last year 60,000 were initiated, 9,000 admitted and restored, 12,000 withdrawn, 523 expelled, 2,004 suspended, 2,483 suspended for non-payment of dues, 5,000 died, and 10,000 candidates were rejected.

* * *

The Protestant Churchman, whose advertisement appears in another column, is not only an excellent Church paper, but it is valuable for its home and foreign intelligence and for its columns of interest to the young. No better guarranty of its character to churchmen who are Freemasons can be found, than that it is edited by an esteemed Grand Chaplain of one of our most discriminating Grand Lodges. See advertisement for terms.

* * *

The (St. Louis) *Freemason* is full of the spirit of genuine Freemasonry. It is conducted with ability, earnestness, and a sincere love of the truth. There is nothing mercenary, nor servile, nor personal, nor ungentlemanly in its columns.

Please Don't!

There appears to be a general disposition on the part of brethren to whom application is made by parties needing or claiming relief to send them forthwith to Bro. Simons, as if he possessed some magic wand, the mere sight of which would bring relief to the suffering and put money in the pockets of the penniless. Bro. Simons desires to say that he has no control of a single dollar beyond his private means, which are heavily mortgaged by the needs of a wife and *seven* children, and that it would be difficult to select out of the craft in the city one less able to meet the constant demands on his purse. If the brethren who so persistingly send persons to be relieved would unite in providing a fund on which drafts could be made, then there would be some sense in the performance; but merely to send a hungry man or a houseless woman to Bro. Simons is to hold the word of promise to the ear and break it to the heart. It not unfrequently occurs that the applicant is not only in deep distress, but very worthy of Masonic assistance; he or she, as the case may be, finds Bro. S. under the impression that he has but to will and all their troubles will depart. When he is pointed out, a serene smile settles on the face of the stranger, and already, in anticipation, the needed funds are in his pocket, and he is rejoicing on his homeward way. The blank despair that succeeds when it is announced that Bro. S. has no funds at his command is sad to witness, and its effect takes many a dollar from the seven aforesaid. Will not the brethren please to understand—1st. That when an application for relief is made to them, sending the applicant to Bro. Simons is not a Masonic answer to the appeal, because it is raising a delusive hope, and making the consequent disappointment more severe. 2d. That it is just as much the duty of the brother applied to in the first place to bestir himself for the relief of the distressed as it is that of Bro. Simons, and what would be but a light duty, when thus divided, becomes extremely onerous when thrown on the shoulders of a single man obliged to earn his daily bread by his own exertions. 3d. That sending all applicants to us is a direct attack upon our pocket, which we are unable to withstand, and an unjust shirking of duty on the part of others. 4th. That the several Lodges and the Boards of Relief are the places to send applicants, and not to any individual Mason, because those organizations have funds at their command especially contributed by their members for the purpose of relieving distress, while the individual must draw, if he draw at all, on his own funds. 5th. That it is not an uncommon occurrence for half a dozen applications to be made to Bro. S. in a single day, a moderate response to each of which would sweep off his daily income, and leave his family to need or himself to incur debt.

In view of which it is hoped that the brethren will refrain from sending hungry applicants to an empty cupboard, or otherwise send food to furnish the table before inviting guests to partake of it.

In addition to those sent to us by the craft, there are various persons unknown to us, but probably profanes, who seem to imagine it a capital joke to send us all the old bummers who come in their way to be relieved. It is simply an annoyance and waste of our time, and we have only to add that, if a knowledge of the fact affords the senders any satisfaction, they are easily pleased, and are welcome to all the good it does them.

* * *

Talking with a friend, the other day, he lamented the apparent tendency to plainness in the matter of Lodge jewels and clothing, as indicating less reverence for the past than could be wished, and paving the way for the time when such things should be heard of but not seen. We have noticed the tendency, but with pleasure rather than foreboding, because, in the plainness of the present, we discover a return to the corresponding practices of the Fathers. There were not many jewels nor embroidered collars at the revival of 1717; nor do we understand that the passion for display ever obtained much development in this country until some twenty years ago, when, modern imitative societies becoming the rage, brought with them a demand for something showy. We would gladly leave the display with them, and have Masonry shine by its very plainness. Make the distinctions internal, and let a brother have rank among his fellows, not because he has taken all possible and impossible degrees, an can afford to have their corresponding decoration, but because he has cultivated the inner life of the sanctuary, learned more and more of the myster of doing good and communicating, and added to the store of Masonic knowledge for the use of the brethren. In France, the members of the "Legion of Honor" wear a tiny bit of ribbon in the button-hole; but the passer-by lifts his hat and salutes, not the ribbon, but the fact that its wearer, by some noble deed, has won the right to display it. This is the point we would have our brethren understand—that, if their deeds be upright and Masonic, if they earnestly strive to perform their share of duty, if, in their hands, Masonry flourishes, they will have little need for decorations or embroidery to bear them witness. So, too, with Lodges. Let them be encouraged to keep their furniture and fittings as plain as possible, spending their energies and money in decorating the brains of their memberships, and they will find a blessing in plainness more to be commended than all the trappings and tinsel that fill the eyes of the groundlings, but add nothing to the capacity of the wearers or the influence of the craft.

Answers to Correspondents.

Allison.—The Masonic facts are authentic and the extracts from addresses verified. Nearly the whole of the biographical sketch, other than the Masonic, is from the very able pen of his personal friend, the editor of the Scottish organ of America, and was so *editorially* credited, but the MS. lost in the delay of waiting for a likeness. The omission was not noticed until our attention was called to it last week.

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A Friend.—The subscriptions to the National Freemason are increasing daily, notwithstanding the hot weather.

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L. C.—The pianos were publicly drawn and the result posted in the building at the time. If either of your tickets had been the lucky ones you would long since have heard from it, and it is therefore a reasonable conclusion that they are now only valuable as mementoes of the past.

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Isaac.—No brother can be compelled to divulge the manner of his ballot, neither is it proper for any to say in advance of or after the fact how he has voted. If, therefore, a brother choose to cast off the safeguard of secrecy and avow an unworthy motive for voting a black ball, he may, and of right ought to be, disciplined. The candidate, however, will have to wait six months before he can again present his petition.

∴

Zophar.—The matter of physical qualifications is necessarily left somewhat to the discretion of the Lodges, and they may say whether they will insist upon absolute perfection or whether a slight blemish, in no way interfering with the use of a man's limbs, shall be allowed to pass. Grand officers can make no law on the subject, and when applied to can only refer to the landmarks. A safe rule is to require a candidate to be up to the requirement of a perfect youth, with all his limbs as a man should have them, instead of trying to ascertain how close the carriage may be driven to the edge of a precipice without going over.

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Excelsior.—The whole matter was in exceeding bad taste, and should not have occurred. We do not think that any good will be effected by its public discussion, and shall therefore say nothing about it.

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S. T. H.—Where a Lodge having put a member on trial finds him guilty of "great Masonic crime" but refuses to punish him, is itself guilty of unfaithfulness to its trust, and should be proceeded against as an individual, by charges, trial, and on conviction by the deprivation of its warrant.

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Thus and So.—It sometimes occurs that a Lodge may have business of a private nature to transact, or as Napoleon put it, "dirty linen to wash." Under such circumstances visitors should withdraw, nor take offense if, not leaving of their own accord, they be politely requested by the Master to step out. A brother feeling aggrieved on the receipt of such an invitation should be allowed plenty of time to get over it.

Bro. A. P. Peterson, 70 Hudson Street, Boston, Mass., formerly M of Ancient Landmark Lodge, ten years a Freemason, and now of Royal Sussex Lodge, 501, Shanghae, China, St. John's Chapter, 215, Calcutta, and the Celestial Encampment of K. T., Shanghae, desires a situation as salesman, clerk, porter, or in an office, or shipchandlery store or broker's office. He left China six months ago. Speaks four different European languages. Refers to Fogg & Co., Peck Slip, New York.

Garibaldi and War.

We never doubted that so eminent and philanthropic a Freemason as G. M. Garibaldi was really the friend of peace and not an advocate for war. He asks for "*the brotherhood of nations*" (a grand Masonic idea), and for the first article of compact between nations, "*war is impossible between brothers.*" But read what Garibaldi says in a letter addressed to M. Guépin:

"Many thanks for your beautiful letter. If morality has need of emulation in progress and not in war, it is time that nations should understand each other without wanting to exterminate each other. It is time that iron, tempered for terrible appliances of destruction, should be henceforth used for machines and implements useful to the people, who want bread. It is, in short, time that the laborious and suffering classes of all countries, by means of a universal *concordat* erected into a constituent, should announce to the disorganized, tumultuous and warlike oligarchy that its hour is over; that the *jus fœderis* is ended; ended the diversion of eating one for fifty, without labor, at the cost of those who do labor; ended the time of making the choicest part of the nations serve, of making them slaves, and compelling them to keep silence upon their wants, their griefs, and their legitimate aspirations. By carrying the above ideas into effect we may conquer the difficulty with the upper classes, but the principal difficulty decidedly remains with the people.

You will say to me: 'But the people are deceived.' Well, are the people, then, going to allow themselves to be deceived forever? Are they forever going to act like the camel, who goes on his knees before his master to receive the burden; or like the dog, which crouches at his feet to be beaten? Do not believe that my specific for the alleviation of so many evils is revolution. No; there is not a person in the world who could really counsel or desire revolution. It would be too terrible. The revolution of '89 would appear a child's play compared to the social revolution which is fermenting in the oppressed classes. The rancors are too strong between the crushed people and the patricians, who have the monopoly of enjoyments. It is for God to avenge this. But, imitating the great people of London, of Paris, and of Berlin, let us give each other the motto of order, the word of fraternal understanding. Let us unite, following the example of those lords who hold us under their feet, not, like them for the evil, but for the good of all. Let us say to these executioners by the grace of God, that by the grace of God we wish to be brothers. Let us fulfill that which they have never desired, the brotherhood of nations; and let the first article of our compact be, war is impossible between brothers."

Bro. Brady, in his Masonic address at the Academy of Music, referred to Hon. Mrs. Aldworth and her initiation. We gave a full account of her in a late number of the National Freemason. The other case to which our brother referred was that of Madame de Xaintrailles. The following is its history:

By a regulation of the Grand Orient of France, it was required that every such Lodge should be connected with and placed under the immediate guardianship of a regular Lodge of Masons. It was in one of these guardian Lodges that the female initiation which we are about to describe took place. In the time of the revolution, the Lodge of "Frères-Artistes," at Paris, over which Bro. Cuvelier de Trie presided as Master, was about to give what is called a fete of adoption, that is, to open a Lodge for female Masonry, and initiate candidates into that rite. Previous, however, to the introduction of the female members, the brethren opened a regular Lodge of Ancient Masonry in the first degree. Among the visitors who waited in the ante-chamber for admission was a youthful officer in the uniform of a captain of cavalry. His diploma or certificate was requested of him by the member deputed for the examination of the visitors, for the purpose of having it inspected by the Lodge. After some little hesitation, he handed the party asking for it a folded paper, which was immediately carried to the orator of the Lodge, who, on opening it, discovered that it was the commission of an aide-de-camp, which had been granted by the Directory to the wife of General de Xaintrailles, a lady who, like several others of her sex, in those troublous times, had donned the masculine attire, and gained military rank at the point of the sword. When the nature of the supposed diploma was made known to the Lodge, it may readily be supposed that the surprise was general. But the members were Frenchmen—they were exciteable, and they were gallant; and consequently, in a sudden and exalted fit of enthusiasm, which, as Masons, we cannot excuse, they unanimously determined to confer the first degree, not of adoption, but of regular and legitimate Freemasonry, on the brave woman who had so often exhibited every manly virtue, and to whom her country had, on more than one occasion, committed trust requiring the greatest discretion and prudence, as well as courage. Madame de Xaintrailles was made acquainted with the solution of the Lodge, and her acquiescence in its wishes requested. To the offer, she replied, "I have been a man for my country, and I will again be a man for my brethren." She was forthwith introduced and initiated as an Entered Apprentice, and repeatedly afterwards assisted the Lodge in its labors in the first degree.

In this case there was not the slightest apology for the conduct of the Lodge, and its doors should have been promptly closed and its officers and members disciplined.

Good.—Among the number of daily applicants referred to in another article, there came a day or two since a plainly but respectably dressed lady, having a child in her arms, a traveling bag, parasol and other etc., which somehow women always manage to have with them. We motioned her to a seat and listened to her story. She came from the South, where her husband had a small place which, lying in the track of the national army, had been somewhat unfitted for use; that they had been trying by various means to secure a living for themselves and four children, and had partially succeeded; that now the husband was dying of an incurable disease, two of the children were sick, and she had not wherewith to buy a crust of bread or a cup of water. She had been kindly sent to us by a gentleman (who, however, forgot to give her anything himself), with the information that we would immediately furnish her with the means to get herself and family back to their home in the South, whither she proposed to go without a moment's delay. Her disappointment, when we told her that we had no means at our command for that purpose, may be imagined. We did the best in our power, by recommending her to the Local Board, and they generously responded in the sum of one dollar. We then applied to the Brooklyn Board, and they saw that sum and went a good deal better; and now, having our hand in, we propose to raise a sufficient sum to send this family home, where their chances will be better, and where the husband brother may close his eyes among his neighbors. If any one is disposed to help us we should be most grateful for the assistance; but help or no help the money must be raised.

Discharge the Craft, O Master.

Closing Ode—By Smoko.

Discharge the Craft, O Master,
The hour of labor's past,
And the weary, careworn workman
His face turns home at last,
Heart-full of joyous gratitude
Now that his task is done,
That he can view his work and feel
His wages fairly won.

Discharge the Craft, O Master,
The sun sinks in the West,
The weary sons of honest toil
Would go to seek their rest;
The Plans upon the Trestle-board
Are finished for the day,
The working tools of all the craft
Are put with care away.

Discharge the Craft, O Master,
The day is nearly done,
The golden vapor in the West
Proclaims the setting sun;
The swallows whirling in the sky
In lessening circles go,
The columns at the warden's posts
Increasing shadows throw.

Dismiss the Craft, O Master,
From labor for the day,
E'en as our Great Grand Master shall
Dismiss us all for aye,
Until the rosy morn shall break
When labors all are o'er,
And the Master's gavel calls the Craft
To meet to part no more.

Westminster, Md., June 27, 1867.

Bro. Cooper very properly says, if atheists are excluded from courts of justice when they present themselves as witnesses, they ought to be excluded from Lodges.

General Assembly of the Grand Orient of France.

The following, received too late for its proper classification, on account of its importance is presented out of its proper column.

The readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON have been kept informed of the atheistic agitations in the French Masonic family. The noble action of the Grand Master and the discussions of the Grand Council have been fully presented in our columns, up to the last session of the Grand Orient. We now translate for our readers a portion of our French advices of the late General Assembly of the Grand Orient, promising to follow them with translations of other portions that may prove interesting to our subscribers.

The first session of 1867 was June 10, under the presidency of Bro. Mellinet. There were 269 delegates present, representing 283 Masonic bodies. This number was greater than usual by reason of the interest in the questions to be discussed and the attractions of the Exposition. The General Assembly was opened at two o'clock by Bro. Mellinet, Grand Master, assisted by Bros. Alfred Blanche and Langlé, 1st and 2d Grand Master's adjoint (assistants).

The following is a translation of the address *(in extenso)* of the Grand Master, Bro. Mellinet:

VERY DEAR BROTHERS—At the beginning of this new legislative session, as at that of the preceding one, I am happy to be able to announce to you that the prosperity of our Order is continually increasing.

Masonic centres are multiplying; since my accession to the Grand Mastership, new bodies have been formed or revived in the Orients (here follow the names of these Orients); other bodies are about to be installed in other Orients.

The initiations in the symbolic as in the higher degrees are more and more numerous; our principles are spreading and making each day *pacific conquests for universal brotherhood.*

The inspections designed to furnish valuable statistics, to make known to us the wishes of the bodies themselves, to inform us of their true situation and wants, are not yet finished, but they are prosecuted in a satisfactory manner. The members of the Council of the Order who have been intrusted with this laborious mission hereby receive my hearty thanks for the zeal and devotion with which they have performed their duty.

Our finances, administered with a care appreciated by all, show a balance in the treasury of 140,525 francs 24c. ($28.000).

The capital of the House of Relief, from nearly nothing in 1857, amounts to-day to more than 70,000 francs ($14,000). If it shall continue to be as wisely administered as heretofore, this foundation will speedily accomplish all the results that Masonry has a right to expect from it. There are no current debts.

Such, in a few words, is the moral and material situation of the Order, a situation which some isolated facts, without real importance as without influence, can in no wise diminish, however much they are to be regretted.

In order that this situation may not be ephemeral; in order that it may realize all the hopes that it promises; in order that it may command in the external world the confidence and the respect that we merit and that we need, it is necessary that the wisdom of the Lodges and of the members should equal the zeal of which they have already given so many proofs, and for which I felicitate them. Thus shall I have great faith in our future.

You are particularly called on, my brethren, this year to determine the general regulations of the Order. It is important that you should put the finishing touch to this labor, and emerge from your provisional condition in which you have been, so to speak, since 1862.

Economize your time and this task will be easy to you. Forget not that our assemblies are not academic arenas; instead of fine speeches, labor to present weighty argument. Let discussion not become the monopoly of a few. Let us hear the opinions of each, and thus show ourselves just to all.

A report will be presented to you upon the work of public instruction, which, by the terms of the statutes on this subject, remains subject to your sanction, but I desire at the outset to present my opinion of this institution.

The Grand Orient have a committee charged with the distribution of material aid. Now, the Council of the Order has thought that it is eminently Masonic to organize by the side of this committee a new one, commissioned to distribute aid of a more elevated character, that is to say, to encourage, to propagate and diffuse, as far as possible, primary instruction. It was the organization of moral beneficence by the side of that of material beneficence; nothing more and nothing less.

Such an object could not but secure my sympathies. If it obtains yours, if the difficulties inherent to this enterprise, as to every serious and useful one, do not frighten you, be assured of my concurrence. It is unnecessary to declare my views on all institutions designed to promote the well-being and progress of the laboring classes.

As I announced to you last year, the 1st article of the constitution has given cause in some symbolic Lodges to diverse interpretations. Some have thought they saw, in paragraph 2 of that article, a simple thoretical enunciatiation, imposing no obligation, and consequently, in paragraph 3, the legal duty of admitting to initiation those who deny the principles enunciated in paragraph 2.

I then added, that I had not hesitated to reply to the Lodges which had wished to consult me upon this question, THAT IT WOULD BE A VIOLATION OF THE CONSTITUTION TO ADMIT TO INITIATION THOSE WHO DENY THE EXISTENCE OF GOD AND THE IMMORTALITY OF THE SOUL, AND THAT *I had believed* that in this circumstance I WAS THE FAITHFUL INTERPRETER OF THE LAW AND OF THE SENTIMENTS OF FRENCH MASONRY.

I regret to be compelled to announce to you, this year, that the question is still dividing our fraternity. You will find, like me, that it is absolutely necessary to put an end, once for all, to these pre-occupations which have found an echo even in the profane world, and certainly without any profit to our Order. A solemn declaration on your part will banish all doubts as to our principles; it is an act *now* necessary, in order that our fundamental law may be everywhere respected; in order that the initiation may not descend, little by little, to the simple formalities of admission into any circle whatever; in order, finally, to preserve to Masonry its true character.

I have finished, my brethren, and I now declare the legislative session for 5867 open and ready to proceed to business.

[Thanks to the T.·. G.·. A.·. O.·. T.·. U.·. for such a Grand Master at this juncture to preside over the destinies of French Masonry! His words are emphatic and his recommendations show no quarter to the sympathizers with atheism, who would remove the very corner-stone and destroy our fair fabric. Omitting in this number the intermediate action and discussions of the General Assembly of Freemasons—the most important ever held in Paris—we proceed to give the action and discussions of the sitting of the 13th of June, on the most vital question ever presented to our Order. We shall, in our next number, give the remarks upon other topics of general interest.]

Upon the motion to adopt the 6th paragraph of the 218th article, the Grand Master demanded the opinion of the Bureaus.

The 1st declared itself in favor of preserving the formula, "*To the glory of the Great Architect of the Universe,*" only for official documents; the 2d, 3d and 4th demanded the pure and simple maintainance of this formula; the 5th decided for liberty; the 6th, 7th and 8th demanded the maintainance of the formula; the 9th declared as the 1st Bureau—that it wished to preserve the formula only for official papers. The 6th declared, however, that its vote did not alienate the liberty of conscience inscribed as a right on article 1st of the Constitution.

Bro. Rousselle proposed the following amendment: "The formula, '*To the glory of the Great Architect of the Universe,*' shall be inscribed at the head of all papers, of whatever nature, unless the Lodge shall determine otherwise."

The Assembly interrupted the reading of this amendment. Bro. Rousselle demanded a discussion of it.

He declared that he was no atheist, but that he wished that atheists should be on the same Masonic footing as those who were believers. In this there is neither theology nor metaphysics, but simply liberty of conscience. He did not trouble himself with the consequences of this, but only with the principle, for, in his opinion, the old device of chivalry, "Do what you ought, come what may," is also the device of Masonry.

Bro. Millinet, G. M., interrupted Bro. Rousselle. He had been a Mason fifty-four years, and had never seen that device in Masonry, but rather this: "*To the glory of the Great Architect of the Universe.*" He was pained at what he had just heard.

Bro. Rousselle called the Assembly to witness that he had said nothing that should pain the Grand Master. As to the device that he had cited, it was in the heart of all Masons. He concluded by saying that he believed that the majority of Masons are believers in God, but that this majority had no more right to impose their belief than a Catholic has to impose Catholicism.

The Assembly interrupted him.

Bro. Bremont, orator, took the floor for an appeal to the Constitution. The first principle of Masonry is the belief in God and the immortality of the soul, and this landmark cannot be removed.

[Our synopsis must here close for this number, to be resumed in the next. It will be seen that there is no one, thus far, avowing an atheistic view. There is, on the part of a few, a demand for atheists to be admitted, under the specious plea of toleration.]

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW YORK CITY.

Washington Chapter, U. D., held its first convocation July 3, 1867, with the following officers:

H. E. Gilbert, H. P., 216 Ninth avenue; M. Johnson, K.; Joseph A. Sterling, S.; Wm. H. Brinkerhoff, Tr.; John Schmidt, C. H.; Jeff. Edwards, P. S.; A. A. Bogert, R. A. C.; Wm. Sanson, M. 3 V.; Alex. Pairson, M. 2 V.; H. Dougherty; M. 1 V.; W. H. Simpson, T.; W. S. Paterson, Sec., 166 Third avenue.

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Humboldt Lodge held its third annual pic-nic and summer night festival, foot of 63d st., July 2. There were hundreds of the members of the Lodge, their wives and children present. All, young and old, enjoyed themselves. This Lodge, composed chiefly of our German brethren, has been in existence for five years, and numbers 130 members, with $5,000 of an unincumbered Lodge fund. Bro. Worms is the present Master. Bro. Schlussel was the first Master and filled the chair for 4 years. As chairman of the committee of invited guests he received us handsomely, and cordially complimented the NATIONAL FREEMASON. Bro. Bauer, the D. D. G. M., was present.

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ANNUAL PIC-NIC AND EXCURSION OF PYRAMID LODGE, No. 490, to MYER'S GROVE, on TUESDAY, JULY 16th, 1867. The large and commodious steamer George Washington, and barges William Myers and William J. Haskett, have been engaged for the occasion. Steamer George Washington will leave Peck Slip at 7½ o'clock, A.M. Barge William Myers will leave 34th Street, North River, at 8 o'clock, A.M., and barge William J. Haskett from Christopher Street, at 8½ o'clock, A.M. Returning will make the same landings. Music by O'Brien's celebrated Band. Tickets ONE DOLLAR, admitting gentleman and ladies.

BROOKLYN.

Manuel Lodge, No. 636, was dedicated by W. George W. Harris, G. M.; R. W. William T. Woodruff, D. G. M.; W. William H. Devins, S G. W.; W. Henry Conklin, J. G. W.; W. Jacob Rueger, G. T; R. W. Robert Macoy, G. S.; W. George Wilkins, S. G D.; W. Fred. Lapzien, J. G. D.; Rev. David Morris, G. C.

Officers installed: John Gibbs, Master; George L. Judson, S. W.; Jared Clark, J. W.; Jeremiah Brown, Treas.; Abraham B. Dupuy, Sec.; Rev. David Morris, Chapl'n; Wm H. Farrel, S. D.; Joseph Gamble, J. D.; Thomas Gordon and Melville Kelsey, M. C.; George W. Coger, and H. H. Banker, Stewards; Geo. T. Matthews, Marshal; William F. Brown, Organist; James Barrell, Tyler.

The acting Secretary of the evening was Bro. H. Clay Lanius, of Americus Lodge, No. 525.

Appropriate addresses were delivered by R. W. Bros. Macoy and Woodruff, W. Bros. Harris, Freeman, Gibbs, and Rev. David Morris. A richly bound and beautiful copy of the sacred Scriptures, presented by W. Bro. Freeman, adorned the altar. After the conclusion of the ceremonies about one hundred and twenty of the brethren sat down to a sumptuous repast, upon temperance principles, which gave abundant testimony to the catering skill and polite attention of Bro. Kellum, of the Masonic Temple Restaurant. This youthful Lodge, the nucleus of which was formed only about three or four months ago, will henceforth take its place among its sister Lodges of this District under the most favorable auspices, and furnish another shelter for the widows and orphans of the Masonic fraternity.—*Brooklyn Press.*

NEW YORK.

Waverly.—Clinton F. Paige Lodge, No. 620, was dedicated July 2. Bro. Paige was G. M.; Bro. Chaffee D. G. M.; Bro. Shaw G. S. Bro. Paige delivered an impressive address, and presented to the new Lodge an elegant, Turkey bound, gold clasped Bible, and a square and compass. Bros. Lake, Chaffee, Shaw and Phettyplace made addresses. The following officers were installed:

Ralph Dewey, W. M.; Phipps Lake, S. W.; Horace

Cross, J. W.; C. L. Wilber, Treas.; W. W. Beardslee, Sec.; Frank Elliott, S. D.; Frank Rolf, J. D.; S. H. Rogers, and J. T. Newman, M. C.; T. L. Rogers, Tyler.

NEW JERSEY.

Washington's Rock July 4.—The ninety-first anniversary of the Declaration of Independence witnessed the first attempt to raise a monument upon the soil of New Jersey to the memory of Washington. Plainfield took the initiative in securing the monument, to cost $12,000, to be of native free-stone, with a foundation 15½ feet square and to sustain a pedestal of free-stone of 55 feet in height, upon which will be reared the statue. The site of the monument is a mountainous elevation, 3½ miles northeast from Plainfield, and 600 feet above the level of the beautiful plain of this region. This place is Washington's Rock, the spot to which the General often resorted during the closing days of the Revolution, to watch the movements of the British.

The corner-stone was laid with usual ceremonies by the officers of the Grand Lodge of the State of New Jersey, viz., Wm. S. Whitehead, G. M.; Robert Rasselling, D. G. M.; James H. Stevens, S. G. W.; R. H. Cannon, J. G. W.; Joseph Hough, G. S.; Wm. E. Pine and Wm. D. Rattan, G. S. D.; Charles Boylan and Ludlow Allen, G. S.; Theodore F. Kenny, G. M.; Wm. Mead, G. L. Two hundred members of Subordinate Lodges, viz., Jerusalem, No. 26, Plainfield; Lafayette, No. 27, Rahway; Essex, No. 49, Elizabeth; Washington, No. 33, Elizabeth; Herman, U. D., Elizabeth; Darcy, No. 97, East Flemington, and several New York Masons were present.

The Grand Master made an address, in which he recalled the names and memory of many eminent Freemasons, among whom were Clinton, Lewis Cass, Henry Clay, Sir Walter Scott, Robert Burns, and Chief-Justice Marshall. He said: The noble Washington, whose monument had just been formally commenced, gave his unqualified assent to the teachings of Masonry, and in his daily public and private life exemplified always its pure tenets. He hoped, in conclusion, that all who heard his words would copy after the immortal Washington, whose goodness made him great.

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Camden.—Tuesday evening I visited Lodge No. 15 of the State of New Jersey. Camden has of late years grown both in size and importance, and owing to the scarcity of houses for rent in Philadelphia, and the high prices of the same, many families are compelled to seek accommodations in the surrounding localities. Among the leading young men of this place is the W. M. of No. 15, Dr. J. L. De la Cour. The M. W. posseses unusual dignity of manner and elegance of address for a young man, and in all of the degrees committed himself nobly; he was ably seconded by the officers of the Lodge, who, for the greater part, are also young men.

There was one item which struck me as unusual, but at the same time as very useful and instructive, and that was the illustration of the lectures by means of views exhibited by means of the magic lantern. Thus the ideas are impressed much more strongly upon the mind of the candidate, consequently rendered more interesting and effectual.

A new organ, costing five hundred dollars, has recently been purchased, and will no doubt, by means of its harmonious chords, contribute greatly to the pleasure of the members. T.

FLORIDA.

Pilatka.—Pilatka Lodge, No. 34 received as a present from Integrity Lodge, No. 197, Philadelphia, a set of Jewels and working tools, as a memento to the Freemasons of Florida, for their Masonic integrity and offices of humanity during the late civil war, and also for their uniform kindness to invalids who seek their clime for restoration of health.

CONNECTICUT.

Litchfield.—St. Paul's Lodge, No. 11, laments the death (July 2) of Bro. Stephen Deming, and passes resolutions of condolence.

MAINE.

The Grand Master, in his Annual Address, says:

I have the satisfaction of reporting that I have granted but three dispensations for conferring degrees in less than the usual time; and if this had been three less than it is, it would have afforded me three times the satisfaction I now have in reporting even that small number. This subject is one in which our fraternity have and ought to feel a deep and abiding interest. Among the most ancient of the laws of organized Masonry is the provision that no man can be made a Mason "without previous notice, one month before, given to the Lodge, in order to make due inquiry into the reputation and capacity of the candidate, unless by a dispensation." So important was considered this enactment, that a single officer, the Grand Master alone, of any division or territory, was authorized to dispense with this provision, and permit the admission of candidates at a shorter period. It is also undoubtedly true that this authority in former times was rarely exercised, and then only on extraordinary occasions for the *good of the Order*, and not for the benefit of an individual.

It cannot be denied that a sufficient time should elapse between the reception of a petition for degrees and action thereon, to enable the Lodge to know what are really the qualifications of every candidate for our mysteries. Hence the necessity of the law requiring a specified period for that purpose; and as all Masonic laws are to be regarded as for the benefit of the institution, no part of those laws should be ever dispensed with, *except for the sole reason that it will result in permanent good to the craft. No considerations, therefore, of convenience or benefit to the candidate*, or what is still more objectionable, the pecuniary advantage to the Lodge, ought ever to be allowed to influence any member of the fraternity, either in asking for or granting this privilege.

Our first duty is to Masonry—and where that is in question, its welfare must be first considered, and its interests first consulted. It should be distinctly and permanently understood, that all who would participate in our privileges and enjoy our honors, must submit to our regulations; and that it is beneath the dignity of our fraternity to be dictated in our internal policy by any one not of our household, be he king, prince, potentate, or any other person, except a true, free and accepted Mason. While it may not be thought expedient to eradicate the provision alluded to from our Constitution, the exercise of the authority may most assuredly be curtailed, with good results to the Order. Should the Grand Lodge indicate its pleasure that no dispensation be granted hereafter for such purposes, except when it shall appear as certain as any thing in human affairs can be made to appear, that no considerations of pecuniary aid to the Lodge, benefit or convenience of the candidate, or other reason except the good of the Order, requires the action, I doubt not its behests would be rigidly adhered to by all who shall hereafter be clothed with authority for that purpose.

The Grand Master objects to the adoption of suggestions and ceremonies from without the jurisdictions, condemns the display of Masonic jewelry for mercenary ends, and regards the assembling of a Grand Lodge as a great means of cultivating hospitality and brotherly love.

MINNESOTA.

Knights Templar. — Second annual conclave of Grand Commandery of Knights Templar was held in Minneapolis, on Monday, the 24th ult. A. E. Ames, D. G. C., presiding in the absence of R. E. G. C. Sir Geo. W. Prescott.

All Commanderies were represented, except Cœur de Lion, of Winona.

Report of Committee on Correspondence was read by Sir Rev. S. Y. McMasters, DD., LL D.

The following are officers for the current year:

A. E. Ames, G. C; J. M. Cole, D. G. C.; B. F. Smith, Gen.; George L. Otis, Capt.-Gen.; Rev. Dr. S. Y. McMasters, Prel.; M. W. Getchel, S. W.; E. D. B. Porter, J. W.; F. H. Pratt, G. Treas.; Geo. A. Savory, G. Rec.; W. G. Dye, St. B.; S. F. Barney, S. B.; E. A. Groff, G. W.; A. Richardson, C. of G.

The G. C. Sir Knight Ames, upon being installed delivered an address, concluding with the words:

"High heaven, that heard the solemn vow,
That vow renewed shall daily hear,
Till in life's latest hour I bow,
And bless in death a bond so dear."

Preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted expressive of great regard for Sir George W. Prescott, the late G. C., who removes to Tennessee.

Zion Commandery, No. 2, had a sumptuous banquet prepared at the Nicollet House, to which, immediately after the close of the Grand Commandery, the Grand Officers and Sir Knights, under escort of Zion Commandery, repaired.

The next meeting of Grand Commandery will be in Winona, June 24, 1868.

MISSOURI.

Oregon.—June 24, prayer, music, an elegant oration by Bro. Buzick, installation of Oregon Lodge officers, and a dinner.

∴

St. Louis.—The corner-stone of the Israelite Temple was laid June 24, under the auspices of the Grand Lodge of Missouri. Bro. Gouley officiated as Grand Master. The Masonic turn-out was very fine and the ceremonies were performed in good taste. Our Bro., Rev. Dr. Wise, of Cincinnati, was the orator.

∴

Ascension Day.—This day, the 30th of May, was celebrated by a dress parade, by St. Louis Commandery, No. 1, Knights Templar. The Sir Knights met at the asylum at 2 o'clock, P. M., and being formed in line, preceded by a fine band, they marched through the principal streets. At Eighth street and Washington avenue they halted and entered Rev. Dr. Boyle's church, where they went through the regular Templar devotional service, as prepared by Rev. Dr. McMurdy, Knight and Grand Prelate Grand Encapment United States, the hymns and chants being performed by an excellent choir. After the stated service, Rev. John D. Vincel, Knight and Grand Prelate Grand Commandery of Mo., delivered one of the most eloquent addresses to which it was ever our pleasure to listen. Subject: "Ascension of Christ." The Commandery were honored with the presence of Sir Knights Joseph H. Livingston and Thomas Brown, of St. John's Commandery, Philadelphia.

After services the line re-formed and pursued its march to the asylum, where they were dismissed; before which, however, they contributed $138.34 towards our suffering companions in the South. This was done in preference to having a banquet. [Good. Ed. N. F.] The Commandery was under the command of its E. C. Sir Wm. H. Stone, Sir Knights T. E. Garrett and J. A. H. Lampton being next in rank.—*St. Louis Freemason.*

LOUISIANA.

Grand Consistory.—Samuel M. Todd, 33°, Grand Com.-in-Chief, in his address, says that a Grand Consistory was established in Lousiana 1813, one year after the organization of the Grand Lodge, and was the governing authority in Scottish Masonry till 1839, when a Supreme Council of the 33° was constituted, which has since been declared incompetent.

In 1852 the Supreme Council at Charleston established a Grand Consistory of the 32°, which was merged in 1855 in the Grand Consistory of 1813. This factious spirit still lived in L∴ F∴, and spurious bodies were organized, which have generally become extinct. Thus nobly ends the address:

And, lastly, I charge you to remember that our Order is one where charity is enjoined as a duty in every body of the Rite. No meetings should be held and closed without a special provision for the wants of the poor and suffering. Let your almoners be men of sound judgment and of good and kindly dispositions, and furnish them with sufficient means to relieve all proper cases of distress presented to their notice.

Masonry would be a useless, worthless institution if it consisted solely in professions of charity and usefulness, without carrying out in act and deed those great principles of brotherly love, relief and truth, by which we profess to be governed.

The following are the officers for the current three years:

Samuel Manning Todd, 33d, G. Com.-in-Chief; John Claiborne, 32d, 1st L. C.; Fulgeuce Ricau, 33d, 2d L. C.; John Lawson Lewis, 33d, G. C.; John C. Smith, 33d, G. A.; Samuel R. Walker, 32d, G. M. of S.; James C. Batchelor, 33d, G. C.; Ben Da Silva, 32d, G. A.; Emmet D. Craig, 33d, G. R.; John E. McClure, 33d, G. K. of S.; Edward Barnett, 33d, G. T.; Henry R. Swasey, 32d, G. P.; Ezekiel Salomon, 33d, G. M. of C.; James Bruce Scot, 32d, G. E.; James C. Wilner, 32d, A. G. E.; Jean Lamarre, 33d, B.; Angel Martin, 33d, B. of the Vexillum Belli; Bruno De Lucas, 32d, M. of G.; Wm. C. Chamberlain, 32d, C.; Daniel E. Scruggs, 32d, G. S.; John M. Pelton, 32d, Aid-de-Camp; Gustavus Sontag, 32d, G. Tyler.

NEBRASKA.

The following are the officers for the current year:

O. H. Irish, G. M.; E. H. Clark, D. G. M.; W. E. Hill, S. G. W.; Frank Welsh, J. G. W.; Theodore W. Bedford, G. T.; J. N. Wise, G. S. J. Q. Goss, Grand Orator, delivered an address at the M. E. church. After the oration the officers elect were publicly installed.

COLORADO.

Denver City.—The Lodge, Chapter and Commandery of Denver celebrated the 24th of June with great success. Brethren were there from all parts of the territory. Comp. Greenleaf, High Priest of Denver Chapter and Jun. W. of the Grand Lodge, read the following poem:

Ring out the song of gladness, let the glorious pæan swell—
In going round the Circle we have touched the Parallel!
The day the old sun-worshipers in ages past revered
By stronger ties of sympathy to Masons is endeared.
To-day the faithful everywhere who work by Square and Line,
Shall hail the blessed memory of our patron saint divine.

The Beauteous Column stands erect—no work laid out to-day,
From labor to refreshment we the welcome call obey.
The 'Prentice in the quarry's depths no Ashlar Rough shall bear,
The Craftsman lay aside his tools—the Level, Plumb and Square.
The Master Workman on the wall delay the Grand Design,
To hail the blessed memory of our patron saint divine.

Throughout the nation far and wide the mystic legions throng,
Firm champions in the cause of Truth, the secret foes of wrong.
Each quiet hamlet echoes with the sound of trampling feet,
They move in mighty concourse through the city's crowded street,
Their banners waving proudly, while their jewels brightly shine,
In honor of the memory of our patron saint divine.

No blood-stained laurels deck the brows of that fraternal band,
No desolation marks their path, no ruins strew the land;
Their victories are o'er sin and wrong, o'er suffering, want and pain,
Ascending prayers of gratitude their sweetest bugle-strain,
As 'round the crushed and bleeding heart love's tendrils they entwine,
Those who thus hail the memory of their patron saint divine.

The pure and spotless lamb-skin is the glorious badge they wear,
They wage their moral warfare with the Compass and the Square;
The upraised hand is paralyzed, and passion stricken dumb,
For each must walk uprightly with his eye upon the Plumb,
Those brethren of the mystic tie whose hearts this day incline
To celebrate the memory of our patron saint divine.

Then usher in our gala day with joyousness and mirth,
And swell the grand old chorus as it circles 'round the earth
With kindly words of greeting from the mountains to the sea—
Our hearts are on the Level though our bodies may not be.
Then gathering round the festive board pour forth the generous wine,
And drink a toast in memory of our patron saint divine.

'Tis fitting on a day like this, when brethren thus are met,
To dwell on themes each Mason loves and never can forget;
To trace the course of Masonry until it disappears
Amid the ruins of the past, the gathering gloom of years,
Till breaking through the mists of time its bursts upon our sight,
And pours from Mt. Moriah's hill its blazing stream of light.

Coeval with creation though its truths illumed the earth,
'Twas in the reign of Solomon our Order had its birth;
Among the thousands of the Craft who at the Temple wrought,
It stamped its mighty impress on each action, word and thought;
Two Temples they were rearing by the aid of Square and Line,
The Outward and Material—the Inward and Divine.

The One in silent grandeur rose, no ringing sound was heard
Of axe, or other metal tool, nor one discordant word;
In perfect peace and harmony they plied their cunning art,
The secret tie of Brotherhood had bound them heart to heart;
And, lo ! the toiling legions from the Quarry to the Hill
Were moved by its mysterious power and felt its quickening thrill.

Seven years they wrought with patient toil, and when their work was done,
The Temple with its golden spires stood glistening in the sun;
Its splendor and magnificence enraptured every gaze,
And filled the thronging multitudes with wonder and amaze.
As Israel's crowning glory shall its fame forever last,
And in Tradition's whispers link the present to the past.

The Other, when the eyes wax dim and fainter grows each breath,
Approaches its completion and awaits the Cap-stone—Death.
If mystic tools and implements and symbols pure and bright
Have served their holy purpose and have fashioned it aright—
The Temple of a Glorious Life stands finished and complete,
And in that Foreign Country with the Builder we shall meet.

The Temple of King Solomon completed 'neath their hands,
The Craft dispersed and wandered forth through earth's remotest lands;
They heard the Gavel echo and they saw the Trowel gleam
Amid Arabia's deserts and by Egypt's sacred stream.
They crossed the plains of Syria, the mountains of Judea,
In Asia and in India they were scattered far and near.

Within the silent wilderness and on the desert waste
The relics of their genius are amid the ruins traced;
They reared earth's grandest monuments, her temples and her fanes,
Alas ! 'neath Time's unsparing hand scarce one of them remains.
Before the Chaldee's vengeful ire the Temple was o'erthrown,
The gorgeous fabric sank to earth a shapeless mass of stone.

The Temple made of wood and stone may crumble and decay,
But there's a viewless fabric which shall never fade away;
Age after age each Mason strives to carry out the plan,
But still the work's unfinished which those ancient Three began.
None but immortal eyes may view, complete in all its parts,
The Temple formed of Living Stones, the structure made of hearts.

Although the Craft for centuries is often lost to view,
Within the darkest ages they were steadfast, firm and true;
Despite the dungeon and the rack, relentless bigots failed
To penetrate the mystery with which our truths were vailed.
Within the hidden caves of earth, secure from lurking foes,
The hallowed lights still burned undimmed, the clouds of incense rose.

'Neath every form of government, in every age and clime,
Amid the world's convulsions and the ghastly wrecks of time;
While empires rise in splendor and are conquered and o'erthrown,
And cities crumble in the dust, their very sites unknown,
Beneath the sunny smile of peace, the threatening frown of strife,
Lo ! Masonry has stood unmoved, with age renewed her life.

She claims her votaries in all climes, for none are under ban
Who place implicit trust in God and love their fellow-man;
The heart that shares another's woe beats just as warm and true
Within the breast of Christian, or Mohammedan or Jew.
She levels all distinctions. from the highest to the least—
The king must yield obedience to the peasant in the East.

When troubles come, as come they must, and fortune wears a frown,
The cruel world will shun a man the moment he is down;
Behold the Mason's hand outstretched, his eyes with tears are wet,
He'll lift him to his feet again, he is a brother yet.
The Mason finds, whate'er his lot, where'er his footsteps roam,
In every clime a brother, in every land a home.

Dear ladies ! though our rites are vailed. our secrets hid from view,
There is a cord within our hearts which binds us unto you;
Through husband, father, brother, you to us may be allied,
In sickness, trouble or distress, your wants be satisfied;
Should tempter with his arts assail, or danger's dread alarm,
As long as there's a Mason near you shall not suffer harm.

Though countless rites and mysteries have sought to sway mankind,
To make their impress on the heart, or captivate the mind;
Yet Masonry survives them all, the undistinguished crowd,
She saw them in their swaddling-clothes and in their burial shroud.
The new-born truths they fain would teach, and which they built upon,
Were scattered rays from Masonry—the blazing central sun.

Let those who rail at Secrecy, pray tell us what is Life,
The greatest mystery yet unsolved, although with theories rife.
Why God, the mighty builder, vails his purposes from view,
Why Nature teems with labyrinths we grope and wander through.
God's hallowed truths, to us revealed, the basis of our art,
Are hidden from the vulgar gaze and graven on the heart.

The Temple of the Universe, which God Himself hath made,
With what a grand Mosaic is its beauteous pavement laid !
Tall mountains with cloud-chapiters the fabric rests upon,
Roofed with the blue etherial sky, illumined by the sun,
'Mid songs of birds and murmuring streams, and thunders deep and loud,
The novice makes his progress from the cradle to the shroud.

What honored names on history's page, o'er whose brave deeds we pore,
Have knelt before our sacred shrine and trod the checkered floor !
Kings. princes, statesmen, heroes bards, who squared their actions true,
Between the Pillars of the Porch they pass in long review.
Oh, Brothers ! what a glorious thought for us to dwell upon;
The Mystic Tie which binds our hearts bound that of WASHINGTON.

Although our past achievements we with conscious pride review,
As long as there's Rough Ashlars, there is work for us to do.
We still must shape the Living Stones with instruments of love,
For that eternal Mansion in the Paradise above.
Toil as we've toiled in ages past to carry out the plan—
'Tis this: The *Fatherhood* of God, the *Brotherhood* of Man.

Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

NOVA SCOTIA.

The Grand Lodge met at Halifax, June 21. 15 Constituent Lodges were represented, and there are 17 on the roll. The Grand Lodge is in fraternal correspondence with forty different Grand bodies. The following officers were elected: Bro. Davies, G. M.; Bro. Sircom, D. G. M.; Bro. Briecken, Substitute G. M.; Bro. Williams, S. G. W.; Bro. Busby, J. G. W.; Bro. Mackinlay, G. T.; and Bro. Macdonald, G. Sec.

MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE.

MAINE.

The following was approved by the Grand Lodge at its late session:

The rule that requires candidates to apply to the Lodge nearest their *residence* in the same State, is founded upon the result of long experience, and is now universally acknowledged to be the *only correct rule*.

But it is often *exceedingly* difficult to determine the question of one's residence. It is not a *single, simple* fact, but frequently the legal result of a large number of facts, some pointing in one direction and some in another. In our judicial tribunals, this question is frequently ~~one of the most complicated that is ever~~ submitted to them.

But it is agreed both in *civil* and *Masonic* law, that, at any one time, a man can have but *one* residence.

When we determine where that residence is, we determine what Lodge has jurisdiction.

The law is plain, but difficulty consists in its application to particular cases.

A young man, just of age, leaves the paternal home in quest of employment. He obtains a situation, which he will retain a few months. Where is his residence? It is held that in such a case, the facts bearing upon the question being so nearly balanced, that something further is required to determine it—some act or declaration of the young man showing what his intention is. Accordingly, if he discovers that intention by some act such as paying taxes, or voting, it settles the question. It is sometimes said, that in such cases a person may *elect* which place he will claim as his residence. This is not *strictly*, though perhaps, *practically*, true. The act of voting, &c., is merely the evidence of his *intention*, which it is presumed has previously existed.

A man with a family may reside in one State, and do business in another; in such cases, no question arises as to the Masonic jurisdiction. An unmarried man can certainly do the same thing; there can be no question as to the Masonic jurisdiction in such a case; the only question in the latter case, as in the former, is as to the *real* residence; but in the former, the matter is easily decided, while in the latter it frequently is not.

But Lodges should be required, in all cases in which candidates, claiming to reside in this State, spend their time or the most of it in another, to inquire of the Lodge in the other jurisdiction as to their residence, and the existence of any facts tending to show that their residence is not as claimed by them.

It is a well settled principle of Masonic law that, after a man has been initiated, he cannot be tried or dealt with for any thing he has done when not a Mason, or on account of his character, provided it was or might have been known or ascertained upon due inquiry.

The foundation of Masonic discipline is unmasonic conduct, that is, conduct in violation of one's duties and obligations as a Mason. But those duties are not assumed, and the obligations are not incurred, until one becomes a Mason. How, then, can one violate obligations which he has never engaged to keep? How can one *not a Mason* be guilty of *unmasonic* conduct? He signs his petition and offers himself, *as he is*, as a candidate for our mysteries. We do not require him to state what his character is or has been, but take the responsibility of investigating that without his aid or knowledge. If we are deceived in him, we deceive ourselves; it is the result of our own want of sufficient care; he is not blameable for our failure to ascertain that he is not a fit candidate, if such is the fact. We do not inform him of what our standard is; but we assume to fix that for ourselves, and to determine for ourselves, whether he comes up to it. If *we* make a mistake, shall we therefore expel *him?*

But there is a modification of this rule. A compact into which one party has been induced to enter in consequence of the fraud of the other may justly be rescinded by the aggrieved party.

If any material statements in the petition are false and fraudulent, or are so carelessly made as to be deemed fraudulent if false; or if the candidate is interrogated by proper authority as to any facts essential in determining the question of his admission, he willfully deceives, or if without being interrogated he makes false assertions in relation to facts affecting his character, &c., with the expectation that they will be relied on, he certainly forfeits all claim to his character as a Mason, and may be expelled, *not for unmasonic conduct*, but because the fraternity choose to rescind the compact they were induced to enter into by his fraud.

After much thought upon the matter, we think, in order to lay the foundation in all cases for relieving ourselves of unworthy Masons, a new clause should be added to the petition, or a new preliminary question asked, in which the candidate should expressly declare that he knows of no reason why he is not a fit person to be made a Mason. We do not undertake to give the language we would have used, but merely to make the suggestion for the consideration of the Grand Lodge.

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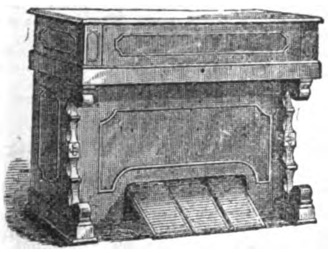

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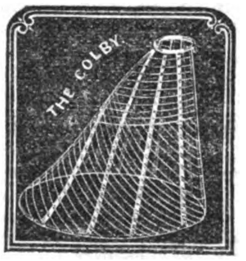

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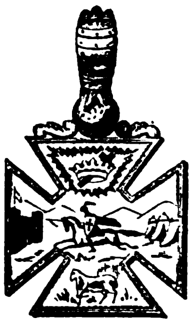

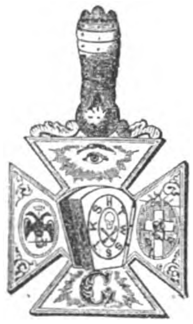

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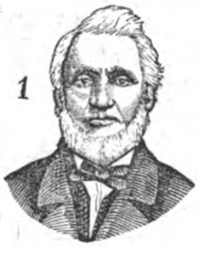

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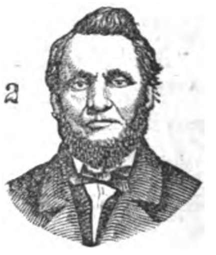

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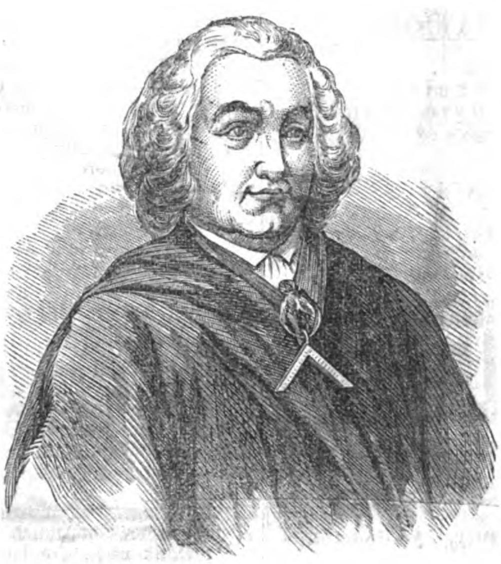


Peyton Randolph

PEYTON RANDOLPH, First President of the Continental Congress (really First President of the U. S.)—Last Provincial Grand Master of Va.—Second Grand Master-Martyr to American Liberty. (No 1.)

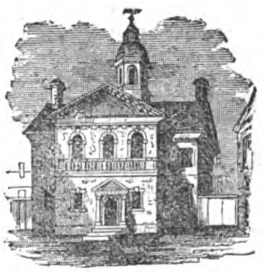
[The likeness is an original copy from Peale's Miniature, and was painted for Williamsburg Lodge.]

As we stated in our 23d No., Vol. VII., PEYTON RANDOLPH was a descendant of one of the oldest of the aristocratic families of Virginia who boasted of the royal blood of Powhattan in their veins. The letters extant from Rolfe to various parties about his marriage show that it was not a romantic but a veritable attachment that induced him to wed Pocahontas. The Church, the State and the Freemasonry of Virginia are mainly indebted to their issue for whatever have constituted their glory and their pride.

Peyton Randolph was born 1723, ten years before Gen. Washington.

According to the then prevailing custom, young Randolph was sent to England to be educated. He was graduated at Oxford with honor, and received the degree of Master of Arts. He commenced the study of law on his return home, and so rapid was his success in his profession, that he was made attorney-general of the colony of Virginia in 1756, when thirty-three years of age. At that time the French and Indian war was progressing, and the Indians, incited by the French, were desolating the Virginia frontier. Narratives of these outrages aroused the indignation of Mr. Randolph, and, collecting a hundred men, he led them to the borders of the Indian country, and taught the savages some terrible retributory lessons. Toward the close of that contest, Mr. Randolph was elected to a seat in the Virginia Legislature, and he often presided over that body. There his influence was very great, and as the storm of the Revolution came on apace, his voice was ever heard on the side of freedom, and he first suggested the appointment of a committee for *national correspondence*. He was appointed chairman thereof. Patrick Henry and Jefferson were on this committee.

Mr. Randolph, as we have said, was elected a delegate to the first Continental Congress, which assembled in Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, on the 5th of September, 1774. Charles Thomson recorded on that day: "The Congress proceeded to the choice of a President, when the Hon. Peyton Randolph, Esq., was unanimously elected." This vote made him really the *first President of the United States*, for then and there our Union had its birth. Of this body the Earl of Chatham thus spoke in the House of Lords:



CARPENTER'S HALL, PHILADELPHIA.

> I must declare and avow that, in all my reading and study of history—and it has been my favorite study—I have read Thucydides and have studied and admired the master States of the world—that for solidity of reasoning, force of sagacity and wisdom of conclusion, under such a complication of circumstances, no nation or body of men can stand in preference to the general Congress of Philadelphia.

This was called the first Continental Congress to distinguish it from the two Colonial Congresses, the one at Albany, 1754, and the other at New York, 1655.

He was again chosen President when another Congress met at the same place, in May following, but feeble health compelled him to resign the office fourteen days afterward, when John Hancock was chosen to fill his place. Mr. Randolph resumed his seat in Congress early in the following autumn; and on the 22d of October, 1775, he died at Philadelphia, from the effects of apoplexy, in the 53d year of his age.

The following are the names of the members of the first Continental Congress, who assembled at Carpenter's Hall, Philadelphia, on the 5th of September, 1774, and over which Peyton Randolph presided. Many of these were members of the second Congress, also, which assembled at the same place on the 10th of May, 1775:

New Hampshire.—John Sullivan, Nathaniel Folsom.
Massachusetts.—Thomas Cushing, Samuel Adams, John Adams, Robert Treat Paine.
Rhode Island and Providence Plantations.—Stephen Hopkins, Samuel Ward.
Connecticut.—Eliphalet Dyer, Roger Sherman, Silas Deane.
New York.—James Duane, John Jay, Isaac Low, John Alsop, William Floyd, Philip Livingston, Henry Wisner.
New Jersey.—James Kinsey, Stephen Crane, Wm. Livingston, Richard Smith, John De Hart.
Pennsylvania. — Joseph Galloway, John Morton, Charles Humphreys, Thomas Mifflin, Samuel Rhodes, Edward Biddle, George Ross, John Dickenson.
Delaware.—Cæsar Rodney, Thomas McKean, Geo. Read.
Maryland.—Robert Goldsborough, Samuel Chase, Thomas Johnson, Matthew Tilghman, William Paca.
Virginia.—Peyton Randolph, Richard Henry Lee, Geo. Washington, Patrick Henry, Richard Bland, Benjamin Harrison, Edmund Pendleton.
North Carolina.—William Hooper, Joseph Hughes, Richard Caswell.
South Carolina.—Henry Middleton, John Rutledge, Thomas Lynch, Christopher Gadsden, Edward Rutledge.

Peyton Randolph was a religious man, and an earnest Episcopalian. He was repeatedly elected vestryman of Williamsburg Burton Parish, and did much to establish the principle that vestries should elect their own rector, and the voluntary system by which congregations not only choose their ministers but support them without taxation by law. He resisted the blandishments of French philosophers so corrupting to Virginia youth and remained steadfast in his faith.

Mr. Atkinson, the grandfather of Bishop Atkinson, of Peyton Randolph says:

"A venerable man, whom I well know and love; an honest man; has knowledge, temper, experience, judgment—above all, integrity, a true Roman spirit. He, I find, is chairman. The choice will do honor to the judges, and the chairman will do honor to the choice."

[The Masonic career of Peyton Randolph will be given in another number.]

APPLICATION OF THE SQUARE.

BY BRO. SHILLABER, *alias* MRS. PARTINGTON.

When I first donned my apron and went out to work,
I vowed to myself that no labor I'd shirk—
My square I'd apply to a practical test
Of mankind at large—the bad and the best;
The level I'd use the finish to scan
Of that mighty fabric, the sovereign Man—
Or the sovereign Woman, just as it might be,
Whom I should on my mission professional see.

The first one I met was a millionaire proud,
Who turned up his nose at the low, vulgar crowd—
Who hadn't a pleasant or good natured word
For one of the common and hard-working herd;
So made up of money, he chinked as he trod,
A high priest of worship where Mammon was God!
He'd forgotten the time when he first came to town,
With the gait of a boor and the look of a clown—
One shirt in a bundle, tied on to a stick,
And his brogans of ox hide half an inch thick,
His hat of ram beaver, the wooly side out,
His coat of tan broadcloth, full seven-ply stout.
I tried on my square and the level—alas!
They revealed to my gaze the original ass,
And all of his money, and all of his power,
Couldn't hide the long ears of his young grazing hour.

I passed along further, and soon after saw
A mighty bigwig in the ways of the law—
Than Blackstone more wise, than Kent more profound,
Than Mansfield more just, than Story more sound;
The square I applied, and he shrunk to a rag
Not half the size of his faded green bag.

Next a merchant I met, with ships on the sea,
And a very great credit on 'change had he;
He had but to speak, and mills came to a stand,
And stocks tumbled down at a wave of his hand.
The square told the story—a griper for gain,
He cared for no brother's confusion or pain;
To pile up his coffers and add to his wealth
Was his governing thought in sickness or health—
His motto, *Get money*—as his pole star he set it—
Honestly?—yes—but at any rate, get it.

Next a philanthropist near by me strayed,
On a mission to save the lost and betrayed;
His heart seemed aglow with sensitive calls
That found their way there through drear prison walls;
Who'd beg for the poor like a stentor all day,
And whose step was an index where misery lay.
The square I put on, and straightway descried,
That though proper without 'twas not well inside—
That amid all the snivel there was too much of self,
And love of his kind mixed with love of the pelf.

I saw a great doctor, as grave as the bird
Whose classical claim to wisdom we've heard,
His head so busied with Hygeian laws
That he didn't know half of the time where he was.
I put on my square—gracious heavens, the fall!
He sunk down at once to nothing at all.
A pair of old saddle bags only remained
And a few empty bottles that drugs had contained!
(I'll just mention here, to avoid any fuss,
The doctor I mean doesn't practice with us.)

A politician, loud for his cause
(A Republican-Democrat I think he was—
Who had brawled through the land for many a year
To prove that he loved his country *so* dear)—
Next crossed my path—and I put on the square—
When, presto! the change that was manifest there!
The patriot vanished, and there in his stead
Was a poor famished figure in blue, white and red.
I lifted the end of the singular pall,
And hope for an office I found under all.

And thus I went on my course, here and there,
Applying to all the mystical square.
There were some stood the test, though, good men and true,
But like angel visits they were far-twixt and few,
There were parsons and editors, schoolmen and drones,
There were soldiers and poets, and students and crones,
And good work were they whom the square would let pass,
As an ashlar hewn, mid the 'glomerate mass.

On the head of a fop my square I once tried,
But there was not a thing in it, so I let it slide.

The last that I tried was a popular belle,
Whose dimensions the compasses never could tell;
A rod for a guess their diameter through,
And flounced to the waist in manner most new.
Men marked her approach as she drifted their way
As they might a cart load of runaway hay.
My square I applied—excuse me, don't ask
What I found, the result of my delicate task;
But if you insist—'t was a *skeleton* form,
From which had escaped all attributes warm.

But after all this, to myself then said I,
Suppose on yourself the measure you try.
So said, so I acted—when straightway the test
Showed me warped and deformed far worse than the rest!
There were crooks of passion and bunches of sin,
And the line of plain duty wired out and wired in.
Then I this moral formed from my mystical square,
We must take all men pretty much as they are!

So I still keep my square and still try the test,
And live on and love on and hope for the best.

PROGRESS.

Steadily, steadily, step by step,
Up the venturous builders go,
Carefully placing stone on stone;
Thus the loftiest temples grow.

Patiently, patiently, day by day,
The artist toils at his task away;
Touching it here and tinting it there,
Giving it ever, with infinite care,
A line more soft or a hue more fair;
Till, little by little, the picture grows,
And at last the cold, dead canvas glows
With life, and beauty, and forms of grace,
That evermore in the world have place.

Thus with the poet, hour after hour
He listens to catch the fairy chimes
That ring in his soul; though with magic power
He weaves their melody into rhymes.
Slowly, carefully, word by word.
Line by line, and thought by thought,
He fastens the golden tissue of song,
And thus are immortal anthems wrought.

Every wise observer knows,
Every watchful gazer sees,
Nothing grand or beautiful grows
Save by gradual, slow degrees;
Ye who toil with a purpose high,
And fondly the proud result await,
Murmur not, as the hours go by,
That the season is long, the harvest late.

Remember that brotherhood, strong and true,
Builders, and artists, and bards sublime,
Who lived in the past and worked like you,
Worked and waited a wearisome time—
Dark, and cheerless, and long *their* night,
Yet they patiently at their task begun;
Till, lo! through the clouds broke the morning light
Which shines on the soul when *success* is won!

ASPIRATION AND DUTY.

Oh, what is earth to those who long
For higher, holier, nobler things?
I'd soar aloft on burning song
Amidst the rush of spirit wings!

But hush, proud heart! while here below,
At duty's call fulfill thy fate,
And humbly, onward, upward go—
So shalt thou enter heaven's gate!

THE WIDOW'S STORY.

BY BRO. S. C. COFFINBURY, GRAND MASTER, MICHIGAN.

"How I do despise that old man!" said Mrs. Wheeler, addressing Mrs. Wilson, and looking after Judge Withrow, who had just passed along the sidewalk under the window.

"Despise him!" said Mrs. Wilson, giving a peculiar emphasis to the pronoun *him*.

"Yes, *him*. Why not?"

"Rather let me ask why, Mrs. Wheeler."

"Well," returned Mrs. Wheeler, "I can scarcely say why; but the other day, when the sewing circle was held at my house, he became the subject of conversation, by passing along the sidewalk, as he has just this minute done, with that same straight, haughty dignity, and unbending self-pride so peculiar to him, and we all agreed that he was a grouty, proud old aristocrat, and that he cared for no one but himself."

"Of course you could read his thoughts and tell who he cared for, and for whom he did not," said Mrs. Wilson, ironically. "But pray tell me," continued she, "did any one know a single thing that could detract from his character as a moral, a noble-minded, and a humane man?"

"Well, yes," replied Mrs. Wheeler. "Harriet Smith said she had called upon him one day, last winter, with a subscription soliciting a little aid to our sewing circle, and he evasively told her that when he wished to dispense benefits he would prefer not to sound a trumpet before him. Now, *don't* you think that was very impudent, to say the least of it?"

"I wish," replied Mrs. Wilson, her voice trembling with emotion, "I had been here to defend the good old man."

"Why, what do you mean?" inquired Mrs. Wheeler, in surprise.

"I mean to give honor where honor is due, and to rebuke such injustice to one of the best and noblest of men. I can well bear witness that he does not sound a trumpet before him when he goes to do good."

"You surprise me still more. He is not, certainly, in any way connected with your husband's family?" said Mrs. Wheeler, dropping her *crotchet-work* into her lap, and looking inquiringly into Mrs. Wilson's face.

"No; he is no family connection of his, nor mine."

"When and where, then, did you become acquainted with him? I did not suppose that you had even spoken to him, much less did I suppose he was an intimate personal friend."

"Nor is he. He has never spoken to me, nor I to him."

"Do you know that he is a Freemason, Mrs. Wilson?"

"Yes, I do."

"How is it possible, then, that you can speak well of him, knowing him to be a Freemason? Why defend a black-hearted Mason?"

"Mrs. Wheeler, I will tell you why, and after I have told you, if you do not love the dear old man, you are not as good a woman as I have always given you credit for being."

"Love *him!* Mrs. Wilson? No, I shall never even respect a Freemason, much less love one."

"I think none the less of him on that account, though I confess that I can remember when my blood ran cold at the name of *Freemason;* but it is different now; I love the very word. To Judge Withrow I owe a debt of gratitude that nothing short of love can cancel."

"For what do you owe him gratitude?"

"For peace of mind, for a home, for bread for my orphan children, for plenty, and, to crown all, for one of the best, the noblest of husbands."

"Mrs. Wilson," said Mrs. Wheeler, "pray *do* explain yourself."

"I will. You know that Mr. Clark, my first husband, was without means, and, in fact, very poor. He bought a lot in the suburbs of the village, and built a small house on it, which was not yet finished when he died. He had no means except such as resulted from his daily labor, which, through the most scrupulous economy, enabled him to pay for the lot and the building, as far as it was completed. After his death I fully realized the responsibility of my position. An inexperienced widow, with two little children to provide for, the elder but five years old, the winter approaching, and no provision for our subsistence. The only resource left me to provide my children with bread was to take in sewing and washing. There was so much competition in this line of business in our little village that I could not get employment for one-half of my time. The consequence was that the first December storm caught me without fuel or food. I had not a friend or an acquaintance in the country. We had been but a short time in the State, and had made no acquaintances. I had not a relative in the world but the uncle who had reared me, and he was very old and indigent, and was not within a thousand miles of me.

"On the 10th day of December I had been two days without food. I had husbanded a few potatoes, the product of our little garden, for my starving children. Oh, Mrs. Wheeler!" continued Mrs. Wilson, "you do not know the pangs of hunger, nor do you know the still deeper pangs and withering anguish that the cry of one's offspring for bread sends to the heart of the mother, when she has no bread to give. Alas! I do; too well do I.

"On the morning of the 10th of December I divided the last morsel I had left between my two little ones, and put the last chips on the fire, of a boxful which I had gathered the day before, when the snow commenced to fall. Without having eaten anything for two days, I went out through the snow-storm to the grove, where I found some sticks and brush; with these I started homeward. I had not gone far till I saw Judge Withrow, at a distance behind me, making his way toward the village. I then regarded him as a proud old man, who cared for no one but himself. Embarrassed at my situation, I hid behind an old barn until he passed. I had every reason to suppose that, if he knew me at all, he must dislike me, for my husband had abused him. My husband was a warm anti-Mason. His zeal had led him, on one occasion, and that, too, but a short time before his decease, to ridicule the institution of Masonry in the presence of Judge Withrow. This had no other effect than to produce a smile from the old man. My husband, as he informed me, became exasperated at his coolness, and reproached the good old man as a Mason. He treated him very unkindly, and, from what he informed me, must have allowed his feelings to betray him into very imprudent and abusive language, to which the poor old man made no reply.

"I went home with my sticks and limbs, borrowed a loaf of bread from Mrs. Lisle, and, after a day of grief and despair, went to bed at dark.

"The next morning, upon rising, I found upon the floor, under a broken pane in the window, a sealed letter. It contained a twenty dollar bank note, and ran thus: 'Poor woman, keep a stout heart, and an upright life. The virtuous have nothing to fear, though they may be poor. The poor have nothing to fear if they are upright. This is your money, and there is more in store for the widow and the fatherless in the hour of need.'

"I could scarcely believe my own senses. I wept with joy, and laughed like a maniac, until I startled my children with the vehemence of my joy.

"A little longer, and this munificence would have been too late, for I was near the famishing point. I had began to writhe under the 'hunger-pain' I had heard of as indicating the last suffering of fainting mortality among the 'famishing paupers of Ireland.'

"Ah! Mrs. Wheeler, fancy a scorpion gnawing at the heart-strings; fancy coals of fire applied to the naked flesh! No, no, you cannot. It is only those who have felt Death's cold fingers stealing along their pulses, and his chill, damp breath fanning their cheeks, that can know the pangs of starvation.

"Of the source of this gratuity, and the kind, the comforting, the blessed words which the letter contained, I could not form the remotest apprehension. But there they were. I was happy.

"From that day forward, the same blessed handwriting, accompanied by a like donation, and a few brief words of encouragement, periodically found its way through the broken pane of my window; but the kind hand that fed the widow and orphan was still unknown to me. From that day neither I nor my little ones wanted anything.

"The spring came, and the price of flour arose to eleven dollars per barrel, and was very scarce in the market. I would not, in fact, I could not, indulge in the luxury of wheat bread at such a price, and used Indian meal instead of flour, altogether.

"One day my little girl came running through the gate, shouting, at the top of her voice, 'O. ma, I've got a piece of wheat bread, I've got a piece of wheat bread!' Just as she entered the gate Judge Withrow passed along. I was overwhelmed with mortification, for I knew he must have heard what the child said.

"The night following, about twelve o'clock, I was alarmed by a noise at the gate. I stole softly to my chamber window, and, concealing myself behind the curtains, looked out. The moon was at the full, and her pure silver light rendered objects almost as distinct as the noonday sun. What was my surprise on seeing old Judge Withrow at the gate, straining every nerve to ease down a barrel from a wheelbarrow! What could it mean? I could not be mistaken in the person, although his back was toward me. At last, but with considerable noise, he succeeded in letting the barrel down to the ground, which, from the manner in which he handled it, appeared to be filled with some heavy substance. Panting with the exertion, the old man bared his head, and, fanning himself with his hat, turned his face in the direction of the window, where I stood concealed. There he stood, the Good Samaritan, for nearly a minute, the moonlight falling full upon his broad forehead and flushed face, and giving a silvery brilliancy to his white hair as it yielded in fitful flutterings to the motions of his hat, with which he fanned fresh currents of air into his face. Laying his hat upon the wheelbarrow, he softly opened the gate. He rolled the barrel to the gate, and then commenced another struggle to raise it over the threshold. His effort was unsuccessful; the barrel rolled back. After some time thus spent in vain, the poor old man arose from his labor, and, wiping the perspiration from his forehead with his pocket-handkerchief, he again stood some time. After several fruitless efforts, he at last succeeded, and rolled the barrel along the grassy door-yard, till he got out of my sight. Shortly afterwards I heard it rolling on the floor of the little stoop, in the rear of the house. He soon reappeared, and, taking a paper from his pocket, he stole softly up to the window, and threw it in at the broken pane. He then shut the gate, and, taking his wheelbarrow, started toward his home. I watched him as he retired, till his form in the moonlight, as seen through the tears that filled my eyes, seemed to dissolve into a halo of sparkling gems of light.

"I could sleep no more that night. After some time I went below, and found the note under the broken pane. It was in the same plain handwriting, and ran thus: 'There is bread for the widow and the orphans. They shall not want. Be of good cheer.'

"In the morning I found a barrel of flour on my porch. The secret was out as to whose was the kind hand that had been supporting me and my babes, when there was no eye to bear witness save that All-Seeing Eye which is ever awake to take note of such goodness.

"But, Mrs. Wheeler," continued Mrs. Wilson, "you can never know the anguish of my mind on discovering my benefactor. I reproached myself severely, as I reflected, and called to mind with what bitter feeling, almost amounting to hatred, I had regarded the dear old man. While such feelings were rankling in my breast, no doubt he was devising plans to supply the orphan with bread, in secret, in obedience to that divine direction: 'Let not thy left hand know what thy right doeth.'"

"My dear Mrs. Wilson," said Mrs. Wheeler, her eyes suffused with tears, "I shall never forgive myself for thus having misjudged this good old man. Indeed, how people will talk about those whose merits they cannot know."

"Think of it, only think of it, Mrs. Wheeler," continued Mrs. Wilson, "only think of my children being fed by the man who had been called 'proud old aristocrat, black-hearted *Freemason.*' by their father. He had been told by my husband, the parent of my little ones, that he was no better than a murderer—that he would not believe him or any other Mason under oath; still he had money for the wife and bread for the offspring of the man who had thus insulted him."

"It was noble in him. Many a man having seen you gathering sticks, would never have given you a second thought," said Mrs. Wheeler.

"Yes; and when my child came screaming with joy that she got a piece of wheat bread, how readily his benevolent soul interpreted her joy, and traced it to its true cause. With what a thrill it must have appealed to his great heart to have led him to penetrate my situation from so slight a circumstance! This shows how diligently his heart keeps vigil for suffering humanity while on his mission of mercy. I could stoop down and kiss the dust off his feet. Mrs. Wheeler, tell the sewing circle that God will bless Judge Withrow, notwithstanding their decision to the contrary."

"Thus was I supplied till Mr. Wilson and I were married. Since then I have been a rich man's wife. I am proud to own that my present husband is a Freemason. When he sued for my hand, I told him that I would remain a widow or marry a Freemason, and that, until he became a member of the Order, his suit must prove unavailing. He then told me that he had long been a Mason, and that he was indebted to that circumstance for his acquaintance with me, as it was in the Lodge he had first heard my name mentioned by Judge Withrow, whose eloquent pleadings for the widow and orphans had directed his attention and, ultimately, his affections toward me. And in this manner I learned that I and my children had long been objects of the especial care and solicitude of the Lodge."

"I will never say another word against the Freemasons again," said Mrs. Wheeler; "and I will persuade my husband to join the Lodge, if he is not afraid that the Church might reprehend such a step. You almost make me love old Judge Withrow."

"Well you may," said Mrs. Wilson. "But little does he need our love; he has the brave, manly love of the strong hearts of his brethren, over whom he presides. They idolize him. They love him with an affection surpassing woman's love. Their love is an offering to the truth of his noble soul; their love is that homage which true hearts pour out upon the shrine of purity and goodness. His is that fame among his brethren which, like his own good deeds, is not the less glorious from being earned and enjoyed in secret, and not the less pure from not having floated on the breath of the babbling multitude—not the less dazzling from being locked up as precious gems in the faithful bosoms of his brethren."

Tears are the baptism of humanity.

ADELE.

"She is beautiful!"

"Pshaw! Clarence, you did not see her, she is quite ordinary looking; but she wears her hair in such a bold manner that it cannot but attract attention."

"I saw her full in the face; such eyes, such lovely skin I never saw before in my life. Her hair is worn as nature intended it to be worn—unconfined and curling. But you have not yet told me who she is."

"Well, then, Mr. Clarence Hope, the most fastidious and aristocratic of bachelors, know that the paragon you just met with—such eyes, such skin, such curling hair—was none other than Adele Graham, my dressmaker."

"Adele Graham!" repeated Clarence Hope, thoughtfully; "I have heard that name before, surely," he added. "She is not the daughter of John Graham, who, when I visited Clinton, years ago, was a wealthy banker?"

"The same. Then Adele was a mere child, and attended the academy; but when she was about fifteen, her father failed, and soon after died. Mrs. Graham struggled along for some time, but being a delicate woman she could do but little, and so Adele went to the city and learned the dressmaker's trade, and returned here about a year ago and opened an establishment of her own. Of course, all her old friends patronize her, and treat her kindly; but you know it would be impossible to receive her in society, and thus ends your romance."

"Not at all. I see no reason why it should end here. Adele Graham is from a good family—probably far better connected than many who patronize her, but fail to socialize with her. I knew her father well—a noble man—and I shall endeavor to cultivate his daughter's acquaintance."

"Now, Clarence, for mercy's sake, don't get such ridiculous notions in your head, or you will bring down upon you the ridicule of our entire set."

"Bah!" was all the reply Clarence condescended to make to his cousin's piece of advice, as he lighted a cigar and commenced pacing up and down the porch.

Clarence Hope was a bachelor—a tall, handsome man of about thirty. He had just returned from a European tour, and being decidedly wealthy, was considered a great catch. He had come to Clinton to visit his dead mother's only sister, Mrs. May, a widow, the mother of Nellie May, one of the prettiest and vainest girls in Clinton.

Nellie was more annoyed than she was willing to admit, to think that her handsome cousin, of whom she had so often spoken in terms of the highest commendation to the members of "her set," should be attracted by poor Adele Graham, the dressmaker.

Clarence passed up and down the porch for half an hour or more, puffing away on his cigar and watching the smoke wreaths curl fantastically above his head, then lose themselves in the honeysuckle vines that clambered up the white trellis pillars.

"Clarence, come here," called Nellie, from the library. Clarence threw aside his cigar and entered the library. Nellie sat before her writing table, holding in her hand a bit of paper on which was written a long list of names.

"There, now, I have completed the list, and I want you to write me the invitations for my party."

"Read me the list."

Nellie read over the names of fifty of her dear friends.

"I did not hear the name of Adele Graham. Do you not intend to invite her?"

"By no means. What would Hattie Arnold and Julia Gill say to see Adele Graham, our dressmaker, at a party of mine? Indeed, this idea is too ridiculous for anything."

"Very well—just as you please; but if the daughter of my old friend, John Graham, is not invited, I must also decline the honor of being present," said Clarence, in a tone of the utmost indifference.

Nellie bit her lip with vexation. It would never do to fail having cousin Clarence present, for she was giving the party solely to introduce him into the society of Clinton, and, yet how in the world could she ever brook the mortification of having Adele Graham, the dressmaker, there! She knew there would be no use in arguing the matter with her cousin; he was determined, and would not give up; so she had to yield, and the invitation was written and sent with the others.

The evening of the party at length arrived. Adele was at first reluctant to come; she could not understand why she was invited to this party after being neglected so many years; but her mother urged her so strongly to accept, that she brought out from its hiding place in the closet her old white muslin, and spent several hours in fitting and doing it up to wear. And when she put the last touches to her toilet and stood before her mother, Mrs. Graham said:

"You never looked better in your life, Adele. Here, let me fasten this rose and a few geranium leaves in your hair."

And she plucked the single tea rose that was blooming on the little bush in the china flower pot that stood by the sitting room window.

The parlors were tastefully hung with green, and the long French windows, opening on porches and lawns, were thrown wide open, and a perfect flood of light streamed out and lighted up the tastefully laid out grounds.

Nellie May was radiant in a perfect cloud of rose-colored tarleton, and by her side stood Clarence Hope, to whom she introduced her guests as she received them.

An hour passed by and all the invited guests had arrived. Many a glance of surprise and haughty pride was cast upon Adele Graham, as she moved gracefully through the rooms, apparently unconscious of the remarks her presence occasioned.

Julia Gill, a haughty, imperious beauty, the daughter of a retired merchant, rushed up to Nellie, exclaiming:

"Well, Nell, what in the world possessed you to invite that Adele Graham to your party? You know she is not in society."

"I know it," replied Nellie, blushing; "but my cousin insisted upon it, because her father happened to be known to him years ago, and he could not be convinced that there was any difference between Adele the dressmaker, and Adele the banker's daughter."

"I'll put a flea in his ear," said the haughty beauty, tossing back her curls with well affected grace.

Adele Graham, as she hung upon the arm of Clarence Hope, and promenaded through the spacious halls and parlors, was a pretty picture of innocence and enjoyment. Many an envious glance was bestowed on Adele, and many an unkind epithet more than whispered as the evening passed by, and Clarence, still lingering at her side, apparently oblivious to the beauty and grace around him striving to attract his attention and favor. That evening, when he bade Adele good night at her mother's door, he said:

"Miss Graham, I am about to claim the privilege of calling to see you often during my stay in Clinton. Your father was an esteemed friend of mine, and his daughter and widow must be the same."

"I am sure my mother will be happy to welcome you at any time," replied Adele. And they parted for the night.

When Clarence returned to his aunt's, he found his cousin Nellie in a fit of the pouts.

"Heyday—what's the matter here?" he said, as he flung himself into an easy chair.

"Matter enough, I should think. The party has been an utter failure. You have spoiled everything by your exclusive attention to that vulgar dressmaker. Then, all the girls came out in new dresses, and did their best to attract your attention, and draw from you one approving smile, but you were blind to every one and everything but that Adele Graham."

"And why not? What do I care for a set of chattering fools like Julia Gill and her followers? I tell you, Nellie, Adele Graham has more sense than the whole of them put together, and you would do well to cultivate her acquaintance, for her friendship is something of which any sensible woman may be proud."

So saying he arose and left the room, and Nellie burst into a flood of tears. To think that he, the cousin of whom she was so proud, and of whom she had boasted so much, should call her friends "a set of chattering fools." It was too much, and poor Nellie went to a sleepless pillow that night.

Six weeks flew by, and during that time Clarence Hope was a frequent visitor at Mrs. Graham's cottage, and almost daily Adele and he might be seen riding and walking together.

At length Madame Rumor said that they were engaged, and the giddy girls who had tried in vain to attract his attention cooly wondered what he saw in Adele Graham, their dressmaker, to admire; but they treated Adele with increased attention and courtesy. If she was really to be the wife of wealthy Mr. Hope it would not do to slight her.

At length Adele gave up work. She was too busy, she said, to accommodate her old customers, and then they were satisfied that their conjectures were true. Nor were they wrong. Three months after Nellie May's party, Clarence Hope and Adele Graham were married, quietly and without display, and after rather an extended wedding tour, they returned to Clinton and took up their abode in the stately mansion that had been the home of Adele before her father's failure and death, which, with some difficulty, had been purchased.

Adele Graham was not, however, a penniless bride, as many at first supposed her, for a few days after the party, she became the possessor of a handsome fortune by the death of a distant and almost unknown relative. This she kept to herself until the day of her marriage, for she wanted fully to test the depth of Clarence Hope's love. And when it became known in Clinton that Adele had a fortune in her own right beside the handsome fortune of her husband, all wondered at her eccentricity, and by redoubled efforts of attention endeavored to wipe out the memory of past neglect. But Adele was happy, and cared little for the attention and flattery showered upon her. She loved her husband, and the days glided by freighted with joys and sunshine.

Sir Archibald Alison—The Great Historian.

We add to our very full account the following gleanings (from our British cotemporary) of this truly great man and Mason, so that the readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON may have the most complete biography of the late Sir A. Alison:

The Glasgow Kilwinning Lodge (No 4), on the roll of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, has the honor of being his mother Lodge, he having been admitted a member of it in the year 1837, and through all the years that followed his initiation he never forgot his early allegiance, and to the end cherished a strong attachment for it. He was unanimously elected Prov. G. Master of Glasgow in the year 1847. He was duly installed at a special meeting of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, held in Glasgow, on Tuesday, the 1st of June. The Most Worshipful Grand Master alluded to the proceedings at a *pro re nata* meeting of the Grand Lodge, held in Edinburgh the day previous and announced to the assembled brethren "That the office of Prov. G. M. of Glasgow had then been conferred on Bro. Sir Archibald Alison, the historian of Europe." His Grace said that "it afforded him great pleasure to present that distinguished brother with his commission, and personally to install him him into office." The ceremony was then proceeded with, after which the Prov. G. M. returned thanks to the Grand Master and Grand Lodge for the high honor conferred upon him, and assured the brethren of his anxious wish to promote the best interests of Freemasonry in the province now entrusted to his management.

The first great public occasion on which Bro. Sir Archibald Alison appeared was at the laying of the foundation stone of the Barony Parish Poor House, with Masonic honors, when he officiated with much ability. There were present to witness the ceremony a large concourse of the brethren, and an immense multitude of spectators, and the effect on the whole was grand and imposing. The learned brother, at the close of the proceedings, delivered an able, eloquent and appropriate address, breathing the true Masonic spirit in reference to such institutions as they had been called upon that day to consecrate. An event, that cannot be overlooked in this sketch, was the laying of the foundation stone of the Victoria Bridge, Glasgow, in the year 1851, under the auspices of the Grand Lodge of Scotland. His Grace the Duke of Athole, the Grand Master of Scotland, supported by the Grand Lodge, performed the ceremony, Bro. Sir A. Alison, acting G. S. *pro tempore.* It is worthy of remark that the greatest muster of Lodges which ever rallied together at one time, under the banners of the Grand Lodge, took place on this occasion. The procession had a very imposing appearance; the members who took part in it being computed at between 6,000 and 7,000. In the evening a Masonic Festival was held in the Trades Hall, under the auspices of the P. G. Lodge, at which the Grand Master, accompanied by the Grand Office Bearers, was present. The attendance was very numerous, and comprised deputations from thirty-two out of the seventy-two Lodges, which had taken part in the brilliant pageant of the day. On the 18th January, 1856, a brilliant assembly of the craft took place under the auspices of the P. G. Lodge, and the presidency of Bro. Sir Archibald Alison. About 450 of the brethren were present. The proceedings were of the most harmonious and pleasant description, and the Prov. Grand Master in the course of the evening made several speeches of a loyal, patriotic and Masonic character. On Thursday, 31st July, 1856, the foundation stones of the Court Houses, the Market Houses, and Railway Station of the town of Airdrie were laid with Masonic honors. Bro. Sir Archibald Alison officiated at the former of these, with the accustomed ceremonies. At the conclusion of the proceedings he addressed the assembled multitude, and in the course of his remarks observed, "As a Freemason he experienced a feeling of gratification in beholding the universal feeling of sympathy, of concord, and of Christian charity, which he knew animated that great assembly. He would tell them how there could be no civil disputes between man and man. That would be the case only when all the world embraced the principles of Freemasonry, or those principles which teach justice, love, mercy, and to walk humbly with God; and whoever did that would never be involved in civil broils, nor be brought to the bar of criminal justice." On the evening of the same day he presided at a dinner given in honor of the occasion by the Provost, Magistrates and Town Council, and the Monklands Railway Directors.

In the following year, July, 1859, he laid the foundation stone of the Court House at Wisha, with full Masonic honors. The next occasion of importance on which he appeared was at the Funeral Lodge held by the Lodge Glasgow, Kilwinning, No. 4, *in memoriam* of the late Bro. John Pringle Nichol, LL.D., Professor of Astronomy in the University of Glasgow, and P. M. of that Lodge, at which meeting he presided. The sentiments he then expressed in the oration which he delivered, on the virtues and greatness of the deceased, are painfully recalled by us, at the present time, even on the eve of our paying a like tribute to his own memory. On occasions private, as well as public, our departed brother was ever ready to lend his aid; and in the social gathering, as well as in the discharge of public duties, he displayed the same noble spirit of self-sacrifice, and the same ardent desire for the happiness of those by whom he was surrounded. Actuated by such feelings, he readily acceded to the request of the St. Mark's Lodge, No. 102, of which he was at that time W. M., to preside at their annual festival, which was held on the 24th of April, 1860, and on that occasion he discharged the duties in a very felicitous manner, and by his condescending and gentlemanly deportment, and happy humor, promoted the utmost concord and harmony. In December of the same year he took part in the consecration of the Athole Lodge, No. 413, and at the close of the ceremony he was affiliated as the first honorary member of that Lodge. On Monday, the 24th June, 1861, on the five hundred and forty-seventh anniversary of the battle of Bannockburn, the foundation stone of the Wallace monument was laid with full Masonic honors by the M. W. G. Master. In the procession Bro. Sir Archibald Alison headed the representatives of the Prov. G. Lodge of Glasgow. The brethren present amounted to nearly five thousand. Our Prov. G. Master delivered an eloquent and highly patriotic address, rich in historical allusions, and unbounded in its praise of Scottish enterprise, Scottish valor, and Scottish patriotism. The address throughout was loudly and enthusiastically cheered. In the year 1861 Bro. Sir Archibald Alison laid the foundation stones of Hamilton and Rutherglen, then in the course of erection.

The next event in the series calls for a more lengthened notice, and refers to the lamented death of the Duke of Athole, Grand Master Mason of Scotland, which took place on the 16th January, 1864, in memory of whom the Prov. G. Lodge of Glasgow held a funeral lodge, one of the most solemn and imposing of the many that were held throughout Scotland. The Lodge was held on this occasion in the City Hall, which was thronged with the brethren of Glasgow and the adjoining districts, who showed the greatest desire to pay their last mark of respect to the departed, and betokened sincere grief for the loss they had sustained.

The next event takes us to the close of the year 1864, when he presided at the consecration of the Glasgow Lodge, No. 441. In the course of his address to the brethren he said: "It is with the greatest pleasure that I see the progress of Freemasonry in this city. This is the eighth Lodge which it has been my good fortune to consecrate since you did me the honor to place me in my present position, and I believe there is no city, not excepting the capital of the empire, which can boast of a similar increase of Freemasonry within the same period. It is pleasant to think that the increase of Masons in the eastern quarter of this city has produced the demand for this Lodge, in order to enable the citizens residing here to meet together in social enjoyment under the principles of Freemasonry, and to cultivate those principles of harmony, benevolence, and universal charity under which we are united."

In the year 1865 he laid the foundation stone of a new School and Hall at Renfrew. Last year he appeared at the quarterly communication of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, and proposed, in an able speech, Bro. Colonel Campbell, of Blythswood, as Prov. G. Master for Renfrewshire East; and at the close of the year he laid the foundation stone of the New Bank at Govan. To the very last, it thus appears, he was fully alive to the importance of the high position he occupied in the Masonic world, and was diligent in the discharge of every duty which that position necessarily entailed upon him. He was justly revered when living in the west of Scotland, and his death is universally lamented. In token of the esteem in which he was held by the brethren, six hundred of their number mustered in mournful procession at his funeral. He was the beau ideal of a good Mason, inasmuch as he was the patron of every good and useful work—the protector of the craft, and the expositor of its noble principles.

Objects of Templar Interest—Nine Pious Knights—De Molay.

BY BRO. GARDNER, OF MASS.

The Temple of Solomon, the Mount of Olives over against the city, the Garden of Gethsemane, the Judgment Hall of Caiaphas, the sacred Mount of Calvary, and the Tomb of Joseph, became objects of interest to the dwellers in the furthermost parts of the world. Pilgrims from remoter regions than ever before again flocked to this distant city. The Psalms of David were again chanted by these weary travelers when they first caught view of the sacred city, as did the pilgrim Jews ages before, mingled with such hymns as the Breviary contains.

> "Jerusalem, thou city blest,
> Dear vision of celestial rest,
> Which far above the starry sky,
> Piled up with living stones on high,
> Art, as a Bride, encircled bright,
> With million angel forms of light."

The Jerusalem of David's conception, to the Christian pilgrim became the prophecy of the New Jerusalem to which he aspired; and he repaired to these holy places, rendered sacred in his sight, to kindle anew his love and zeal, and enable him to secure an entrance into those mansions of peace in the city of his God.

Beyond this, went the superstition of the times so far that these holy shrines and relics were believed to possess miraculous power to heal the sick and even pardon sin. So, from all parts of Christendom, flocked pilgrims to the Holy Land; to the Jerusalem where once the Saviour of the world sojourned, and where so ignominiously He perished. Vast numbers of all ranks and both sexes, clergy as well as laity, annually repaired to the tomb of Christ.

In process of time danger to these pilgrims became imminent, as the Holy Land was in a disturbed and unquiet state. The Egyptians on the one side, and the Turks on the other; the Arab tribes, with their usual predatory habits, infesting the whole country with hostile excursions; the Mussulman, and the disaffections between the Syrians and the Latins, combined to expose the pilgrim to numerous dangers. Peril beset him at the port at which he landed. New perils awaited him on the banks of the Jordan, or when he went to pluck his branch of consecrated palm in the gardens of Jericho.

In consequence of these dangers and difficulties, nine pious Knights formed themselves into an association, combining the characters of the monk and the knight, and at the tomb of the Saviour made a solemn vow to devote themselves to a life of chastity and piety, and with their swords to protect pilgrims on their visit to the Holy Land. The patriarch and the king approved of their course, and they were assigned places of abode near the Temple, and hence styled themselves Soldiery of the Temple, Templars and Knight Templars. The novelty of this plan excited considerable attention; for in the Eastern Church any alliance between the religious and the warlike had been discouraged. St. Basil, one of the Grecian patriarchs, had established a canon, directing that he who had slain an enemy in battle should abstain during three years from partaking of the holy sacraments.

It is related that as a priest of a little town in Cilicia was one day saying mass, a band of Saracens burst into the town and began to plunder it. Without waiting to take off his priestly vestments, he seized an instrument made use of at the altar, and, flying among the infidels, plied his weapon with such force as to compel them to flee, and so saved the town. The gallant priest received as a reward for these services a censure from his superior; his voice was silenced; and in other respects he was so ill treated that he threw off his robes and joined the Saracens, where his martial and energetic creed and manly sentiments were better appreciated—so little did religion and the deeds of arms accord in the minds of the members of the Eastern Church. The religion of the West was martial; and hence the Order of the Temple, the only task of whose members was that of fighting against the infidels, was held in high estimation throughout Europe. Zealous, devotional, religious and warlike, courageous, valiant and magnanimous, these Knights of the Temple early attracted the attention of the Church of Rome; and they received such grants and emoluments that no Order of Knighthood became so rich and powerful. From being the poorest, they became the most opulent Order in Europe; and their power, influence and vast possessions excited the envy of kings and emperors. They were connected with the noblest families in the various realms in which they were established, and were generally disliked for the excessive pride and arrogance which, it is said, they assumed. In the wars of the Crusades, for the recovery of Jerusalem from the possession of the infidels, these Knights of the Temple fought valiantly, and they became renowned throughout Christendom for their invincible courage and for their deeds of valor. Peaceful times returning, they became scattered over Europe. To this day their temples and houses still exist, as monuments of an Order which, above all others, has made its mark in history. Finally, the most outrageous charges were made against the Knights in France; and the Emperor Philippe le Bel, with the complicity of the Pope of Rome, put to death the Grand Master De Molay, and other distinguished and influential Knights of the Order. This example was, in effect, followed throughout Europe; and the proud Order was extinguished, its vast properties confiscated, and its Knights executed or expatriated. It is a well known historic fact, that about the time of the suppression of the Order of the Temple the Knights were in some way allied with the institution of Masonry.

Alexander Sutherland, in his work entitled "Achievements of the Knights of Malta," says: "De Molay, anticipating martyrdom, named a successor to the Grand Mastership; and the succession has been maintained regularly and uninterruptedly to the present day. * * The order is still in vigorous existence in the chief cities of Europe; but the modern Templars affect no titular rank. Their bond of union is, like that of the Freemasons, mystical, and unrecognized as that of a legalized fraternity."

Archdeacon Mant says: "These Knights were all Freemasons; from some of the Syrian Christians they received their initiation; and no one was admitted into the Templars' Society before he had been prepared by reception into Masonry. * * * The fact is undisputed; and, indeed, the Templars have been accused of Masonry, and Masons taunted with their descent from the Knights." Other authorities might be quoted to the same point. In England and in Ireland they were known to be allied with Masons as "Masonic Templars;" and in Scotland they connected themselves as early as 1560 with a Lodge of Freemasons at Stirling, which was patronized by King James. Well known traditions among Masons point to the city of Jerusalem as the birth-place of their organization. It is contended that in the days of King Solomon Masonry first had its existence, and that its first labor was in the erection of that celebrated Temple at Jerusalem, which has excited the wonder and admiration of the world. It is, therefore, a fact worthy to be noted, that these two Orders, that of Masonry and that of the Temple, both of which, it is claimed, had their origin in the city of Jerusalem, entered into a mutual alliance of friendship which has not been broken.

Thus, to Masons and to Templars, the city of Jerusalem is endeared by a thousand ties; and its name has a significance to them which cannot easily be forgotten. There Masons first practiced their rights and ceremonies, long before the prophetic announcement of the Prince of Peace, that not one stone should be left standing upon another of that Temple which they had assisted in building. There the Templars first organized themselves to protect poor and weary pilgrims on their journey to the Holy Land; and before its walls many of that heroic Order laid down their lives, valiantly fighting for its restoration to Christian rule.

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The Social Character of Masonry.

Masonry recognizes the gregarious disposition of mankind. The principles of our institution refer, one and all, to the social nature, duty and privilige of our race. Leave this out and the manual, the ritual, &c., of Masonry have no fitness. The work of Masonry must all be done by an union of effort. It is so that a Lodge is opened and closed, an application considered, and the degrees conferred. In short, nothing can be done in our society without an union of two or three or more.

It is from this circumstance, practically considered, that so much power is given to each Mason to effect, for good or evil, the entire mass. It is in the power of every Lodge to injure all the Lodges, by receiving unworthy material, communicating improper instruction, neglecting to enlighten its members, improperly dimitting its members, incautiousness in dealing with profanes, disgraceful exposure of its proceedings, &c., &c. It is in the power of every member to injure all the members, by misconduct of every sort. And so, looking to the other and the brighter side, each Lodge and each member is blessed with the privilege of shedding luster upon the whole body, and performing actions that shall redound to the general good fame of Freemasonry.

This line of thought leads us to the natural conclusion that, every brother is Masonically bound to take a personal interest in the investigation of the evils that threaten our institution, the consideration of a fitting and available remedy, and the inquiry as to what personal part he, the aforesaid individual, can take in applying it.

Nothing is so likely to bring the old Craft back to its moorings as sound and abundant Masonic literature.

The Masonic Enthusiast, Bro. Orloff.

In every moral and religious society, those who exhibit a clear appreciation of its purposes, and conscientiously fulfill its obligations, are termed, by their more phlegmatic companions, *enthusiasts*. The term implies a reproach, or, at the best, a sarcasm. In religious matters, the man who acts strictly agreeable to the principles of his creed is styled an enthusiast, and, in Masonry, the same low estimate is expressed of those who really *practice* what they *profess*. Thus the non-performers, all the world over, excuse themselves for neglect of duty by ridiculing the *performers*. The following sketch is given to illustrate this singular phase of human nature.

Bro. P. P. Orloff was a man of uncommon physical energy and great conscientiousness. The former gave him the nervous ability to *perform*, the latter the soul to *contrive*. In every society to which he had been attached he had been noted for a prudent and thorough examination of the groundwork and principles upon which it was founded, and for the thoroughness of his practice. As a Christian, for instance, he was devoted to his creed, and ever ready to explain, justify and defend it. As a temperance advocate, he was fearless and untiring. Finally, when, after years of careful reading and oral examination of Masonic brethren upon matters relative to their craft, he signed a petition to Record Lodge "to be made a Mason," he entered upon the work as a lifetime affair, to be pursued with conscientiousness and ardor to its promised results.

In all his Masonic life, short and brilliant as it was, he acted the *rôle* of an enthusiast, according to the description of the term upon which we set out. He acquired in perfection the lectures and the work, the drill and drama of each degree prior to advancement, and was known as the first person in Record Lodge who refused to "go on" until he "felt his ground firm under him." He was troublesome to Bro. Coldpegg, the Master, whose Teutonic phlegm could poorly brook so much inquisitiveness concerning matters of which he (Bro. C.) had never inquired, and his patience gave way more than once or twice under the infliction. He was an annoyance to the other officers, as insisting upon frequent and exact definitions of their duties from those worthy but unenlightened officials. He was a thorn in the side of his fellow-members, especially those known as *Old Pap Duberny* and *Long Jim Fallcover*, whose indulgences were too open for disguise, and called down the speedy condemnation of the ingenuous brother. His enthusiasm was much sneered at by dimitted Masons generally, who predicted, amidst great expectation, around Blue's barroom, that "he wouldn't hold out six months;" and even the Grand Lecturer, Shinney, who had been "struck," to use his own vernacular, by Bro. Orloff's queries upon Masonic matters, tried to chill the enthusiastic neophyte by the prophecy, "You'll get tired of them subjix 'fore I come 'round agin!"

And yet Bro. Orloff was perfectly sensible in all his doings. "He had paid," he said, "his thirty dollars, and he wanted his money's worth." "He had taken upon himself," he said, "numerous and weighty engagements, and he wanted to know exactly their extent and their bearing." "He had entered an association," he said, "which professed to have a history and an ancestry of its own, and he wanted to learn with some precision what that history and that ancestry were." "He had acquired," he said, "certain privileges, and he wished those privileges defined, that he might enjoy and not transcend them." "He was required," he said, "to take a part in the dramatic exercises of the Lodge, and he wanted to learn those exercises according to the original forms, so that he might fill his part with credit." If this was *madness*, there was *method* in it.

The sneers of some, the ridicule of others, and the general want of encouragement, had little or no effect upon Bro. Orloff. His mind was too self-reliant, his motives too lofty, the springs of his action too pure, to permit the coldness and opposition of careless men to deter him from going steadily forward in what he conceived to be the pathway of duty. In that walk he trod until he came to his grave. If a brother erred against the Masonic covenant, he warned him — not noisily nor publicly, but quietly and surely. If the brother erred again, he warned him again. If the brother erred the third time, he took with him one, or two, or three brothers of the Lodge as witnesses, and warned him solemnly and rebuked him plainly. If this was ineffectual, the next step was the discipline of the Lodge.

If a distressed object came in his way, Bro. Orloff remembered the symbolical instruction so forcibly impressed upon him, and contributed as liberally to his relief as he could do without inconvenience to himself, at the same time enlisting the benevolence of those around him.

If a controversy arose between brethren, he tenderly offered his mediation. This was not always successful. More than once he involved himself in difficulties by this generous act, but the fact was no bar to his making the same proffer again when occasion required it. He was known and usually blessed as one of those "who shall be called the children of God."

We have said that he encountered the sneers and opposition of many. True; but he won the admiration and the respect of all! Strange contradiction, yet true as strange—his fellow-members doted upon him, boasted of him when out of his hearing, and placed and kept him in the highest Masonic stations at their command, from the time when he had wielded the mystical trowel but three months to the day of his death. He was almost idolized by them, and when he had journeyed across the dark river, and gone out of their sight, they applied to the Grand Lodge for permission to change the former name of their Lodge, and adopt his in its place.

The truth is, his enthusiasm had enkindled every spark of Masonic life in the breasts of the brethren. That there is a fascination in this sort of moral philosophy styled *Freemasonry* is seen in the admiration whispered by its perfect exemplification. Bro. Orloff proved to those around him that there is a reality in it, and when he died he left a void never filled. His remains were accompanied to the grave by a vast concourse, and the inscription upon his tombstone tells a tale rarely told (with truth) by chisel on monumental stones.

An Old Editor's Prattle.

Prattle the Second.

Editors National Freemason:

As you gave my first "screed" in your excellent journal of June 1, I will overhaul my pile of notes lying in the "waste drawer" of Secretary's desk (Latinity Lodge, No. 805) and make you up another.

One night the Deacon got up with his countenance all aglow, and pointing his palsied old forefinger at the "Golden G that names the Sacred Name" (as brother Morris has it), he held it there for five minutes in silence. The day had been election day, that sacred anniversary when all our people, including a few of the "white-aproned brotherhood" (as Bro. Morris has it), feel authorized to drink and swear *ad libitum et ad infinitum* (as the Latin grammer has it). The heart of the old Deacon had been made sick by the ghastly expletives that rendered the day hideous around the polls. Ah! Messrs. Editors, we often pray that God may *hear us;* ought we not oftener to pray that he may *not* hear us? I thought so while listening to the swearing match between Judge Haggard (whose father happened to be a Democrat) and Captain Snowgood (whose father happened to be an "old line Whig," whatever that means), and whose inherited politics rendered them diabolically opposed to each other. Every limb, every member used either in locomotion, lifting or propagation, every organ whereby knowledge reaches the human brain, the capillary substance that covers the skull, the nails that harden the finger-ends and toe-ends, all underwent a series of anathemas in that swearing match between Judge Haggard and Captain Snowgood. Then, as if it was not enough to consign a man's physical parts to an endless fiery and horrible perdition, those incorruptible politicians began on the immortal soul of each other, and being evidently believers in the doctrine of eternal punishment they made short work of it, locating that for which Jesus Christ died in the deepest and hottest part of Tophet. The whole affair had passed under the Deacon's supervision, who had vainly attempted to stop the torrents that ran like cesspools from the foul lips of those miserable brutes.

I left him standing in the Lodge pointing for five minutes in silence to the Golden G in in the East. Then he began, and the words he said were good words:

"Ye have heard that it hath been said by them of old time, Thou shalt not forswear thyself, but shalt perform unto the Lord thine oaths;

"But I say unto you, swear not at all; neither by heaven, for it is God's throne;

"Nor by the earth, for it is his footstool; neither by Jerusalem, for it is the city of the great king;

"Neither shalt thou swear by thy head, because thou canst not make one hair white or black.

"But let your communication be yea, yea, nay, nay; for whatsoever is more than these cometh of evil."

"Surely, my dear brethren, we all know that no Freemason can be guilty of profanity without breaking his obligations. The By-Laws of our Lodge forbid it. The Constitution of the Grand Lodge forbids it. The Monitor forbids it. The Holy Bible forbids it. God Almighty forbids it in such tremendous prohibitions as these: 'Ye shall not swear by any name falsely, neither shalt thou profane the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless who taketh his name in vain.' As one of our recent poets says:

'We must not take the mystic Name,
The Holy Name in vain;
God will not hold him guiltless
Who dares that word profane;
But let our trust be all in Him,
True fount of Mason's faith,
From our first entrance in the Lodge,
Till we be down in death.'

"In early days I was intimately acquainted with that eccentric ecclesiastic, Lorenzo Dow. He always used to call on me when passing through this town, and many's the pair of my shoes I have forced him to put on when he came barefooted to my house; my feet happened to be the same size with his. He would (here the Deacon rambled off into a long dissertation as to the style and quality of Dow's preaching, which hasn't an iota of Masonic application, and I skip it. He got back in the main line with this capital anecdote):

"Dow was walking one day to fill a preaching appointment, and alongside of him one of our Lodge members, a man badly addicted to swearing. The latter happened to fall over something, hurt himself, and then hurt his immortal soul with a horrid oath. I do think that a Freemason who will thus inexcusably (here the Deacon rambled again, but after awhile returned to the subject).

"As soon as Dow heard the accursed words he stopped as if horrified at the sound. Then in a tone as solemn as death, for his tones were capable of great variation, he asked the erring brother to step with him behind a tree. This done, he took the blasphemer on the five points of fellowship, and gave him a lengthy, earnest and eloquent warning against profane swearing, following it up by a prayer made in his own gifted spirit right into the right ear of the blasphemer. By the time he had disengaged himself and past on towards his appointment, the erring brother was as one struck by lightning. He laid down by the tree that had concealed the two men from passers-by, and long mused over that singular experience. It was enough. He never uttered another oath. In fact he told me twenty years afterwards that if he should do so vile a thing he would expect the very ghost of old Lorenzo to rise before him and threaten him!"

The story was highly relished by most of our Lodge. In fact whenever the Deacon could be got on to the subject of Masonic reminiscences he always developed a mine of pure gold which none better appreciated than his fellow-members. Then he told us a story about somebody wearing the letter G as a breastpin. It seems that the party was a young man who had inherited the emblem from his father, a minister. The youth was addicted to "the inexcusable vice" (as brother Morris terms it), and one night going home from a party where he had both drank and blasphemed he was led to notice his breastpin, which seemed to glare through the darkness. This alarmed him, but how much more was he frightened when, the next morning, he found that the mysterious jewelry had burned a hole through his shirt bosom exactly in its own shape (the letter G), and had made on his left breast a faint impression of the same! Whether the old Deacon himself really believed this story I cannot say. But he told it with all the gravity of a Pythagoras, and it made such an impression on some of our boys that I saw Nebuchadnezzar Hickox, who wears a a letter G and swears, furtively look down in his bosom, and then slyly take the pin off and drop it into his vest pocket. Ere long you shall have more of the "Prattles," if you like.

Interesting Forms of Prayer—Knights of Malta.

In "Parkes' Library of the English Fathers" are two forms—one of prayer and one of thanksgiving—for the delivery of the Island of Malta from the Turk. They are found in full on pp. 519 to 535, in the volume of Liturgical Services of Queen Elizabeth, title as follows:

1565. A Forme to be vsed in Common praier every Wednesdaie and Fridaie, within the citie and Dioces of Sarum: to excite al godly people to praie vnto God for the delivery of those Christians that are now inuaded by the Turke. London: Jhon Waley, n. d. Quarto.

1565. A Short Forme of Thankesgeuving to God for the delyuerie of the Isle of *Malta* from the invasion and long siege thereof by the great armie of the Turkes, both by sea and lande, and for sundry other victories lately obtained by the Christians against the saide Turkes, to be vsed in the Common praire within the province of of Canturburie, on Sundayes, Wednesdaies and Fridaies, for the space of six weekes next ensuinge the receipt hereof.

Set forthe by the Most Reverend Father in God, Matthew, by Goddes Prouidence, Archebyshop of Canterburie, Primate of All Englande, and Metropolitane. London: Wyllyam Seres, 1565.

There is still one other form of 1566 of same tenor.

1566. A Fourme to be used in Common Prayer every Sunday, Wednesday and Fryday throughout the whole Realme: to excite and stirre all godly people to pray vnto God for the preseruation of those Christians and their Countreys that are nowe inuaded by the Turke in Hungary or elsewhere.

Set foorth by the Most Reuerende father in God, Mathewe, Archbyshop of Canterbury, by the aucthoritie of the Queen's Maiestie. Jugge and Cawood.

St. John's Day Celebrated at Sea by Craftsmen.

At Sea, S. S. Arizona, *June* 25, 1867.

Dear National Freemason:

We dont forget you upon sea or land, and send you the following:

The passage on board our good steamer, bound for Aspinwall, was enlivened last evening by a meeting novel to many of us and interesting to all. The Ancient and Honorable Order of Freemasons assembled to celebrate St. John's Day. The meeting was called to order and opened by prayer, according to Masonic rites, by Purser Ellis, acting as Grand Master, who alluded in an eloquent speech to the fact of their being met together far away from land, out on the trackless sea, to celebrate the virtues and deeds of St. John, who instructed them "to do unto others as we would have them do unto us." That while their brothers on shore were celebrating one of the most remarkable events that had ever happened to their body, that those of the brotherhood now present had met in the same good cause and were not unmindful of the bonds of sympathy and good feeling, one towards another, which united them together, and that in after time, when they had separated and gone to their different Lodges, that there they might speak of it with pride, that on this day they had not been negligent of their duties.

After the singing of one of the Masonic songs, in which all present, both passengers and Masons, joined, an interesting history of the origin and objects of Freemasonry was read by Mr. Owens, a brother Mason from England, who stated that he had devoted much time to the Lodge in his early days, and took a deep interest in all connected with the welfare of the fraternity. He traced the Order far back to the distant ages of the past, showing conclusively how the buildings of "old times" were constructed according to Masonic principles, such as the Tower of Babel, of which he gave a detailed account, and the Temple of Solomon, claiming that Solomon was very high up in the Order. That in all countries and nations there existed some of the principles which distinguish their body. Practical and Speculative Masonry were the two great branches, but both had in view the same grand fundamental objects—good will and kindly feeling one to another. After mentioning the singular fact that Masons never committed any of their ceremonies and rites to paper, and alluding to the peculiar circumstances under which they had assembled, Mr. Owens concluded by commending all to the kind Providence who cares for every one, and that if they should not be permitted all again to meet in Lodges here below, they might all meet in the Grand Lodge above, and hear the joyful sentence, "Well done, good and faithful servant, enter thou into the joy of thy Lord."

Benediction was pronounced by the Acting G. M., after which the meeting adjourned to a social repast, to which the ladies lent the charm of their smiles. The greatest good feeling prevailed, and numerous toasts were proposed and drank. All expressed themselves highly gratified with the ceremonies they had witnessed, and wished success to the honorable body of Masons, who number among their members many of our most illustrious heroes and patriots of all ages and countries. Yours, &c., W. C. B.

A Higher Standard of Masonic Morality.

The Grand Lodge of Maine, at its last session, sustained the action of a Lodge in the following:

The case of ——, expelled from Somerset Lodge, No. 35, on the charge of unmasonic conduct "*in not laboring honestly for his livelihood,*" and because "*his habits of indolence are a reproach to the Lodge and its members,*" is somewhat novel. Your committee, however, having carefully examined the report of the case, and bearing in mind the plain teachings of our venerable institution upon this point, fully indorse the action of the Lodge in this matter, and recommend the imitation of their example to any other Lodges who may be suffering from the presence of "drones in the hive of nature."

Family Circle.

THE COUNTRY COUPLE.

Do you remember, Mary, dear,
As you pass through the porch,
A good old country couple in
The first pew of the church?

He walks on crutches as he comes
Adown the dusty way;
She wears a queer old bonnet, he
A coat of homespun gray.

She always brings with her a sprig
Of lavender or sage;
They read the church responses in
The broken tone of age.

'Tis said their early life was like
Some strange and wild romance;
His heart the eagle's courage shared,
His eye the eagle's glance.

And she—ah! who could dream it now?
Was beautiful and fair;
With radiant eyes, and ruby lips,
And sunny waves of hair.

She stood amid the maiden throng,
The lovely and the good,
As 'mid the beauties of the east,
The Jewish Esther stood.

They loved as few e'er love on earth—
You smile and look away;
You're thinking of her bonnet, and
His coat of homespun gray.

They loved as few e'er love on earth,
With undivided heart;
But there are spirits stern and cold—
And they were forced to part.

The maiden sighed for him she loved,
And grew as slight, as pale,
As beautiful as shadows make
The lily of the vale.

She sighed by day, and wept by night—
You should not be so gay;
You're thinking of her bonnet, and
His coat of homespun gray.

But, one night, when the flowery bells
Swung on each airy stalk,
A form, as noiseless as the breeze,
Passed down the garden walk—

Passed down the garden walk—but paused
Before the open gate;
She knew who, 'mid the linden-trees,
Had promised he would wait.

They hastened through the dewy fields,
And, with the rising sun,
A bridal ring gleamed on her hand—
Those two fond hearts were one!

They have known joys and griefs since first
They were so wildly wed;
The cherished forms God gave them, all
Are numbered with the dead.

And now they live alone, and watch
The swift years glide away;
She wears that queer old bonnet, he
That coat of homespun gray.

And sometimes, as I watch them in
Their wide, old-fashioned pew,
I think how time will deal with me—
How it may deal with you.

A few short years, and we no more
Shall thus be young and gay;
You'll wear some queer old bonnet, I
Some coat of homespun gray.

But, oh! whatever trials come,
Whatever sorrows fall,
Though grace and joy with youth depart,
Yet love shall live through all.

A NAME.

"*Let us make a name, lest we be scattered abroad.*"—Genesis, xi., 4.

Make to thyself a name,
Not with a breath of clay,
Which, like a broken, hollow reed,
Doth sigh itself away;
Not with the fame that vaunts
The tyrant on his throne,
And hurls its stigma on the soul
That God vouchsafes to own.

Make to thyself a name,
Not such as wealth can weave,
Whose warp is but a thread of gold
That dazzles to deceive;
Not with the tints of love
Form out its letters fair—
That scroll within thy hand shall fade,
Like him who placed it there.

Make to thyself a name,
Not in the sculptured aisle,
The marble oft betrays its trust,
Like Egypt's lofty pile;
But ask of Him who quell'd
Of death the victor-strife,
To write it on the blood-bought page
Of everlasting life.

Execution of Domestic Animals for Murder.—According to the Roman law, if a man was hurt by a tame animal, as by a vicious horse or a dangerous bull, the owner afforded satisfaction by the surrender of the animal. The same rule extended to a man's slave, and also to his son, both of whom were regarded by the Roman law as his chattels. The Burgundian mediæval law enacted that where one tame animal was hurt by another, the offending animal was to be surrendered. It was a mediæval practice in Germany and Scandinavia to hang wolves and dogs with a criminal, as a symbolical mark of disgrace, and as an aggravation of his punishment. Saxo Grammaticus states that the association of wolves at the hanging of the criminal was an ancient punishment for paricide; and in Germany the custom of hanging dogs with the sufferer was particularly applied to the unfortunate Jews. Bororius, a Papal Nuncio at the Court of Hungary, in the sixteenth century, wrote and published a treatise to prove that animals are rational, and that they make a better use of their reason than man. In this work he states that it was customary in Africa to rucify lions, in order to deter them from entering towns; and he had himself seen two wolves hung from a gibbet in the forest between Cologne and Juliers, as an example to other wolves. The Roman custom of annually crucifying dogs on account of their failure to give the alarm when the capital was scaled by the Gauls, must be considered as a commemorative, not a penal infliction. It may be observed that animals, though conscious of the idea of danger—without which they would not preserve their lives—are destitute of the idea of death; and that the infliction of death upon one animal would not operate by way of example upon another animal. The same remark may indeed be extended to all punishments inflicted upon animals. A whipping administered to one dog is no warning to another dog. All punishments of animals must, in order to be operative, be individual; and hence the capital punishment of an animal is an absurdity, because it extinguishes the life of the only animal upon which the punishment can operate.

A Funny Dog Story.—When the war in Italy commenced, the Zouaves embarked for Genoa; but as they were going on board the ship, they saw a formal order forbidding the entrance of all dogs upon the vessel. As they were very much attached to their dogs, they were stricken with grief. It was not easy to deceive the sharp lookout kept by the intendant, for every soldier advanced along the narrow gangway, one by one, as their names were called. Necessity is the mother of invention. The drummers unscrewed their drums, and the best dogs of the regiment were concealed in the drums, which were screwed up again. When regiments embark no music is played, but on this occasion the colonel determined there should be music. He ordered the trumpets and drums to take the head of the column, and to play a lively tune. The faces of the drummers—every one of whom had a dog in his drum—may be conceived.

The trumpets sounded; the drums were all silent. The colonel bawled to know why the drums did not beat. There was but one thing to do, and that was to beat. The moment the drums began to beat innumerable dogs began to howl and to bay, to the astonishment of everybody but the Zouaves. Everybody looked right, left, backward, forward—no sign of a dog anywhere, and yet the more the drummers beat the more the dogs howled. At last a spaniel fell out of a drum, rolled over and over on the ground, got up and took to his heels, howling louder than ever. Roars of laughter greeted this explanation of the mysterious howls. The intendants ordered the drummers to advance on board one by one, and to roll the drums as they came. If a barking was heard, the drum was unscrewed, and the dog put ashore. Only one dog got on board; this was Touton, who kept quiet through all the rolling. It need not be said the 3d Zouaves adore Touton. He made his entry into Paris at their head.—*Paris Letter.*

The Wind and the Sun.—A dispute once arose between the wind and the sun which was the stronger of the two, and they agreed to put the point upon this issue, that whichever soonest made a traveler take off his cloak, should be accounted the most powerful. The wind began and blew with all his might and main a blast, cold and fierce as a Thracian storm; but the stronger he blew, the closer the traveler wrapped his cloak around him, and the tighter he grasped it with his hands. Then broke out the sun; with his welcome beams he dispersed the vapor and the cold; the traveler felt the genial warmth, and as the sun shone brighter and brighter, he sat down, overpowered with the heat, and cast his cloak on the ground.

Thus the sun was declared the conqueror; and it has ever been deemed that persuasion is better than force, and that the sunshine of a kind and gentle manner will sooner lay open a man's heart than all the threatenings and force of blustering authority.

Early Impressions.—I think we may assert that in a hundred men there are more than ninety who are what they are, good or bad, useful or pernicious to society, from the instruction they have received. It is on education that depends the great difference observable among them. The least and most imperceptible impressions received in our infancy have consequences very important and of long duration. It is with these first impressions, as with a river, whose waters we can easily turn by different canals in quite opposite courses; so that from the insensible direction the stream receives as its source, it takes different directions, and at last arrives at places far distant from each other; and with the same facility we may, I think, turn the minds of children to what direction we please.—*Locke.*

Witnesses Three.—Shortly before he died, Patrick Henry, laying his hand on the Bible, said:

"Here is a book worth more than all others, yet it is my sad misfortune never to have read it, until lately, with proper attention."

With voice and gesture pertinent, and all his own, John Randolph said:

"A terrible proof of our deep depravity is, that we can relish and remember anything better than the Book."

When the shades of death were gathering around Sir Walter Scott, he said to the watcher, "Bring the Book."

"What book?" asked Lockhart, his son-in-law.

"There is but one Book," said the dying man.

Kind Words, Good Deeds, and Evidences of Progress.

The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals has erected fountains for thirsty man and beast at their sole cost, at the junction of Fifth avenue and Broadway, the junction of Broadway and Fourth avenue, the junction of Maiden Lane and Liberty street, the junction of Houston and Second streets, the junction of Canal and West streets, the junction of Grand and East Broadway, south end of Bowling-green, Hudson and Christopher streets.

Be Civil.—"My young friend," said a gentleman on horseback one day to a lad who was standing near a well, "will you do me the favor to draw a pail of water for my horse, as I find it rather difficult to get off?"

Instead of giving a gruff reply, as many a boy would do, the boy drew the water and gave it to the horse. His manner was so pleasant and cheerful that the stranger, delighted with his spirit, asked his name and residence, and then, after thanking him, rode on.

The good natured lad thought no more of this act of civility, until some months later he received a letter from the gentleman, offering him a clerkship in his store. The offer was accepted. The lad prospered, and finally became chief magistrate of a large city.

Thus you see that little act of civility to a stranger was the first round in the ladder which that boy climbed to honor and wealth. Now I do not say that civility will always lead to such honor, but I do say that it always raises its possessor in the opinions of others, and in his own self-respect. Be civil, therefore, boys and girls. Civility is an ornament you should all possess.

Pre-eminent among Rivals.

During the past three or four years we have used three different modifications of the most celebrated Sewing Machines in our family, and while either of them was of value when in good running order, yet the knowledge and trouble required to keep them in that condition almost completely neutralized all the benefit derived. This was more especially the case when the apparatus had remained unemployed for a week or two; thus it was usually neglected, and recourse had to hand sewing. Meeting with the Willcox & Gibbs machine a few months since, and being induced to give it a trial, the result proved entirely different from previous experience, and we soon found that it stood pre-eminent among its rivals for simplicity in construction, ease in operating, and efficiency in the work performed with it. In fact, it can be readily operated by the youngest member of the family, and is always in working condition; and we find, that instead of being a constant source of anxiety and expense, *our* Sewing Machine is a promoter of comfort and economy in the domestic circle.—*N. Y. Express.*

The National Freemason,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, JULY 20, 1867.

R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S., Editor.

John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

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∴

If any brother has paid an agent, and has not received the paper, let him send the receipt to this office, or a copy of it, or reasonable evidence that he has paid for the paper, and to whom he has paid, and he will be certain to have the National Freemason, although we may lose the money.

Brethren should promptly advise us of their changes of residence.

∴

Charles K. Latour is no longer one of the agents of the National Freemason.

Premiums.

The great and unprecedented success of the National Freemason induces its publishers to offer ample inducements to the craft for large lists.

The following is not designed to interfere with terms above; but some prefer this method of being compensated for their labor. Lodges thus have an opportunity to furnish their officers and rooms:

Parlor and Lodge Organs and Melodeons.

For 50 subscribers, at $4 each, an organ of any New York manufacturer, worth	$ 50
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" 100 " "	100
" 125 " "	125
" 150 " "	150
" 175 " "	175

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For 50 subscribers, at $4 each, we will give a Willcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine, ornamental iron stand, with drawer and lock, Hemmer, Feller and Braider, at manufacturers' price, or one of any New York manufacture (boxed and ready for shipping), worth	$56
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For five subscribers, at $4, Oliver's Landmarks, 2 vols., octavo, $5.

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In this proportion for any Masonic work in the New York market.

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For 50 subscribers, at $4 each, 10 Velvet Collars, properly trimmed, for either Lodge or Chapter, worth $50.

For 45 subscribers, 10 Masonic Ribbon Collars and 10 Lodge Jewels, heavily plated, engraved in same style as pure silver, worth $45.

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For 50 subscribers, 10 Officers' Aprons, stamped in gold, with jewel of office, trimmed with silk, $50.

For 6 subscribers, 1 M. Mason Dress Apron, ornamented with Masonic devices in blue and gold, with silver Masonic tassels, worth $6.

For 12 subscribers, a Gold Pen.

For 50 subscribers, a Gold Watch and Chain, for lady or gentleman.

We will deliver the articles at our rooms, 432 Broome Street, second story, or send the books by mail, stamps having been furnished. If the article is to be boxed, the expense must be prepaid by the person sending for it.

One copy will be sent free also to each person making up a club of seven or more.

A Proverb of Grand Master King Solomon.—There is a Lion in the way.

This maxim is taken from the mouth of a slothful man, as his common and favorite form of apology for neglecting the duties he ought to perform. In undertaking any task, he proceeds but little before he discovers some insuperable obstacle, perhaps an imaginary one, or some plausible pretense. He says, *there is a lion in the way;* that is, some formidable barrier, exciting terror and forbidding progress and success. It is only in the fancy, and the object is but a fancied shadow of some fierce opposer. Such is the offspring of idleness, that folly which is justly deserving rebuke, though it be in the form of sarcasm or ridicule, which is "a most effectual shaft when directed by a wise and skillful hand."

Thus does our eminent Grand Master teach us that nothing of importance is accomplished without energy of character, and decision, resolution and firmness of soul. As of labor so of courage, it overcomes all things. No enterprising brother is apt to work up in the imagination so frightful an object as that which this proverb implies. But especially should we deprecate an idle drone, with so foolish an apology, in the service of Freemasonry, where must be brought into requisition all the virtuous energies of the whole man, to serve God and his brother.

The late action of the Grand Lodge of Maine (see another column) concerning Masonic loafers is a step in the right direction.

Exposition at Paris.

Twenty-seven Lodges of France have united upon the following programme during the Exposition:

July 22.—Initiation to the first degree.

July 23.—Philosophical session. Liberty from a Masonic point of view. Regard for human life. Peace as an instrument of emancipation and progress.

July 24.—Initiation to the second degree.

July 25.—Philosophical session. The part of Masonry in the questions of education and instruction.

July 26.—Initiation to the third degree and Funeral Rites.

July 27.—Philosophical session. Of human solidarity. Of co-operative and associated work.

July 28, Sunday.—Masonry in the family. Protective and adoptive rites for the benefit of general Masonic orphanage.

These sessions will be held at 37, Street of Grenelle, Saint Honore. Masonic strangers and visitors are cordially invited to be present and assist.

◆

At a social gathering a few evenings ago, at the residence of Dr. Hodges, at Princeton, N. J., in honor of our friend and brother, Hon. Mr. Dawson, of Georgia, there were present 42 descendants of signers of the Declaration of Independence. Dr. Hodge's first wife was a granddaughter of Benjamin Franklin.

◆

Sixty copies of the Corwin number, Sept. 8, 1866, of the National Freemason, wanted to complete sets. Ten cents each and postage will be paid for them.

The Chapter Troubles of the District.

We do not propose to make the National Freemason an organ of either party, but will insert *temperate, impersonal* articles from the friends or opponents of the Grand Chapter. We do not desire to stifle discussion or prevent the facts being known, but we do desire to promote "peace and good will."

We ask both parties to seek "peace," pray for "peace," and make "peaceful" overtures. They are all brethren, and will remain brethren. The separation will be healed, and unity and union and harmony will be restored. If this war should continue ten years, peace will ensue in just one way. Why should it not come at once? Why should it be delayed an hour? Why not determine this question now as it will be determined in the end?

Let the late adjustment of the A. A. A. R. difficulties be a warning and a lesson.

"Above all things, have fervent *charity.*" This is the great want in all our Masonic estrangements.

[The edict of the General Grand High Priest just received—too late for this number.]

A Day with an English Knight of the 17th Century.

At the commencement of the 17th century the whole family of the English Knight *was roused at daybreak. They were next assembled to prayers,* which were read by the family chaplain. Then came a generous breakfast, after which the Knight and his sons got into the saddle and rode off with their attendants to hunt the deer, after their "leisurely fashion," or administered justice to the country folks and relief to the oppressed; whilst the lady and her daughters superintended the dairy and buttery, gave out the day's task for the spinning wheels, and *the bread and meat to the poor at the gate,* or *made up all manner of medicines for their sickly neighbors,* and confections and preserves for themselves. Then came spinning and sewing or the embroidery of some everlasting piece of work, sufficient to employ several generations. At noon dinner was served in the great hall, whose walls were hung with stag's horns, casques, brands and calivers, or still older bows, the bell which summoned the family proclaiming also a general invitation to all within hearing; after dinner sack and home-brewed October filled up the time till sunset, when all *retired to an early repose.* When the weather prevented their going out of doors, a variety of games or the huge folios of Froissart, Hall or Holinshed, with the lighter games of Robin Hood and the Seven Champions of Christendom, or the graver studies of the old black-letter Bible and Fox's Acts and Monuments, helped to pass away the weary hours.

◆

Will our readers carefully peruse our columns of foreign intelligence and of the discussions in the General Assembly of the Grand Orient of France? They furnish great cause of gratulation.

First, there is the maintenance of Masonic verity upon the existence of a Supreme Being as the great landmark of the fraternity;

Secondly, Prussian obediences are restoring the landmark of rejecting no one from the Lodge by reason of his religion;

And, thirdly, Italian Freemasonry is excluding political and religious discussions from her Lodges.

◆

Carpet Knights.—In the 16th century a rich green cloth was spread before the royal throne of the English sovereign, whence Knights dubbed upon it, at coronations, &c., were called Carpet Knights, to distinguish them from those made in the field.

◆

In Hogarth's picture of "*Night,*" one of the chief figures, blind drunk, is a man with a *collar bearing a square and having a large apron.*

Could an American Hogarth of 1867 draw truthfully such a chief figure of an American "Night?"

She has much to commemorate. Such is the social character of this institution that, in former times, all her meetings partook of the nature of a feast, until the abuses of later years rendered it expedient to make the call "from labor to refreshment" only a matter of form. As for all communities, so for the Masonic, scattered brethren, young and old, and of all orders, may come together and mingle fraternal counsels and affections.

General Assembly of the Grand Orient of France.

[Continuation of the discussion upon the maintenance of the landmarks of our Order, the fundamental principle of belief in God and the immortality of the soul.]

Bro. St. Jean opposed the amendment of Bro. Rousselle (which was to leave the use of the formula, "*To the Glory of the Grand Architect of the Universe,*" to the option of the Lodges), because that a law cannot be subordinate to the will of each member.

Bro. Garrison, of Montauban said, "The Masonic and the profane world await with emotion the solution of the question which occupies us; if we suppress the old formula of Masonry, our vote will be for the profane world a declaration of atheism, and we shall create a state of things seriously detrimental to our modest provincial Lodges, which, surrounded by a hostile population, have to submit constantly to attacks too often encouraged. Overwhelmed by the hostile masses, we shall have, moreover, to combat at our own firesides, for we have not yet been able to conquer the gentler sex, and perhaps we shall be compelled to close our Lodges. Ah! if we were debating whether to affirm toleration and to defend one of the great principles which constitute our glory, we should say, 'Let us risk all, come what may.' But does not toleration exist in Masonry? Was not Proudhon, one of the greatest men of this age, a Mason? Have not the young men of Liége been received as Masons? Yes, certainly, we have extended to them the hand, and have said to them, 'Labor with us.' (Applause.) When Voltaire, the greatest of Masons, blessed the children of Franklin, the most simple-minded of men, he pronounced the words *God and liberty*, which were to be the inspiring device of young America, now so powerful, and destined to produce such men as Lincoln, the saint of Masonry. It is because this device combines at once right, justice and love." (Applause.)

[Our brother is not correctly informed about Mr. Lincoln. He was not a Freemason, although, just before he entered on active Presidential duties he received a dispensation to become one.—ED. N. F.]

Bro. Parrot (of Vesoul) reminds the assembly that when the Constitution was framed, it was decided that the question of the Great Architect of the Universe might come up, in the article 218 of the statutes. He said that the Grand Master has himself placed the question in so clear a light in his opening discourse that the assembly is entirely free to discuss this point thoroughly, whatever the brother orator may have said.

Bro. Parrot does not deny his belief in a God, but affirms liberty of conscience superior to all religious beliefs.

A voice interrupted this brother to cry out, "Why come you among us?"

The assembly calls him to order.

Bro. Parrot concludes thus: "I am a free and an honest man, I have been received a Mason by this title, and no man can demand of me an account of my belief; morality has no need to be supported by God and the immortality of the soul, in order to exist; it is independent and universal. I think, like you, that God and the immortality of the soul are admitted by the majority of Masons, but liberty of conscience is also in the heart of all. Believe, if ye wish, but shut not your doors to honest men who refuse to believe."

Bro. Ducland (of Confoleus) declares that he has personally religious principles, but that he does not not wish to impose them on others. He sees that the assembly is engaged in a religious controversy, thinks it unfortunate, and demtnds the rejection of the paragraph. Addressing himself to those who wish to exclude from Masonry the non-believers, he asks them what they will do if a sincere man comes to them and says, "I believe neither in God nor in the immortality of the soul, but I believe in human brotherhood, and I wish that all my acts should tend to realize it." Will they refuse him? And, by the side of that, will they admit a man who, never speaking only to the greatest glory of God, shall declare, nevertheless, with his cold egotism, that universal brotherhood is but a vain term? Some have spoken of the need of bringing woman over to us; but let us not be deceived, it will never be by worn-out formulas that we shall make this conquest; it must be by love and example. Let us be logical and bequeath to our posterity liberty of conscience, since we can bequeath to them no other liberty.

Brother Hermitte (of Bordeaux) thinks if Atheism could be received into Masonry, it would be the condemnation of Art. 1st of the Constitution. He wishes to defend his opinion without being thought opposed to the most perfect liberty. He finds that Voltaire, whom some desire to make the patron of moral independence, has done wisely in uniting the word God to that of liberty. "Can you comprehend," said Bro. Hermitte, "humanity, philosophy and morality without God? Are you anything of yourselves? If you are brothers in humanity, is it not because you have above you all an authority which constrains you? Does not your existence depend on a superior authority?" He conjures Masonry not to throw off its glorious crown, and affirms that all the men of the 18th century who have favored progress were believers. (Interrupted by cries of Lalande? Proudhon?) "*They also,*" continued Bro. Hermitte; "*Proudhon has said that the hypothesis of a God was absolutely necessary.*"

A voice, "Proudhon has not said that!"

Bro. Hermitte thinks that the revelation of God is permanent and universal; that a little science removes us from him, but that a great deal leads us back to him. Diderot wrote: "There is above all religions another religion without which the others cannot be comprehended." Well, Masonry seeks to be this mother religion. The diverse religions form thus a common bond which unites all men. Liberty is not a principle, it is a means. In every case liberty does not exclude other principles. *Without belief* neither equality nor fraternity can be established, and it is necessary to regulate liberty. The first condition for the union of men is, that they believe in something; and in order that they may accomplish something, there must *be a belief in a Supreme Being.* For this reason he votes for retaining the paragraph.

Bro. Pelletan was not a member of the Constitutional Convention, and therefore did not vote on Art. 1st of the Constitution, but he believes that in inscribing liberty of conscience on this article, Masonry has comprehended with its sentiment of progress the idea of a God; it has comprehended that in affirming this idea exclusively, it would pass into the condition of the church, and that it would create a religion in the presence of another religion. Bro. Pelletan declares himself a Deist; he does not comprehend the world without God; he feels himself ennobled by this idea, but that does not prevent him from asking himself of what God Masonry pretends to affirm the existence; is it of the personal or impersonal God, of the God incarnate, or does it wish to create a sort of pantheon, in which it will admit all gods, the most different.

In his opinion Masonry ought to give a definition of God, or not speak of Him; for to admit all the gods is a negation. In reply to Bro. Hermitte, he recollects that Laplace answered Napoleon, who interrogated him, "God is a hypothesis."

He recollects, also, that Byron, one of the brightest genuises of England, when he climbed Mt. St. Bernard, wrote on the register of the monks the word *Atheos*, and that, notwithstanding, this atheist went to die upon the Greek shores, contributing to the independence of a people. Bro. Pelletan says that he never found a Lodge, and never expects to find one, capable of responding to atheistic Byron. "You believe not in one undefined God, and you shall not be received into one body." All the old formulas have disappeared, he continued; formerly, diplomatic acts began with the words, "*In the name of the Most Holy Trinity,*" and the notarial acts with "*In the name of God.*" He had seen a notarial act of 1793 which began with these words: "*In the name of the Supreme Being, formerly God.*" All these formulas signify nothing. We entertain the most diverse ideas in regard to God. If the God of each of us could be photographed, we should think ourselves of different races. Masonry is the grand mutual school of humanity; it is above all religions in the name of which so many lives have been sacrificed for so many ages. "Is it not," said he, "in effect in the name of God that the funeral piles of the inquisition have been raised, and in His name that they still burn?"

Bro. Brémont: "These are personalities."

Bro. De St. Jean: "It is not in the name of God, because the slain also believed in Him."

Bro. Pelletan maintained that it was in the name of God that the Albigenses and so many others have been massacred. He demanded that he who can give a true definition of God should rise.

Bro. Rousselle—"Very well."

Bro. Mellinet—"Bro. Rousselle, you always interrupt; you do not know how to listen."

Bro. Pelletan concluded thus: "The great principle on which we are all agreed is the amelioration of all by all. Let us live more and more a life of progress, without disquieting ourselves about different religions; and especially let us not be above the Catholic Church, of which I ask permission to cite a device: *In certis unitas, in dubiis libertas, in omnibus caritas.* In things certain, unity; in doubtful things, liberty; in all things, charity."

A vote was then demanded.

Bro. Ducarre (of Lyons) obtains the floor. He declares that he has always accepted the device: "Do what you ought, come what may," which is that of the Kadosh Chevaliers.

Bro. Rousselle (addressing the G. M.)—"This device is truly Masonic. I was right."

Bro. Mellinet—"I see it clearly. Moreover, you are always right."

Bro. Ducarre declared to speak in the name of the Lodges of Lyons. He says that the Deists have been provoked; that it has been said that they would be covered with shame were they to vote for the retention of the formula in discussion, and that he is ready for the struggle that has begun. He wishes that Masonry should know what to expect from it. He thanks Bro. Garrison for having shown the conflict that the Mason would have to maintain at his own hearth. He expresses himself nearly in these terms: "When our fathers, marching to the conquest of civilization, have met the dead bodies heaped up by religious conflicts, they have not, for this reason, rejected all religions; they have confined themselves to proclaiming a purified religion.

* * * * * *

You have to decide if you wish to cease to say: Above all religious formulas reigns the formula of Masonry, which pretends to group under its banner the 2,800 modes of comprehending God. It is necessary still to build, still to be Masons, still that the trowel of the Mason should pass over many inequalities; but it is not necessary that it should destroy our primitive plan." (Applause.)

The ballot is called for.

Bro. Muriot demands the floor against the ballot, because that he is not sure of the question to be decided. Is it upon Article 1 of the Constitution, or Article 218 of the General Rules that we are to vote?

Bro. Saint-Jean reads the amendment of Bro. Rousselle.

Bro. Brémont decides on rejecting it.

The assembly is agitated. The G. M. in vain sounds his mallet; it is plain that a decisive vote is to be taken.

Bro. Mellinet commands silence, and utters the following words: "My brethren, you are the bravest people in the world, but you are much the most difficult to govern on the earth."

A brother—"Because we are free men."

A vote is taken on the amendment of Bro. Rousselle, and it is rejected.

Another amendment demanding the retention of the ancient article 245, is also opposed by Bro. Saint-Jean as being equivocal.

A last amendment demands the pure and simple rejection of the formula, *To the glory of the Grand Architect of the Universe.*

Bro. Brémont decides adversely.

Bro. Mellinet announces that from 30 to 35 brethren of different opinions have demanded the yeas and nays.

The vote is called in alphabetical order.

246 names are called.
178 demand the maintenance.
67 the suppression.
1 is excused.

Consequently, the formula, "To the glory of the Grand Architect of the Universe" is retained.

Thus have our French brethren passed safely through this crisis, and thus have they vindicated the integrity of their Freemasonry. It is remarkable that in all the discussions, which have been fully given to our readers from time to time, not an advocate of the "Moral Independent" has pronounced in favor of atheism.

We are indebted to "*Le Monde*" for our report, preferring it, because it would be considered impartial, being an advocate for the new doctrine.

Masonic Reporting.

What would be thought of the following in New York city if adopted by the Grand Lodge of New York?

The Anglican Grand Lodge Constitutions on "members," Article 3, says, "No brother shall presume to print or publish, or cause to be printed or published, the proceedings of any Lodge, or any part thereof, or the names of the persons present at such Lodge, without the consent of the G. M. or P. G. M., under pain of being suspended or expelled from the Order."

By the permission of the Grand Master only one paper is exempt from this law, which is the *Freemason's Magazine and Masonic Mirror.*

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW YORK CITY.

John Hancock Lodge, No. 70, July 15 had a delightful second annual picnic excursion to Dudley's Grove. The company was large, orderly and happy. Excursions so inexpensively conducted, once a year, must be conducive to the health and happiness of the brethren and their families.

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Pyramid Lodge, No. 490, July 16 enjoyed their excursion to Myer's Grove, although the morning was unpropitious. Everything passed off delightfully, and we, with the whole company, are indebted to the officers and committees of the Lodge for the pleasure of the occasion. Our personal thanks for much attention.

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ZEREDATHA LODGE, No. 483, makes its Fourth Annual Excursion and Picnic to Pleasant Valley, on the Hudson River, on TUESDAY, JULY 23d. The steamer George Washington and the barge Martin are engaged. Music by the 23d Regiment Band. Tickets ONE DOLLAR, admitting gentleman and lady. Leave foot of Degraw Street at 8 o'clock; S. 4th Street at half past 8; Fulton Ferry at a quarter to 9. A good time is promised, and all who know Bro. Marratt, the chairman, know that he will keep his promises.

BROOKLYN.

The following brethren have been elected as trustees of the Masonic Hall Association, for the term of five years: Daniel T. Gray, Wm. E. Sprague, John W. Sessions, John H. Besher, and Charles W. Willetts. Inspectors of Election: Albert H. Osborne, Richard F. Toombs, and Arthur Poole. The amount thus far subscribed is about $60,000. The total sum necessary to complete the work is $200,000.

NEW YORK STATE.

Waterloo.—July 9. At the dedication of the new Lodge Bros. Johnson (G.·. M.·.), Lewis and King (PP.·. GG.·. MM.·.), Platt (G.·. C.·.) and Welch were present. 800 Masons participated. Rev. Bro. Platt's address is said to have exhibited evidences of Masonic research.

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Geneva.—Rev. Dr. Bro. Hall, of Washington city, delivered the commencement sermon at Hobart College, July 7, and Rev. Bro. Platt, Grand Chaplain, an oration, July 9, before the Society of the Alpha Delta Phi. The degree of D. D. was conferred on Rev. Bro. Runcie, of Indiana.

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Watertown.—The Royal Arch Chapter which bears the name and meets in this far-away town, recently did itself honor by presenting to its Past High Priest, Allen C. Beach, a life-size portrait of himself, in recognition of his faithful service for the past five years. Comp. R. P. Flower made the presentation address in his peculiarly felicitous manner, and Comp. Beach responded modestly, as real merit is apt to do, evidencing his appreciation of the kind feeling displayed by the Chapter in selecting a memento which will perpetuate his memory long after he has passed the vails.

CONNECTICUT.

Grand Chapter. — We present the following in addition to what has already been published of the late meeting.

The Grand High Priest, Comp. Lockwood, thus closed his address:

Permit me to offer a few suggestions relative to Masonic charity, much talked about now-a-days, and most grieviously abused. It is generally regarded as the giving of relief to the poor and needy, many times, I fear, with the expectation of some gain to the giver; but, my companions, charity consists not in the gift, but in the benevolence which prompts the giver. You remember the widow's mite was a manifestation of greater charity than the costly presents of the rich. Charity is love, the bond of peace, the perfection of every virtue, the cement which unites us as Masons, and its exercise arises from the love of doing good. God is light, God is also love, and hence the *triangular* shaped trowel by which the cement is spread symbolizes that God is the author of that charity or love which binds and cements us. The more diligently we apply ourselves to the study of the principles of our institution, and strive to make its rules the standard of our daily life and conduct, the more abundantly will the blessed gift of charity increase in our hearts. This charity arises from the clear realization of the relation of man to his Maker, and of man to man. That God is the Father or all, and that, as created by the same Almighty Parent, and in His image, we are bound to love and fear Him, and to aid and cherish each other, or, to sum it all up in a single sentence, the clear realization of the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man. Nothing will tend more strangely to intensify the feeling of brotherly love than the conviction that all our brethren are actuated by the same ennobling feeling. How much truth there is in those quaint questions and answers of Masons, as found in the ancient manuscript, familiar, doubtless, to all! "Are Masons as good men as they pretend? Yea, verily, for it might not otherwise be for good men and true, knowing each other to be such, do love the more as they be more good." Let us all, then, strive to be and to be known as more and more good and true, so that our charity may more abundantly abound, that our institution may be more firmly cemented, and that the world at large may be convinced of its good effects.

I feel it a duty to call your attention to the nature and character of our ceremonies, and to the necessity and duty of a dignified, intelligent and scrupulous performance of our mystic rites. It may be laid down as an invariable rule that there is nothing in Masonry designed to afford amusement, or to excite mirth or ridicule. Anything said or done solely for such purposes is an excresence upon the body of Masonry, and should be removed at once, and if no other remedy be adequate, free use of the scalpel should be unsparingly made. It is true that many persons have a very acute perception of the ridiculous, which even the most solemn duties fail to suppress, and such persons are led to smile at the trying struggles of their dearest friends, not because they fail to sympathize with them in their adversities, but because unusual and grotesque phases of character are presented to view, and their minds are excited by mirth before their hearts are awakened into sympathy. Perhaps nothing is more mirth-provoking for the moment than the unfortunate misstep and fall of a friend, and the usual involuntary ejaculation or action of surprise and mortification, and yet should such misstep have been caused by an unfriendly design to injure that friend, our anger instead of mirth would be at once excited. We cannot, my companions, too deeply realize the sacred solemnities of our mystic rites, no one of which is performed without design either to instruct the mind and heart or to elevate the character and dignity of true manhood. He who thinks he can perceive in any of our ceremonies anything contrary to the design already indicated is not to be envied, and needs to learn the first rudiments of Masonry. We, as Royal Arch Masons, are engaged in the noble and glorious work of rebuilding the House of the Lord, not as hirelings, but as laborers of love, of rebuilding and restoring our inner spiritual temple, sadly marred and defaced by the depravity and imperfections of human nature, and of zealously laboring to approach the perfection of manhood, as man was at his creation. ~~the image of God and His noblest~~ work.

> "Brethren, with fixed, yet awful eye,
> Turn ye the page of mystery,
>   Nor slight the warning sound;
> Put off thy shoes from off thy feet,
> The place where man his God shall meet,
>   Be sure is holy ground."

The following was adopted:

Resolved, That the conferring of the Royal Arch Degree on less than *three actual* candidates at a time is hereby *expressly forbidden* by this Grand Chapter.

The following resolution was unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Grand Chapter be and they are hereby tendered to our M. E. Comp. Luke A. Lockwood, for the faithful, efficient and very satisfactory manner in which he has discharged the duties of the office of Grand High Priest during the past two years, and that a committee be appointed to procure a suitable Past Grand High Priest's jewel, and present the same to Comp. Lockwood, as a slight testimonial of our appreciation of his eminent services.

Comp. Storer, in behalf of the Committee on Correspondence, utters the following brief words:

In almost every jurisdiction with which we are in correspondence the presiding officer seems to consider it his duty to caution his Companions against permitting a too rapid increase of their numbers, and in many instances it is more than insinuated that the unworthy are sometimes admitted to a participation in the hallowed rites of the Order. To us it appears plain that, so long as good men only are admitted, there can be little danger of too great an accession to our ranks. The caution should be given and exercised at an earlier stage of the Masonic work. The greater care in the selection of candidates should be used at the very threshold of the temple. No one should be permitted to enter the outer gates who is not worthy to pursue his journey through the several apartments of the grand edifice. Let us be careful, then, in guarding the outer doors and see to it that none but the "duly qualified are permitted to enter." If this were universally the case, the records of our Lodges and Chapters would very rarely be disfigured with such unseemly words as "suspended" or "expelled," and the selection of materials for the more elevated and ornamental portions of the building would be less difficult.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Washington City.—We regret to learn of the death of our old friend and brother Sam'l De Vaughn, of the Third Ward. Bro. D. was a native of Alexandria, a good and charitable Freemason. We understood that he designed to leave a large portion of his property to the widows and the orphans of the fraternity. Hope it was consummated.

MICHIGAN.

Detroit.—The Grand Master, assisted by the Grand Lodge, laid the corner-stone of the Soldiers' Monument, July 4.

The Grand Master made a short preliminary address. After the descent of the cap of the corner-stone three feet, accompanied by solemn music of the band, one gun was fired and grand Masonic honors given once; at a descent of the cap another three feet, accompanied by music, there was another gun fired and grand Masonic honors twice, and as the cap reached its place, a third gun and grand Masonic honors thrice. The pecuniary donations of the fraternity were laid upon the stone.

The monument, when finished, is to stand about forty feet high, to be crowned by a colossal statue of Michigan, ten feet high—a semi-civilized Indian queen, with a sword in her right hand and a shield in her left, the figure in motion, as if rushing forward in defense of her country.

The reasons for representing Michigan as an Indian are, that the name of the State is Indian, a large number of her counties and towns have Indian names, and it was the home of Pontiac, Tecumseh and Black Hawk.

The costume and accessories are beautiful and effective. Beneath the plinth on which she stands are stars and wreaths.

WISCONSIN.

Mineral Point.—The corner-stone of the new Methodist church was laid with Masonic ceremonies June 24. Rev. Drs. Thompson and Tiffany delivered addresses.

IOWA.

Dubuque.—Bro. David Stiles, 101 years old, and a Freemason for over *seventy years*, converses with his friends of the times when there was not a dwelling in Utica, N. Y., when he passed through this region, and of his building the first house at Ann Arbor, Michigan.

ILLINOIS.

Cairo.—The new public school edifice was laid with Masonic ceremonies, June 24.

INDIANA.

Frankfort.—Our friend and Bro. Hon. Godlove S. Orth, M. C., among many good things well uttered in his address, June 24, at Frankfort, said;

Among all these various associations we claim ours as the pioneer, the leader, after which others have patterned, but which none have as yet reached, much less surpassed, in works of charity, benevolence and brotherly love. We, however, freely admit that if Masonry does not enjoin upon the brotherhood strict observance of such principles and practices as are calculated to make them wiser, purer and happier in this world, and better fitted for the enjoyment of the beatitudes of a future existence, then no argument in favor of the Order can be drawn from its antiquity. That which is vicious ought not to be rendered attractive from the mere fact of being hoary-headed; but vice and immorality, in the race of time, will sooner or later yield to the superior force of truth and virtue, until at last brotherly love, love to God and love to man, shall be the universal rule, without limit and without exception.

In order the better to examine and understand some of our principles, I respectfully invite my uninitiated hearers to acompany me, in imagination, to some Lodge-room of the fraternity.

We can enter now, for the Tyler is not at the door to keep off cowans and eavesdroppers; the hour is past high twelve, and the workmen have been called from labor to refreshment. Let us move with caution and circumspection, for you will find much to see, much to interest and much to instruct you, in this, to you, unexplored and unknown ground.

Having reached the outer door, you can proceed no further unless you are a firm believer in the existence of a Supreme Being—no infidel, no scoffer of religion, no mocker of holy things can enter this sanctum. The corner-stone of Masonry, upon which its whole superstructure has been erected, is a belief in, and an acknowledgment of, a Supreme Being—the Creator and preserver of all things. * * *

With this faith grounded in your hearts let us enter, remembering that the practice of Masonry consists in the representation of its spirit by certain forms and ceremonies in which its great truths lie concealed. These symbols furnish to Masonry an universal language understood and appreciated by Masons in every part of the world. By these a brother makes himself known and is enabled to convey a knowledge of his desires and necessities in the darkness of midnight as readily as in the blaze of a noonday's sun, as ready to the stranger of whose language he is tot ignorant as to him who speaks the tongue of his fatherland.

You have now entered the Lodge-room, but it is not permitted to you to comprehend its boundless extent. To the initiated it is "high as the heavens, deep as the central abyss, its right hand stretching to the East and its left to the utmost limits of the West," embracing within its folds the human family wherever found, and recognizing the full force of the text that He "hath made of one blood all nations of men."

The first object which meets your view is the Holy Bible, the most precious gift of God to man, which is ever on our altar, as its precepts should ever be in our hearts.

It lies open, and on its sacred pages we read, "Ask, and it shall be given you, seek, and ye shall find, knock, and it shall be opened unto you."

Upon it you see placed the square and compasses.

As the square is a perfect figure, it is used by operative Masons to try their work and discover defects, if any; so here we are admonished that our conduct will be tried by and must accord with perfect rules and principles; that we are to act upon the square with all mankind, remembering the injunction that, "whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do you even so to them."

The compasses are ordinarily used in preparing plans and laying out the work, after which the builder causes it to assume its proper form; with us they are used to teach the craft to render to every one his due, honor to whom honor, tribute to whom tribute, as well as to circumscribe their desires and to keep their passions within proper bounds.

Here we see the lambskin or white apron. "It is an emblem of innocence and the badge of a Mason, more ancient than the golden fleece or Roman Eagle, and more honorable than the star or garter."

Cicero informs us that among the Greeks the garment used in initiation was white, because that color was most acceptable to the gods.

Its color, therefore, denotes purity, and those who wear the lambskin should be constantly reminded of our duty to preserve pure and spotless lives, to keep our imaginations undefiled and our consciences void of offense toward God and man.

As you pass through the Lodge-room you walk upon a chequered floor known as the *Mosaic pavement*, and so called from the fact that it was first used by Moses in the floor of the Tabernacle, and afterwards by Solomon in his Temple.

It reminds us constantly of the chequered existence of human life, its dark squares and its light squares, representing alternately the adverse and prosperous phases of our earthly journey, and teaches us to accept their vicissitudes in the spirit in which they are sent—not unnecessarily bemoaning the one or being unduly elated by the other, but educating our hearts to meet and appreciate the frowns as well as the smiles of fortune. In the midst of the pavement you behold *the blazing star*, another reminder to man of his Maker, teaching him to exclaim, with the wise men who journeyed toward Jerusalem, that "we have seen his star in the east and are come to worship him."

The star is one of our most prominent emblems, and its use in our ceremonies never fails to be full of interest and instruction.

Its five points refer to the five equal lights in Masonry, "the five orders of architecture, the five points of fellowship, the five senses which constitute the physical perfection of man, and the five zones of the world, all of which are peopled with initiated brothers." The ladder which you behold is a representation of that seen by Jacob in his vision. Resting on the earth and extending to the heavens, from the Holy Bible to the cloudy canopy, it symbolizes the Mason's faith and hope. Connecting terrestrial with celestial things, it constantly reminds him of the intimate relations existing between him in his sublunary sphere and his God, to whom he is commanded to look for every good and perfect gift, whose angels were seen "ascending and descending on it," and who by their ministrations hold constant communication and intercourse between Him and His creatures.

There are many rounds in the ladder, but the three principal rounds represent Faith, Hope and Charity—faith in God, hope in immortality, and charity toward all mankind.

That *faith* which is the voluntary assent of the mind to the truth of divine revelation, accompanied with a cordial approbation of the heart, and thus it becomes the imperishable rock on which true religion is founded.

This is followed by *hope* of the realization of God's promise; a well assured expectation of escaping threatened dangers and of enjoying promised rewards, and having passed these two grand rounds we ascend the third and last, whose essence is love to God and love to man, and which opens the door to that eternal temple beyond the skies and welcomes us to the promised home of the faithful for ever and ever.

In this hurried examination of the Lodge-room, and a small portion of its appendages, we have presented a very brief and necessarily imperfect sketch of that system of theology which is taught in Freemason's Lodges.

Prominent among these you will find that we recognize and inculcate THE UNIVERSAL EQUALITY OF THE HUMAN RACE. Masons are no respecters of persons. We always meet upod the level, and as we stand upon the *mosdic pavement* with its *tesselated border*, or kneel around the Masonic altar, we stand and kneel as equals—acknowledging but one superior—our Great Master above. This principle of equality embraces the whole human race, whatever particular country or clime may be its home, whatever shade or color the Great Master may have given to any of his children. The Mason who cannot extend the hand of friendship and brotherly love to any and all of his fellow mortals, has not yet learned or does not fully appreciate the principles which he professes.

Thus closes our brother:

Keeping these matters constantly before our eyes—living in their light and exemplifying them in our daily walk—we shall soon realize that

"This world's not all a fleeting show
To man's illusion given;
He that hath soothed a widow's woe,
Or wiped an orphan's tear, doth know
There's something here of heaven.

"And he that walks life's thorny way
With feelings calm and even,
Whose path is lit from day to day
By virtue's bright and steady ray,
Hath something felt of heaven.

"He that the Mason's course has run
And all his foes forgiven,
Who measures out life's little span
In love to God and love to man
On earth hath tasted heaven."

Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

SWITZERLAND.

May 11, the Masons of Geneva and adjoining villages had a great banquet in favor of the League of Peace. The oration of Bro. Jousserandot produced a fine effect and is published for general distribution.

ITALY.

The Supreme Council of Palermo (Scottish Rite) has formally authorized the resumption of work in all the Lodges of its obedience. At the same time it enjoins upon the Masters of Lodges to enforce Articles 278 and 279 of the general regulations, and imposes upon the inspectors a rigid scrutiny upon the regularity of the proceedings of the Lodges. These articles expressly forbid political and religious discussions.

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Bro. Garibaldi, Grand Master and President of the Supreme Council of Palermo, has addressed to the members of that obedience a circular, of which the following are extracts:

FLORENCE, May, 18, 1867.

BROTHERS: My desire is that an assembly be convoked through which organic Masonic unity will be secured. * * * I consider the Masons as the *élite* of the Italian population.

It is for them to throw aside all profane passions, and, with the high mission which is entrusted to them by the noble Masonic institution, create the moral unity of the nation.

We have not yet material unity, because we have not moral unity. It is for Masonry to create this latter, and the former will result from it at once.

Brothers, I shall add nothing of the holy and unhappy land of the initiates; you will make a work truly worthy of the sons of Hesperia, if to political and patriotic glory you add also this, the crown of the moral and Masonic revolution. Let us be united and we shall be strong to conquer really vice with virtue, evil with good, and our country and humanity will be grateful to you.

I pray you to send this circular to all our Lodges; it is my fixed purpose to invite these Lodges to nominate each its direct representative to the general Masonic assembly, which will take place at Naples, in the hall of the Grand Lodge Egéria, the 21st of the approaching month of June. I hope to be able to be present there as a representative of the Grand Orient of Parma.

Brothers, to refuse to act is ruinous. It is important to understand each other, and in the unity of thought we shall have unity of action; so I trust that no one will fail to respond to this appeal.

I am, with all my heart, your Brother,
(Signed) G. GARIBALDI.

SICILY.

Palermo.—June 24 there was a festival in the celebration of which all the obediences were united.

GERMANY.

Many of the Lodges of Germany as well as of France have made active declarations in favor of preserving peace among the nations, especially of Europe.

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The *Freimaurer Zeitung* appeals to all Masonic Lodges to make a grand fête, commemorative of the 150th anniversary of the first Grand Lodge, constituted at London, in 1717.

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The Historical Society of German Masons held its annual session, at Worms, the 9th of June.

∴

The Masters of the Lodges under the obedience of the Grand Lodge "The Three Globes," of Berlin, met May 4, to deliberate upon various reforms, one of which is the admission of non-Christians into Freemasonry. We ardently hope that Prussia will speedily cease to violate our landmarks.

SCOTLAND.

25th July is appointed for the Lodge of Sorrow at Edinburg to commemorate the virtues of our late brother, Sir Archibald Alison. The Rt. Hon. the Earl of Dalhousie, K. T., G. C. B., representing the G. L. of England, will preside.

ENGLAND.

Provincial Grand Lodge of Bucks and Berks was held June 10, at the school-room attached to St. Barnabas Church. At three o'clock a procession formed to the church of St. Barnabas, where a choral service was conducted by the incumbent, and a sermon was preached by the Prov. G. Chap. After the singing of the hymn the officers and stewards conducted the Grand Chaplain from the altar to the pulpit.

A dinner followed the service.

FRANCE.

Paris.—A Masonic effort for orphans, upon the "mutual" system has started in Paris. "Mutuality" means a co-operation of Freemasons of various rites. 26,314 francs have been raised. To secure this amount, it cost 23,477 francs to those interested in the concerts, &c. 17 orphans have been received at the Asylum. 300 francs support an orphan.

∴

The Supreme Council laments the loss by death of Bro. Roelen, 33°.

∴

The Lodge *Union*, Orient of Compiegne, under the obedience of the Grand Orient of France, had an installation of its officers, six weeks ago. In the discourse pronounced upon this occasion, Bro. Oppert said that Masonry ought to exhibit the utmost religious toleration, but it cannot tolerate atheism.

MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE.

FRANCE.

The General Assembly of the Grand Orient of France, at its late session, adopted the following, among other regulations, viz.: That a Freemason may affiliate with as many Lodges as he may please; that a brother cannot be at the same time Master of a Lodge and Most Wise (High Priest) of a Chapter; that a Mason active for fifteen consecutive years may thus acquire the title of honorary member; members of any body not under the obedience of the Grand Orient are declared irregular. Lodges must abstain from initiating profanes who are not able to bear the burdens of the Lodge, and the military are exempt from the payment of initiation fees.

MAINE.

PHYSICAL QUALIFICATIONS.—There is scarcely any question made that candidates must come at least within the rule in our Constitution; indeed some Grand Lodges maintain the ancient rule of physical perfection.

But the question, whether an E. A. or F. C. becoming *subsequently maimed* can be advanced or not, has been decided differently by different Grand Lodges.

And the division of opinion is so nearly even that we cannot tell which side has the preponderance. In New York, Ohio, and other jurisdictions, it is held, that the prohibition extends only to the first degree, and that an E. A. or F. C. under such circumstances is entitled to advancement. In other jurisdictions it is held that the prohibition extends to *every* degree. The Grand Lodge of Louisiana came near revoking the charter of a Lodge for advancing an E. A. who had been maimed.

We confess that we are somewhat in a state of doubt ourselves, even after reading the arguments on both sides.

The old rule has been relaxed because the reason for it has ceased. Since we ceased to be an *operative* institution, the original reason for such a rule has ceased to exist. And, as we remarked last year, if there was nothing further, the rule might entirely cease to operate. But the system was adapted to that rule, and it must be observed so far as the system requires it, and the limit is found in the provision of our Constitution.

The rule was *in terms* applied only to *the first degree.* If the three degrees were three different institutions, we should hold that the *spirit* of the rule included them all. But inasmuch as in ancient times the body of the craft were E. A's, and the other degrees were simply designed for those of greater skill and knowledge, or for purposes of government, there was no need of applying the rule to them, and it was not so applied.

But as a result of the change of the institution from an *operative* to a *speculative* character, the body of the Craft are Master Masons. But this change involves no additional physical qualifications, which an E. A. must possess before he can be advanced. But this change and the result we have alluded to *do* involve a change in the character and purpose of the two higher degrees. Before the change an E. A. had a voice in the legislation of the craft; now that is transferred to Master Masons alone. And a candidate does not now become fully what an E. A. then was, until he is a Master Mason.

It is conceded by all, that if a Master Mason becomes maimed, he loses none of his rights as such. Whether he can conform to requirements or not, he is still a Mason, and entitled as such to all to which the *most perfect* of his brethren are entitled. He may by his misfortune not be able to prove his rights, when among strangers. But when proved, his rights are acknowledged.

In the same manner we say an E. A. is a Mason, and though he may afterwards become maimed, he is entitled to all the rights of *any* E. A. Under our present system, an E. A. is *entitled* to advancement. If he is maimed, he may, on account of his misfortune, not realize all the benefits he would if perfect; but still, he can realize as many as if he had not become maimed till *after* he was advanced.

Considering, therefore, that a Mason by becoming maimed loses no rights, and that an E. A. or F. C. is a Mason, we think the doctrine that the prohibition in letter and spirit is limited to being made a Mason, is correct.

Etymology of the Term "Cowan."

BY MATTHEW COOKE.

The term *Cowan* has, among our brethren of the Free and Accepted Craft, a meaning and signification of its own, which is so well understood by every Mason, that there is no reason to speculate upon its Masonic interpretation here; but there is a dearth of information among us as to whence the term is derived, and what was its original import, and a note on this part of the inquiry may, perhaps, be interesting to our readers.

In the sense understood by us, it will be sufficient if we quote one or two examples of the use of the word in question; thus in a song, "Once I was blind, and could not see," we have the following as part of the last verse:

> "Then round and round me he did tie
> A noble ancient charm,
> All future darkness to defy,
> And ward off *cowan's* harm."

And in another song we are told—

> "How happy are the ancient brave
> Whom no false *cowan* can deceive."

Whilst another, entitled "We Brethren Freemasons," declares—

> "The name of a *cowan* we'll not ridicule,
> But pity his ign'rance, nor count him a fool."

This term, too, has not been without its difficulties to many of the writers on Freemasonry, whether charlatans or not, and without giving undue prominence to the catchpenny tribe, one of the most popular of these revelation-mongers says, in a note: "the word *cowan* is a flash word peculiar to Masons. It signifies an enemy, but formerly was expressive of kings and all those who had the power to persecute, and who did persecute the associated Masons."

In Preston's Illustrations, 13th edition, page 80, is a note to the "Antient Charges," in which it is stated, "Twelvethly. That a master or fellow made not a mouldstone, square nor rule, to no lowan" (this no doubt should be *cowan*); nor let no lowan worke within their Lodge, nor without to moulde stone." (See also *Freemasons' Magazine*, vol. iv., p. 352.) And in Dermott and Harper's *Ahiman Rezon*, 7th edition, 1807, among the ancient charges, No. V., entitled "Of the Management of the Craft in Working," p. 37, it says: "But Free and Accepted Masons shall not allow *cowans* to work with them, nor shall they be employed by *cowans* without an urgent necessity; and even in that case they must not teach *cowans*, but must have a separate communication: no laborer shall be employed in the proper work of Freemasons."

Now these two extracts positively refer to an operative class called *cowans;* and it occurred to me that as we symbolize many other matters connected with the handicraft of Masons, so we have treated the *cowans;* and as speculative Masonry long held its headquarters in Scotland, the word might possibly be of Scotch extraction. For this I had reference to a work published in two volumes folio, in Edinburg, 1808, with a supplement of two volumes folio, published in 1825, and an abridgement in one volume 8vo, published in 1846, in all three of which the word *cowan* is given. And in that work we have the following definitions:

"COWAN, *s.* A fishing boat, etc.

"COWAN, *s.* 1. A term of contempt, applied to one who does the work of a mason, but has not been regularly bred. (Scottish.)

"2. Also used to denote one who builds dry walls, otherwise denominated a *dry-diker*. (Scottish.)

"'A boat carpenter, joiner, *cowan* (or builder of stone without mortar), gets 1s. at the minimum and good maintenance.' (P. Morven, Arglyshire Statistical Account, x. p. 267.)

"'*Cowans*, masons who build dry stone dykes or walls.' (P. Halkirk, Caitness-shire, Statistical Account, xix., p. 24.)

"In the Suio-Gothic, or Ancient language of Sweden, it is *kujon* or *kughon*, a silly fellow, hominen imbellum, et cujus capiti omnes tuto illudunt, *kujon* appellare, moris est (Ihre, Glossarium Suido-Gothicum, 2 vols., fol., Upsal, 1769). French; *Coion*, or *coyon*, a coward, a base fellow (Cotgrave's French English Dictionary, fol., Lond., 1650); Qui fait profession de lachetè, *ignavus* (Trevoux Dictionnaire, Universal Francois et Latin, de, 7 vols., fol., Paris, 1752. The editors of this dictionary deduce it from the Latin *quietus*. But the term is evidently Gothic. It has been imported by the Franks, and is derived from *kufw-a*, supprimere, insultare."

The supplement stating:

"COWAN, *s.* 2. Applied to one who does the work of a mason, *add*; COWANER is the only term used in in this sense in Lothian."

So, also, on referring to DYKER, Jamieson tells us:

"DIKE, DIK, *s.* 1. A wall, whether of turf or stone. (Derived from the Scottish.)

"3. A ditch; as in English, although now obsolete.

"DIKER, DYKER, *s.* A person whose employment is to build inclosures of stone generally without lime; often called a *dry diker*. (Derived from the Scottish.)

"The *dyker*, as he is called, gets from £2 to £3 sterling, and sometimes more, for three months in summer. (P. Tarland, Aberdeenshire Statistical Account, vi., p. 209.)"

From the foregoing it is presumed that *cowan* is derived in a twofold sense, the French application of the term suiting the speculative Mason, the Scottish the operative Mason; and from the charges above quoted, equally applicable in both senses to the Free and Accepted Mason. The Scottish *cowan*, according to the operative craft, was a builder of walls of unhewn stone, and they were piled one on the other, either with or without mortar or mud, as is to be seen in Gloucestershire and the lower part of Oxfordshire at the present time; and the stringent law that ordered no master or fellow to set him a mould stone, was made for the purpose of guarding their art from the uninitiated, so that those who only could pile rough materials on each other should not invade the trade of a mason, or one that could both set and square the perfect ashlar.

Anecdotes and Sayings of Masons.

WANT OF TIME.—We complain that we have no time. An Indian Masonic chief of the Six Nations once said as wise a thing as any philosopher. A white man remarked in his hearing that he had not time enough. "Well," replied the Indian, "I suppose you have all there is!" He is the wisest and best man who can crowd the most good actions into *now*.

AFTER the capture of Lord Cornwallis at Yorktown, he was one day standing in the presence of Gen. Washington with his head uncovered. The General politely said to him: "My lord, you had better be covered from the cold." His lordship, applying his hand to his head, replied: "It matters little, sir, what becomes of this head now."

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN attributed his success as a public man, not to his talents or his power of speaking, for these were but moderate, but to his own integrity of character. "Hence it was," he says, "that I had so much weight with my fellow-citizens. I was but a poor speaker, never eloquent, subject to much hesitation in my choice of words, hardly correct in my language, and yet I generally carried my point." Character creates confidence in men of high station as well as in humble life. It was said of the first Emperor Alexander, of Russia, that his personal character was equivalent to a constitution.

During the wars of the Fronde, Montaigne was the only man among the French who kept his castle gates unbarred; and it was said of him that his personal character was worth more to him than a regiment of horsemen.

That character is power is true in a much higher sense than that knowledge is power. Mind without heart, intelligence without conduct, cleverness without goodness, are powers in their way; but they may be powers only for mischief. We may be instructed or amused by them; but it is sometimes as difficult to admire them as it would be to admire the dexterity of a pickpocket or the horsemanship of a highwayman.

Truthfulness, integrity and goodness—qualities that hang not on a man's breath—form the essence of manly character, or, as one of our old writers has it, "that inbred loyalty unto virtue which can serve her without a livery."

When Stephanas of Colouna fell into the hands of his enemies, and they asked him, in derison, "Where is your fortress?" "Here," was the reply, placing his hand upon his heart.

It is in his misfortune that the character of an upright man shines forth with the greatest lustre; and, when all else fails, he takes a stand upon his own integrity and courage.

RUFUS CHOATE.—At a time when the peace societies were condemning the military volunteer organizations somewhat harshly, some one in his office had a religious newspaper with a column of objurgations, commencing, "Christian soldier, why do you bear that instrument of death against your shoulder?" The paper was passing round the office, and one of the students undertook to read it aloud, beginning, in a loud voice, "Christian soldier, *why* do you bear that instrument of death upon your shoulder?" Choate looked up from his writing in the further room. "Why," said he, with a sly twinkle in his eye, "that's very easily answered. Why does he bear that gun upon his shoulder? *It's because the statute prescribes it.*"

In an argument before a legislative committee Rufus Choate described the boundary line between Rhode Island and Massachusetts in this language: "Why," said he, "it is like starting at a bush, from thence to a blue jay, from thence to a hive of bees in swarming time, from thence to three hundred foxes with firebrands in their tails."

Two or three years ago, during a season of illness, Mr. Choate was visited by one of his friends, who urged upon him the importance of paying more attention to his health. "Sir," said the visitor, "you must go away. If you continue your professional labors thus, you will certainly undermine your constitution." Mr. Choate looked up, and, with that grave irony and peculiar twinkle of the eye which were so marked and indescribable when he jested, said, "Sir, the constitution was destroyed long ago; I am now living under the by-laws."

Coming into a lawyer's office, one day, he saw a close winding staircase leading up to the consulting-room. His eye scanned its corkscrew curvings for a moment, then turning to the lawyer, his look prophesied a witticism, as he quietly observed, "How drunk a man must be to go up those stairs!"

In a divorce case, he was arguing against the probability of guilt. "They were playful, Gentlemen of the Jury, not guilty. After the morning toil, they sat down upon the hay mow for refreshment, not crime. There may have been a little youthful fondling—playful, not amorous. They only wished to *soften the asperities of hay making.*"

The *Flag of the Union*, Boston, thus notices the communication of our correspondent, *Manhattan:*

NEW YORK SIR KNIGHTS IN BOSTON.—We were sorry and grieved to see the following article in that hightoned paper, the NATIONAL FREEMASON of New York. In speaking of the Masonic celebration in Boston, the NATIONAL FREEMASON remarks:

[Here follows the communication.]

We have no apologies to offer the Sir Knights of New York, or any other city, yet a few words of explanation may, perhaps, soften some of the feeling which is now existing against the fraternity in Boston. The above extract states but the truth, and in a mild and brotherly manner. Why some notice was not taken of the Sir Knights of New York is more than we can tell. The members of the Boston Encampment feel deeply wounded at the result of the most gross carelessness, or forgetfulness, on the part of their officers, for they would have marched as one man to have shown attentions to the Sir Knights of New York had an order been issued.

The De Molay Encampment had its hands full in looking after the Commanderies of the District of Columbia, while the Boston Encampment had nothing to do but act as escort for the Grand Lodge. All Sunday we were disengaged, and could have showered attentions upon our visitors, but did not, and so we feel that apologies are useless; yet we assure the NATIONAL FREEMASON that it was not the fault of the great body of the members of Boston Encampment, for if they could have had their way not a Templar would have visited Boston and left us dissatisfied.

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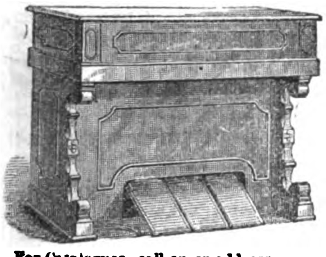

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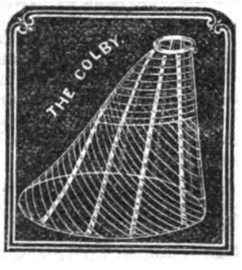

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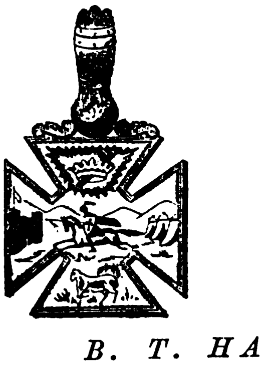

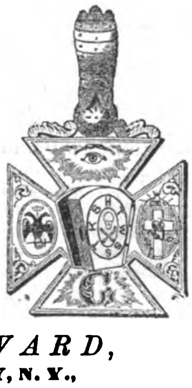

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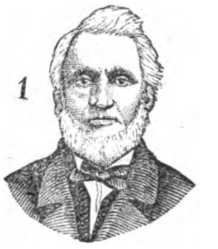

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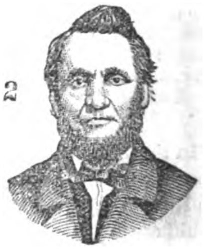

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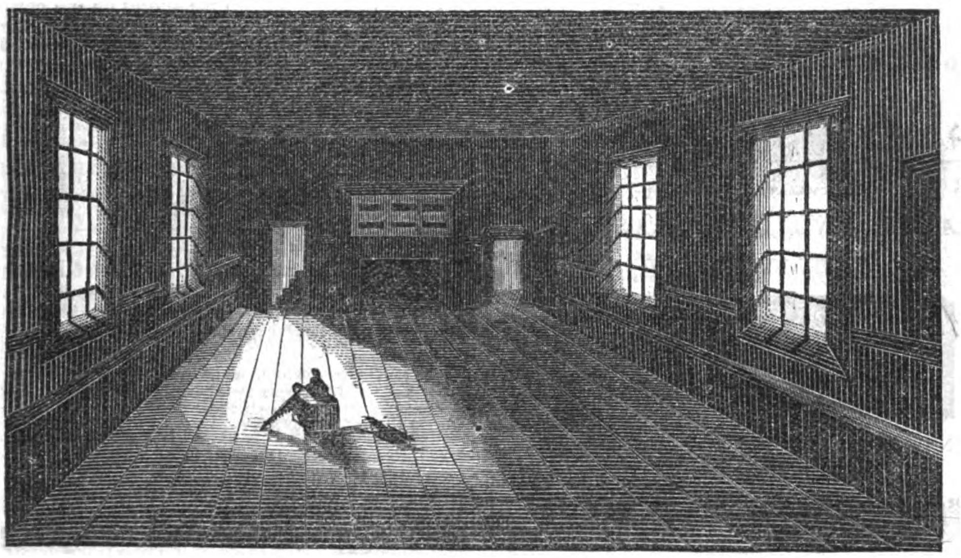

THE APOLLO ROOM—THE FANEUIL HALL OF VIRGINIA.

PEYTON RANDOLPH, First President of the Continental Congress (really First President of the U. S.)—Last Provincial Grand Master of Va.—Second Grand Master-Martyr to American Liberty. (No. 3.)

The *Apollo Room* was the room used for public meetings in the rear building of the old Raleigh tavern, at Williamsburg. Neat wainscoting of Virginia pine ornamented the sides below and partly between the windows, and over the spacious fire-place. This view is from the entrance door from the front portion of the building. On the left were two large windows; on the right were two windows and a door; and on each side of the fire-place was a door opening into small passageways from the exterior. Through the door on the left is seen a flight of stairs leading to the dormitory. The walls were whitewashed and the woodwork painted a lead color. In this room Peyton Randolph, Washington, and the Virginia patriots held many secret caucuses, and planned many schemes for the overthrow of royal rule in the colonies.

* * * * * *

The following is the conclusion of Peyton Randolph's Masonic Life, continued from the last number of the National Freemason:

Upon receiving notice of his death, the Lodge in Williamsburg took the following action, as seen by its record of November 6, 1775:

" *Ordered*, That the Lodge go into mourning for our late worthy Grand Master, and continue till his corpse shall arrive; and that this Lodge attend in procession, and that the order be published in the Virginia *Gazette*."

On the 21st of December the Lodge ordered:

"That Brother Wilson Peale be wrote to, to return the *speaker's picture*."

Mrs. Randolph presented to the Lodge, after her husband's death, his jewel, sash and apron, and when the Lodge met on the 27th of December of that year it was

" *Ordered*, That the Lodge return their thanks for the present made this Lodge by Mrs. Randolph, of the Provincial Grand Master's jewel, sash and apron."

On this occasion an address was delivered before the Lodge by the Rev. Bro. William Bland, its chaplain, from which we give the following extract relating to the death of Mr. Randolph:

"Our forefathers cultivated Masonry with devotion, and made the dreary wilderness of America smile with the brotherly love that she inculcated; but to the disgrace of moderns, she is now almost exiled.

"Few are the places in this western world in which she can claim rest for her blest feet, fewer still are there where her votaries are sincere. The genius of Masonry, my brethren, does not consist in frequenting established meetings, or decorating ourselves with the insignia belonging to our profession. If there be a brother that dare pass by his neighbor in distress, or because he himself possesses the light, would turn the blind man out of his way, acknowledge him not. The name of a brother is an empty sound, indeed, if we refuse our hand to one fallen into a pit, disdain to relieve the sorrows of the widow and the orphan, or discard from our lives the exercise of patriotism—the highest refinement of brotherly love.

"But wherefore was I about to draw the character of a true Mason! For not long since you had a bright example to imitate and admire—surely, I am not called upon for his name, for it can never be forgotten. All North America was under his wing, but we his peculiar care. Write a virtue which he had not faithfully transcribed into his practice, or enumerate an excellence to which his heart was a stranger. If malice could be found within these walls, she would be silenced by the contemplation of his memory, and envy herself bear no fangs against him. That great man—great let me call him—revived the drooping spirit of Masonry. The few remaining of the elect he concentrated in this place, and to him must we ascribe the present numerous appearance of brethren.

"I could dwell forever on the remembrance of him, but I fear that my short acquaintance with the sublime parts of Masonry prevent me from doing justice to him. We all know how gracefully he filled that chair, and I congratulate my brethren that we once had such a head, such a father."

The remains of Mr. Randolph lay in the tomb at Philadelphia until November, 1776, when they were taken by his nephew, Edmund Randolph, to Williamsburg, where they were interred by the side of those of his father in the college chapel with Masonic ceremonies. On their arrival the Lodge met, and from its records of November 26th we make the following extract:

"Met and agreed on the form of the procession of our late worthy brother, Peyton Randolph, Grand Master of Virginia, deceased, and then repairing to the Lodge chapel; after the corpse was interred, returned to the Lodge, and adjourned till a Lodge in course."

The following further account of the ceremonies on that occasion we copy from the public prints of that day:

"Williamsburg, *Nov.* 29, 1776.

"On Tuesday last the remains of our late amiable and beloved fellow-citizen, the Hon. Peyton Randolph, Esq., were conveyed in a hearse to the college chapel, attended by the Worshipful Brotherhood of Freemasons, both Houses of Assembly, a number of other gentlemen, and the inhabitants of the city. The body was received from the bearers by gentlemen of the House of Delegates, who conveyed it to the family vault in the chapel, after which an excellent oration was pronounced from the pulpit by the Rev. Thomas Davis* in honor of the deceased, recommending to the respectable audience to imitate his virtues. The oration being ended, the body was deposited in the vault, when every spectator paid their last tribute of tears to the memory of their departed and much honored friend—may we add, to whom he was a father and able counselor, and one of our firmest patriots. The remains of this worthy man were brought hither from Philadelphia by Edmund Randolph, Esq., at the earnest request of his uncle's afflicted and inconsolable widow."

Peyton Randolph was the second Provincial Grand Master whose death had been enrolled in the list of the active defenders of American liberty at this period. Warren had fallen on the early battle fields of our country, Randolph in its council chambers. The death of each was a prelude to the great change which soon after took place in the polity of Masonry in our country. Hitherto all American Grand Masters held their authority by appointment from the mother Grand Lodge in Great Britain. Now, for the first time, the craft in America began to inquire into their own inherent powers to assume an elective supremacy. It has been assumed by Masonic writers in our country, that the craft in Massachusetts were the first to contemplate the election of American Grand Masters. This we believe to be a historical error, for Masonic records of Virginia show that the earliest proposition for such action came from that State. Massachusetts records show the craft for the first time contemplating this question there when assembled in Boston on the 27th of December, 1776, by the Deputy Grand Master of the late Dr. Joseph Warren, to celebrate the festival of St. John the Evangelist. The records of the old Lodge in Williamsburg show, on the 3d of the same month, a prior record of interest to this question. It was their first meeting after the burial of Mr. Randolph. We give an extract from the Williamsburg records to verify this statement:

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* The Rev. Thomas Davis, years afterwards, officiated as rector of Christ's Church and chaplain of Alexandria Lodge, at the burial of Washington.

"*December* 3, 1776.—WM. WADDILL, Master.

"On motion made, *Resolved*, That the Master of this Lodge be directed to write to all the regular Lodges in this State requesting their attendance by their deputies at this Lodge, in order to form a convention to *choose a* GRAND MASTER *for the State of Virginia*, on the first day of the next Assembly."

The limits of our sketch do not admit of further connecting lines between the death of Peyton Randolph and the elective supremacy of Masonry in our country. We have already stated, in our sketch of Washington, that when the convention of Masonic delegates in Virginia met, a few months later, they proposed his name first, as the most worthy to wear the earliest jewel of an elective American Grand Master.

The closing record of the old colonial Lodge of Williamsburg relating to Peyton Randolph is as follows, under date June 3, 1777:

"*Resolved*, that there shall be an elegant frame made to the picture of our late worthy and Honorable Provincial Grand Master; and that the Treasurer be appointed to employ some person to make it."

CORN, WINE AND OIL.

BY AN EMINENT CALIFORNIA BROTHER.

Great Architect! as here we bow,
With hearts sincere and pure intent,
Accept each craftsman's humble vow,
And give the corn of nourishment.

Thy richest blessings, Lord, impart,
While here we stand before Thy shrine,
Inspire and cheer each Brother's heart,
With draughts of Heaven's refreshing wine.

With freedom, fervency, and zeal,
May we our hearts and hands employ
In laboring for the common weal,
And gain from Thee the oil of joy.

Inspire us with fraternal love,
And in the end reward our toil
In Thy celestial Lodge above,
With gifts of corn, and wine, and oil.

HOW SOFTLY ON THE BRUISED HEART.

How softly on the bruisèd heart
A word of kindness falls,
And to the dry and parchèd soul
The moist'ning tear-drop calls;
Oh, if they knew who walked the earth
Mid sorrow, grief and pain,
The power a word of kindness hath,
'Twere paradise again.

The weakest and the poorest may
The simple pittance give,
And bid delight to withered hearts
Return again and live;
Oh, what is life if love be lost?
If man's unkind to man—
Or, what the heaven that waits beyond
This brief and mortal span?

As stars upon the tranquil sea
In mimic glory shine,
So words of kindness in the heart
Reflect the source divine;
Oh, then be kind, who'er thou art,
That breathest mortal breath,
And it shall brighten all thy life,
And sweeten even death.

SOON HE'LL BIND HIS GOLDEN SHEAVES.

There is much to discourage a brother who labors to do good in his Masonic calling irrespective of selfish gain. The results of long and anxious labor are often small and almost inappreciable. Yet patient waiting following on patient labor brings about wondrous results. Read the poet:

Ye who think the truth ye sow
Lost beneath the winter's snow,
Doubt not! Time's unerring law
Yet shall bring the genial thaw;
God in nature ye can trust—
God in mind, is he less just?

Read we not the mighty thought
Once by ancient sages taught,
Though it withered in the blight
Of the mediæval night.
Now the harvest we behold—
See! it bears a thousand fold!

Worker on the barren soil,
Yours may seem a thankless toil—
Sick at heart, with hope deferred,
Listen to a cheering word—
Now the faithful sower grieves,
Soon he'll bind his golden sheaves!

NATURE.

BY WORDSWORTH.

Nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings.

FROM ANGELUS SILESIUS.

Two eyes hath every soul;
One into Time shall see,
The other bends its gaze
Into eternity.

In all eternity,
No tone can be so sweet
As where man's heart with God
In unison doth beat.

Whate'er thou lovest, Man,
That too become thou must;
God—if thou lovest God;
Dust—if thou lovest dust.

Let but thy heart, oh man,
Become a valley low,
And God will rain on it
Till it will overflow.

THE HERMIT OF PRAIRIE-WOOD.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

CHAPTER III. (Concluded.)

Friends cool, hopes fade, and hours flee;
Affection lives when all is o'er.—R. H. WILDE.

The hermit was a silent man, as taciturn as an Indian. In vain our adventurer interrogated him. He could learn little or nothing respecting his former history. Indeed, he did not seem disposed to converse much upon any subject, and yet he could hardly be termed morose. He seemed to be one who had in some way been called to drink deeply out of the bitter chalice of affliction. He was evidently a harmless, but world-weary and broken-hearted man. He was devout in his habits, and intelligent upon topics which had, during his long seclusion from mankind, become subject-matter of history. But of more recent events he knew nothing. The world, with its busy tides of commerce and politics and sectional feuds flowed on, and not one hoarse murmur of its surging waves reached his isolated ear. His thin, pale visage—his dull, cold eye, seldom glowed with an emotion of any kind. He was attentive and watchful over his guest, but he evidently would not regret his absence when his health should be sufficiently restored to warrant his leaving. Indeed, Clarence often suspected that his solicitude about his limb arose in part from a desire to be rid of his society. He accordingly mentally resolved to leave the cave of the hermit at as early a period as possible. And fortune favored this determination. His ankle strengthened rapidly, and he was soon able to walk upon it. In a few weeks he felt confident of being able to reach once more the haunts of civilized life. But he longed exceedingly to know the name and history of the singular being to whom he was indebted for life, for he felt that, had it not been for his opportune assistance, he must have perished in the forest.

It was on the night preceding his departure that this wish was granted. The old man had cooked and partaken of his evening repast—his prayer was said—his hymn was sung—he drew his stool before the fire, upon which he flung some pieces of torchwood, and motioned to his guest to be seated beside him.

"Young man," he said," "I perceive that you have much curiosity in regard to me. It is natural, if not laudable. Men are social and gregarious beings. It is not natural for them to plunge into solitude, as I have done—to flee from the haunts and exciting scenes of civilized life. It was not crime that drove *me* hither. I am not amenable to the laws of my country—no blood has ever stained my hand—you do not behold a guilty being, but you see a *heart-broken one* before you. Hope quitted me almost on the confines of life. My sun, the sun of happiness, darkened in the morning of my existence to the blackness of an eclipse. My wife and child—the only beings that bound me to life—fell beneath the pirate's gleaming sword. My beautiful Edith and her darling babe. Look and behold them!"

As the hermit spoke, he stood up and drew the vail from the picture. There looked down upon them a beautiful face—a face calm and serene as an angel's. The dress was of white, and was antique in fashion, but the face struck the painter as being strangely familiar. He had one inscribed on an ivory tablet in his bosom like it. Edith Danvers, he felt confident, so far as outline of features was concerned, might have sat for the sketch. He, too, sprung to his feet, and gazed long and earnestly. A child was sleeping on its mother's knee—a fair and cherub babe. "Who are those?" he gasped, in his surprise. "How came Edith Danvers' picture in a hermit's cell? This baffles conjecture. I cannot be mistaken in that face—every feature is traced in indelible lines upon my heart." It was now the hermit's turn to be surprised.

"Young man," he said, almost fiercely, "do not jest on such a subject as this. The being before you has slept for seventeen years in the bosom of the ocean. My daughter—the babe you behold sleeping upon her knee—shared her melancholy fate, and I fled from a world whose careless laughter seemed to mock my misery. It is not Edith Danvers you behold, but Edith Grey. She was my wife, the idol of my heart. I married her in England. When my first-born was scarcely a year old, she embarked in the brig *Neptune* on a visit to her native shores. The vessel was never heard from more. I waited and watched for some note of tidings from it, until hope turned into despair. It is supposed the brig was captured by pirates; that all on board were put to the sword, and that my wife and child had perished."

"It cannot have been true," said the painter. "Your daughter, I am confident, still lives. Several years ago I painted a portrait, of which that wife of yours might have sat for the original. I have a copy of it here on ivory. What is that shining ornament in your wife's belt? A Masonic medal—the very one I have painted here, as I live. There is some great mystery involved in this affair; but Edith Danvers must be your child."

So saying, the artist drew from his bosom the tablet of ivory; the hermit took it into his trembling hands. His eye wandered from the face on the canvas to the face on the ivory. He examined narrowly the trinket of gold in the belts of both.

"It must be so," at length he said, in faltering tones; "but where does she exist? Young man, restore to me my child, and heaven's blessing will rest upon your head."

"It is not in my power to restore her to you," said Clarence, "but I can lead you to the residence of her reputed father, Judge Danvers. When I objected to her medal, I remember now she used mystic words—she said that she owed to that golden trinket home, friends, all that she possessed. I could not then even guess her meaning."

"That medal," answered the hermit, "was worn by my wife at the time of her departure for England. I enjoined it upon her to always keep it exposed to view somewhere about her person, for when she was cast among strangers I thought, perhaps, it might aid her in finding friends. Alas! my Edith! How sad a fate was thine! Can it be that our child yet lives, and that these time-dimmed eyes may trace in her face thy own beautiful lineaments?"

The hermit's emotions were overpowering. He sank down upon the stool, covered his face with his hands, and wept like a child. For a moment Clarence feared that he might have awakened false hopes in his bosom, but a glance at the face on the ivory tablet and another glance at the canvas reassured him.

"It *must* be so," he murmured. "Edith Danvers is an adopted child. Go with me," he continued, turning to the hermit. "Go with me to Judge Danvers' residence, and we will solve this mystery."

To make a long story short, the hermit complied with this advice. He accompanied Clarence to the city the next morning, and immediately called into service a barber and tailor. The former trimmed his hair, and shaved off his silvery beard; the latter clad him in a fashionable suit of black cloth, and so great was the transformation wrought in his person through their agency, that Clarence could scarcely convince himself that the fine-looking old gentleman who came into his room at nightfall in such unexceptionable attire was the wild, strange, misanthropic being whom he had encountered on the morning after his accident in prairie-wood.

"Who are you?" he said, surveying him from head to foot. "You have not always been an obscure, humble individual, I am sure. There is that in your port and bearing which bespeaks the high-born and accomplished gentleman. You said that your name was Grey. What was your profession or occupation seventeen years ago?"

A flush passed over the old man's face.

"Seventeen years ago," he said, "and I sat in the gubernatorial chair of the State where I resided, and lived in its executive mansion. I was then called Governor Grey. I have a large estate. I have not always been hermit of the prairie-wood."

"Heaven grant," said Clarence, "that I have not now deluded you with false hopes."

The hermit—whom we must hereafter term the Governor—and the artist set out on their journey, and arrived at Judge Danvers' residence one sunny afternoon.

Clarence felt his heart flutter as he pulled the door-bell, and awaited the appearance of a servant to usher them into the parlor. It so chanced, however, that the old Judge, who was passing through the hall, answered. He recognized him instantly, and took him warmly by the hand, for he had ever felt a kindly interest in the young man. He bowed politely to the stranger, whom Clarence introduced to him as Mr. Grey, as he ushered his guest into the parlor.

Over the mantle-piece hung a portrait of Edith Danvers. In the dark-blue eye slept a shade of pensive thought. How well Clarence remembered it!—and the Governor could hardly restrain his emotions upon beholding it, so much was it like the face long an inmate of his cell.

"Judge Danvers," said the artist, after a few common-place observations had passed between the parties, "I trust you will not consider me rude or inquisitive in the inquiries which I have come hither to make. Several years ago I painted, you will remember, the portrait hanging there upon the wall. Is Edith Danvers your own child, or an adopted daughter?"

"I call her my own child," said the old man. "I had her baptized into my name. I intend that she shall inherit my estate; but she is not my child, that is, not a drop of my blood crimsons her veins. She is supposed to be the daughter of Governor Grey, whose wife and child were wrecked some seventeen or eighteen years ago on board the brig *Neptune*. For a long time it was not known what had become of the ship. It was thought to have been boarded by pirates, but I think the impression was a false one; it was probably wrecked in a storm, and went down somewhere on the Atlantic coast. At any rate, the body of a woman, whose clothes were marked *Edith Grey*, was picked up by a fisherman on the shore, and to her breast was clasped a living child. The fisherman buried the body of the woman, and his wife took care of the child as best she could. It so happened that this woman at the time she was drowned had around her neck a Masonic medal. The fisherman, whose means of livelihood were scanty, after he had kept the child about a year, concluded to sell the medal for what it would bring. I was traveling in that vicinity, and happened to be the first individual to whom it was offered. Struck with its character and design, I inquired where he obtained it, and learned from him the incidents which I have just related.

"I immediately investigated all the facts of the case, and becoming convinced that the child was the long wept for daughter of our then ex-Governor, I advertised the fact in all our public journals, but to no purpose. The unhappy husband and father had disappeared almost as mysteriously as his wife had done. I then adopted the child—she was baptized into my name, and is now as dear to me as if she were 'bone of my bone and flesh of my flesh.'"

During this narrative the old man sprang to his feet, and paced the room in rapid strides.

"Behold in me," he said, at last pausing before the Judge, "the unhappy man you mention. I am ex-Governor Grey. Edith is my child. O, give her to my embrace! let me see my darling daughter once more!"

The Judge's surprise may be easily imagined. Suffice it to say, Edith was called in, and clasped to the heart which had so long mourned her as dead. Clarence knew at that moment why the look of sadness had so often stolen over her fair face while he was painting her portrait, and why she had declared that to that trinket of gold she owed fortune, friends and home.

* * * * * *

We fear that we shall not be classed among faithful historians, if we omit to mention, at the close of our story, the important fact, that in about a year after the painter's accident at prairie-wood, he led to the altar Edith Grey, or, in other words, Edith Danvers.

If what the poet sung be true, then were our hero and heroine happy.

"There's a bliss beyond all that the minstrel has told,
When two that are linked in one heavenly tie,
With heart never changing, and brow never cold,
Love on through all ills, and love on till they die;
One hour of a passion so sacred is worth
Whole ages of heartless and wandering bliss;
And, oh! if there be an an elysium on earth,
It is this! it is this!"

The Poor Musician and his Mate.

I have often been sorry to hear people say that there is no more kindness in the world. Adam *did* fall, I know, but we can't help that. Though there are a great many bad things in the world, I also believe that there is a great deal that is good also.

Somehow, a great crime seems to be spoken of by everybody, while a good deed is usually unnoticed. I think, children, that whenever you hear of a good thing you ought to tell it. Spread the good news far and wide. It will do others good when they hear it, and, if I mistake not, it will do you good likewise. I am going to act on that principle now, and I hope to do so in some way or another as long as I live.

One beautiful summer day there was a great festival in the large park at Vienna. ~~This park~~ is called by the people the Prater. It is full of lovely trees, splendid walks, and little rustic pleasure houses. At the time of which I am speaking there were people there, some young and some old, and many strangers, too. And all those who were there enjoyed such a scene as they had probably never beheld before. Be that as it may, the Prater was almost covered with the crowds of people. Among the number were organ grinders, beggars and girls who played on harps. There stood an old musician. He had been once a soldier, but his pension was not enough to live on. Still he didn't like to beg; therefore, on this particular festival day he took his violin and played under an old tree in the park. He had a good, faithful old dog along with him, which lay at his feet and held an old hat in his mouth, so that passers-by might cast coins in it for the poor old man.

On the day of the festival which I have now mentioned, the dog sat before him with the old hat. Many people went by and heard the old musician playing, but they didn't throw much in. I wonder the people did not give him more, for he was truly a pitiable object. His face was covered with scars received in his country's battles, and he wore a long gray coat, such as he had kept ever since he had been in the army. He even had his old sword by his side, and would not consent to walk in the streets without carrying his trusty friend with him. He had only three fingers on his right hand, so he had to hold the bow of his violin with these. A bullet had taken off the two others, and almost at the same time a cannon ball had taken off his left leg. The last money he had had been spent in buying new strings for his violin, and he was now playing with all his strength the old marches he had heard so often when a boy with his father. He looked sad enough as he saw the multitudes pass by in their strength and youth and and beauty, but whenever they laughed it was like a dagger to his soul, for he knew on that very evening he would have to go to bed supperless, hungry as he was, and lie on a straw couch in a little garret room. His old dog was better off, for he often found a bone here and there to satisfy the cravings of hunger. It was late in the afternoon, his hopes were almost like the sun—they were both going down together. He placed his old violin down by his side, and leaned against an old tree. The tears streamed down his scarred cheeks. He thought that none of that giddy crowd saw him, but he was much mistaken. Not far off stood a gentleman in fine clothes, who had a kind heart. He listened to the old musician, and when he saw that no one gave him anything, his heart was touched with sympathy. He finally went to the dog, and looking into the hat, saw only two little copper coins in it. He then said to the old musician:

"My good friend, why don't you play longer?"

"Oh!" replied the old man, "my dear sir, I cannot; my poor old arm is so tired that I cannot hold the bow; besides, I have had no dinner, and have little prospect of supper."

The old man wiped his face with his feeble hand. The kind gentleman with whom he talked resolved to aid him as best he could. He gave him a piece of gold, and said:

"I'll pay you, if you will loan me your violin for one hour."

"Oh!" said the musician, "this piece of money is worth more than half a dozen old fiddles like mine."

"Never mind," said the gentleman; "I only want to hire it one hour,"

"Very well; you can do what you will," said the owner.

The gentleman took the fiddle and bow in his hands, and then said to the old man:

"Now, my mate, you take the money, and I will play, and I am quite sure people will give us something."

Now, was not that a singular musical association? They had just become acquainted, and immediately entered into an arrangement to work together for the public. The strange gentleman began to play. His mate looked at him with great wonder; he was so stirred that he could hardly believe it was his old violin that such beautiful sounds came from. Every note was like a pearl. The first piece had not been finished before the people, observing the strange sight, and hearing such wonderful music, stopped a moment in curiosity. Every one saw that the fine-looking gentleman was playing for the poor man, but none knew who he was. By and by the people began to drop money into the hat, and the old dog seemed delighted to receive so many pieces of gold for his master. The circle of hearers became larger and larger. Even the coachmen of the splendid carriages begged the people inside to stop and hear the music. Still the money increased. Gold, silver and copper were thrown into the hat by old and young. The old dog began to growl. What in the world could be the matter? One gentleman, as he dropped a large piece of money into the hat, had struck him on the nose, and he came very near letting the hat and money fall.

But it soon became so heavy he could not hold it any longer.

"Empty your hat, old man," said the people, "and we will fill it again for you."

He pulled out an old handkerchief and wrapped the money in it and put it in his violin bag.

The stranger kept on playing, and the people cried out "Bravo! bravo!" in great joy. He played first one tune and then another—even children seemed carried away with rapture. At last, he played that splendid song, "God bless the Emperor Francis!" All hats and caps flew off their heads, for the people loved their Emperor. The song finally came to an end. The hour was ended, and the musician handed back the violin to the old man.

"Thank you," said he. "May God bless you!" and he disappeared in the crowd.

"Who is he? Who is he?" said the people. "Where does he come from?"

A certain person sitting in one of the coaches said:

"I know him. It is Alexander Boucher, the distinguished violinist. It is just like him. He saw that old man needed help, and he determined to help him in the best way he could."

The people then gave three cheers for Boucher, and put more money in the old man's hat. When he went home that evening, he was richer than he had ever been before. When he went to his bed, he folded his hands and prayed that God might bless good Boucher, so that when he should get to be an old man he might have good friends.

Now, I believe that there were two happy people that night in Vienna. Of course, the poor old musician rejoiced now that he was out of want; but of more value to him than all his money was the consolation somebody had proved a friend to him. For it does us all good to know that we have friends, even though they are of no further advantage to us. There was another who was happy, and that was the good man Boucher. How could he go to bed that night without thanking God for putting it into his heart to be kind to the old, friendless, starving soldier?

Next to the benefit which our good deeds confer is that which they confer on ourselves.

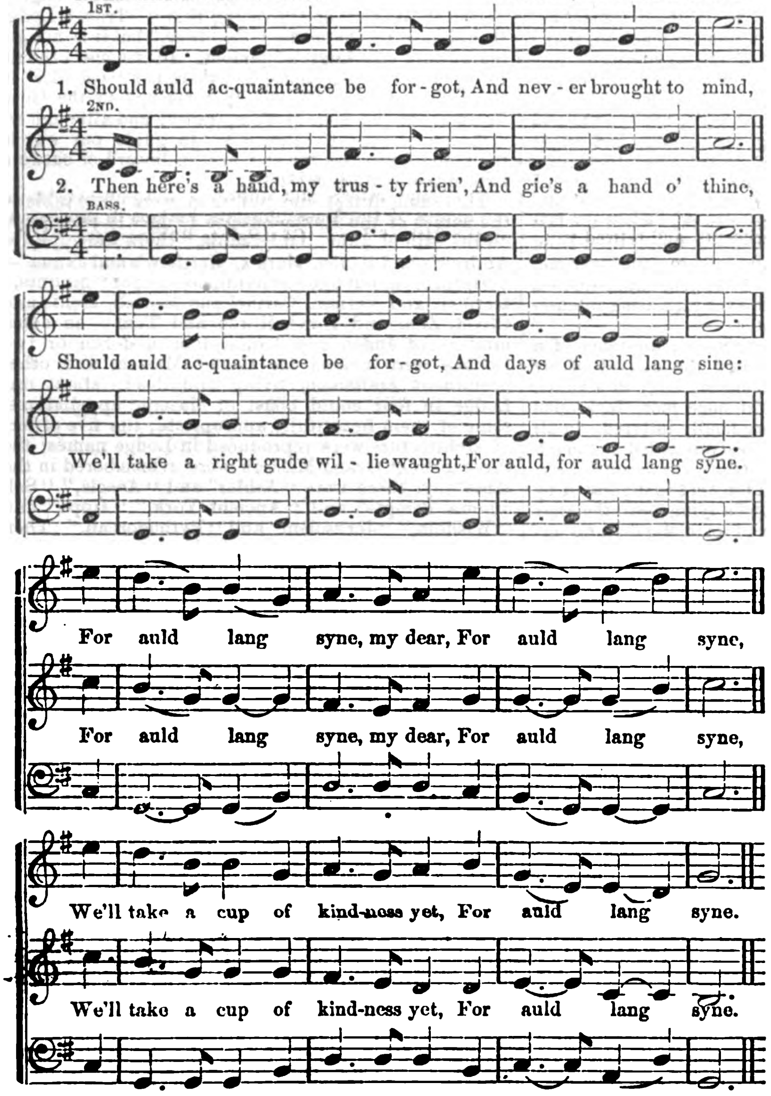
Now, children, this is a big world. Look around you, and you will always find that you can do something to make this world of ours better, as well as yourselves happier.

[FROM THE MASONIC HARMONIA.]

MASONIC HARMONIA. 17 90 MASONIC HARMONIA.

40. CLOSING.

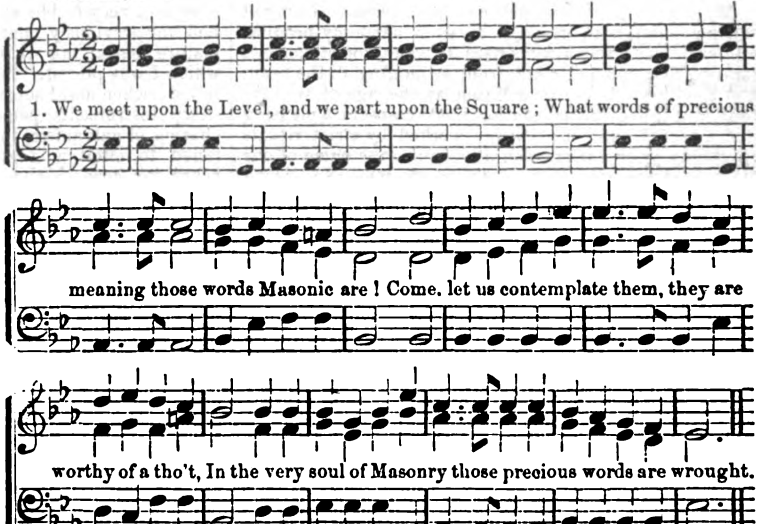
AULD LANG SYNE. C. M. Words by Bro. ROBERT BURNS.


1ST.
1. Should auld ac-quaintance be for-got, And nev-er brought to mind,
2ND.
2. Then here's a hand, my trus-ty frien', And gie's a hand o' thine,
BASS.
Should auld ac-quaintance be for-got, And days of auld lang sine:
We'll take a right gude wil-lie waught, For auld, for auld lang syne.
For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne,
For auld lang syne, my dear, For auld lang syne,
We'll take a cup of kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.
We'll take a cup of kind-ness yet, For auld lang syne.

161. ANNIVERSARY.

The Level and the Square.

Written by Bro. ROB. MORRIS. Music by Bro. B. F. BAKER.


1. We meet upon the Level, and we part upon the Square; What words of precious
meaning those words Masonic are! Come, let us contemplate them, they are
worthy of a tho't, In the very soul of Masonry those precious words are wrought.

2 We meet upon the level, though from every station come,
The rich man from his mansion, and the poor man from his home;
For the one must leave his heritage outside the Mason's door,
While the other find his best respect upon the checkered floor.

3 We part upon the square, for the world must have its due,
We mingle with the multitude, a faithful band and true;
But the influence of our gatherings in memory is green,
And we long upon the level to renew the happy scene.

4 There's a world where all are equal; we are hurrying towards it fast,
We shall meet upon the level there, when the gates of death are past;
We shall stand before the Orient, and our Master will be there,
To try the blocks we offer by His own unerring square.

5 We shall meet upon the level there; but never thence depart;
There's a mansion—'tis all ready for each trusting, faithful heart;
There's a mansion and a welcome, and a multitude is there,—
Who have met upon the level, and been tried upon the square.

6 Let us meet upon the level, then, while laboring patient here,
Let us meet, and let us labor, though the labor be severe;
Already in the western sky the signs bid us prepare
To gather up our working tools, and part upon the square.

7 Hands round, ye faithful Masons, form the bright fraternal chain;
We part upon the square below to meet in heaven again.
Oh! what words of precious meaning those words Masonic are,
We meet upon the level and we part upon the square.

Masonic Antiquities.

In the erection of King Solomon's Temple, such were the arrangements that the materials, whether of stone or timber, were skillfully prepared in the quarries and the forests, and were distinguished by certain marks to designate their proper connection. They were prepared with so much nicety that each part fitted with such exactness that, when put up, the temple had the appearance of a *monolith*, or single stone; and it seemeth such an effort of skill, that all observers were ready to pronounce it a work of the Great Architect of the Universe, rather than the work of human hands directed by human ingenuity. Another circumstance was connected with the preparation of the materials. Each stone contained the particular *mark* of the workman who executed it, so that if any proved defective the faulty workman was immediately detected. That such was the fact is confirmed by discoveries in almost every quarter of the globe.

A correspondent of the London Freemasons' Quarterly Review says, "that in the year 1542 was raised the fortress of Allahabad, in the East Indies; the walls of which are composed of large oblong blocks of granite, almost everywhere covered with *Masonic* emblems, which evince something more than mere ornament. They are not confined to any particular spot, but scattered over the walls of the fortress, in many places as high as thirty or forty feet from the ground. It is quite certain that thousands of stones on the walls bearing these Masonic emblems were carved, marked and numbered in the quarries, previous to the erection of the buildings." These emblems consist of circles, squares, triangles, double triangles, and various other figures.

M. Didron, of Paris, made a communication on the subject of Masons' Marks to the Historical Committee of Arts and Monuments, in which he says, that he has found them at Strasburg, Spire, Worms, Rheims, Basle and elsewhere, and believes he can discover in them reference to distinct schools, or Lodges of Masons. These marks he divides into two classes, namely, those of the overseers, and those of the men who worked the stones. "The marks of the first class consist generally of monogrammatic characters, and are placed separately upon the stones; those of the second class partake more of the nature of symbols, such as shoes, trowels, mallets," &c. It is further stated that at Rheims, "in one of the portals, the lowest of the stones forming one of the arcades is marked with a monogrammatic character, which is a character or cypher composed of one or two or more letters interwoven, such as we see sometimes used on seals—and the outline of the sole of a shoe. The stone above it has the same character and two soles of a shoe; the third the same character and three soles; and so round the arcade." The sole of a shoe was, probably, the mark of the workman, and the monogrammatic character was intended to designate that it had passed the overseer's square, and was fit for the building.

A few years ago the tower and south side of the church of St. Mary's, at Shrewsbury, England, an ancient Gothic structure, underwent a thorough repair; and the circular arches which divided the south aisles from the transepts having been scraped and cleaned of the superabundant plaster, so as to exhibit the fine Norman arches in nearly their original beauty, the distinguishing marks of the several operative Masons, who were employed in working the stones of these arches, were discovered. It is a singular fact that some of these *marks*, though used centuries ago, are similar to those used by the Masons of the present day. This church is said to have been founded by King Edgar. Ancient Masonic history informs us that, during the reign of this prince in 960, the fraternity was organized by St. Dunstan, under whose auspices they were employed in the erection of many pious structures.

The foregoing remarks will be best understood by Masons who have advanced to the degree of Mark Master; the principal circumstance upon which that degree is founded being connected with the traditional fact, thus proved by subsequent discoveries.

The Cross.

The Rev. Henry Ward Beecher makes use of the following striking and beautiful passage in illustration of the Cross and its claims for faith in it by the Christian world, not alone for its historic associations, but for its sanctifying influence upon the hearts and minds of the human race:

The Cross has twined around it every association of dignity and beauty in the world. Not one other thing has received from the fertile minds and the all-fashioning hands of men of genius so many extrinsic beauties as the cross of Christ. Millions never hear of it without a throb, nor see it without a genuflection. It dawns upon the child in the cradle next to its own mother's face, and it is the last thing from which the light disappears when this child, in old age, is dying. The cross is now as universal and as beautiful to the associations and the memories of men as then it was rare, peculiar and odious. It is that which now to us is not only suggestive of a fact in Christ's history, but it is also a memorial of two thousand years of history. Around that simple cross-wood the heart of the world has gathered for twenty centuries its stories of love and devotion.

Buried Alive!

My case is not without precedent. Others have been *buried alive* before me, and, by good fortune, exhibited evidences of consciousness in time to secure a rescue. But I presume that I am the first *Freemason* ever subjected to this terrible discipline. Will the readers of the National Freemason listen to my story?

My health, from boyhood, has been feeble. I am not scholar enough to describe or even name my peculiar ailment; but I was always hard to wake, sometimes had fainting fits, suffered much from swimming in the head, and the like. I became a Mason at the age of twenty-four, and found the association, in all respects, a pleasing and a useful one. The Lodge worked by strict rituals (probably your readers would recognize the name of our Masonic instructor, were I to speak it). No erring brother stood a chance of being overlooked until his sin grew chronic upon him. We had no drunkards, no debauchees, and but few profane swearers among us. Yet we were social, and had high jinks whenever the craft was called from labor to refreshment. We sung the Masonic songs well and freely. Twice a year a bounteous banquet was spread, which, with the attendant enjoyabilities, was always anticipated by the members with rare relish. In brief, ours was more than an ordinary Lodge.

But I digress.

One afternoon I had gone into the woods to select a piece of timber for a particular work—I am a wagon-maker by trade—and finding a suitable tree, I began to cut it down. While doing so, a large snake came suddenly out from a hollow place near the ground, and passed directly between my feet. I always had a nervous antipathy to snakes, and the suddenness of its appearance threw me into a fit, and I fell backwards to the ground, as if dead. The man who was with me took me on his shoulders—I am a very light weight—and carried me directly to my boarding-house, summoning a physician, whose office we past, to wait upon me.

All efforts to resuscitate me, however, failed. Applications of all sorts, even the most pungent; venesections, the hot bath, electricity itself was tried upon me; but my appearance was that of a dead man, and, at last, the medical practitioner declared that *life was extinct*.

It was about this time that my dormant senses returned to me, at least I cannot remember with distinctness any thing which occurred before I heard—and, oh, how distinctly the voice fell upon my ears!—"He is dead." Some one remarking upon my florid appearance and the warmth of my flesh, I heard the doctor explain, with quite a display of erudition, that "such phenomena were not rare in persons of my peculiar temperament; but that these were no appearances of vitality." He advised, however, that no steps should be taken for my burial until the plainest evidences of death were had. Then I heard the doctor leave the room, and the conversation of the two or three persons around me, expressing surprise (no one gave utterance to grief) at my sudden death. Then my body was laid out in the usual manner, but with what I thought to be unnecessary coarseness and indelicacy, and I was left alone, nude and alone, in a dark room.

All this time, I confess, my feelings were rather those of a ludicrous nature, mingled with some indignation, than of fear. I felt so confident of reviving in a few hours that the thought of how droll would be the scene at my unexpected resuscitation was uppermost in my mind. I had that indistinct perception of passing objects common to a state of coma, yet could concentrate my ideas upon a single point with considerable force. The lines,

"Solemn strikes the funeral chime,"

rang in my mind. The job on which I had been engaged occupied much of my thoughts, and I computed over and over the measurements of the timber upon which I was reflecting at the moment of my attack.

The night passed rapidly enough, and daylight seemed as plain to me, through my closed lids, as on any other occasion. Then I became a silent witness of a scene never to be eradicated from my memory.

A delegation from the Lodge came to the room and, for a considerable period, stood around me in consultation. Their words were tender and sympathetic. They had telegraphed, as I learned, to my widowed mother, and the funeral would proceed as soon as she arrived. At a called meeting, the evening before, they had assumed all the expenses of my interment, together with those for a monument, which they had already ordered. They had adopted eulogistic resolutions in my honor. They had, in brief, taken prompt steps to assure my mother, my friends and the entire community of their respect for my memory.

About now I was laid in the coffin, and my body removed to the Masonic Hall, where a guard of brethren was detailed to stand watch over me through the night. It must have been one or two o'clock in the morning that a final consultation was held over my body to decide the solemn question of death. The ruddy appearance of my skin and the high temperature of my flesh, before adverted to, had excited much surprise, and no less than four physicians, together with the coroner, several experienced undertakers and others, stood around me to settle the question.

And now, for the first time, I began to feel some alarm. The reader will, of course, understand that my mind was not in a logical condition. In truth, it must have been in a very feeble state of action, so much so, that I had not previously contemplated the possibility of premature burial, nor realized the horrible condition in which I was placed. But, as one after the other tests failed—when acrid substances put under my eyelids, and sharp instruments penetrating my nerves, and great charges of galvanism, throwing my muscles into spasms, failed to elicit a single evidence of real life; when I heard the coroner and the undertakers one and all declare me "dead as Julius Cæsar"—in fact, when the last of the experts ceased his experiments, and retired from the Lodge-room, a horrible fear began to come over me, to which language is inadequate to give expression—a fear which continued, but with ever increasing intenseness, until the end of the chapter.

My life was saved by the fortuitous circumstance of a railroad accident, which prevented the arrival of my mother. This necessitated placing my body in a vault, that, upon her coming, she might once more look upon my face, before my remains were finally interred. In all other respects, the funeral services proceeded as though I was to be placed in Mother Earth. The beautiful services inculcated in Webb's Monitor were inaugurated by opening a funeral Lodge, my coffin lying near the altar in the centre. The appointment of a Marshal, his orderly arrangements for a procession. the beautiful prayer of the Chaplain, the selection of pall-bearers—how well I understood each of these details! Every word of the Worshipful Master's eulogy fell upon my ear, and I followed him, mentally, line by line as he recited the funeral poem, commencing:

"Dead, but where now," etc.

I am spinning out this subject unnecessarily to describe the procession and the proceedings at the church and receiving vault. Suffice that all things were done with exceeding gravity and decorum. My body was taken first to the Methodist church, where a funeral discourse was given, in which my character was most tenderly reviewed; then to the graveyard where I was deposited, as I have said, in one of the vaults, fortunately open to the air. At the suggestion of one of those who had retained a lurking skepticism as to the fact of my death, the lid of the coffin, immediately above my face, was slightly loosened, to which circumstance I probably owe my life. The horrors of that night, why should I relate? Consciousness fully returned. One by one of my muscles yielded to my agonized will, and I moved my feet and hands, and opened my eyelids. I screamed aloud. More than once I must have fainted and recovered. And when my mother, tottering into that horrible receptible of the dead, came to look upon my face, it was bathed with a clammy perspiration, the eyes were open, and an expression of horror overspread it which was too much for her affectionate heart. She fell upon my coffin senseless, and was long in being revived.

I need not say that no time was lost in releasing me from my confined situation and restoring me by the aid of hot baths and tenderest care to strength. A handsome sum of money was made up by which I was enabled to travel for several months in the company of my mother, and until the horrible impressions of that premature interment were banished from my mind.

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Lodge Nomenclature.—(No. 2.)

BY WILLIAM BREED DRAKE.

In the National Freemason of June 29 are the names of the Lodges chartered (and charters returned) by the Grand Lodge of New York at its last communication. There are fifty-one Lodges given. How many of them do you suppose are named Masonically? Run your eye down the list. There is "Prudence," "Copestone," "Perseverance," "True Craftsman," "Euclid," "Tyrian," "Fraternal"—seven of them, and of those seven, "Prudence," "Perseverance" and "Fraternal," although good names, are not strictly Masonic, and "Copestone" belongs rather to the Chapter than to the Blue Lodge; leaving *three* Masonic names out of *fifty-one* Lodges chartered. In other words, sixteen Lodges out of seventeen are unmasonically named. This is altogether too large a proportion, is it not?

Of the fifty-one, about a third are designated by the name of the village where they are located; a few are christened according to the nationality of their members; half a dozen shine with a light reflected from distinguished Masons, some of whom were never heard of outside of the State; and the rest have "fancy" names.

The brethren who organized these Lodges could have done better. No man is fit to be the Master (or, for that matter, a member) of a Lodge who is not acquainted with Masonic history and tradition; and he will find in them more appropriate Lodge names than "Eagle," "Crystal Wave," or "Evening Star." True, a Lodge should have for its motto, "Excelsior," but it is not going upward on "Eagle's" pinions. Its members should be devotees of temperance, but there is a "one idea" in the name "Crystal Wave" that belongs to the Good Templars or the Sons of Temperance; and although we make use of the "Evening Star" to guide our way to the Lodge-room, yet the star has no inward or outward connection with our mysteries.

This same fitness and unfitness were observable in the names of the Massachusetts Lodges in procession on the 24th of June. Of "Saints," there were John's, Andrew's and Paul's, Mark's, Matthew's and James'—Scriptural all, but five-sixths unmasonic; of "Mounts," Hermon and Vernon, Carmel and Moriah, Hollis and Olivet, Zion and Hope, Horeb and Tom—an equal mixture of Judea and Yankeedom; a dozen or two Lodges were named for Grand Masters and other prominent craftsmen, living and dead; about one Lodge in four could boast of Masonic appellations, some of them beautifully appropriate; the five orders of architecture were reproduced in Lodge names; the three ancient Grand Masters were remembered in the same way; there were "Ashlar" and "Acacia," "Solomon's Temple" and "Ancient York," "Hope" and "Wisdom," "Jerusalem" and "Pythagorean." Then there were a good many others about as appropriate. "Wyoming" and "Adelphi," "Day Spring" and "Cincinnatus," "Marine" and "Mayflower," "King Philip" and "King David," etc. Pretty names, most of them, but as fit for a debating society, an insurance company, or a locomotive engine, as for a Masonic Lodge. And there is one striking fact. Lodges chartered within three, five, or ten years have generally less appropriate because less Masonic names than those which have been in existence half a century or more. The error (and who can doubt that it is an error, if not an evil?) is on the increase.

The rule for naming a Masonic body is very simple. Give it a name referable to its rites. If a Blue Lodge, a name connected with Blue Masonry, or the first Temple; for a Chapter, one relating to the completion of the first or the building of the second Temple—hence "Zerubbabel," unappropriate for a Blue Lodge, is a suggestive and fitting name for a Chapter; for a Commandery, choose a name with knighthood significance. The brain that is capable of guiding a Masonic organization, especially in its early days, ought to be capable of choosing a good name for it.

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Poor Fellow-Soldiers of Jesus Christ—Weary Pilgrims—Innocent Maidens.

BY BRO. PAUL, P.·. G.·. C.·. OF CONN.

Has it ever occurred to you, Sir Knights, that we are a power in the earth; that we can wield an influence for good, the extent of which is incalculable? The poor fellow-soldiers of Jesus, who, on the sterile hills of Palestine, more than seven centuries ago, banded together for the protection of pilgrims to the Holy Sepulchre, were the grain of mustard seed cast into the ground, which has grown to be a great tree; under its shadow the cattle of the field refresh themselves, and upon its boughs the birds of the air find rest and shelter. Persecution has labored to uproot it, the sword and fagot have combined for its destruction; the mountain goat has browsed its tender twigs, and the wild boar of the forest whetted his tusks upon its trunk; still, in sunshine or in storm, the institution has grown in strength and increased in power, and to-day it girdles the world with a cordon of men, strong of arm and willing of heart, against which the might of empires dashing would be hurled back broken and discomfited as the shattered ware from the unyielding rock.

Those men of the by-gone age have set us a brilliant example, and we have succeeded to their vows, their weapons and their duties; they have labored, and we have entered into their labors. The grave has closed over them, conquering or conquered, they have gone down to their repose on the bosom of mother earth, but they have left a record of their wondrous deeds indelibly imprinted upon the page of the world's annals. Their footprints upon the sand of time remain uneffaced and ineffaceable. Ages yet unborn shall read, as we have read, the history of their deeds of charity and pure beneficence, and the generations of men, through all the coming centuries, shall rise up and call them blessed.

To us is committed the task of continuing the glorious work inaugurated by them. Let us not fail in the performance of our duty. Let us not basely violate our vows. Let not the sword rust in the scabbard, or the trowel fall from our hands.

The strength and value of our institution depends not upon the numbers which crowd the doors of our asylums, nor upon the golden streams which flow into our treasuries, but upon the spotless lives and characters of those who gather with us at the holy shrine, and pay heartfelt devotion to the Great Immanuel.

Our duties to our fellow-men are as important and as obligatory upon us as either of the preceding. Silver and gold it may not be in our power to bestow; but such as we have—that richer and better gift of kindness and affection—let us impart with judicious liberality. On every hand are weary pilgrims, traveling the rugged path of life, courageously sustaining the conflict against misfortune, their garments soiled by the dust of long and tiresome travel; their bread and water spent, their sandals worn, their staff broken. Yet, hungry and thristy and bare, with fortitude undaunted, they struggle on. Upon the hearts of such the word of sympathy falls as the gentle dew of heaven upon the crushed and withered flower—quickening, reviving, *saving!*

In all the walks of life may be found innocent maidens, for whose virtue the seducer lays his snares, and watches as the unclean beast waits and watches for *his* prey; and the groans and sighs of the helpless orphans and destitute widows are borne on the wings of every passing breeze, and ascend in continued aspirations to the throne of the Eternal. Here, my brethren, is our duty to our neighbor; to feed the hungry, to clothe the naked, and to bind up the wounds of the afflicted. For this warfare we have buckled on the armor—to this contest our obligations continually invite us.

Curious Decoration—R.·. A.·. and Rose Croix.

(From Notes and Queries for NATIONAL FREEMASON.)

It is a star of seven points, the place of the eighth, at the top, being inelegantly supplied by a loop, from which it is to be suspended on a ribbon or chain. The material is only brass, yet the engraving is remarkably well executed. It displays a shield divided quarterly by an upright crosier, and a transverse spear. On the dexter chief is a lion rampant and a sceptre before him. In the sinister chief appears a well under a tree, an arrow by its side, and a bull underneath. The dexter base has a man in a kind of frock-coat, with both hands lifted up, as if preaching or exhorting. In the sinister base is a spread eagle. The supporters are two harpies, each extending one wing over the escutcheon, and with the other partly covering her body. Above the shield is a star, with the letter J in the centre; and above all is the eye of Providence. The motto is KODES LA ADONIA.

Explanations.—Bro. Buckton's:

There is a degree in Masonry of Knights of the White Eagle or Pelican, to which this may appertain. I conceive the lion and sceptre to indicate the royal house of Judah. The eagle is the symbol of supreme power. "The harpies" are, I suppose, the cherubim. The letter J is the initial of "Jehovah," and the motto, correctly put, "Kodesh l'Adonai," means "Holiness to the Lord." The blazing star with its seven points is clearly Masonic; so is the man in the attitude described.

Bro. F. C. H.'s explanation:

Bro. Buckston alludes, I presume, to that of *Rosa Crucis*, the jewel of which is a pelican, which also appears upon the seal of the Order, with a rose-colored ribbon. But none of the other figures on the decoration are connected with the Order of *Rosa Crucis*. If I may hazard a conjecture, I think the lion and sceptre symbolize the kingly power, while the crosier and spear represent the clerical and military authorities. But beyond this I do not see my way. The motto may be intended for the Hebrew words, as given by Mr. Buckton; but it is distinctly engraved in bold Roman capitals, as I gave it, KODES LA ADONIA. And this puzzled me. I was of course aware that the sacred name ADONAI is used in various Orders of Freemasonry, and I know that KADOSH appears on the mystical ladder of the Masonic Knights Templar, but it was difficult to suppose that on a decoration with engraving of superior execution these words should have been so completely perverted as above.

Bro. Mat. Cooke's explanation:

It is an old jewel belonging to the Order of the Holy Royal Arch before the union of the two Grand Lodges in 1813. Its principal points represent the leading standards of the four divisions of the army of Israel, which make the compound figure of the cherubim, and are composed of a man, a lion, an ox and an eagle. A man to personify intelligence and understanding; a lion to represent strength and power; an ox to denote the ministration of patience and assiduity, and an eagle as the figure of that promptness and celerity with which the will and pleasure of the great I AM is always executed. The other emblems refer to the bearings of some of the principal tribes of Israel. The motto, "Holiness to the Lord," is that of the Supreme Chapters of Royal Arch Masons everywhere. The crosier is emblematical of the officer Jeshua, the son of Josedech, the high priest, who wrote it. The spear, now superseded by the sword, which every companion will recognize as one of the necessaries of the builders who returned with Zerubbabel; and the tree alludes to the burning bush, seen by Moses on Mount Horeb, in the wilderness of Sinai. From the peculiarity of its bearing an arrow, now disused with us, I infer that the medal in question was made previous to the year 1775.

Mr. Buckton having read correctly the first part of the symbolic matter, let me point that the tree, the well, and the arrow, will be found in Gen. xlix. 22, 23. The bull also belonging to Joseph, Deut. xxxiii. 17. The reading of the whole matter is this: When the lion of the tribe of Judah, to whom belongs the morning star, is reconciled with the house of Joseph (the ten tribes), then the power of the Spirit, or eagle, will return, and holiness to Jehovah the Lord will be the rule; the kingly (spear) power and the priestly (crosier) will then be wielded by one who has the secret of those seven. The decoration then refers to the fulfillment of Zech. iv. 10, and vi. 13; and also to Amos, v. 15, ix. 11, &c.

Masonry on the Battle-Field.

It is published to the world, upon the very respectable authority of Prof. Lawson, that, in the deadliest of the fight at Buena Vista, near where McKee, Clay, Vaughn, and Willis fell, a young Kentuckian of the 2d Infantry was struggling with unyielding and manly courage to protect the honor of his flag and the bright renown of his gallant State, when, upon a vigorous and overwhelming attack of the enemy, he found all the brave hearts that supported him borne down by the sabres of the Mexicans, and himself cast to the earth, dangerously wounded, while a hundred bright lances gleamed above him. In this hopeless situation, when all his comrades had fallen, and the chances of the fight had entirely deserted his cause, he felt justified, by his love ~~of life~~, to ~~appeal to~~ a sign that is never made to a true Mason without a response. The sign was scarcely made before the bravest Mexican of them all leaped from his saddle, took him to his embrace, and in a glorious effort to save his fallen brother, was himself felled to the earth by his dastardly and ferocious countrymen, who were ignorant of that holy tie which thus bound those two kindred spirits together in the dread collision of arms, and winged their gallant souls from the gory field of death to the bright fields of Paradise above. Locked in each others arms, they both yielded up their lives, and thus gave to the world one more imperishable example of the force of those links that unite the hearts of Masons in prosperity, in adversity, in life, and in death.

It is recorded on pretty good authority, that, at the battle of Jenappe, the 17th regiment of French Chasseurs entered the town and made its inhabitants prisoners; but being fired upon from the window of a certain house, and having some of their number wounded, they determined upon killing some of their wounded enemies near; and when they were just proceeding to their diabolical act of vengeance, a poor disabled Brunswick officer communicated to the French officer commanding the sign of a Freemason. In a moment the slaughter was arrested, and another illustrious instance was thus furnished of the power and the efficacy and the truth of the obligations that bind Freemasons together in peace, in war, at the banquet hall, and in the field of battle's most dreadful slaughter.

The gallant, blunt old hero, Putnam, was once captured by the Indians. As he was known to be as dreadful as the thunderbolt in war, these merciless and vindictive savages subjected him to every species of privation, of hunger and pain, until his manly form was reduced to the merest shadow. At last the day that was to gratify their thirst for revenge had arrived. The feast was prepared, the victim was tied to a stake, the faggots were piled around him, the torch was put to the fuel, the blaze ascended, and at the same time the yells and shouts of his enemies arose to the heavens. For once the spirit that never quailed in battle had nearly given away. But he remembered that he was a Mason—he made a sign—never made in vain—of distress. In a moment his cords were cut asunder, and he was rescued from the fire and from the hands of his foes, by a gallant Frenchman, at the imminent hazard of his own life.

Mixing the Mortar.

Fraternally dedicated to R. W. WILLIAM B. LANGRIDGE, A.M., of Muscatine, Iowa, a Freemason of rare erudition and fidelity in friendship.

It may have been a dream; for 'twas the hour
When deep sleep falls on man[*] and mortal fear
Comes over the boldest, that this thing was brought
Secretly to me, and mine ear received
A little part thereof. . . . .

Ere I had slept
My mind had labored on this question, large
And weighty: "How shall Masons be conjoined
So that nor hardships, nor the lusts of life,
Nor disappointments, nor the darkening tomb,
May rend the bolts that weld them into one?"

That very eve my faithful tears had flowed;
For I had read the story of The Man
Deserted in his need;[†] betrayed by one
Warm from his bosom; scorned, yea, spit upon,
Scourged to the quick, thorn-crowned, then crucified.

That very hour my bitter tears had flowed,
For one who shared my bosom's confidence
Had coldly, cruelly betrayed my trust,
Exposed my *name* to icy calumny,
My *purposes* to scorn. . . . .

So in my mind
This question large and weighty I had conned,
Till heavy sleep o'erpressed my weary brain—
"How shall Freemasons faithful be conjoined?"

It may have been a dream; methought I lay
Upon a Lodge-floor, 'midst that imagery,
The same that blest our sleeping Israel,[‡]
Extending from celestial Lodge to me;
The golden Ladder silently slid down,
And with it hosts on hosts of shining forms,
Winged, glory-visaged, glistening, till their light
Filled all the chamber with unearthly glow.

A host unnumbered clustered at my feet;[§]
And one how grander than the sons of men!
Stood in the East as one with power, and said,
"Mix we the mortar for Freemasons' work,
Duly and quickly ere the morning break."

Then gathered they, those angels from the walls,
And starry ceiling, and the altar's top,
And from the pedestals each mystic thing
That makes the Masons' Lodge a type of Heaven:
One brought the *Star*, whose five mysterious points
Whisper of fellowship; one brought the *Square*,
And laid it with the *Level* and the *Plumb;*
One brought the *Compass* and the *Guage;* and one,
A shining seraph, with the *Trowel* came.
Emblem on emblem then the angels wreathed
In wondrous imagery, and at my feet
Built up a rare and curious edifice.

Then took th' Archangel from the altar's top
The Word: he held aloft the glowing page,
And, lo, the angelic group concealed their eyes
In folded pinions; from th' adoring choir
I heard sweet hymnings, but so faint and low
I caught imperfectly some broken lines—
Only this, and only this
Can bind the heart;
The Masons' Art
Of heavenly origin is;
The cement must be made
And spead with heavenly skill;
No other will
Suffice the purpose of the Masons' trade.

It *was* a dream; and when I soon awoke
No Mason symbolisms met my eye,
No angel chorus charmed my heavy ear;
All lone and gloomy did the chamber seem;
Yet as I mused upon that vision strange,
A spirit spoke within me, warm, distinct,
And told me all its meaning. Since that hour
I've seen how feeble are the attempts of men
To bind what God hath not together joined!
'Twere useless all and vain parade
This imagery of Masons' trade,
These pillared aisles, this massy wall
And golden porch—'tis useless all,
Unless a *living soul* inspire
The mystic plan with Heavenly fire.

The builders' tools are less than naught
Unless with genius they are wrought;
The quarry-blocks no beauty show,
Save as they yield to wisdom's blow;
And human hearts will ne'er combine
Except by influence divine.

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[*] In thoughts from the visions of the night, when deep sleep falleth on men, fear came upon me and trembling which made all my bones to shake. Then a spirit passed before my face.—Job iv. 13–15.

[†] And they all forsook him and fled.—Mark xiv. 50.

[‡] And Jacob tarried there all night; and he dreamed, and behold a ladder set up on the earth and the top of it reached to heaven, and behold the angels of God ascending and descending on it. And behold the Lord stood above it. And Jacob awaked and said, surely the Lord is in this place.—Genesis xxviii. 10–16.

[§] A great multitude, which no man could number, of all nations and kindreds and people and tongues.—Revelations vii. 9.

The Masonic Arms.

The present arrangement gives rise to some curious conceits. The *man* was a symbol of the prophet Isaiah, because of his prophecy of Christ being a man by His birth of a virgin; and of St. Matthew, because he gives Christ's human genealogy. The *lion* was considered the symbol of Jeremiah, because of the terrible voice of his threatenings; and of St. Mark, because his gospel begins with the voice in the wilderness.

An *ox* was the symbol of Ezekiel, because he sets forth the restoration of the temple and altar—the emblem of atonement being an ox; and of St. Luke, who commences with the narrative of Zacharias the priest. An *eagle* was the symbol of Daniel, because he spake with angels, and received visions which relate to all time; and of St. John, who, in his gospel, treats upon Christ's divinity, and soars to heaven like an eagle in the book of Revelation. Again, Christ is a cherubim; a man from His human nature; a lion, as being descended from the tribe of Judah; an ox, as being a priest; and an eagle from His divine nature.

Family Circle.

THE SOUL'S REQUEST.

BY THOMAS MACKELLAR.

Draw nigh to the Holy,
Bend low at His throne;
There, penitent, lowly,
Thy sinfulness own.
There, there, if thou yearnest
For pardon and rest,
There, fervent and earnest,
Prefer thy request.

Confess thy backsliding,
Thy weakness and fears;
In Jesus confiding,
There pour out thy tears:
Think not He will scorn thee,
Though wretched thy case;
His hand will adorn thee
With garments of grace.

More precious than treasure,
More vast than the sea,
His love has no measure
Nor limit to thee.
His easy yoke wearing,
His pleasure abide;
In all thy cross-bearing,
He'll walk by thy side.

Fear not the wild clangor
That Satan may raise,
So God's righteous anger
But pass from thy ways.
Whom Christ has forgiven
Goes safely along,
Till in the high heaven
He sings the new song.

Then kneel to the Holy,
Bend low at His throne;
There, penitent, lowly,
Thy sinfulness own;
There, Soul! if thou yearnest
For pardon and rest,
There, fervent and earnest,
Prefer thy request.

LINES TO A LITTLE BOY.

My winsome one, my handsome one, my darling little boy,
The heart's pride of thy mother, and thy father's chiefest joy,
Come ride upon my shoulder, come sit upon my knee,
And prattle all the nonsense that I love to hear from thee;
With thine eyes of merry lustre and thy pretty lisping tongue,
And thy heart that ever more lets out its humming, happy song,
With thy thousand tricks so gleesome, which I bear without annoy,
Come to my arms, come to my soul, my darling little boy!

My gentle one, my blessed one, can that time ever be
When I to thee shall be severe, or thou unkind to me?
Can any change which time may bring this glowing passion wreck,
Or clench with rage the little hand now fondling round my neck?
Can this community of sport, to which love brings me down,
Give way to anger's kindling glance, and hate's malignant frown?
No, no, that time can ne'er arrive, for, whatsoe'er befall,
This heart shall still be wholly thine, or shall not be at all;
And to an offering like this thou canst not e'er be coy,
But still will be my faithful and my gentle little boy!

My winsome one, my gallant one, so fair, so happy now,
With thy bonnet set so proudly upon thy shining brow,
With thy fearless bounding motions, and thy laugh of thoughtless glee,
So circled by a father's love, which wards all ill from thee!
Can I suppose another time when this shall all be o'er,
And thy cheek shall wear the ruddy badge of happiness no more—
When all who now delight in thee far elsewhere shall have gone,
And thou shalt pilgrimize through life, unfriended and alone,
Without an aid to strengthen or console thy troubled mind,
Save the memory of the love of those who left thee thus behind?
Oh, let me not awake the thought, but in the present blest,
Make thee a child of wisdom—and to Heaven bequeath the rest.
Far rather let me image thee, in sunny future days,
Outdoing every deed of mine, and wearing brighter bays:
With less to dull the fervency of recollected pain,
And more to animate thy course of glory and of gain:
A home as happy shall be thine, and I too shall be there,
The blessings purchased by thy worth, in peace and love to share—
Shall see within thy beaming eye my early love repaid,
And every ill of failing life a bliss by kindness made—
Shall see thee pour upon thy son, then sitting on thy knee,
A father's gushing tenderness, such as I feel for thee;
And know, as I this moment do, no brighter, better joy,
Than thus to clasp unto thy soul thy darling little boy!

THE MISSION OF LITTLE CHILDREN.—No one feels the death of a child as a mother feels it. The father cannot realize it thus. True, there is a vacancy in his home and a heaviness in his heart. There is a chain of association that at set times comes round with its broken link; there are memories of endearment, a keen sense of loss, a weeping over crushed hopes, and a pain of wounded affection. But the *mother* feels that one has been taken away who was still closer to her heart. Hers has been the office of constant ministration. Every gradation of feature developed before her eyes; she detected every new gleam of infant intelligence; she heard the first utterance of every stammering word; she was the refuge of its fears, the supply of its wants; and every task of affection wove a new link, and made dear to her its object. And when her child dies, a portion of her own life, as it were, dies with it. How can she give her darling up, with all these loving memories, these fond associations? The timid hands that have so often taken hers in trust and love, how can she fold them on its sinless breast, and surrender them to the cold clasp of DEATH? The feet whose wanderings she has watched so narrowly, how can she see them straightened to go down into the dark valley? The head that she has pressed to her lips and bosom, that she has watched in peaceful slumber and in burning sickness, a hair of which she could not see harmed, oh, *how* can she consign it to the dark chamber of the grave? It was a gleam of sunshine and a voice of perpetual gladness in her home; she had learned from it blessed lessons of simplicity, sincerity, purity, faith; it had unsealed within her a gushing, never-ebbing tide of affection; when suddenly it was taken away, and that home is left dark and silent; and to the vain and heart-rending aspiration, "Shall that ~~dear child never~~ return again?" there breaks, in response through the cold, ~~gray silence~~, "~~Nevermore~~—oh, *nevermore!*" The heart is like a forsaken mansion, and that word goes echoing through its desolate chambers. And yet, fond mother ("time brings such wondrous easing"), thou wilt in after years look back, with a not unpleasing sadness, even upon this scene of grief:

Thou'lt say: "My first-born blessing,
It almost broke my heart
When thou wert forced to go;
And yet for thee I know
'Twas better to depart.

"God took thee in His mercy,
A lamb, untasked, untried;
He fought the fight for thee,
He won the victory,
And thou art sanctified.

"I look around, and see
The evil ways of men;
And, oh, belovèd child,
I'm more than reconciled
To thy departure then.

"The little hands that clasped me,
The innocent lips that pressed,
Would they have been as pure
Till now, as when of yore
I lulled thee on my breast?"

And in this spirit, and with this faith, the affections of that bereaved mother will "reach out after her little one; follow it into the unseen and spiritual world, which will become a great and vivid reality to her. Its atmosphere will be around her; cords of affection will draw her toward it, the face of her departed one will look out from it;" and she will evermore think of her child as "not lost, but gone before."

WANTED—AN HONEST, INDUSTRIOUS BOY.—We lately saw an advertisement headed as above. It conveys to every boy an impressive moral lesson.

"An honest, industrious boy" is always wanted. He will be sought for; his services will be in demand; he will be spoken of in terms of high commendation; he will always have a home; he will grow up to be a man of known worth and established character.

He will be wanted. The merchant will want him for salesman or clerk; the master mechanic will want him for apprentice or journeyman; those with a job to let will want him for contractor; patients will want him for a doctor; religious congregations for a pastor; parents for a teacher of their children, and the people for an officer.

He will be *wanted.* Townsmen will want him for a citizen; acquaintances as a neighbor; neighbors as a friend; families as a visitor; the world as an acquaintance; nay, girls will want him for a beau, and, finally, for a husband.

An honest, industrious boy! Just think of it, boys; will you answer this description? Can you apply for that situation? Are you sure that you will be *wanted?* You may be smart and active, but that does not fill the requisition—are you *honest?* You may be capable—are you *industrious?* You may be well dressed and create a favorable impression at first sight; are you sure your friends, teachers and acquaintances can recommend you for these qualities?

How would you feel, your character not being thus established, on hearing the words: "I can't employ you?"

Nothing else will make up for the lack of these qualities. No readiness, no aptness for business will do it. You must be honest and industrious—must work and labor; will your calling and election for places of profit and trust be made sure?

A STRANGE STORY.—Strange stories have from time to time been related of jewels, rings, and even watches, found in fishes when caught and opened, and subsequently returned to their owner. Whether or not these stories be true, I, of course, cannot say, but I vouch for the entire truth of the following, related by a clergyman, himself the hero of the story, to a wondering circle of listeners. Though expectant of something strange as a finale, they were by no means prepared for the actual denouement.

"It was one summer twilight," said he, "that, standing on a rustic bridge which spanned a well known trout stream near my father's house, I won from the girl I had long loved the promise to be my wife. She was something of a coquette, and I had a rival in the field; so, to make the matter sure to myself, and evident to him and others, I drew from her hand a ring which she had often declared she would give only to her betrothed lover, and transferred it to my own finger.

"'It was my mother's engagement ring,' said she, half in earnest and half playfully, 'and there is a superstition connected with it. So long as you keep and wear it, we are engaged; but if you lose or part with it in any way, the engagement is broken. So take care!'

"Some weeks after she went away on a visit, and then my great consolation was to haunt that favorite spot on the bridge which had been our trysting place. Once, leaning over the railing and thinking of our betrothal, I took from my finger the reassured ring, and gazed fondly on the initials—hers as well as her mother's—engraven within. In attempting to replace it, the golden circlet fell from my grasp and disappeared in the waters below.

Only a lover under similar circumstances can imagine how I felt. Day and night I mourned, disconsolate, my lost treasure; and my great dread was her returning and finding the ring missing. Yet, strange to say, I had a singular presentiment or intuition that I should some day recover it—though by what means I had no idea.

"Not long after, fishing in the same stream, some distance below the bridge, I fell to thinking of my lost ring. If I could only fish it up—and just then there was a quiver, a pull and a struggle at my line, and after some play I drew out a fine large trout. At the sight of him the thought suddenly and unaccountably flashed into my mind that the ring—my lost ring—was to be found within his body. I cannot account for the feeling, but I know that it was heightened almost into a conviction, when, upon grasping the victim, I perceived on a portion of his body a singular protuberance, and felt there beneath the skin something like a hard, foreign substance.

"I seized my large pocket clasp-knife. Eagerness made me cruel—yet not more so than if I had left my victim to die a slow and lingering death. I cut off his head, and then, with a trembling hand, ripped open his body, and explored the suspicious protuberance. My knife grated against something hard, and — yes, I caught the glittering of some shining substance! Imagine my feelings when, with a beating heart and trembling hand, I drew forth"——

"The ring, uncle?" breathlessly inquired Nellie.

"No, my dear. Only a piece of green glass!"

The general consternation and indignation may be imagined.

MAN may err, and be forgiven; but poor woman, with all his temptation and but half his strength, is placed beyond the hope of earthly salvation, if she but once be tempted into crime.

The National Freemason,

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R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S., Editor.

John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

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If any brother has paid an agent, and has not received the paper, let him send the receipt to this office, or a copy of it, or reasonable evidence that he has paid for the paper, and to whom he has paid, and he will be certain to have the National Freemason, although we may lose the money.

Brethren should promptly advise us of their changes of residence.

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Charles K. Latour is no longer one of the agents of the National Freemason.

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The great and unprecedented success of the National Freemason induces its publishers to offer ample inducements to the craft for large lists.

The following is not designed to interfere with terms above; but some prefer this method of being compensated for their labor. Lodges thus have an opportunity to furnish their officers and rooms:

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For 50 subscribers, at $4 each, an organ of any New York manufacturer, worth	$ 50
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" 125 " "	125
" 150 " "	150
" 175 " "	175

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For 70 subscribers, ornamental iron stand, half case, Hemmer and Feller, silver plated,	70
For 75 subscribers, ornamental iron stand, half case, Hemmer and Feller, silver plated,	75
For 100 subscribers, full cabinet, walnut or mahogany, Hemmer and Feller, silver plated,	100

Books.

For five subscribers, at $4, Oliver's Landmarks, 2 vols., octavo, $5.

For 3 subscribers, Oliver's Dictionary and Cyclopædia of Freemasonry, $3.

For 2 subscribers, Revelations of a Square, $1.50.

For 15 subscribers, Oliver's Works, 10 vols., $15.

In this proportion for any Masonic work in the New York market.

Regalia.

For 50 subscribers, at $4 each, 10 Velvet Collars, properly trimmed, for either Lodge or Chapter, worth $50.

For 45 subscribers, 10 Masonic Ribbon Collars and 10 Lodge Jewels, heavily plated, engraved in same style as pure silver, worth $45.

For 30 subscribers, 10 Lodge Jewels, heavily plated, worth $30.

For 50 subscribers, 10 Officers' Aprons, stamped in gold, with jewel of office, trimmed with silk, $50.

For 6 subscribers, 1 M. Mason Dress Apron, ornamented with Masonic devices in blue and gold, with silver Masonic tassels, worth $6.

For 12 subscribers, a Gold Pen.

For 50 subscribers, a Gold Watch and Chain, for lady or gentleman.

We will deliver the articles at our rooms, 432 Broome Street, second story, or send the books by mail, stamps having been furnished. If the article is to be boxed, the expense must be prepaid by the person sending for it.

One copy will be sent free also to each person making up a club of seven or more.

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Our quantity of original matter is so great that it is impossible to lead much of it.

A Crisis and a Development.

Many Freemasons regard Freemasonry as a *crisis*, laying the main stress on the commencement, on the reception of the degrees, wishing to begin the Masonic journey or life without seeming to care to go forward. There are others urging the going forward without a proper commencement. With the one class, Freemasonry is nothing but a *crisis;* cccording to the other, nothing but a *development.*

If Freemasonry is a life, it must begin with a birth; if a journey, it cannot be taken except we set out on the right road; if an education, we must learn the alphabet and its grammar lessons; if labor in the vineyard of humanity, we must go into the vineyard.

There must be a beginning within the Lodge, in its lectures, ritual and symbolism. There must be, in the Masonic life, both crisis and development. There must be the Masonic seed deposited in the mind and heart. It may lie in the ground, in a dormant state, for a period. But the crisis must come. Thrills of life will vibrate through it. The germ will be stirred. It will send its roots downward. Its stalk will pierce the mould, moving upward into air and light. Then comes the period of progress and development; the plant growing, the roots multiplying, the stalk ascending and dividing into leaves. Then comes the second crisis. The plant blossoms, and after a period of growth the bud bursts into beautiful petals, surrounding the delicate stamens and precious pistil. Then there comes a second period of slow development. The petals fall and the fruit slowly swells through a time of growth. At last there comes a day when the fruit is ripe. This is the third crisis.

There must be these crises and this development in the true Freemason. Because a man professes Freemasonry and passes through all its forms, it is no evidence that he is Masonic. Because he is zealous for our fraternity, or noisy in its advocacy, or uses Masonic language, it is no evidence of his Masonic life.

Lodges, ceremonies, rituals, are means, but none of them are evidence of a Masonic state or life. The evidences are the fruits of Freemasonry ("the tree is known by its fruits"), charity, gentleness, goodness, faith, hope, temperance, brotherly love, truth, liberality, toleration. Has the seed of Masonic life been deposited in honest hearts? Has it germinated, and the plant blossomed, and the fruit ripened into reverence for T.·. G.·. A.·. O.·. T.·. U.·. and love for all mankind into the believing in a higher life and seeking for it?

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Fifty-seven copies of the Corwin number, Sept. 8, 1866, of the National Freemason wanted to complete sets. Ten cents each and postage will be paid. An unknown brother sent us two copies, another New York brother sent us one copy, to whom we are much obliged.

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Any brethren who live remote from the carriers can get the National Freemason through the news agents.

Another Proverb of Our Ancient Grand Master.

A brother offended is harder to be won than a strong city.—Prov. xviii. 19.

If offense is committed against a brother it is in view of a most endearing relation, in opposition to strong ties and obligations solemnly assumed, and mutual pledges of love and friendship. The injury done is thus aggravated, and the difficulty of reconciliation is increased.

This should serve as a caution to Freemasons against all occasions of offense any way tending to disaffection or ill will. A strong city King Solomon deemed a forcible representation of invincibleness and strength, yet it aptly represents the almost irremediable discord of brothers at variance. *The forbearance* taught in the Lodge-room is the best preventive of such offenses, and *the only means of reconciliation.* Let Masonic love and good will be magnified until hard hearts relent, and stubborn souls bow, and schism and discord die.

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The *Le Monde* should understand that, because we would exclude the atheist from the Masonic fraternity, we do not desire to persecute him or prevent him entertaining his own views. We argue from the fitness of things, from Masonic proprieties, from the landmarks and ceremonies of the institution, that the atheist is out of place in the family of Freemasons.

We now press the following queries: Does our brother believe in landmarks in Freemasonry? Does he believe that it has essential principles, which are unalterable? If so, what are they? Is a belief in a Supreme Being one of these principles? If so, is it in the province of man to set it aside? Does he receive and acknowledge Charge 1, "*Concerning God and religion,*" taken from "Ancient Records of Lodges beyond the Sea," which says a Mason is obliged by his tenure to obey the moral law; and if he rightly understands the art, he will never be a "*stupid atheist?*" How would he obligate an atheist? What would our ceremonies mean to an atheist? Would not the omission of reference to T.·. G.·. A.·. O.·. T.·. U.·. materially affect the distinctive character of the institution and destroy its identity?

If our brother pleads for the abrogation of a landmark and thus destroys Masonic faith, will he not be compelled to change our entire ritual and ceremonies, and when this is done, how much of a Masonic Society will it be? Let us now fully understand what our "moral independent" friends design? Will they frankly tell us where they would end?

We do not at present discuss the question of atheism, and the question of toleration of opinions, but the compatibility of atheism with Freemasonry. When the foregoing questions are answered by our Gallican brother, we shall have a few more questions to propose.

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Our poorer, suffering brethren do not need advice and instruction, and certainly not rough and severe talk and censure. They need occupation—something to do. Not merely bread-work—but head and heart work. Our brethren who will not work, who have nothing to do, will do mischief, and who, being without work and without means of intellectual pleasure, will become instruments of evil.

The fraternities of our cities should provide a central reading-room, an inviting library, lectures and music, and inviting opportunities for the right kind of occupation.

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The invitation and tickets from the President of the Brooklyn and Rockaway Beach Railroad Company were delayed in the Post-Office until too late for use. Thanks therefor, however.

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Franklin Lodge, No. 10, Irvington, New Jersey, has sent us twenty dollars for the relief of distressed Masons in the South.

International Freemasonry.

The Masons at the "Exposition" of Paris held a session the 15th of July, at 5 o'clock. All nations were represented. Bro. Mellinet, the Grand Master of France, and Bro. De Saint Jean, President of the Council of Order, addressed their foreign brethren in a most fraternal manner. Bro. Bremont, the Grand Orator, made an eloquent official discourse. The representative of the Grand Orient of Belgium responded in a happy strain. At the banquet the Grand Master, Bro. St. Jean, and the representatives of the Grand Orients of Belgium and of one of the United States, mainly participated in the way of speeches.

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At the banquet to the fraternity from abroad given by the Ancient and Accepted Rite, Bro. Lebatteun made the salutatory address.

The Grand Commander, a nonagenarian, was introduced with the accustomed honors. He adverted to the prosperity of the rite, to the fraternal advances of the Grand Master of the Grand Orient, and cordially invited the G. M. to assist at the banquet.

Among the toasts was one for the obedience of Misraim.

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An International Masonic Session was held at Paris, by the Lodges of the Ancient and Accepted Rite, commencing on the 22d of July, by an initiation to the first degree, and finishing by an "Adoptive" *fête* for the benefit of Masonic orphanage. In the last number of the National Freemason we gave the occupations of the intermediate sessions.

High Degrees.

We had the pleasure, on Saturday evening last, of listening to a lecture by Bro. Jas. Couch, of Joppa Lodge, No. 201, in which he endeavored to sustain the proposition that the so-called higher degrees are a violation of the ancient landmarks, an innovation upon the body of Ancient Craft Masonry, a bar to its progress, and will ultimately prove a source of weakness and contribute to the decline and fall of the institution.

He based his argument upon the assumption that the three degrees of Ancient Craft Masonry are a landmark, a fallacy, by the way, in more senses than one; first, because the division of Craft Masonry into three degrees is a comparatively modern arrangement; and, secondly, the division of the system into three or thirty degrees is a matter of convenience and not of principle. Landmarks are embodiments of fundamental and important principles which cannot be changed without changing the structure of Masonry, and not, as many suppose, mere notations of chronological events. Assuming, however, the division into three degrees to be a landmark, the lecturer argued that the higher degrees must be much less ancient than those conferred in the Lodge, and, consequently, not a part of original Masonry, nor entitled to the respect and attention due to the original plan. He further remarked that the system of high degrees had been in part created by mutilating the symbolic grades, and claimed that Grand Lodges should assert and exercise the right of claiming their own, and by taking back what originally belonged to their control complete their own rights and make their Lodges the centre of attraction, instead of allowing the brethren to be led off into strange organizations, and the power which they might exercise as Blue Masons be frittered away in the pursuit of mere ceremonial.

He remarked that there are two classes of minds to be found among Masons. One class is composed of men who have a fondness for mere form and ceremony, who are satisfied with the constant repetition of the ritual from year's end to year's end, and seek for no higher development of their faculties; the other class is composed of men who are educated to think for themselves, who have entered the institution with a view to obtaining new fields of investigation and reducing to practice the sublime teachings of the craft. These men accept the ritual as the recognized means of admission, but are not satisfied to have Masonry confined to its simple repetition; they weary of it, and, one by one, drop off, and thus the institution loses the benefits it might reap from their talents if matters were so conducted as to create and retain an interest for men of this class. If these men, in search of information and opportunity for development, are led to take the high degrees, they find them, like the symbolic grades, but matters of ceremony after all. From this the lecturer argued that if, unfortunately, the bitter experience of the past should be repeated, and misfortune again overtake the craft, its attenuated strength, divided among so many degrees and organizations, would render it less capable of resisting the onslaught of its enemies. Hence, we should husband our strength, and by a proper development of symbolic Masonry, by giving it a firmer status and by utilizing its means of instruction and calling into activity the talent of its educated, thinking members, do away with the higher grades, and concentrate the energies of the institution in elucidating and reducing to practice the doctrines taught in Lodges.

This mere outline, given from memory, of course fails to do justice to the eloquent illustrations furnished by the lecturer, and only pretends to furnish the basis on which he erected the superstructure of his argument.

There is, doubtless, much truth in the idea of Bro. Couch; but we venture to doubt whether, if the higher grades could at once be abolished, and Masonry reduced to the proportions of the three initiatory degrees, any good would come of the change, as matters now stand. That such a change will come about, we believe; but it will be the work of time, and result from a better system of education in Craft Masonry. It will commence when our Lodges begin to get over their hurry, and to understand that continually furnishing keys without ever thinking of applying them to the locks which fasten up the true mysteries is not a proper discharge of their duty. It will begin when individual Masons learn that progress in Masonry depends upon themselves; when men of erudition, instead of waiting to be taught, assume their proper *rôle* and become teachers themselves; when such men, instead of dropping away one by one, appreciate the importance of individual effort, and earnestly set to work to foster and encourage a spirit of inquiry, the example of which they themselves shall furnish. It will begin when Masons, appreciating the value of small things, ~~shall~~ unite their efforts in practical demonstrations of power, teaching the craft and the world that our bonds are ties of strength and our labors intended to lead men to higher trains of thought and more practical developments of action. When the seed which has been sown by practical men through the Masonic press begins to germinate, we shall soon be able to demonstrate the power and utility of the Masonic institution; the night of dreams and visions will have ended, and the day of practice and real labor will dawn. Then, in our great cities, we shall have temples properly fitted for the work of the craft, with apartments for garnering and preserving the results of the brain-work which has so long been going on, and which so many hear of but never learn to appreciate, simply because there is no central point from which intelligence may radiate, and to which all may resort to learn what Masonry really is, by comparing the framework of initiation with the greater glory of the fully developed institution. But little is needed to reach this consummation so devoutly to be wished; but that little will be reached, not by destroying the higher grades, but by rendering them less attractive by increasing the interest in and the results of Blue Masonry.

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Weekly Dispatch, (Penn.) says:

The National Freemason improves with every number. It is emphatically, *the* paper for Masons, as containing more matter of importance to the craft than any other published in the United States, or, we believe, anywhere else.

Chariton County Union (Mo.) says:

The National Freemason of July 13th, the most interesting and able journal of its kind that has come to our notice, is received. It contains, among other good things, a fine wood engraving of the Masonic Temple lately dedicated at Boston.

Masonic Hymn.

BY CENTRAL.

Masonic light by the Great Architect
  Unto our craft was given,
To be our rule, guide, staff and rod,
  Our beacon light to heaven.

When troubles in battalions come,
  When earth-born hopes are riven,
It guides the peerless jewel home,
  The home prepared in heaven.

Pale care it drives from every breast,
  It makes life's barriers even,
It points us to the glorious rest,
  The Mason's rest in heaven.

Then when the hour of death draws nigh,
  Faith, hope and love are given,
The Mason's escort to the sky,
  Where reigns the rest of heaven.

What is a Lodge?

Under this caption Bro. Gouley, of the St. Louis "Freemason," seems inclined to have a tilt with his confreres of the press, and to prove, whether they will or no, that an Entered Apprentices' Lodge is not a Lodge. He relies principally upon a version of the Ancient Charges, which we have not had the good fortune to see, and the local law of Missouri, by which other Grand Lodges will not agree to be bound. The Grand Lodge of Missouri may, if so it please the majority, declare that a Lodge is a perfect sphere, but people outside of that jurisdiction are not bound to believe the assertion, or to be governed by it as a principle of law.

So far as we are able to understand Bro. Gouley, he desires to prove that no one can be a member of a Lodge until he has received the third or Master's degree, and in this shape his proposition will meet with no dissent in this country, though in much the largest part of the Masonic world it is not true, because in nearly every country but this Entered Apprentices are members of Lodges and assist in transacting their business. If we deny that they are members of Lodges where, by custom, they enjoy the rights of such, then, by a parity of reasoning, we must deny that there are any Lodges out of this country ~~or England,~~ which, we venture to suppose, Bro. Gouley is hardly prepared to do. Our Masonry comes to us from England, and our law is founded on the Ancient Charges, first published in 1721, which nowhere declare (at least that we can find) that "No brother, however skilled in the craft, shall be called a Master Mason until he has been elected to the chair of a Lodge." When these charges were promulgated Lodges had no members at all, but were simply a convenient number of Masons assembled at some public house for the purpose of making Masons, or in other words, conferring the Entered Apprentice degree. After the institution of the Grand Lodge they were required to have a warrant, but not to be Master Masons, because the Grand Lodge reserved the right of passing Fellow-Crafts and raising Master Masons, and only required that the Grand Master himself should be a Fellow-Craft. In France, Germany and South America the body of the craft to-day are Entered Apprentices, and they are members of and transact the business of their respective Lodges. Such, too, has been the custom in this country until a very recent period. In 1860, when we were Grand Master, we found on our official visitations that our German and French Lodges were transacting all their business in the first degree, and their minutes show that such had been their immemorial custom. Some of these are among the oldest Lodges in this country, but if Bro. Gouley's law be correct, they have not been Lodges for fifty or sixty years past, but can only lawfully date their career from the time when, by our edict, they shut out their apprentices, and began transacting their business in the third degree.

We assume that initiation makes a man a Mason, and when a number of Masons are duly assembled and organized they are a Lodge, for otherwise they could not confer the degree upon a profane. If being opened on the first degree the Lodge still remains a Master's Lodge, then Entered Apprentices are admitted at once to the highest degree, and the routine of requiring them to make proficiency, to pass through the ceremonies of the two superior degrees and refusing them meanwhile admission to a Master's Lodge, when opened as such, is slightly inconsistent. The fact is that an Entered Apprentice is a Mason and a member of the fraternity, and that if now he is no longer a member of the Lodge in which he is initiated, it is because local Grand Lodge regulations have so ordered it. But local regulations cannot alter the groundwork of Masonry nor unmake in principle whatever they may do in practice, and as in the beginning Entered Apprentice Lodges were Lodges, so are they now. True, the regulations of Grand Lodges have deprived them of the rights and immunities they formerly enjoyed, but they have not ceased for that to be Lodges.

Death of Wm. Seymour.

Once more we are called to mourn. The insatiate reaper has again entered our ranks and borne off a noble victim. Comp. Wm. Seymour, long identified with the Grand Chapter of this State as its Grand Treasurer, and one of its most earnest and zealous members, has passed the vails, and entered upon that true life for which he was so well prepared. Those who were present at the Grand Chapter last February will recollect how earnestly he pleaded to be allowed to accompany his old friend, Comp. Coles, in his retirement from office, and with what unanimity his request was refused. The Grand Chapter was not prepared to part with all its old friends at once, and now we have the satisfaction of knowing that when the inevitable mandate came it found him with his harness on. He died on the 27th of July, after a brief but painful illness.

We are indebted to the local journals for the following reminiscences of his years:

"Mr. Seymour was in his seventy-fifth year, but though always dignified and scrupulously exact in manner, retained so much of the animation and elasticity of early life, that it will be difficult to remember him as so advanced in years.

"Always cheerful, cordial and polished in his bearing, agreeable in conversation, and thoroughly informed on topics of general interest, he will long be missed and sincerely regretted by old and young. In all the relations of an active and not uneventful life, he was distinguished for a suavity and grace, unaffected and eminently becoming, and which recalled the traditional ease and courtly style of 'the gentleman of the old school.'

"He was a native of Albany, and was born in what is now Canal street. After having learned the trade of a bookbinder, with his uncle, Benjamin D. Packard, who for a long time kept a book-store at No. 71 State street, now the site of the National Bank. Mr. Seymour commenced business as a partner in the firm of Van Vechten & Seymour. The book-store of the firm was in State street, in the vicinity of Association Hall. The bindery was established upon the corner of Mark lane and Dock street, or what is now the corner of Exchange and Dean streets. Aided and encouraged by the friendly assistance of the late Hon. Charles E. Dudley, Mr. Seymour subsequently opened a bindery upon the well known corner of State and North Market streets, then known as 'Jonny Robinson's Corner,' and afterwards as 'Thorp and Sprague's,' more recently, and even now, as 'the Museum Corner.' Here, for an extended period, he conducted an establishment famous for the perfection of its work, and justly so, as many of the strong, though well used volumes in our public offices will bear testimony. Upon the dissolution of the firm of Van Vechten & Seymour, and upon starting in business for himself, he gave a significant indication of the scrupulous integrity and fine sense of honor which accompanied his whole life, by conscientiously discharging sundry debts against the old firm, which neither law nor equity would have required of him.

"Like many of our old citizens, Mr. Seymour could exhibit his war record, having in 1814 joined the 'Creek Company,' which left this city, in the capacity of orderly sergeant. His military record would be imperfect did we omit to state that he was one of the founders and first members of the celebrated Albany Burgesses Corps. He has filled more public offices, and filled them honorably, and to the satisfaction of the people, than almost any other man. He was elected Alderman of the "saucy Second Ward," now the Ninth Ward, in 1825, and Supervisor in 1828. He was elected to either one as often as he desired. He was a man of great personal popularity, always leading his ticket in elections. He represented the city in the Assembly in 1832 and 1836. Albany was made a port of entry in 1833 and Mr. Seymour was made the first Collector of the port, which office he held until the election of Gen. Harrison, in 1840. He was one of the first directors of the City Bank, and one of the first trustees of the Medical College, both of which he held until his death. He was elected City Chamberlain in 1852. He was also a prominent man in the Masonic Fraternity. He joined Master's Lodge, No. 5, in 1826; was elected W. M. in 1846, '47, '48, '49 and '50. In 1845, he was elected trustee of the same, and continued to hold it until his death. He was also elected an honorary member of all the other Lodges in the city. He has been a member of Temple Royal Arch Chapter, No. 5, of the city of Albany, for forty years, and has held many offices therein. He was elected Grand Treasurer of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of the State in 1850, and has been re-elected every year since. Mr. Seymour was a model citizen, fair in all his dealings—strictly honorable and upright. He was a pleasant companion—courteous in his manners, winning in his conversation and always genial. He was a true friend to the poor man. Mr. Seymour was twice married, first to Miss Jane Bradt, by whom he had one son and two daughters, afterwards to a daughter of David Newland, Esq. He was always a regular attendant and of late years a member of the Reformed Protestant Dutch Church, and has occupied positions of prominence in his congregation. In early life an upright, industrious and skilled mechanic; in maturer years honored and distinguished by public station. Time gathered round him as he neared the dark valley,

"All that should accompany old age,
As honor, love, obedience, troops of friends."

Why Not a Masonic Museum?

Can any one read the following without being struck with the adaptedness of the project to illustrate Freemasonry? Cannot a union be effected of friends of the Old Testament and explorers of Holy Land and Freemasons, to originate in this city a museum for illustrating the Bible and Freemasonry?

The Committee of the Palestine Exploration Fund have determined to form in London, England, a museum for the exhibition of such articles as will tend to illustrate the Bible. The science and art departments have undertaken to provide space for this purpose at South Kensington. The authorities of the British Museum have promised to afford the Committee every facility in their power, and the owners of valuable private collections have also offered their assistance. The following subjects will be embraced in the museum: 1. Sacred antiquities—the tabernacle, the temple, altars and sacrifices, dress and insignia of priests, worship of false gods and idols. 2. Domestic antiquities—manners and customs of the ancient Israelities, Egyptians, Assyrians, etc., their dwellings, trades, manufactures, agricultural and domestic pursuits, amusements, arts and sciences, literature, music, dress, food, pageants, funeral rites and sepulchres. 3. Political antiquities—insignia of kings, rulers and officers of State; laws, trials and punishments; military and naval tactics; engines and weapons of war, battles and seiges, commerce and ships. 4. Geography of Bible lands, historical and physical.—5. Natural history, including geology of Palestine and Sinai. The above subjects will be illustrated by the exhibition of antiquities, articles in present use in Eastern countries, sculptures, casts, models, coins, photographs, pictures, sketches, plans, maps, surveys, and collections of animal, vegetable and mineral products.

Our Duty was Plain—We at once Resigned our Agency.

Messrs. LANSINGH & OSBORNE, of Albany, N. Y., in a recent card to the public, frankly say: "It is well known that for several years we have been prominently engaged in the sale of Sewing Machines. Until recently we sold only 'double-thread' ones, believing them to be the best. But experience has satisfied us that however useful double thread machines may be for certain purposes, and for those who have sufficient skill to use them successfully, they are all more complicated and difficult of management than a machine for general family use should be. On the other hand, the Willcox & Gibbs Machine, which uses only a single thread, and makes a new and more reliable stitch, is a machine of such unrivaled simplicity, ease of management, and general perfection, as adapt it to universal use, and make it what the public need, a perfect Family Sewing Machine—suitable for all purposes and adapted to all capacities. With one of these Machines installed as a member of the household, the hand-needle—that fruitful source of misery—loses all its terrors; while double-thread vexation over disordered machinery—over the winding of bobbins, threading of 'under-needles,' setting and resetting of curved ones, adjusting of compound tensions, &c., is all avoided; and the mending of broken stitches after 'washing' and 'ironing' is reduced to a mere tithe of what it was under the old double-thread dispensation. Yet this, like every other really meritorious invention, has had its opposers, and some have not scrupled to represent the stitch as unreliable. But the public are now too well posted on the subject not to know that the old chain-stitch is one thing, and the twisted loop-stitch another, and that the seam of the Willcox & Gibbs is much stronger, and much less liable to fail in use, than any double-turead one.

"We have always made it a rule, as our patrons know, to regard their interests as well as our own; hence when we found that a better machine than the one we were selling had been introduced, our duty was plain—we at once resigned our agency of the double-thread machine, and obtained the agency of the 'better' one—the Willcox & Gibbs."

Bells are the artillery of the Church.

The Twenty-four Inch Gauge.

BY BRO. DAVID CAVAN.

Eight hours devote with might and main
To honest, useful labor,
And so enjoy the sweets of life,
And benefit your neighbor!

Eight, never fail to set aside,
To serve creation's Master,
By doing good to such as may
Be children of disaster!

These labors o'er you will enjoy
The last eight of the day,
For sleep ne'er fails to strengthen those
Who labor, love, and pray!

The classical readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON will be interested in what a Boston correspondent of the New York *Tribune* says:

The debate as to the utility of classical studies is carried on with great vigor by Dr. Bigelow in his "Modern Inquiries." We had a good deal of Latin in the Masonic procession the other day, and in addition to the old standard mottoes, I noticed a new one, borne by the Mount Vernon Lodge. Over the Masonic square were the words, "Super quadratura," which, I take it, is the utilitarian way of putting into dead Latin the figurative expression, "On the Square." This is almost as good as

"Mus cucurrit plenum sed,
Contra meum magnum ad;"

that is to say, in plain English, "The mouse ran full butt against my great toe."

The Force of Obligation.

The following lines suggest in vivid terms the appreciation of obligation which is felt by the true Mason everywhere:

I am as one encompassed with a chain;
Mysterious influences do restrain
My baser nature now, and from the verge
Of moral death my heedless footsteps urge.
I see a hand that others cannot see;
A voice to others silent, speaks to me;
And duties by the scoffing crowd denied
To me are precious, binding, sanctified.

A Masonic Sociable.

The idea of a Masonic Sociable is simply to lay aside that *seriousness* and *solemnity*, such distinguishing characteristics in the Masonic Lodge, and to take up that geniality which Freemasonry so abundantly produces. When we look at the *West* and see the Senior Warden's column erect, we naturally think of *Labor* and its attendant cares and responsibilities; but when we turn to the *South*, and see the Junior Warden's column erect, the social fire is at once enkindled in our hearts. Here we engage in song and mirthful scenes, pleasant anecdotes, cheerful jests, and any thing and every thing that the emblems of Corn, Wine and Oil naturally suggest.

High Twelve.

We have an old tradition, delivered down orally, that it was the duty of Hiram Abiff to superintend the workmen, and that the reports of the officers were always examined with the most scrupulous exactness. At the opening of the day, when the sun was rising in the east, it was his constant custom, before the commencement of labor, to enter the temple and offer up his prayers to Jehovah for a blessing on the work. And, in like manner, when the sun set in the west, and the labors of the day were closed and the workmen had departed, he returned his thanks to the Great Architect of the Universe for the harmonious protection for the day. Not content with this devout expression of his feelings morning and evening, he always went into the temple at the hour of high twelve, when the men were called from labor to refreshment, to inspect the progress of the work, to draw fresh designs upon the tracing board, if such were necessary, and to perform other scientific labors, never forgetting to consecrate his duties by solemn prayer. These religious customs were faithfully performed for the first six years in the secret recesses of his Lodge, and for the last year in the precincts of the Most Holy Place. At length, on the very day appointed for celebrating the copestone of the building, he retired as usual, according to our tradition, at the hour of high twelve, and did not return alive.

Answers to Correspondents.

OHIO.—The Lodge can reballot upon the expiration of the constitutional time. Make the fact patent to the Grand Master that the negative ballot was cast upon a misidentification of the candidate, and he will grant a dispensation for a new ballot. The ballot cannot be reconsidered by the Lodge.

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I. H.—Title 2, Sec. 100 of the Constitution, says: "Every Lodge shall pay for each of its members annually fifty cents." An E.·. A.·. is not a member. Obey the letter of your laws, even towards an Entered Apprentice, especially when his rights are concerned. If business were done on the E. A. degree, and EE.·. AA.·. were regarded as Masons, as they ought to be, these difficulties would cease. The article about visitors appears to be obsolete.

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MICHIGAN.—The lecture may be modified, but why not do less work and let the instruction be full and patient, and suggestive of our great truths and principles? Yet we plead that instruction should be brief, but pointed and perspicuous.

∴

General Sickles, military commander at Charleston, is no connection, no acquaintance even, of brother Daniel Sickles, the author of *Ahiman Rezon*.

∴

FREDONIA.—Those who find fault with the Masons' laying your corner-stone will find light in our columns of Intelligence.

∴

GRAND SHOCKS—DRIVING PILES.—At High Twelve the Entered Apprentice's song was sung by the brethren standing, before the ceremony of calling the men off from labor to refreshment. At the end of each verse, with hands joined crossways, forming a chain, they shook their hands up and down, and kept time by stamping their feet on the floor. The Masons termed this "*driving piles.*"

∴

ANXIOUS.—The brother may be morally unworthy, but he is not so legally until he has been tried and convicted. Public opinion cannot deprive a Mason of his rights. He must be convicted by a Lodge. The facts you allege are reasons for a thorough investigation. The action of his church is a motive for inquiry, but not for condemnation. That he yielded to the pressure of an anti-Masonic crusade in his church so as to absent himself from his Lodge is evidence of feebleness, but not necessarily of criminality.

∴

PROTESTANT CHURCHMAN.—We do not entirely agree with all its positions, but we do most heartily commend its "speaking the truth in love," its catholic temper, its tolerant spirit, its general ability, its extensive domestic and foreign correspondence, and its freedom from any unwise or unfair position towards the Masonic fraternity. Its chief and working editor is the Grand Chaplain of one of our honored Grand Lodges.

∴

LANDMARK.—Deut. xix. 14: Thou shalt not remove thy neighbor's landmark which they of old time have set in thine inheritance.

Laws of Plato, Leg. viii., 842 E.: Let no one remove the landmark, either of his fellow-citizen, or his friend, or of a neighbor.

∴

OFFICER.—"When did coats of arms come into vogue?" In the reign of Richard I., of England, and became hereditary in families, 1192. "Their origin?" From the Knights painting their banners with different figures, to distinguish them in the crusades.

∴

D. F.—"A brother having been proposed for affiliation, deposits his dimit as evidence of his regular standing. His application is rejected. Has the Lodge so rejecting a right to retain the dimit?"

Answer.—No; the dimit belongs to the petitioner, and must be returned to him, that he may use it to apply elsewhere. The Lodge would have the same right to retain the proposition fee of a rejected petition as the dimit.

∴

LAPSUS.—"The Senior Warden of a Lodge, shortly after his installation, was taken sick, and subsequently died. At a later period, the Junior Warden removed to a distant State, and thus the Lodge is deprived of two of its principal officers. Can we proceed to elect others in their places, after due notice to the members, or must we procure a dispensation?"

Answer.—You could not hold an election without a dispensation; but it is not the custom in this jurisdiction to authorize such elections. The Master has full power to fill the vacancies, either by temporary appointment or for the full term, and that is the better way.

TREFOIL.—"When a candidate has been elected, but neglects to come forward for a length of time thereafter, is it obligatory on the Lodge to proceed to a new election?"

Answer.—Not unless a member objects or there is a clause in your by-laws respecting it. Many Lodges have a provision that, where a candidate fails to present himself for initiation within thirteen weeks after being notified of his election, he forfeits all right to initiation, and must begin again. In the absence of such provision, the Lodge will generally be satisfied with the first election. If, however, the time elapsed has been long—say a year or two—it would be well before proceeding to initiation to ascertain, by inquiry, whether the standing of the candidate remains as satisfactory as at first.

∴

BASE BALL.—We have not been favored with the particulars of the proposed match, and cannot, therefore, give you the desired information. We understand that it is to be played under the auspices of Constitution Lodge, for the benefit of the Hall and Asylum Fund. A note addressed to W. Bro. W. H. Devins would undoubtedly procure you all the news.

∴

R. H. WATERMAN.—Your favor received, with many thanks. You will perceive that we have made use of it in another column.

∴

HYPHEN.—Send your poem to the office, and Bro. McMurdy, who is "some" on poetry, will give you an opinion. If very good, appropriate and not too long, he will publish it.

◆

The Sovereign Order of St. John of Jerusalem and the English Langue.

> "Then in Palestine,
> By the wayside, in sober grandeur stood
> A hospital that, night and day, received
> The pilgrims of the West. And when 'twas asked,
> 'Who are the noble founders?' every tongue
> At once replied, 'The merchants of Amalfi.'
> That hospital, when Godfrey scaled the walls,
> Sent forth its holy men in complete steel;
> And hence, the cowl relinquished for the helm,
> That chosen band, valiant, invincible,
> So long renowned as champions of the cross,
> In Rhodes, in Malta."—ROGERS.

No public institution can present in its history a more striking example of the mutability of human events than the renowned Hospitaller Order of St. John of Jerusalem. Humble in its origin—the pious creation of certain "merchants of Amalfi," who chanced to visit the shrines of the Holy City—it gradually advanced in wealth and influence, till, invested with military functions, its members claimed so prominent a share of the glory won by the Christian arms that it became the chief rampart of the Christian faith in the land of its founder, and presented, at a later period, the main bulwark of Europe against the obscure principle of a body of lowly monks, and was recognized as the princely head of a military state whose subjects were drawn from the most illustrious ranks of every Christian country. The cross of the Order became the highest passport to distinction at every court of Christendom. The most powerful monarchs sought to be enrolled amid its members, and petitioned to be interred in the hallowed garments of the Order. Its flag was environed with a glory peculiar to its sacred character and its world-wide renown. Centuries of chequered fortune, but of still predominant success, and constantly illumined by the fame of its lofty exploits, marked its prolonged career as a sovereign power, till, at one fatal moment, its proud pre-eminence was leveled with the dust. It fell, and fell dishonored. The noble hearts that had maintained its supremacy had disappeared from the stage of earthly trial. Their successors were not men of the same stamp. The lion breed had died out, and vice and effeminacy gave the tone to a society which had long been rendered illustrious by the loftiest attributes of heroic valor and Christian piety.

The hand that struck the exterminating blow was one that dealt with the crowns of kingdoms as cards are disposed of in the hands of a bold and rapacious sharper. It needs not, therefore, seem strange that so feebly supported a state as that of Malta had in later times become should have succumbed to an enemy thus powerful, when the face of Europe was covered with the debris of broken sceptres and demolished thrones. Many writers have expressed an opinion that the curtain should be allowed to descend on the scene of the surrender of Malta to the great Napoleon, marking the tragic close of the history of the famous Order of St. John. But we would ask, Why should that curtain not rise again to disclose the recovered splendor of an institution founded on the noblest principles of human action? Why, in this age of peculiar demand for the most active exertions of individuals and societies for the succor and relief of millions of our fellow-creatures—why, we say, in the midst of apalling want and almost unprecedented suffering, should not the old and time-honored brotherhood of the Knights of St. John claim a new stage for the exercise of their high mission of utility and benevolence—a fresh career of charitable labors, and of unceasing devotion to the best interests of humanity? We go further, and ask, Why, when other principalities and states have been restored to their former dignity and splendor, should the day never arrive when the long dormant sovereignty of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem may be resuscitated with the unanimous and cordial consent of all that acknowledge the Christian faith? Who would not delight to see the white cross of the ancient soldiery of St. John once more wave above the reconsecrated domes and towers of its former home in Jerusalem? Nay, who would not be still more glad to see its old flag stream forth above the domes of Santa Sophia, at Constantinople? As of old, its knightly phalanx would be composed of men of the noblest blood of every nation in Christendom. No jealousy would be created between rival countries; all would equally participate in the recovered possession of the Holy Land, and in the reoccupation of the best portion of the Eastern Empire—a truly grand triumph of Christian supremacy over the unhallowed rule of the Turks, who have too long been permitted to degrade and oppress the finest regions upon the face of the globe. Yes; while eleven millions of our fellow-Christians pine in almost hopeless despair beneath the yoke of Islamism, who shall say that a noble army of Christian warriors, marshaled under the flag of the ancient fraternity of the Hospitaller Order, manned and officered by the bravest hearts of every Christian land, may not yet perform a glorious and enduring service, carrying freedom and civilization to those unhappy races who are now immersed in the direst poverty and most galling degradation? Happy, indeed, for mankind at large will be the hour that witnesses so glorious an event.

But, setting aside all consideration of the higher destinies thus indicated, who, we again ask, shall say that there is not a wide field in London, Paris, New York, Boston, New Orleans, and all the cities of Europe and America, at this present period, for the discharge of those beneficent functions which belonged to the Order in its youth in Palestine? We ask whether in the bosoms of thousands who would gladly, to-morrow, enroll their names as members of so honorable and estimable a body as that of the Order of St. John, to do some different and nobler duty than merely acting as escorts? As knights, esquires, donats or serving brothers, all such aspirants would at once invest themselves with the ennobling character of pledged champions in the cause of humanity—of sworn defenders and supporters of the ever active principle of "good will" towards their fellow-men. What say the tens of thousands of readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON?

We are told that there is afloat in society a spirit of *Sancho-Panzaism*, which ridicules, with sordid selfishness, all devotion to high and chivalrous objects. We believe it not. Nor will we give ear to the insinuation till we see that appeals to our countrymen and fraternity in support of the noble mission of this ancient and famous order of knighthood are coldly received, or contumeliously rejected. We yet hope to see the holy edifice of the Hospital restored, with Christian rites, untainted by Romish errors; its dilapidated shrines, devoted to Christian uses, built anew; its thousand hearthstones sending forth the recovered fires of its ancient hospitality—in a word, we would joyfully behold the reawakened fervor of its Christian charity chase away the spectral shapes of gloom and despair from the darkened abodes of hunger and wretchedness. A career of utility and renown, equal in some respects to that which has shed so imperishable a charm over the memories and associations of the past, may yet await the venerable English and American langue of this renowned and illustrious society, and be perpetuated with increasing dignity and usefulness through as many ages yet to come.

We fear that it is but imperfectly known that there exists in England and in this country an association of distinguished persons, with the Duke of Manchester, in England, at their head, who are devotedly attached to the objects thus set forth.* A close connection with our Orders in America ought to be formed at once. Many of our readers, we trust, will learn with satisfaction that the members are exclusively selected on conditions that promise an active participation in the philanthropic objects of the Order. May we not confidently expect that their zeal in the cause of humanity will be countenanced in a spirit of congenial sympathy by the most benevolent and noble in all lands? It is said that, ere long, the Queen herself will graciously lend her all-powerful name as "sovereign protector" of the revered institution. Such a sanction would reflect honor on the most exalted; it is the cause of Christ Himself which would be thus honored, and which honors all those who engage in His holy service.

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* The *chef-lieu* of the Anglican *langue* of the Order of St. John is at present situated in St. Martin's Place, Trafalgar Square.

The Order of St. John emphatically points to the prouder memories and more dignified associations of the past. It recalls the recollection of days in which wealth was ever deemed the subordinate of honor; prowess and self-denial regarded as preferable to slothful supineness and vicious indulgence; virtue esteemed as of sovereign ascendancy over the mean temptations of pleasure or avarice. It seeks to bring back to each heart and soul a wider share of that holy fervor which was, in ruder times, devoted to God *for His own sake;* to renew that truth of mind and singleness of purpose which shone forth so genially in the social intercourse of simpler times; to restore that real charity, hospitality and fraternal sentiment, that mutual kindness, forbearance and courtesy which the knightly bosom ever cherished and displayed as the very source and basis of the chivalric exemplar.

A widely organized scheme of active and judicious benevolence constitutes the only purpose for which the *langue* of the confraternity of St. John aims to re-establish its existence in all lands. The device of the Order, "*Pro utilitate hominum!*" as identified with and represented by an unceasing course of practical charity, is ever to be regarded as its password to the sympathy and approval of the Christian and Templar public. Charity, in the widest sense of the word, is its motto and true meaning, whose results may be briefly described as a binding together of national feeling and action in one grand, soul-pervading union of chivalric fellowship—a closer combination of the ties of reciprocal amity between classes and individuals. No patriot or lover of his kind can restrain his hearty and enthusiastic wishes for the success of that spirited and devoted band who seek to bid flourish once again amongst us, in the garb of unsectarian piety, the institution of the Order of St. John.

Public feeling at the present moment strongly suggests the necessity of awakening and directing the best energies of the people in a path of unselfish exertion for the common good. Let it be seen that wealth is only respected in accordance with the measure of the bounty and liberality which accompany it—that [illegible] most [illegible] vineyard of his divine Master. Let none presume to solicit admission into this *Hospitaller* Order who are not actuated by the spirit of its noble institution. Let none claim to be the bearers of a mission second to none as affecting the wide interests of humanity who are not impressed with the solemn obligations of its membership. So that the white cross of St. John may be ever regarded as the symbol of a truly Christian profession—not an empty assurance of him who is only seen amid the frivolities of fashionable intercourse, or mere ritual forms—a man whose zeal for the welfare of humanity too frequently appears to begin and end with self.

(To be continued.)

Men must Work—Genius or no Genius.

BY RUSKIN.

The fact is, that a man of genius is always far more ready to work than other people, and gets so much more good from the work that he does, and is often so little conscious of the inherent divinity in himself that he is very apt to ascribe all his capacity to his work, and to tell those who ask how he came to be what he is: "If I *am* anything, which I much doubt, I made myself so merely by labor." This was Newton's way of talking, and I suppose it would be the general tone of men whose genius had been devoted to the physical sciences. Genius in the arts must commonly be more self-conscious; but in whatever field, it will always be distinguished by its perpetual, steady, well directed, happy, and faithful labor, in accumulating and disciplining its powers, as well as by its gigantic, incommunicable facility in exercising them. Therefore, literally, it is no man's business whether he has genius or not; work he must, whatever he is, but quietly and steadily; and the natural and unforced results of such work will be his best.

No agonies nor heart-rendings will enable him to do any better. If he be a great man, they will be great things; if a small man, small things; but always, if thus peacefully done, good and right; always, if restlessly and ambitiously done, false, hollow and despicable.

Chronology of the Grand Masters of the Order in France.

1725, Lord Derwent-Waters.

1736, Lord Count of Harnouester.

1738, the Duke of Antin.

1743, Louis of Bourbon, Count of Clermont (prince of the blood).

1771, the Duke of Chartres.

1795, Rocttiers de Montaleau (under the title of Grand Venerable).

1805, His Majesty Joseph Napoleon, King of Spain.

1852, His Royal Highness the Prince Lucien Charles Joseph Francis Napoleon Murat (from the 19th of Feb., 1852. to the 31st of October, 1861).

1862, H. E. the Maréchal of France, Bernard Pierre Magnan (decree of His Majesty the Emperor, dated Jan. 11, 1862). Grand Master elected May 20, 1864; deceased May 29, 1865.

1865, General Mellinet, senator, Superior Commande of the National Guards of the department of the Seine etc. Elected June 9, 1865.

Mt. Moriah.

The most interesting of the five mountains of Jerusalem is Moriah. This is the traditional site where Abraham erected an altar, and prepared to sacrifice his son Isaac in obedience to the command of God. Here too stood the destroying Angel in the days of King David, and stayed his hand from the utter extermination of the people which had been threatened by the Almighty.

Mt. Moriah was originally separated from Mt. Acra by a deep valley, the same one that exists between Mt. Ophel and Mt. Sion, but the upper portion is now filled up. Originally this eminence was a sharp ridge, about one-half mile long, elevated 283 feet above the valley of Jehoshaphat on the East. To fit the ground for building purposes the top of it was leveled off, an immense wall was built up on the east side from the valley, and filled in with earth. The foundations of this wall are still standing in the places they have occupied for nearly 3,000 years. On the west side, instead of filling in with earth from the bottom, great arches were constructed, which still remain. Upon these the walls were built and the earth filled in. By this means an area was made of 500 by 350 yards in dimensions, or 36 acres of ground. The whole of this is inclosed within a wall, which at its southeast corner stands 425 feet above the point at the junction of the two valleys below, which are used [illegible] Jerusalem. This wall is 9 feet thick at the base and 3 at the parapet, and is composed of great blocks of limestone, many of which are of immense antiquity. Within this wall once stood the magnificent Temple, the glory of human workmanship, a structure of marble, cedar and gems, and the precious metals wherein the *Shekinah*, the visible presence of God, condescended to dwell. This is, without comparison, the most sacred spot on earth, and it has been so considered by Jews, Mohammedans and Christians, who have successively had possession of the spot. Until within a few years past no traveler of Christian faith has been allowed to visit Mt. Moriah, but latterly this rule is relaxed, and upon the payment of a fee visitors are freely admitted. We proceed to describe what the traveler will see.

Coming in by a path leading from St. Stephens' Gate we shall find the north wall, which is 1,060 feet in length, almost covered with buildings constructed upon its sides and top. At the western end of this wall is the Governor's Palace. The western wall is 1,528 feet in length, and, like the other, is almost concealed by the houses built against it. Seven streets approach this wall from the west, each of which has its own wall.

Having thus minutely described the surrounding walls, with whatever is remarkable attached to them, we come to the consideration of the various edifices that stand within the sacred inclosure. These are three in number, the principal of which is the Mosque of Omar. This stands upon a platform 550 feet long, 450 wide and 15 feet high in the centre of the inclosure, and is a structure worthy of the place it occupies, *the site of Solomon's Temple.* It is considered by the Mohammedans the third church in point of sacredness in the world, those of Mecca and Medina bearing the pre-eminence. 350 feet west from this mosque is that of El Aksa, near the southwest corner of the temple area. This was the original edifice granted to the Christian Knights, from which they derived their name of Knights Templar.

In the southeast corner is the Mosque of Issa, the Turkish name of Jesus.

In addition to these three edifices, Omar, El Aksa and Issa, the whole area is beautified with marble fountains, elegant arches, pulpits, cupolas and smaller temples for purposes of devotion, planted with trees of olive, acacia and palm, and beautified with plats of flowers and shrubbery.

The substructure and excavations *beneath Mt. Moriah* are in some degree more remarkable than the buildings upon it. It would be safe to say that every portion of this hill is undermined by caverns, though at present only a part of them have been explored. Commencing with the Mosque of El Aksa, a descent of stone steps leads to a broad avenue underground, 259 feet long, 42 wide and 30 high. At the end of this a second flight of 9 steps leads to a deeper hall, 50 feet long by 42 wide, in the centre of which stands an immense column of stone, 21 feet high and 6 in diameter, cut from a single block. As this vast cavern opens out by a gateway towards Mount Acra, it is thought that the avenue that runs through it was once one of the principal entrances to the temple.

Another series of caverns is found under the Mosque of Issa, in the southeast corner. Here is a vault whose massive roof is supported by 15 rows of columns, making an apartment 319 feet east and west, and 250 north and south. This has ancient gateways on the east and south, through which the multitudes of worshipers and of victims for the sacrifice entered into the temple area.

The substructures under the Mosque of Omar are numerous. One is a cavity called "The Noble Cave," excavated in the heart of the rock, which is 8 feet high and 20 in diameter. It is supposed to have been the reservoir into which the sacrificed blood was collected. Not far from this is a cistern, to which an inclined plane and a flight of 44 steps lead. This is 42 feet deep, nearly 100 yards in diameter, and capable of holding two million gallons of water. All this, it must be recollected, was chiseled from the hard limestone rock. The supply of water was brought in an aqueduct from Solomon's Pools at Etham, 7 miles south of Jerusalem, much of which is underground.

Concerning this wonderful cistern a late traveler expresses his opinion, "That there is nothing remaining of all the works of Solomon which so impressively reflects his wonderful intellect as this lake under the Temple."

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW YORK CITY.

Mechanics' Lodge, No. 31. attended the funeral services of Bro. Major David M'Lellan, of which he was a useful member. Bros. Umpelly, Slavin, Odell, and Miller acted as pall [illegible] Bro. M'Lellan was principal member of the firm of M'Lellan & Brothers. He was born in Glasgow. Scotland, and was in this country 20 years. For five years he was chief of the New York Caledonian Club, and a P.·. M.·. of Eastern Star Lodge. He died at the age of 42.

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United Brothers Lodge, No. 356, celebrated the festival of the Summer solstice, at Union Gardens, Sixty-third street, last Thursday afternoon and evening. There was a very large attendance, in which, as is usual on such occasions, the wives and little ones were, if anything, in the majority. The usual concomitants of an open air festival were fully enjoyed until five o'clock, when dinner was announced, and the long lines of tables were filled with people not ashamed of having appetites. After the removal of the cloth, addresses were delivered by M. W. Bro. John W. Simons, W. Philip Merkle, W. George Kuster, Master of the Lodge, Past Master Myers and others, and then the company returned to the outer air to resume the dance and other amusements.

We have attended many Lodge *fêtes*, but rarely have we seen one marked by more genial hilarity, suggestive of family gatherings, where each one takes pleasure in the enjoyment of his neighbor.

When the brethren of No. 356 again go forth for refreshment, may we be there to see.

NEW YORK STATE.

Fredonia. — The corner-stone of the new Normal School building is to be laid on 8th August, according to ancient and Masonic custom.

Our thanks are presented to the Lodge for their vote of invitation to be present and participate.

Several of the papers are finding fault that the stone will be laid with Masonic ceremonies. The Dunkirk *Journal* says:

> Supremely above all other secret societies as is the Masonic, we think it improper to give it any such preeminence in the ceremonies attending the laying of the corner-stones of public edifices. The State of New York is not a Mason.

Various objections are made to the Masonic ceremonies.

We reply that the (*a*) Masons do not seek popular notice. (*b*) The invitation shows the intelligence and appreciation of the historical past; that the parties inviting know that the Masonic societies laid the corner-stone of almost every public building of any antiquity; that the practice was universal until the anti-Masonic excitement, and then some religious societies took our form and, modifying it, used it; (*c*) that it is peculiarly appropriate upon this occasion, as the Masonic is not either an ecclesiastical or a political society, and thus is the friend of public schools, which receive upon equality all, of every religion and political opinion. It will be remembered, also, that a Grand Master (De Witt Clinton) was the father of the New York public school system.

The following may throw additional light upon the subject:

The ceremony of laying foundation-stones for public buildings belongs exclusively to the Masonic Order, in being the original and only Order composed of the ancient builders. At the building of Solomon's Temple, the architects were formed into a society, under the name of Freemasons, and in all after ages, when a building or a public structure was to be erected, the contract was made with the Freemasons, and they had the superintendence and erection of all public buildings, and it was their custom to celebrate the laying of the foundation or corner-stone with peculiar ceremonies, and at the completion of the building to celebrate the capestone, or laying of the last or finishing stone to the edifice, also with peculiar ceremonies appropriate to the occasion. They had the whole, sole control of the business from the beginning to the ending. After Freemasonry ceased to be exclusively operative, by the admission of members who were not architects, builders who were not Masons undertook to contract for the erection of edifices independent of the society of builders, and have continued the practice. Nevertheless, whenever a public structure was to be erected, the Freemasons were applied to as the proper persons to lay the foundation-stone, with their peculiar ceremonies, as the descendants and representatives of the Society of Architects or Ancient Builders, to whom it is universally conceded that this privilege belonged exclusively.

No other Order claims to have been originally composed of builders, or to have been engaged in or practiced architecture, or, in fact, to have had any connection whatever with it. Whence, then, the propriety of their being called on to engage in a work which they have never practiced or been connected with in any manner? The Society of Builders practiced ceremonies that could not be understood by any except members of their own society. These ceremonies have been carefully handed down through the Order to the Freemasons of the present day, who are their representatives. Is there not an absurdity in persons attempting to perform ceremonies of which they know nothing, the meaning and symbolism of which they cannot comprehend? With what propriety would a son of Crispin be called on to prepare the warp for a weaver of figured brocade?

Each society may adopt its forms of ceremonies, of funeral service, and festivals, and lay the foundation of their own buildings, and complete them in their own manner; but when public structures are to be erected, the foundation-stones should be laid by the representatives of the Society of Ancient Builders alone.

CONNECTICUT.

Grand Commandery.—The following are the officers of the current year:

Stiles D. Sperry, G. C.; Amos S. Treat, D. G. C.; Eli S. Quintard, G. G.; Jason Beckwith, G. Capt. Gen.; P. St. M. Andrews, G. P.; Samuel B. Gorham, G. S. W.; William W. Storey, G. J. W.; Benjamin Beecher, G. T.; Eliphalet G. Storer, G. R.; Sereno S. Thomas, G. Std. B.; Daniel Calkins, G. Swd. B.; Nathan Dikeman, G. W.; Cyrus Goodell, G. C. G.

Thus to the point does the late Grand Commander speak in his address:

We are told, in the Book of Revelation, of the man who, beholding his natural face in the glass, "goeth his way, and straightway forgetteth what manner of man he was." Have we no reason to fear that some of our brethren are imitators of the foolish man whose character is so forcibly and truthfully portrayed? Are there not among us those who, contemplating the ignominy of the cross, the victory of the resurrection, and the triumphant majesty of the ascension, forsake the solemnity of the asylum for the business or pleasure of the outer world, and speak and live as though the cross were a myth, the resurrection a dream, the ascension a fable?

Sir Knights, we have enlisted in the army of Immanuel, we are clothed in His uniform, we have taken the oath of fealthy to His cause. In every land, where the foot of man hath trod, we recognize our brethren, and in every language of earth's babbling tongue, we hear the password of our fellow-soldiers, who have, in harmony with ourselves, sworn to wage war against principalities and powers, and against spiritual wickedness in all the multiform phases in which it exhibits itself. Have we been true to these obligations? Are we guileless in all points? Is there no wedge of gold or Babylonish garment hid in the earth beneath our tent? Are there any in our midst who are *profane, intemperate, licentious?* Sir Knights, he who indulges in these or similar vices is no true Knight Templar, though he may have taken upon himself our solemn vows a hundred or a thousand times.

If there is such an one among us, wearing the insignia of our Order, he is not "the right man in the right place." He should go back to the alphabet of Masonry. He should investigate afresh the first principles of the Royal Art, and learn that temperance is one of the cardinal virtues, and "should be the constant practice of every Mason," and that his *first great duty* is to God—"in never mentioning His name but with that reverential awe which is due from the creature to his Creator—in imploring His aid in all laudable undertakings, and in esteeming Him as the chief good."

PENNSYLVANIA.

The following is sent to our office from the Orient of Philadelphia:

MASONIC HALL,
PHILADELPHIA, July 23, A. L. 5867.

Most Worshipful Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Free and Accepted Masons of ———

MOST WORSHIPFUL SIR AND BROTHER: The sad duty devolves upon us of announcing to you that Bro. JOHN L. GODDARD, our Grand Master, departed this life on the 17th of this month. A malady, unyielding to every effort to avert its results, prevented him for some time past from performing the honorable and responsible duties of his station, while hope was entertained that its fatal influences might be delayed. Almost imperceptibly it consumed his vital powers, and, in harmony with God and man, he died. His labors are closed and his work among us is finished.

Devoted to the principles and teachings of our Order, imbued with those virtues which constitute its glory, his life was an example of his Masonic faith, and his death a triumph of its consolations.

While we gather round his grave to express our sorrow, and lay on it tokens of our affection and hope, bound together by the symbol of immortality, let us despoil the grave of its victory in the assurance that those jewels which adorned his character here on earth with purest lustre signalize his station in that temple where Jehovah is worshiped as our Master, our Father, and our God.

RICHARD VAUX, Deputy and Acting G. M.
JOHN THOMSON, Grand Secretary.

VIRGINIA.

Rockingham Lodge, Harrisonburg, laments the death of Bro. Maj. Braithwaite.

INDIANA.

Grand Chapter.—At its last session Comp. Newby, G.·. H.·. P.·., thus discoursed about the Grand Chapter of Indiana adopting a resolution in 1866 indicating that the Grand C.·. had thrown off its allegiance to the Grand Chapter of the U. S. The G.·. H.·. P.·. says:

That action of our Grand Body is not approved by all her Subordinates, and I find some of our leading and influential Companions are not willing to submit to the taint cast upon our heretofore good and loyal standing among the entire Craft of the world.

Such important legislation should not be passed without mature reflection, and should have been submitted in detail with full argument on the subject to the Subordinates before final action.

In a State or Territory where a Grand Chapter has not been organized by authority of the Grand Chapter of the United States, a legal number of Royal Arch Masons petition the Grand Chapter of the United States to grant them a Dispensation, authorizing them to form a Chapter of Royal Arch Masons, to be located in some designated place in said State or Territory. At the next Triennial Communication of the General Grand Chapter of the United States, the Dispensation is returned with a request or petition from the Companions, praying for a Charter; that being granted, that Chapter is then by order or permission of the General Grand Chapter of the United States, legally constituted.

After three Subordinates are legally formed, by petition of three or more Subordinates, the Mother Grand Body issues a warrant empowering the Subordinates to form and organize a Grand Chapter for said State or Territory. After the organization is perfected, a report is made by sending a copy of the proceedings to the Mother Grand Body, and all the State Grand Chapters, when all with one accord, usually recognize and hail the new Grand Chapter with a fraternal welcome into the Grand Royal Arch Union.

You will at once perceive that a Grand Chapter could not legally organize without the aid, consent and power of the General Grand Chapter of the United States, and the State Grand Body would never be recognized by any legal Masonic body or intelligent Mason, if organized or framed under any other power or pretext whatever.

The question then arising is to my mind plain. Can a *State Grand Chapter*, organized by the consent of the Mother Grand Body, under the Constitution and Laws of said body, by resolution sever her connection, and secede from her allegiance to the General Grand Chapter of the United States? We emphatically say, No!

There is no provision in the Masonic Constitution permitting or confirming such action.

The action of our Grand Body on the case referred to has not been approved, applauded or confirmed by any Masonic Body in regular standing; and the approval or applause of Bodies in the same doubtful position with ourselves will not add enviable laurels to our heretofore good name, among the legal Masonic Bodies of the world. * * * * * *

Now, Companions, under the above authority, we have for twenty years organized and constituted fifty-eight Chapters, who through this Grand Body owe their powers to the General Grand Chapter, and the act on our part, of severing our connection with the Mother Body, is throwing back to her the power she gave to us to form Subordinate Chapters in our jurisdiction, and by the same principle our Subordinates may throw off their allegiance to us, call a convention, petition the General Grand Chapter for a Charter, declare us clandestine, make all our future acts null and void, and by our own actions hold us up to the Masonic world as a schismatic, disgraced organization. Are you prepared to be cast off by all sister Grand Chapters? Reflect for a moment upon the awful penalty you are about to inflict upon yourselves, by the sanction of the resolution passed at the last Grand Communication.

A special Committee was appointed upon this subject who presented the following report, which was adopted:

That they have examined with great care the history, Constitution and Laws connected with the powers and organization of this Grand Chapter and that of the General or Mother Grand Body of the United States, and feeling, as they do, a deep interest in the welfare, prosperity and honor of the craft in general, and for this branch of the Masonic fraternity in particular—

Your Committe most heartily concur in the views of the M. E. Grand High Priest, as set forth in his annual address to this Grand Body; and we would further most respectfully represent that the action aforesaid was hasty and without due consideration.

Your Committee would therefore recommend the adoption of the following:

Resolved, That the action and proceedings of this Grand Chapter in seceding from the Grand Chapter of the United States, above referred to, be and the same is hereby repealed.

The following are the officers of the current year:

Thomas Newby, G. H. P.; Rees J. Chesnutwood, D. G. H. P.; Hugh Hanna, G. K; George V. Howk, G. S.; Charles Fisher, G. T.; William Hacker, G. Sec.; John Leach, G. C.; Joseph Hole, G. Cap. of the H.; Alexander Thomas, G. R. A. Cap.; William M. Black, G. G.

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Grand Lodge.—From the proceedings of the late Grand Lodge we find the following of general interest to be added to what has heretofore been published in our columns. The Grand Master insists that every Master should be versed in Masonic law.

It is very important for the successful and harmonious working of a Lodge that the Master should not only be a good ritualist, but he should be well versed in Masonic law. He should be able to promptly settle any question that may arise in administering the affairs of his Lodge. This knowledge may be attained by a careful examination of the Constitution and laws of the Grand Lodge, together with one or two works on Masonic jurisprudence, and the exercise of a little common sense; in addition to this, every Master of a Lodge should patronize some well conducted Masonic journal, that he may always be advised as to what is transpiring in the affairs of Masonry generally, not only in his own grand jurisdiction, but also everywhere else.

Of Indiana Freemasonry the Grand Master says:

Its moral standard is becoming more elevated and better understood every day; and I trust the day is not far distant when to say of a man that he is a Mason will be synonymous with saying that he is a Christian of the pure and undefiled class. Its teachings lead to this. Should not its practice tend the same way? We may, with very slight modification, adopt the language of a learned author when he says:

"The most prominent facts which Freemasonry inculcates, directly or by implication, are these: That there is a God; that He created man and placed him in a state of perfect happiness in Paradise; that he forfeited this supreme felicity by disobedience to the Divine commands at the suggestion of a serpent tempter; that, to alleviate his repentant contrition, a Divine revelation was communicated to him that, in process of time, a Saviour should appear in the world to atone for their sin, and place their posterity in a condition of restoration to His favor; that, for the unceasing wickedness of man, God sent a deluge to purge the earth of its corruptions, and, when it was again re-peopled, He renewed His gracious covenant with several of the patriarchs; delivered His people from Egypt; led them in the wilderness, and, in the Mosaic dispensation, gave more clear indications of the Messiah by a succession of prophets, extending throughout the entire theocracy and monarchy; that He instituted a tabernacle and temple worship which contained the most indisputable types of the religion which the Messiah should reveal and promulgate; and that, when the appointed time arrived, God sent His only begotten Son to instruct them who was born at Bethlehem, as the prophets hath foretold, in the reign of Herod, of a pure virgin of the family of David."

The following are the officers of the current year:

Harvey G. Hazelrigg, G. M.; Martin H. Rice, D. G. M.; Geo. W. Porter, S. G. W.; Wm. T. Clark, J. G. W.; Chas. Fisher, G. T.; Wm. Hacker, G. S.; Rev. John Leach, G. C.; Wm. Blinks, G. L.; Andrew J. Holmes, G. M.; Wm. H. Fogg, S. G. D.; John Vestal, J. G. D.; Fred. Haueisen, G. T.

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History of the Grand Lodge, by Hon. R. W. Thompson. —Fifty years have almost passed since the first steps were taken to place Masonry in this State under the necessary and indispensable guardianship of a Grand Lodge. Before that time the few Lodges in the State had worked under dispensations from the Grand Lodges of Kentucky and Ohio. On the 3d of December, A. D. 1817, A. L. 5817, a general convention met at Corydon, then the capital of the State, when it was decided to secede from the mother Lodges and form a Grand Lodge. Nine Lodges were represented in this convention, established at the following places: Vincennes, Lawrenceburg, Vevay, Rising Sun, Madison, Charlestown, Brookville, Salem and Corydon. The necessary Dispensations being obtained, this Grand Lodge held its first Communication at Madison, January 12, A. D. 1818, A. L. 5818, when it was regularly and formally organized, in obedience to the fundamental principles of the Ancient York Constitution, as adopted during the reign of Athelstan, one of the early Saxon Kings of England. This celebrated Constitution, though in the nature of a Charter to the "Ancient Master Masons of Britain," was not their original. It was based upon the laws and privileges of the ancient corporations of Roman builders, founded during the reign of Numa Pompilius, the immediate successor of Romulus as King of Rome, and had received the repeated sanction of the predecessors of Athelstan. It enjoined obedience to God, loyalty to the king, fidelity in friendship, brotherly kindness and charity, sincerity and truthfulness; and prescribed rules for the internal government of Subordinate Lodges. The Constitution of this Grand Lodge was adopted January 14, A. D. 1818, and embodies kindred though more enlarged principles which cannot fail to commend themselves to universal approbation. It requires all the brotherhood "to live in peace and harmony and love with all mankind—to despise hatred, malice and calumny," and "to practice universal charity and benevolence." Of those who participated officially in the interesting ceremony of its adoption there are but three survivors,* each one of whom is distinguished for the possession of all the highest and most ennobling virtues, and for that excellence of character which the Order does so much to build up. The others, we trust, are resting from their labors in the Grand Lodge above, where the soul finds the full measure of its bliss, and the mind, free and unimprisoned, is inspired afresh with the consciousness of its own immortality.

There has been no change in the general features of this Constitution since its adoption; but that those under its jurisdiction shall more effectually accomplish the results which Masonry has constantly aimed at, this Grand Lodge has, from time to time, added important rules for the government and direction of individual conduct. These declare, amongst other things, that "whatsoever is a breach of good morals, contrary to the precepts of the Holy Scriptures, or a violation of the laws of the State or of the United States, is an offense against the precepts of Masonry;" that "any kind of betting or gambling, whereby any thing of value may be lost or won, is highly unmasonic;" that so also is "the use of profane language, or the using of any of the names of the Deity in a light or trivial manner;" that the "evils of intemperance" amongst the members of the Order shall be corrected by admonition if possible, but by suspension or expulsion if necessary—and that the moral law of Masonry, founded upon the '*First Great Light of Masonry*' (the Holy Bible), is the highest moral law known to man;" and so authoratively enjoins the duty of fidelity to all its precepts, that disobedience to them can neither be legalized or justified.

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* Hon. Jeremiah Sullivan, of Madison; Col. John B. Rose, of Wabash; and Col. Nicholas D. Grover, of Logansport.

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MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE.

INDIANA.

Grand Lodge.—A decision of the last session: Constituted Lodges must construe and administer their own By-Laws, and questions can only be passed upon by the Grand Lodge, on appeal from the decision of the Constituent Lodge, or in some way known to the constitution and Laws of the G. L.

The Grand Master, at its last meeting, utters the following just criticisms:

Much trouble and some confusion has arisen in our jurisdiction the past year, in consequence of a declaration of the Grand Lodge, at its last communication, to be found on page 53 of the printed proceedings, in the following language: "The ancient charges and long established Masonic usages require a brother to have been elected and installed and serve as Warden of a legally constituted Lodge, before being eligible to election as Worshipful Master." Though this declaration did not assume exactly the features of a law, and was introducing a novel feature into our jurisdiction, yet I did not feel at liberty to disregard its meaning, inferring that it was the intention of the Grand Lodge that it should have the force and efficiency of law; I have, therefore, in every case coming under my observation, enforced its observance.

I do not doubt the power of Grand Lodges to make any law that may seem to them right and proper, provided the ancient landmarks are not violated, and then enforce obedience to their enactments. They might, perhaps, declare a thing to be so that really had no existence; but we should ever keep in mind that power and right are not always convertible terms. We may have the power to declare that no brother shall act as Master of a Lodge till he has been elected, installed and served in every other office known in a Lodge of Masons; but the right or expediency of such a declaration none will maintain. We have the right and power to say that none shall act as Master of a Lodge till he has been elected, installed and served as Warden; but we have no right to say that the ancient charges require it, for the simplest and plainest reason in the world, and that is that it is not true.

I am not prepared to say at what time Masters and Wardens first became elective, but evidently not till long after the origin of these "Ancient Charges," although their nativity is not settled—a strong evidence of their great antiquity. After 1722 they were published in a book with this imposing title: "The Charges of a Freemason, extracted from the Ancient Records of Lodges beyond the sea, and of those in England, Scotland and Ireland, for the use of the Lodges in London; to be read at the making of new brethren, or when the Master shall order it." Now how ancient these "Records" were is unknown. Previous to 1717 a sufficient number of Masons could meet, open a Lodge, and make Masons with the consent of the sheriff or chief magistrate of the place, and when they had done the business for which they had assembled, they dissolved—the brethren departing to meet again according to the necessity of circumstances. Certainly no election and installation of Masters and Wardens then; but in 1717 a regulation was adopted, limiting the assembling of Masons to Lodges convened in certain places and legally authorized by the warrant of the Grand Master and the consent of the Grand Lodge, and it was long after this that we began to hear of the election and installation of Masters and Wardens.

The ancient charge so often referred to, when speaking of the legal qualifications of Masters, is the fourth in number, and is in the following words: "All preferment among Masons is grounded upon real worth and personal merit only; that so the lords may be well served, the brethren not put to shame, nor the Royal Craft despised; therefore, no Master or Warden is chosen by seniority, but for his merit. It is impossible to describe these things in writing, and every brother must attend in his place, and learn them in a way peculiar to this fraternity; only candidates may know that no Master should take an Apprentice unless he had sufficient employment for him, and unless he be a perfect youth, having no maim or defect in his body that may render him incapable of learning the art of serving his Master's lord, and of being made a brother and then a Fellow-Craft in due time, even after he has served such a term of years as the custom of the country directs; and that he should be descended of honest parents, that so, when otherwise qualified, he may arrive to the honor of being the Warden and then the Master of the Lodge, the Grand Warden, and at length the Grand Master of all the Lodges, according to his merit.

"No brother can be a Warden until he has passed the part of a Fellow-Craft, nor a Master until he has acted as Warden, nor Grand Warden until he has been Master of a Lodge, nor Grand Master unless he has been a Fellow-Craft before his election, who is also to be nobly born, or a gentleman of the best fashion, or some eminent scholar, or some curious architect or other artist, descended of honest parents, and who is of singular great merit in the opinion of the Lodges. And for the better and easier and more honorable discharge of his office, the Grand Master has a power to choose his own Deputy Grand Master, who must be then, or must have been formerly, the Master of a particular Lodge, and has the privilege of acting whatever the Grand Master, his principal, should act, unless the said principal be present, or interpose his authority by letter. These rulers and governors, supreme and subordinate, of the Ancient Lodge are to be obeyed in their respective stations by all the brethren, according to the Old Charges and Regulations, with all humility, reverence, love and alacrity."

I have given the "charge" in full, that all may see that not one word is said about election or installation. The first clause of this charge is very explicit, and corresponds very much with our notions and teachings, that it is not the worldly wealth or honors of any man that recommends him to the regards of Masonry. The internal qualifications are the magnet that attracts the confidence and attachment of a Mason; he is not bewildered or ensnared by the gaudy tinselry and trappings that not unfrequently cover worthlessness. It is the worthy and well qualified that the Mason delights to honor; consequently, leave him free to select a Master because of his "merit," and not because he may have accidentally served as Warden. Even the second paragraph of this charge only speaks of having "acted" as Warden—not elected, installed and served, as is said in our declaration. The second paragraph of the fifth charge says, that "the most expert of the Fellow-Craftsmen shall be chosen or appointed the Master or overseer of the lord's work, who is called the Master by those that work under him." Anderson, in 1738, speaking of the qualifications of the Master, uses the language, "Till he has 'acted'" as Warden somewhere. Running through all this history of Master qualifications, there is the provision that a Master may be elected from the floor in the formation of new Lodges, and in old ones where none that has previously filled the office of Master or Warden will consent to serve. The conclusion, then, to which I arrive on this subject is, that the Grand Lodge has power to prescribe what qualifications a brother shall be in possession of before being installed Master of a Lodge. She may take "Ancient Charges" or "Old Regulations" as the rule of her action, or may adopt her own rules, being careful never to violate or remove the landmarks.

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BOOK NOTICES.

WOMAN'S WORK IN THE CIVIL WAR.—This is a magnificent duodecimo of 800 pages, by Dr. Brockett and Mrs. Vaughan, with an introduction by Henry W. Bellows, D.D., President of the U. S. Sanitary Commission. It is published by Ziegler, McCurdy & Co., Philadelphia, Chicago, Cincinnati and St. Louis.

This is a noble record of 200 self-denying women for suffering humanity. It is not a dry detail of work done. A sketch of each devoted lady is given, interspersed with incident and anecdote; of women who actually went to the war and worked in the hospitals and camps; women with a mighty love and earnestness in their hearts—real heroines.

This work is an honor to our country, to our women, to our religion and to Freemasonry.

We know, from personal acquaintance with many of these "heroines," that half of the truth is not told.

We notice the absence of the biographies of several prominent Masonic ladies, such as Mrs. Caleb Smith, widow of the late Secretary of the Interior, whose praise was among all the sick and wounded; but it cannot be expected that none would be overlooked. The wonder is that so much has been secured.

It is remarkable that there is scarcely one of the ladies who had not Masonic connections. In some cases the Masonic relations and motives are fully stated in this admirable work.

The first lady noticed is Miss Dorothea Dix, whom we met in her noble work at various points before the war, and frequently during the war. Riding with her upon one occasion from Washington city to Alexandria, she remarked that she recollected with pleasure and pride that her grandfather, and father and brother had all been Freemasons, and that she derived much encouragement from their lessons and examples.

Miss Dix received the important appointment of Superintendent of Female Nurses from the Secretary of War at that time, who was a Royal Arch Mason. This noble lady gave her time and services without compensation.

The second lady whose biography is given is one whom we met very frequently during the war in hospital and camp, by the bedside of the wounded and suffering, "the angel of the battle-field," Miss Clara Barton, whom our readers and Lodges well recollect. We shall present her full biography at some future time.

Miss Barton, in her mission of mercy, first exhausted all her funds that she had accumulated, and then appealed to her Masonic and other friends, who gave her means to go forward in her work. She had no connection with government, nor any commission. In 1861 she buried her father, Judge Barton.

In his last illness, mentioning her sense of duty and her fears of annoyance to her dying father, he advised her to go where she felt it her duty. He adverted to the purposes and noble charities of Freemasonry, and told her she would find protectors everywhere among the soldier Freemasons, and gave her his Royal Arch pin, which she wore through the war.

Another lady noticed is Miss Sarah P. Edson, a native of New York. She organized a society of relief, of which Mrs. Caleb B. Smith, the widow of Bro. C. B. Smith, then Secretary of the Interior, was President. She was at the front herself, but not finding nurses and resources as abundant as desirable, familiar with our institution and a recipient of the "Eastern Star," one of the "Adoptive degrees," she looked to the Freemasons of this city for help, and did not look in vain. The history of the "Masonic mission" should be written, both as an encouragement to do more in the future and as a warning to do it more wisely.

Then there is Mrs. George, a dear sister of Indiana, who literally gave up her life for the sufferers, and went to the "better land" from the home of Bro. Bayless, of Ft. Wayne.

Space at present forbids even a mention of the long catalogue of these noble women, nearly every one of which list was either the wife, widow or daughter of a Mason. Does not Freemasonry bear fruit?

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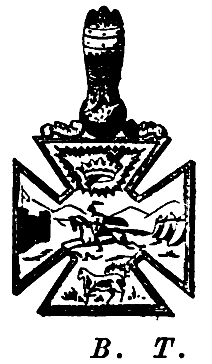

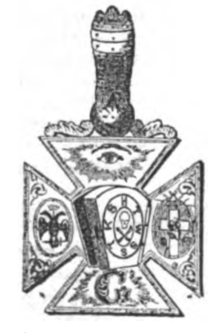

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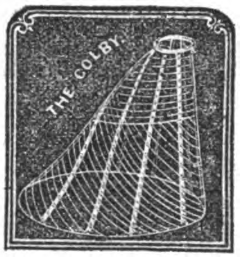

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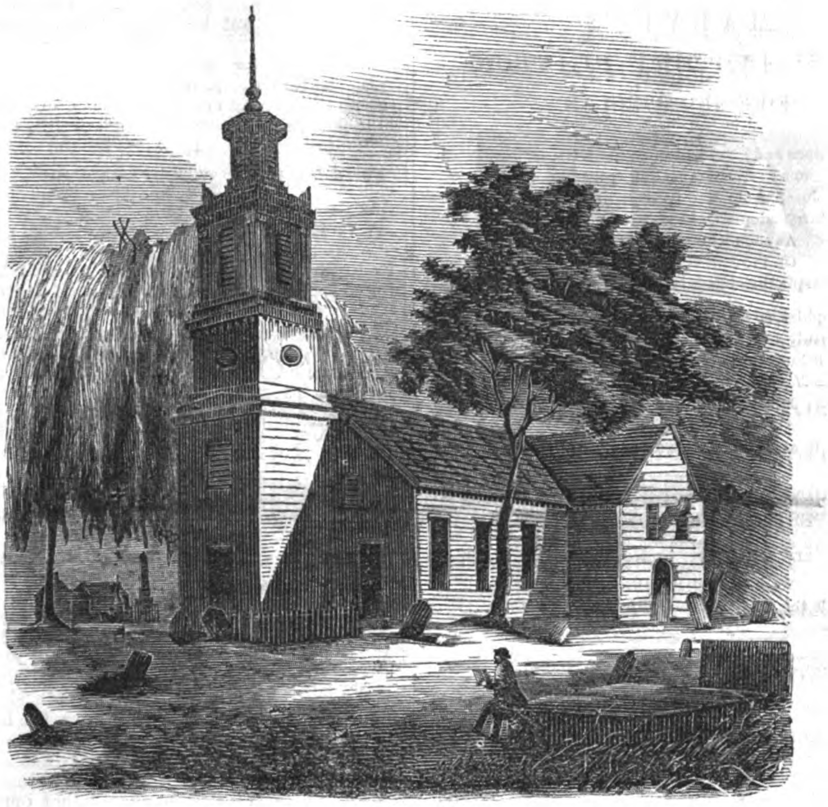

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, RICHMOND, VIRGINIA.

EDMUND RANDOLPH, Governor and Grand Master of Virginia. (No. 1)

[There is no likeness of Edmund Randolph extant, and we therefore present a view of the place most identified with his greatness, that of St. John's Church, Richmond, Va.]

Here Edmund Randolph made his stirring patriotic appeals to the citizens on Richmond Hill, represented above. Its age cannot definitely be ascertained. It had been before and during the war the sanctuary of patriotism, in which the voices of the Randolphs, Lees, Henrys and Masons and Marshalls roused the citizens to arms. Here Patrick Henry enunciated those burning words which aroused the continent to action, "*Give me liberty, or give me death.*" Here the people of Virginia assembled in representative convention to ratify or reject the Federal Constitution, the glorious guaranty of civil freedom. Beneath it, on the river Powhattan (the ancient name of James river), was the spot where King Powhatan sometimes held his court. Here Pocahontas gamboled, before a Christian church was reared on its brow. The first vestryman elected for this church after its connection with the Establishment ceased, and under its incorporation by the Legislature, was Edmund Randolph, who was also chosen as Senior Warden, and was elected to the Diocesan Convention to meet in the following May. As early as 1776, Edmund Randolph represented Williamsburg parish in the Diocesan Convention. The following shows his religious sentiments. It is an extract from a paper written by Edmund Randolph, soon after the death of his wife, and addressed to his children:

Up to the commencement of the Revolution the Church of England was the established religion, in which your mother had been educated with strictness, if not with bigotry. From the strength of parental example, her attendance on public worship was unremitted, except where insuperable obstacles occurred; the administration of the sacrament was never without a cause passed by; in her closet, prayer was uniformly addressed to the throne of mercy, and the questioning of the sacred truths she never permitted herself or heard from others without abhorrence. When we were united, I was a Deist, made so by my confidence in some whom I revered, and by the labors of two of my preceptors, who, though in the ministry, poisoned me with books of infidelity. I cannot answer to myself that I should ever have been brought to examine the genuineness of Holy Writ, if I had not observed the consoling influence which it wrought upon the life of my dearest Betsey. I recollect well that it was not long before I adopted a principle which I have never relinquished, that woman, in the present state of society, is, without religion, a monster. While my opinions were unsettled, Mr. —— and Mrs. —— came to my house, on Sunday evening, to play with me at chess. She did not appear in the room, and her reproof, which from its mildness was like the manna of heaven, has operated perpetually as an injunction from above; for, several years since, I detected the vanity of sublunary things, and knew that the good of man consisted in Christianity alone. I have often hinted a wish that we had instituted a course of family prayer for the benefit of our children, on whose minds, when most pliant, the habit might be fixed. But I know not why the plan was not enforced until during her last illness, when she and I frequently joined in prayer. She always thanked me when it was finished; and it grieves me to think that she should suppose that this enlivening inducement was necessary in order to excite me to this duty.

(To be continued.)

TREASURE IN HEAVEN.

Respectfully dedicated to GEORGE PEABODY, Esq.

BY BRO. JOHN GODFREY SAXE.

"What I spent, I had; what I kept, I lost;
What I gave, I have."—*Old Epitaph.*

Every coin of earthly treasure
We have lavished upon earth,
For our worldly need or pleasure,
May be reckoned something worth;
For the spending was not losing,
Though the purchase were but small;
It has perished with the using;
We have had it—that is all.

All the gold we leave behind us
When we turn to dust again
(Though our avarice may blind us),
We have gathered quite in vain;
For we neither can direct it,
By the winds of fortune tossed,
Nor in other worlds expect it—
What we hoarded we have lost!

But each merciful oblation,
Seed of Pity, wisely sown,
What we gave in self-negation
We may safely call our own:
For the treasure that is given
Is the treasure that we hoard,
Since the angels keep in Heaven
What is lent unto the Lord!

TRUST IN GOD AND DO THE RIGHT.

Courage, brother! do not stumble,
Though thy path is dark as night;
There's a star to guide the humble—
"Trust in God and do the right."

Let the road be long and dreary,
And its ending out of sight,
Foot it bravely—strong or weary,
"Trust in God and do the right."

Perish "policy" and cunning,
Perish all that fears the light;
Whether losing, whether winning,
"Trust in God and do the right."

Trust no party, church, or faction,
Trust no "leaders" in the fight;
But in every word and action
"Trust in God and do the right."

Trust no forms of guilty passion,
Fiends can look like angels bright;
Trust no custom, school, or fashion,
"Trust in God and do the right."

Some will hate thee, some will love thee,
Some will flatter, some will slight;
Cease from man, and look above thee—
"Trust in God and do the right."

Simple rule and safest guidance,
Inward peace and inward light;
Star upon our path abiding,
"Trust in God and do the right."

MASONIC ROUNDEL.

AIR—"*Auld Lang Syne.*"

BY BRO. W. GILMORE SIMMS, OF ORANGE LODGE, NO. 14, S. C.

[We thank Bro. SIMMS for this effusion. Our readers peruse with delight all productions from his world-renowned pen.]

Clasp hands, the triple cord unite,
That makes us brothers, brethren mine:
We'll keep the memories warm and bright,
Of auld lang syne.
CHORUS—For auld lang syne, my *frère*,
For auld lang syne,
We'll quaff a cup of hearty cheer,
For auld lang syne.

A bumper for the brethren here,
That still the triple cord entwine;
Another for the brethren dear
Of auld lang syne.
CHORUS—For auld lang syne, my *frère*, &c.

The loved, who clasp our hands to-night,
Are precious to your heart and mine;
As are the friends who've gone from sight
Of auld lang syne.
CHORUS—For auld lang syne, my *frère*, &c.

For these, the bumper bright with cheer,
While song enwreathes the rosy wine;
For them, the memories, sad but dear,
Of auld lang syne.
CHORUS—For auld lang syne, my *frère*, &c.

God's blessing on the band that now
The sacred cords of faith entwine;
God's glory on the immortal brow
Of auld lang syne.
CHORUS—For auld lang syne, my *frère*, &c.

Met on the level, on the square
Still parting, with the memories fine,
How good we found it to be here,
In auld lang syne.
CHORUS—For auld lang syne, my *frère*, &c.

And of the future as the past,
The prayer becomes the right divine;
That happiest memories still shall last
Of auld lang syne.
CHORUS—For auld lang syne, my *frère*, &c.

And here's a hand, my trusty *frère*,
And give's a grip of thine;
And three times three shall be the cheer
For auld lang syne.
CHORUS—For auld lang syne, my *frère*, &c.

Pour out the generous draught on high,
Uplift the goblet red with wine;
We pledge a love from earth to sky
For auld lang syne.
CHORUS—For auld lang syne, my *frère*,
For auld lang syne;
We'll pledge the cup with hearty cheer,
For auld lang syne.

ODE TO FREEMASONRY.

Respectfully Dedicated to the Masonic Fraternity of New York,

BY MRS. SARAH A. WRIGHT.

Eternal Archangel above!
From Bethlehem's star in the form of a dove
Descending to those who are shod
With sandals of holy salvation—O Love!
Inspire every soul
With thy blissful control,
And the sweet, tender mercies of God!

Hail! Prince of Jerusalem, hail!
Belov'd of Melchizedeck—hallow the gale—
The peace of God breathe from above,
That souls upon earth may no longer bewail.
Our Temple shall stand,
Never built on the sand,
The *sanctum sanctorum* of Love!

Disciples of Solomon! blest,
Whose feet our Redeëmer baptized with the rest
Of those who are chosen, above
All people to cheer the oppressed;
All, saving the son
Of perdition, have won
The glory of God, who is Love!

Hail, Goddess! fond sister of Hope!
And glorious Faith—ye have given full scope
To Masons, mankind to reform
With Wisdom and Mercy; that mortals may grope
No longer in gloom,
But to blossom and bloom
Like Sharon's sweet Rose in the storm!

Pure Charity!—Goddess adored
By ev'ry accepted Freemason! the sword
Was sheath'd by thy spirit. The dove
Of Peace her green olives for healing were stor'd
In that mystical ark,
Once containing a spark
Of the *Spirit of God*, which was Love!

Yea! peace and good-will upon earth!
Freemasons in freedom no longer dread dearth
Like Joseph—no Masons inquire
Of brethren adopted, the place of their birth;
As sons who must call
On the Father of all,
Their spirits are flames of one fire!

The Sophist, so learnèd of yore,
And Jesuit, boasting of classical lore.
Of wisdom would cease to profess,
If *secrets Masonic* they had to explore;
Minerva environs
All Solomon's scions—
The *Wisdom of God* to possess.

Hail, *Triangle*, *Compass* and *Square!*
Hail, *true equaliser*, the *Level*—prepare
The Proud, for Death's Lodge 'neath the sod!
To prove all men equal as brethren, then share
The grace that is given
Which ne'er can be riven,
While the *Architect Love* is our *God!*

DOES FREEMASONRY PAY?

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

"Hallo, here!"

"Well, what is wanted?"

"I want you to go with me to the Lodge to-night."

"I am not a Freemason—you have mistaken your man now."

"Neither am I one, but if I don't get blackballed, I expect to be shortly. I'm going to the hall to join, and I want you to accompany me. Will you go?"

The young man addressed shook his head. "It won't pay," he said; "I make a point of never doing any thing unless it pays. Now, I don't believe this Masonry business does. You will spend time and money, and what will you get in return? A mighty *secret*, I suppose. No, sir; believe me, Milton, the thing won't pay."

"Perhaps not," said Milton;" but I have a fancy for joining. I'm a social fellow, you know, and like to be one of a brotherhood. I'm a young man just starting out in life. I shall oftentimes need assistance, advice, friendship and aid, and I am willing to pay something to secure this. I am determined to join."

Barker, the young man to whom these thoughts were addressed, shook his head again and laughed. "'Don't pay too dear for the whistle,' my good fellow," he said. "'All is not gold that glitters.' 'Look well before you leap.' These are all wise old sayings, Tom. Perhaps you would do well to heed them. Come in here and spend the evening. I'll order champagne and candles, and we'll have a *set down* together. Let that tomfoolery alone; it won't pay. I tell you it won't pay."

"No, no!" said Milton; "I know what I'm about. I'm bound to be a Freemason. So good evening, if you will not go with me." And Thomas Milton kept on his way to the hall.

Barker stood and looked after him a minute. "It's a pity," he murmured to himself, as he turned and went into his store, "that Tom Milton hasn't got better sense. He's a fine fellow—a devilish fine fellow, and with his talents and opportunities he ought to make a fortune; but he'll never do it. He don't understand taking care of the dimes. At church collections, missionary meetings and the like he can't keep his hand out of his pocket, and here now he is running off after an imaginery good. What benefit will he ever reap from Freemasonry? None whatever. He'll give and never receive. I'm sorry for Tom—I'm downright sorry for him." And Lewis Barker ran his fingers through the brown locks which clustered thickly around his forehead, and put on a look of commiseration, such as he thought well befitted the occasion.

Thomas Milton and Lewis Barker were merchants in a small inland town in Georgia. They were both of them doing a very good business at the time we write of. Both were young men, and were surrounded by rich and influential friends.

There was, however, one striking difference between them. Milton was a social, free and easy being; one who liked to talk, and had a pleasant word for everybody—even the little child by the roadside shared his smiles. He was liberal, too. Not a benevolent scheme was broached but he had a finger in it. He felt a kindly interest in every thing by which he was surrounded.

But in Lewis Barker's character there was a vein of selfishness; he, in common phrase, understood the art of looking sharply after the real or imaginary interests of "number one." In short, he too often forgot the golden rule, "*whatsoever ye would that men should do unto you, do ye even so unto them.*" But notwithstanding this dissimiliarity in character, the young men were fast friends and were much together.

Time passed on, and young Milton went regularly to the Lodge-room. Barker stayed at home footing his books, or stayed in to talk with Alice Moore, a pretty girl to whom he was engaged, now living on Third street.

Once or twice he met Milton on his way to watch a sick brother. There was a happy expression about his face which seemed to say, "*Freemasonry pays.*" Then, in spite of himself, young Barker could not help from wondering what those fellows were about. Going to the Lodge or off on Masonic Masonic duty seemed to be mere pastime with them. They went anywhere and everywhere with alacrity. They were mystical beings truly. Even Milton, with whom he had always been intimate, had suddenly grown enigmatical and strange. He did not fully comprehend his movements as of old.

* * * * * *

There came a time of great pecuniary embarrassment, such as frequently occurs in the haunts of trade. Men behind the counters and at the street corners wore solemn faces, and worked or walked with hurried movements. Barker and Milton both shared in this monetary depression. But somehow the latter seemed to rise above his embarrassments more easily than the former. Perhaps Freemasonry had something to do with this. If so, it certainly paid in that instance, at least. It was at length agreed that our two young friends would do better in the city than in an inland village. Accordingly they severed family ties, broke up old associations, and removed to the flourishing city of A———.

For a while every thing betokened for both brightening prospects. There are few things denied to well directed industry, and both possessed this in an unusual degree.

But, alas! "it is not in man who walketh to direct his steps." In 18— the yellow fever, that scourge of the South, visited the city. Barker and Milton were among its first victims. Both were seized at their boarding houses, and both were thought by their attending physician to be in a critical situation.

To the bedside of one there came a crowd of Masonic brethren, ready to watch, aid, comfort and console. Nothing that the tenderest affection could devise was left undone—nothing that the most untiring energy could accomplish was left unexecuted.

To the couch of the other there came *hired* watchers who, in nine cases out of ten, sleep while the victim groans. The cooling draught was given grudgingly to his lips—the pillow was seldom moved beneath his aching temples—the long nights were never enlivened by one kind word of sympathy—before him lay the grave—a tomb grudgingly given in the potter's field, and the sexton, he supposed, would be the only attendant at his burial. Such prospect is gloomy in the extreme, and that hour Lewis Barker thought with a groan of the village left behind—a village still gladdened by the sweet face of Alice Moore. And thus he lingered between life and death until his old friend Milton became convalescent and went to his bedside to wait upon him.

"How happens it," he said, as he grasped the hand of Milton, "that you are recovering so rapidly, while I lie stretched here with the fever still running rampant through my veins? I was told at first that the physician pronounced you the sickest of the two."

"I owe it in part, I suppose," said Milton, "to the excellent nursing I received. Good nursing is worth more than medicine to the sick. But brighten up, man; you will soon be well again. I expect to dance at your wedding yet. It will not do to let you die here. Alice never would forgive me."

Barker turned his head wearily upon his pillow. "After all," he thought, "Milton was right. Freemasonry pays. If I ever get well, I mean to join the Lodge, and if Alice objects, I'll tell her of this incident in our lives. How could I be so deceived in this matter? Milton did not need my commiseration in the least. How strange! *Freemasonry pays.*"

Barker was true to his resolves; he recovered, married, and joined the Lodge, and now Freemasonry has not in all its ranks a more devoted brother.

Masonic Toleration.

BY BRO. ALBERT G. MACKEY.

Of all associations which have been devised by the wit of man, Freemasonry is pre-eminently the most tolerant. Toleration is, indeed, inculcated by the very genius of the institution. The Mason, bound to all his brethren by a mystical bond which nothing but the grossest violation of duty can sever, is compelled, if he would be consistent with his vows, to bear with those infirmities of his brother which arise from supposed mistaken theories of religious belief. His lessons of fraternal love teach him that intolerance and bigotry are greater evils than ignorance and error; that unbelief or false opinion is better than the thumbscrew and the rack; and that perfect love, the true charity of his theological ladder, cannot be consistent with the hatred of a heretic or the punishment of an infidel.

But Masonry also inculcates equality. Not, it is true, that equality of social position or of intellectual organization, which, like the red republicanism of revolutionary Europe, would abrogate all distinctions of rank and society, and which would place the gentleman and the churl, the philosopher and the fool, on the same platform of society. But it teaches, that in the infinitude of their distance from the Grand Architect of the Universe, all men are equally His children and His creatures, and that all are traveling in the same "level of time to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns." Hence, the doctrine of equality, thus taught in Masonry, inculcates as a necessary consequence the great lesson of humility. The true Mason feels that man has no right to usurp the prerogative of God, and to condemn and punish another for his religious errors or unbelief. Intolerance is always accompanied by arrogance, but toleration is the fruit of humility. Masonry, therefore, in teaching us that we are all the children of one Father—children imperfect, too, in our knowledge, and the best of us wanting in the faithful performances of our duties, admonishes us that we shall best establish a claim for the forgiveness of our own errors by bearing in kindness with those of our brethren.

But still further. Masonry is a speculative science, whose great object is the search after TRUTH. Now, as no human being can say with certainty, in the great clash and conflict of hostile faiths and creeds, what is truth, or that he is surely in possession of it; as all that any man can say is that he conscientiously supposes or believes the path he is pursuing to be the one that will soonest or most safely bring him to its approximation; and as he is rationally bound to concede that all other men entertain the same favorable opinion of the path of inquiry that they are following, so no true Mason can scoff at honest convictions and an ardent zeal in the cause of truth. He must think that all good men, no matter what may be their particular creeds, are, like himself, travelers in the great voyage undertaken in search of truth; and hence he will respect the right of every man to make that search in his own way.

But, again, Freemasonry is not a religion, in the sense in which that term is used to designate any fixed system of theological belief. But every man must have a form of religion, and hence the Brahmin, the Jew, the Christian and the Mohammedan—each professing his pecliar religion, sanctioned by the law, by time, and by the usage of family and nation, must needs retain it, and cannot have two religions—for the social and sacred laws adapted to the manners and prejudices of particular countries will not give way to the influence of any mere secular society. Masonry does not, therefore, make the attempt; and while it teaches, and has preserved in all their purity, the cardinal tenets of the old primitive faith—the belief in God and a future life—which underlie and are the foundation of all religions, it does not and cannot interfere with the peculiar creed of any of its members. Masonry is the universal morality which is suitable to the inhabitants of every clime, to the men of every creed. It has taught no doctrines except those sublime and simple truths that tend to the well-being of man. Its foundations of religious faith are so broad that there is room for the superposition on it of the peculiar dogmas of every other theology. It is, therefore, tolerant of all these, because it finds no necessity in its religious organization for intolerance. Around its altar there is room for all men to kneel, and there need be no strife for place or preference in the act of worship.

The Masonic law is, therefore, eminently tolerant in its character. It holds that no man has any right, in any way, to interfere with the religious belief of another. It holds that each man is absolutely sovereign as to his own belief, and that that belief is a matter entirely foreign to all who do not entertain the same belief; and that if there were any right of persecution at all, it would in all cases be a mutual right; because one party has the same right as the other to sit as judge in his own case, and God is the only magistrate who can rightfully decide between them. To that great Judge Masonry refers the matter; and, opening wide its portals, it invites the Christian and the Jew, the Brahmin and the Mussulman to enter there and live in harmony and peace. All that it exacts is that each of its disciples shall lead a virtuous and moral life, shall love his brethren, shall comfort the distressed, relieve the poor, minister to the sick, and believe in the one Omnipotent, Omniscient and Omnipresent God—the Creator and Preserver of all things. And this is the law and the dogma which lies at the foundation of all Masonic toleration.

Legend of St. Catherine.

BY THE COTTA FAMILY.

St. Catherine was a lady of royal birth, the only child of the king and queen of Egypt. Her parents were heathens, but they died and left her an orphan when she was only fourteen. She was more beautiful than any of the ladies of her court, and richer than any princess in the world; but she did not care for pomp or dress, or all her precious things. God's golden stars seemed to her more magnificent than all the splendors of her kingdom, and she shut herself up in her palace, and studied philosophy and the stars until she grew wiser than all the wise men of the East.

But one day the diet of Egypt met, and resolved that their young queen must be persuaded to marry. They sent a deputation to her palace who asked her, if they could find a prince beautiful beyond any, surpassing all philosophers in wisdom, of noble mind and richest inheritance, would she marry him? The queen replied, "He must be so noble that all men shall worship him; so great that I shall never think I have made him king; so rich that none shall ever say I enriched him; so beautiful that the angels of God shall desire to behold him. If ye can find such a prince, he shall be my husband and the lord of my heart." Now, near the queen's palace there lived a poor old hermit in a cave, and every night the holy mother of God appeared to him and told him the king who should be lord of the queen's heart was none other than her son. Then the hermit went to the palace and presented the queen with a picture of the virgin and child; and when St. Catharine saw it her heart was so filled with its holy beauty that she forgot her books, her spheres and the stars. Plato and Socrates became tedious to her as a twice-told tale, and she kept the sacred picture always before her. Then one night she had a dream; she met on the top of a high mountain a glorious company of angels clothed in white, with chaplets of white lilies. She fell on her face before them, but they said, "Stand up, dear sister Catherine, and be right welcome." Then they led her by the hand to another company of angels, more glorious still, clothed in purple, with chaplets of red roses. Before these, again, she fell on her face, dazzled with their glory; but they said, "Stand up, dear sister Catherine; thee hath the king delighted to honor." Then they led her by the hand to an inner chamber of the palace of heaven, where sat a queen in state; and the angels said to her, "Our most gracious sovereign lady, Empress of Heaven, and mother of the King of Blessedness, be pleased that we present unto thee our sister, whose name is in the Book of Life, beseeching you to accept her as your daughter and handmaid." Then our blessed Lady rose and smiled graciously, and led St. Catherine to her blessed Son; but he turned from her, and said sadly, "She is not fair enough for me!" Then St. Catherine awoke, and in her heart all day echoed the words, "She is not fair enough for me," and she rested not until she became a Christian and was baptized. And then, after some years, the tyrant Maxmin put her to cruel tortures, and beheaded her, because she was a Christian. But the angels took her body, and laid it in a white marble tomb on the top of Mount Sinai, and the Lord Jesus Christ received her soul and welcomed her to heaven as his pure and spotless bride, for at last he had made her fair enough for him; and so she has lived ever since in heaven, and is the sister of the angels.

Proverbs for Freemasons.

Second Article.

(In the NATIONAL FREEMASON, last volume, page 375, is found the first of this series. The present article completes the course.)

Nothing in all the wise compilation by Grand Master Solomon, styled *The Book of Proverbs*, is more valuable, or we may add, more *Masonic*, than his denunciations of vice in its varied forms. The keynote to these severe denunciations is found in this passage (x. 16), "The fruit of the wicked tendeth to sin." They apply to *intemperance*, *licentiousness*, *idleness*, *dishonesty*, and other classes of offenses as prevalent at the present day as formerly. From all these vices of men the stern moralist warns the reader in such passages as these: "My son, if sinners entice thee consent thou not; walk not in the way with them; refrain thy foot from their path." We tabulate a few of these solemn warnings:

Licentiousness.—"When wisdom entereth into thine heart, discretion shall preserve thee to deliver thee from the strange woman. Her house inclineth unto death and her paths unto the dead.

"The end of a strange woman is bitter as wormwood, sharp as a two-edged sword. Her feet go down to death; her steps take hold on hell. Remove thy way far from her and come not nigh the door of her house. Lest thou mourn at the last, when thy flesh and thy body are consumed.

"Lust not after the beauty of the evil woman in thine heart; for by means of a whorish woman a man is brought to a piece of bread, and the adulteress will hunt for the precious life.

"Whoso committeth adultery with a woman lacketh understanding; he that doeth it destroyeth his own soul. A wound and dishonor shall he get, and his reproach shall not be wiped away.

"Keep thee from the strange woman. Let not thine heart decline to her ways; go not astray in her paths. For she hath cast down many wounded; yea, many strong men have been slain by her. Her house is the way to hell, going down to the chamber of death."

These quotations are fair specimens of many exhortations upon the subject. It is difficult to conceive any thing more pointed and fearful in judgment.

Intemperance.—Among the strongest denunciations of intemperance we quote the following. Every lecturer on temperance fills his repository with arrows from this quiver:

"Wine is a mocker; strong drink is raging, and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise.

"He that loveth pleasure shall be a poor man; he that loveth wine shall not be rich.

"Who hath woe? who hath sorrow? who hath contentions? who hath babbling? who hath wounds without cause? who hath redness of eyes? They that tarry long at the wine; they that go to seek mixed wine. Look not thou upon the wine when it is red; when it giveth his color in the cup; when it moveth itself aright. At the last it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder. Thine eyes shall behold strange women and thine heart shall utter perverse things. Yea, thou shalt be as he that lieth down in the midst of the sea, or as he that lieth upon the top of a mast. 'They have stricken me,' shalt thou say, 'and I was not sick; they have beaten me and I felt it not; when shall I awake? I will seek it yet again.'"

Dishonesty.—The warnings against dishonesty are very numerous, and interwoven with other precepts through the book. We name a few as specimens:

"Withold not good to them to whom it is due, when it is in the power of thine hand to do it.

"A man that beareth false witness against his neighbor is a maul, and a sword, and a sharp arrow.

"He that by usury and unjust gain increaseth his substance, he shall gather it for him that will pity the poor."

Idleness.—To a man of such admirable energy as King Solomon it is easy to suppose that idleness must have been peculiarly abhorrent. The proverbs abound in evidences of this.

"Go the ant, thou sluggard; consider her ways and be wise. How long wilt thou sleep, O sluggard? when wilt thou arise out of thy sleep? Yet a little sleep, a little slumber, a little folding of the hands to sleep; so shall thy poverty come as one that traveleth and thy want as an armed man.

"He that gathereth in summer is a wise son, but he that sleepeth in harvest is a son that causeth shame.

"The hand of the diligent shall bear rule, but the slothful shall be under tribute.

"The soul of the sluggard desireth and hath nothing, but the soul of the diligent shall be made fat.

"Slothfulness casteth into a deep sleep, and an idle soul shall suffer hunger.

"A slothful man hideth his hand in his bosom, and will not so much as bring it to his mouth again.

"The sluggard will not plow by reason of the cold; therefore shall he beg in harvest and have nothing.

"The slothful man saith, 'There is a lion without, I shall be slain in the streets.'"

Suretyship.—The frequent allusions in the proverbs to the danger attendant upon going security for friends point to customs very different from those obtaining at present. The wise man seems to reprehend the practice in all its forms:

"My son, if thou be surety for thy friend, if thou hast stricken thy hand with a stranger, thou art snared with the words of thy mouth, thou art taken with the words of thy mouth. Do this now, my son, and deliver thyself when thou art come into the hand of thy friend; go humble thyself and make sure thy friend. Give not sleep to thine eyes nor slumber to thine eyelids. Deliver thyself as a roe from the hand of the hunter, and as a bird from the hand of the fowler.

"Take his garment that is surety for a stranger; and take a pledge of him for a strange woman."

But is superfluous to dwell at great length upon these passages or occupy the columns of the NATIONAL FREEMASON with quotations, when the entire volume is accessible to every reader. We would venture our opinion, however, that there few portions of the Bible better worth reading as guides to the morality of Freemasonry than the Book of Proverbs, every passage of which is seasoned with the salt of ages.

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The City of Jerusalem.

BY BRO. A. F. CYKOSKI.

Of the ancient Jerusalem nothing remains, except the natural features, which still retain an interest from the historical associations attached to them. The modern city, called El Kods by the Arabian's term, signifying The Holy, is revered and visited by Jewish, Christian and Mohammedan pilgrims; its walls inclose a circuit of about three miles, a somewhat greater extent than the Jewish capital, as Mount Calvary is comprised within them, and contains about 30,000 souls.

The older city was destroyed by the Babylonians; that which was trodden by the Divine footsteps was demolished by Titus, A. D. 70.

Mount Moriah, on which stood the magnificent temple of Solomon, and Mount Zion are in the south part of the city; at their foot is the memorable pool of Siloam. On the south of the city is the Aceldama, and Hinnom or Gehenna, and on the east the valley of Jehoshaphat.

The mosque of Omar, called El Harem, The Holy, is a vast pile of buildings, composed of a cluster of mosques and Moguls, revered by Moslems as the second great sanctury of Mohammedanism; it is said to be built over David's tomb, and to contain the sacred stone that formed Jacob's pillow.

Among the numerous Christian churches and convents, the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, built over the tomb of the Saviour, is the most interesting.

MOUNT LEBANON.—Lebanon is not an isolated peak, but a chain of mountains running through the south of Syria. The wood for King Solomon's Temple was cut from its slopes, and many of the sacred utensils were made from its fragrant cedars. Jerusalem was sometimes called Lebanon, because the temple and the houses were built almost entirely of the cedars.

MOUNT HOREB. — Moses wandering one morning along the slopes of Horeb, he saw before him a solitary bush blazing from top to bottom, but still unconsumed. Every branch was a fiery branch, and every leaf a leaf of fire that glowed unwasted in the still flame. As he stood amazed and awe-struck at the sight, a voice exclaimed, "Take thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place on which thou standest is holy ground."

MOUNT MORIAH.—Mount Moriah stands just without Jerusalem, and is now crowned with the mosque of Omar, whose entrance has long been forbidden to the Christian, and kept sacred to the followers of Mohammed. It stands where the rude altar of Abraham rose nearly four thousand years ago. The proud city has risen and fallen beside it, the generations of men come and gone, and whole dynasties of kings disappeared one after another, yet there it stands as it stood in the wilderness when it was trodden only by the wild beasts of the forest. Years after the temple of King Solomon threw the sunbeams upon it, and the children of Israel paid their vows there. But it is still more memorable to Masons, on the account of H. A.'s tomb.

◆

Certayne Questyons, with Answeres to the same, concerning the Mysteries of Maconrye.

Writtene by the hande of Kynge Henrye, the sixthe of the name, and faithfullye copyed by me, Johan Leylande, Antiquarius, by the commande of his Highnesse; they be as followethe:

Q. What mote ytt be?

A. Ytt beeth the skylle of nature, the understondynge of the myghte that ys hereynne, and ytts sondrye wreckynges; sonderlyche, the skylle of reckenyngs, of waightes and metynges, and the treu manere of of façonnynge al thynges for mannes use; headlye, dwellinges, and buyldynges of alle kindes, and all odher thynges that make gudde to manne.

Q. Where dyd ytt begynne?

A. Ytt dyd begynne with the ffyrste menne in the este, whych were before the ffyrste manne of the weste, and comynge westlye, ytt hathe broughte herwyth alle comforts to the wylde and comfortlesse.

Q. Who dyd brynge ytt westlye?

A. The Venetians, who beynge grate merchaundes, comed ffyrst ffrome the este ynn Venetia, for the commodytye of marchaundysynge beith este and weste bey the redde and myddlelonde sees.

Q. How comede ytt yn Engelonde?

A. Peter Gower, a Grecian, journeyedde ffor kunnynge yn Egypte, and yn Syria, and yn everyche londe whereas the Venetians hadde plauntedde maçonrye, and wynnynge entraunce yn al lodges of maçonnes, he lerned muche, and retournedde, and woned yn Grecia Magna, wacksynge, and becommynge a myghtye wyseacre, and gratelyche renowned, and her he framed a grate lodge at Groton, and maked manye maçonnes, some whereoffe dyde journeye yn Fraunce, and maked manye maçonnes, wherefromme, yn processe of tyme, the arte passed yn Engelonde.

Q. Dothe maçonnes descouer here artes unto odhers?

A. Peter Gower, whenne he journeyede to lerne, was ffyrste made, and anonne techedde; evenne soe shulde all odhers beyn recht. Natheless maçonnes haueth alweys yn everyche tyme, from tyme to tyme, communycatedde to mannkynde soche of her secrettes as generallyche myghte be usefulle; they haueth keped backe soche allein as shuld be harmfulle yff they comed yn euylle haundes, oder soche as ne myghte be holpynge wythouten the techynges to be joynedde herwythe yn the lodge, oder soche as do bynde the freres more stronglyche togeder, bey the the proffytte and commodytye commynge to the confrerie herfromme.

Q. Whatte artes haueth the maçonnes techedde mankynde?

A. The artes, agricultura, architectura, astronomia, geometria, numeres, musica, poesie, kymistrye, governmente, and relygyonne.

Q. Howe commethe maçonnes more teachers than odher menne?

A. The hemselfe haueth allein yn arte of ffyndynge neue artes, whoche arte the ffyrste maçonnes receaued from Godde; by the whyche they fyndethe what artes hem plesethe, and the treu way of techynge the same. Whatt odher menne dothe ffynde out ys onelyche bey chaunce, and herfore but lytel I tro.

Q. What dothe the maçonnes concele and hyde?

A. Thay concelethe the art of ffyndynge neue artes, and that ys for here own proffytte, and preise. They concelethe the arte of kepyng secrettes, that soe the worlde mayeth nothinge concele from them. They conceiethe the arte of wunderwerckynge, and of foresayinge thynges to comme, that so the same artes may not be usedde of the wyckedde to an euyell ende. They also concelethe the arte of chaunges, the wey of wynnynge the facultye of Abrac, the skylle of becommynge gude and parfyghte wythouthen the holpynges of fere and hope; and the universelle longage of maçonnes.

Q. Wylle he teche me the same artes?

A. Ye shall be techedde yff ye be werthye and able to lerne.

Q. Dothe all maçonnes kunne more then odher men?

A. Not so. Thay onlyche haueth recht and occasyonne more than odher menne to kunne, butt manye dothe fale yn capacity, and manye more dothe want industrye, that ys pernecessarye for the gaynynge all kunnynge.

Q. Are maçonnes gudder men than odhers?

A. Some maçonnes are not so virtuous as some odher menne; but, yn the moste parte, they be more gude then they would be yf thay war not maçonnes.

Q. Dothe maçonnes love eidher odher myghtylye as beeth sayde?

A. Yea verylyche, and yt may not odherwise be; for gude men and treu, kennynge eidher odher to be soche, dothe always love the more as they may be more gude.

[Here endethe the questyonnes and awnsweres.]

A GLOSSARY OF ANTIQUATED WORDS IN THE FOREGOING MANUSCRIPT.

Allein, only.
Alweys, always.
Beithe, both.
Foresayinge, prophesying.
Freres, brethren.
Headlye, chiefly.
Hem plesethe, they please.
Hemselfe, themselves.
Her, there, their.
Hereynne, therein.
Herwythe, with it.
Holpynge, beneficial.
Kunne, know.
Kunnynge, knowledge.
Make gudde, are beneficial.
Metynges, measures.
Mote, may.
Mgddlelonde, Mediterrane'n
Myghte, power.
Occasyonne, opportunity.
Commodytye, conveniency.
Confrerie, fraternity.
Façonnynge, forming.
Odher, other.
Onelyche, only.
Pernecessarye, absolutely necessary.
Preise, honor.
Recht, right.
Reckenyngs, numbers.
Sonderlyche, particularly.
Skylle, knowledge.
Wacksynge, growing.
Werck, operation.
Wey, way.
Whereas, where.
Woned, dwelt.
Wunderwerkynge, working myracles.
Wylde, savage.
Wynnynge, gaining.
Ynn, into.

—*Freem. Mag. and Mas. Mirror.*

◆

The Key to Sublime Mysteries.

BY COMP. BAXTER.

The symbolic history so beautifully woven into the system of Masonry, with its types and shadows standing out in clear distinctness, cannot fail to lead the minds of the readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON to a contemplation of the sublime truths and the beautiful moral teachings that lie beneath the vails of our rites and ceremonies. And if we fail to profit by the true light of Masonry thus presented to us—reflecting, as it does, the light of God and eternity, and pointing to the Bible as a lamp to guide our feet in the path of duty, then indeed have we labored in vain and spent our strength for naught.

In our mystic labors we are symbolically engaged in the glorious undertaking of rebuilding the fallen temple of humanity. The morning of creation saw that temple framed in the wisdom of the divine plan, arrayed in pristine innocence, and hallowed by the indwelling presence of Deity. It stood forth perfect in its completion—"The noblest work of God." Angels leaned over the battlements of heaven, and gazed in wonder and admiration upon this display of the workmanship of the Almighty, while a new strain of praise and adoration swept, from their golden harps, the circle of the universe. And yet this beautiful temple, *Man*, was destined to become a heap of ruins amid ruins. Sin entered, disguised the inner courts and polluted the sacred altar of the heart; the powers of darkness undermined the strong foundations, and the human soul was led captive.

But He whose "mercy endureth forever" has provided a plan of deliverance. In the *lion* of the tribe of Judah strength has been found to subdue the empire of Satan; the captives are liberated and permitted to go forth to engage in preparing the materials for a second temple whose glory shall be far greater than that of the first. On the ruins of fallen humanity the Supreme Council of Three in One, has laid the corner-stone of a temple whose living arch shall span eternity, whose altar shall be the throne of God, and whose incense of praise shall perpetually rise from the pure hearts of its myriad worshipers.

Companions, while we are engaged in the symbolic labors of our noble profession, let us not in the shadow lose sight of the substance. Our minds and hearts should enter with fervency and zeal into the labors of the great and glorious calling which we symbolize. The path of duty and trial may be rough and rugged, but it is illumed by the great light of Masonry and religion, and they who walk therein, putting their trust in the great *Jehovah*, shall finally descend to the grave in the full assurance that their labors shall not go unrewarded. In due time the jewels of humanity shall be gathered from the dark vault of death and corruption, and they who bear the *signet of truth* shall be exalted to the upper sanctuary, within whose vails they shall learn the full meaning of the great omnific word, and receive the key to the *sublime mysteries of eternity*.

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Mediocrity is popular, because it has the sympathy of the masses.

A Legend of Jerusalem.

Jerusalem is surrounded by high mountains, and on Mount Zion are the sepulchres of the house of David, and those of the Kings who reigned after him. In consequence of the following circumstance, however, this place is hardly to be recognized at present: Fifteen years ago (according to a record of the twelfth century) one of the walls of the place of worship of Mount Zion fell down, which the patriarch ordered the priest to repair. He commanded to take stones from the original wall of Zion and to employ them for that purpose, which command was obeyed. About twenty journeymen were hired, at stated wages, who broke stones from the very foundations of the walls of Zion. Two of these laborers, who were intimate friends, on a certain day treated one another, and repaired to their work after their friendly meal. The overseer questioned them about their tardiness, but they answered that they would still perform their day's work, and would employ thereupon the time during which their fellow-laborers were at meals They then continued to break out the stones, and happened to meet one which formed the mouth of a cave. They agreed with one another to enter it, and to search for treasure, in pursuit of which they proceeded onward until they reached a spacious hall, supported by pillars of marble encrusted with gold and silver, and before which stood a table with a golden sceptre and crown. This was the sepulchre of David, King of Israel; to the left of which they saw that of Solomon, in a similar state, and so on the sepulchres of all the Kings of Judah who were buried there. They further saw locked trunks, the contents of which nobody knew, and desired to enter the hall; but a blast of wind issued forth from the mouth of the cave, strong enough to throw them down, where they lay until the evening; at which time another wind rushed forth, and a voice in it exclaimed, "Get up and go forth from this place." The men came out in great haste and full of fear, and proceeded to the patriarch to report what had happened to them. The holy father summoned into his presence a rabbi, a pious ascetic, one of those who mourned the downfall of Jerusalem, and caused the two laborers to repeat what they had previously reported. The rabbi thereupon informed the patriarch that they had discovered the sepulchres of the house of David and of the Kings of Judah. The following morning the laborers were sent for again, but they were found stretched on their beds, and still full of fear; they declared that they would not attempt to go again to the cave, as it was not God's will to discover it to any one. The patriarch ordered the place to be walled up, so as to hide it effectually from every one unto the present day.

Masonry on the Battle-Field.

In a late issue we gave a few very remarkable instances of preservation from danger and death on the "tented field and in the imminent deadly breach" of men who had espoused the cause of Freemasonry. We this week devote a small space to a few more equally extraordinary, in proof of the benign influence of that principle which inculcates love to all men, regardless of rank, position or nationality.

Captain Barralier, an officer of a Portuguese regiment engaged in the Peninsular War of 1812, was wounded by a gunshot, plundered, and left for dead on the field. In the course of the fight, besmeared with blood, and oppressed with thirst, hunger, loss of strength, and the loss of all the vital powers, as he was, in some of the movements of one of the French divisions a column of infantry passed by him, and a soldier discovering that there were yet signs of life in him, put his bayonet to his breast, and was in the act of thrusting him through the body, when, upon his discovering, by an appropriate sign, that he was a Freemason, a French officer flew to his relief, warded off the blow, and preserved him from destruction. But the action was still raging, and his wounds were fast festering, and he was dying for the want of nourishment and attention, and no one had either the time or the inclination to staunch the rents of his body or afford him succor. As the ground was again occupied by his own division, he was attempted to be murdered by a soldier of his own brigade, but was saved by one belonging to an English regiment, who gave him water, but having to leave him, a sergeant came up and gave him wine and water, but was constrained to leave him too, until the dying man reached up his hand, which was grasped by the sergeant, and in a moment his prospects for life were renewed, and a new lease was given to his existence. The heroic sergeant was electrified to meet a brother Mason. At the risk of his life, at the risk of his reputation, at the risk of all he held dear on earth, he never ceased his exertions for the wounded officer until medical aid and every comfort and every means of restoration were supplied him that could be procured in such disastrous times.

The account given of an engagement between an American clipper and a corsair, during the Algerine war, is another instance showing the benefits of the "peculiar institution." The American vessel was overrun and boarded by the superior numbers of the enemy, who fought with the utmost desperation, being stimulated by the thrist for revenge and the hope of plunder. They thinned the ranks of the crew until there was scarcely a man left upon his feet. Their heroic captain stood in their van, and piled the deck around him with "Moslem slain." At length resistance seemed vain. His men had all fallen, and the scimitar blazed above his own head, which was already mangled and bleeding with ghastly wounds. At that moment he thought of the Masonic signal. It was given. It was recognized. The flashing sword fell to the ground; the bearded Mohammedan clasped him to his bosom; restored to him his vessel; and gave him a crew to navigate his ship into the nearest haven of safety.

The Important Office of Freemasonry in the Present.

BY BRO. CHIEF-JUSTICE HOSMER, OF MONTANA.

We live in an age when physical and mental improvement seem almost to outrun the force of morals. The increase of practical knowledge, and its substitution in the affairs of life for that which is abstract and philosophical, are working rapid changes in our modes of thought, and unsettling the old foundations of society. The sentimental and the beautiful are giving place to the useful and available. Poetry, music, the arts, even philosophy are regarded as luxuries, rather than necessities, secondary in character to those occupations and pursuits which call into action the stronger and more rugged powers of the human intellect. Men now engage in the construction of railroads, telegraphs, great lines of communication by sea and land, development of gold and silver mines, and a thousand other pursuits which, though of immense utility, have little in the occupation they afford for thought or action to refine and elevate the nature, or purify the sensibilities. In such a condition of society, our institution performs an important office. The beauty and aptitude of its symbols; the truthfulness of its sentiments; the bulwarks it everywhere erects against vice; its ample analytic power, and above all, its fraternal bonds, render it, and must always render it, next to Christianity, the greatest of all moral influences. Men visit the Lodge and Commandery because they love them. The ceremonies exercise a steady and subduing influence over their lives. They hold them in veneration for their antiquity, and cling to them with a kind of filial affection, because they inculcate principles, and impose obligations which are productive only of good. The miner who delves in the gulch or on the mountain side; the merchant, the mechanic, the operator, the lawyer and the clergyman, forsaking for the moment their several vocations, meet as brethren, and unite together, under a common influence, in the ceremonies of the Lodge room. Acknowledging their dependence upon the Great Being who rules the universe, they there, through the various means afforded by our institution, hold in solemn contemplation those truths and virtues, by a practice of which man has, in all ages, attained, and must ever attain, his highest and noblest state of perfection. A recollection of these solemn and grateful observances is ever with them, to cheer them in the hour of adversity; to inspire them with hope and courage; to check and discipline their passions, and to keep constantly before their minds the true ends and aims of life. Under their guidance, the future is unfolded before them, and that eternity upon which they are soon to enter, instead of appearing as a "leap in the dark," is regarded as a haven of rest. One of the strongest assurances of the increasing intelligence and enlightenment of the age, may be educed from the fact, that Masonry now surrounds the globe. No nation is so advanced, none so savage, that they do not contain this institution.

JEPTHA'S TEST.—SHIBBOLETH.—Here are some remarks of Lightfoot, in his "Harmony of the Old Testament," that will be interesting to the Fellow-Craft: "Jeptha had a new quarrel with the Ephraimites, and slayeth forty-two thousand of them by mispronouncing a letter; he might have offered many words, that had *sh* double in them; as 'shemesh,' the *sun;* 'shelosha,' *three;* 'shalsheleh,' *a chain;* but the word proposed is 'shibboleth,' because of the present occasion; it signifieth *a stream;* and the Ephraimites are put to call the stream that they desired to pass over by the right name, and they could not name it."

The Good Master.

BY WILLIAM BREED DRAKE.

[Fraternally dedicated to W. ALFRED A. BURRELL, Master of Montgomery Lodge, Milford, Massachusetts, who fills all the attributes of a good Master, a loyal friend, and a true gentleman.]

The good Master is a good Mason—that is saying a great deal. It implies that he does his duty faithfully as a member of society; that he recognizes the fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man; that he is obedient to the moral and the civil law; that he is a peacemaker, in the Lodge and out of it; that his hand is ever open at the call of charity, and that his mite, be it large or small, is freely bestowed for the relief of "worthy distressed brethren;" that his life is bright and sunshiny, and that the sunshine of his life and love goes out in streaming radiance towards all who come within his presence. John B. Gough says, in one of his lectures: "It is a glorious thing to be a man." The upright Mason is the noblest embodiment of perfect manhood. What a glorious thing it must be then to be a good and true Mason!

The good Master, before he became such, never electioneered for the office. In some Lodges, unhappily, there is a rush and scramble on election night, quite equal to that taking place in the caucus room of a political party upon the selection of its candidates; the votes of members are solicited for this or that brother. The contention is not that emulation who best can excell, but who can get the most ballots; and when the din is over, as likely as not it is found that some brother is elected Master whose only qualification is his ambition. Not so the manner of election of him who becomes the good Master. The members of his Lodge elect him because they think him the best man and Mason among them; and he accepts the office with diffidence, but with a determination to show that his brethren have not confided in him in vain.

His first step after election is to post himself thoroughly in the work and lectures. If he was familiar with them before, he freshens his knowledge now. He consults old members if he has doubt of the correctness of a word or phrase, that from their memories they may bring forward long hidden landmarks to decide the question. He sees that the Wardens and other officers understand their duties, so that when they begin their work in earnest they may move in concord and in accord, without the jarring of unlearnd lessons or half-forgotten charges.

He opens the Lodge punctually at the hour appointed, and proceeds with the business of the evening. If not a tithe of the members are present, knowing that his punctuality will exorcise the laggard spirit from the Lodge under his charge, the opening ceremonies are given in full, to the exclusion of the slipshod style known as "the short way."

He sees that the Secretary's minutes are a clear, lucid record of the business of the Lodge, full enough for distinct understanding, but without a waste of words.

He never omits the little processes of the work which so round off and beautify it. If, for instance, the Lodge has a musical instrument, he directs the singing of the opening and closing odes, whether there are many singers present or few. Though there are few who will participate in the singing at the beginning of his term of office, yet the number will rapidly increase during his Mastership.

Before a candidate is introduced for initiation, he enjoins upon the Lodge to preserve perfect order during the ceremony, that it may be made more impressive to the initiate, and afterwards enforces his request. He makes the ceremony real; there is no lightness, no flippancy, no slurring of any part, no undue haste, no jostling discordance to mar the beauty and perfection of the work. The officers perform their parts with an earnestness and zeal equally removed from levity of style or grimness of manner. Where a man is made a Mason under such auspices, it makes an impression upon him which not years, nor toil, nor misfortune can efface. A Mason thus made is ten times more apt to be a good craftsman than one at whose initiation the "order of misrule" presides.

The good Master takes pains that brethren newly entered, passed, or raised shall have ample opportunity to make themselves proficient in the degrees they have taken. He holds frequent meetings for "posting," at which the lectures are rehearsed and the work is discussed till they are familiar to all who have attended. The beauties of Masonry are thus brought out, and the vail is in a measure removed from the system. In Masonry, knowledge increases love; it is only the superficial, half-taught Mason who is indifferent to the marvelous beauties of the science; the more a man sees of its mysteries and the deeper he penetrates into its divine arcana, the grander, nobler, truer will Masonry appear to him; the more fondly will he cherish it in his heart, and the more firmly fixed will be his affection for the institution.

The good Master has a thorough knowledge of the rules which govern public assemblies. His memory contains a manual of parliamentary tactics, which he employs at every communication, that the business of the Lodge may be furthered and the time of the members be not wasted. He puts in force no "gag law," but at the same time he does not allow the precious hours to be wasted in unnecessary discussion or frivolous debate. Under his mastership the Lodge-room is felt to be a place for Masonic business, where vain controversies, private disputes, and promiscuous conversation have no portion.

In the case of a discord occurring among brethren of the Lodge, the good Master is the arbiter whose mission it shall be to harmonize the troubles. His prudence, good will, and fraternity rarely fail to make crooked things straight and to soothe the angry waters of unpleasantness and strife.

If a member of his Lodge is sick or in distress, the good Master visits him. He provides for his wants if it is a case calling for brotherly charity, doing it so delicately that the recipient of the Lodge's bounty shall feel no mortification at being the object of charity. The Lodge's aid given to one of its own members in this manner is not charity; it is justice come home; the Mason draws funds from his own treasury, and receives but his own again.

And if the spirit of a sick brother crosses the dark river, then does the good Master exhibit the sterling virtues of his character. There is none so ready to say the word of tender condolement to the bereaved family. He draws the vail of oblivion over his dead brother's follies or foibles, and brings forward in bold relief his virtues and deeds of goodness. If public Masonic funeral rites are to be given the brother, he takes charge of them and conducts them with dignity and solemnity.

This is but a slight sketch of the good Master, and the manner in which he accomplishes his duties. The Mastership of a Lodge is a difficult position to fill. There is one Lodge in New York City whose every member is qualified to fill any position in the Lodge, from the Junior Deacon's in the Southwest, to the Master's in the East. But such Lodges are rare; I almost doubt if there be another such in the country. Such proficiency is difficult to attain, but certainly not impossible. Then every member is the right-hand supporter of the Master.

But every Master should be a good Master. No member of a Lodge has any right to take an office whose duties he does not intend to fulfill to the best of his abilities. It requires constant study, much care, great firmness, a large heart, and an ardent devotion to Masonry to fill the Master's chair. There are such Masters: may their number constantly increase, till it may be said of the head of every Lodge that he is a good Master. Does not every reader of the NATIONAL FREEMASON respond "So mote it be?

Anecdotes and Sayings of Masons.

BURNS—BUT ONE VERSE.—Composed and repeated by Robert Burns, to the master of the house, on taking leave at a place in the Highlands where he had been hospitably treated. We have read, from Waverly and other works many eulogies upon the hospitality of the Scots, but never one like this:

When death's dark stream I ferry o'er,
A time that surely shall come;
In Heaven itself, I'll ask no more
Than just a Highland welcome.

JOHN WENTWORTH.—That notable man of the West—elongated John Wentworth—is as strong in stump oratory as he used to be with his pen when editing the Chicago *Democrat*, and in political organizations was as indispensable a man as our brother Watkins used to be in a certain church—"a difficult man to get along *with*, and a difficult man to get along *without*." During the last campaign, which resulted in his election to Congress, his unnecessarily long form was seen towering at all public assemblages where the merits of opposing men and measures were "cussed and discussed." It is to be borne in mind, so they say, that attenuated John has one verbal habit so inveterate that it forces itself upon the attention of those who happen to listen to him. If any doubt is expressed as to the accuracy of his statements, his prompt response is: "I'll bet you a hundred dollars it's true." On the occasion to which we allude Mr. Wentworth had made an eloquent speech, intending to close by quoting Bryant's well known lines:

"Truth crushed to earth will rise again,
The eternal years of God are hers."

But unfortunately he could only remember the opening words, which he repeated thus:

"'Truth crushed'—

"How is that?—it's by Bryant, you know—that beautiful poem of his—

"'Truth crushed to earth'—[Another pause.]

"'Truth crushed to earth will rise again'—[Another.]

"'Truth crushed to earth will rise again'—

"Well, boys, I don't remember the rest of it, but *if any of you doubt it, I will just bet you a hundred dollars that she will!*"

GEO. D. PRENTICE.—ELOQUENT PASSAGE.—One of the finest things Geo. D. Prentice ever wrote is this inimitable passage: "It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a bubble cast up by the ocean of eternity, to float a moment upon its waves and sink into nothingness. Else, why is it the high and glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts, are forever wandering unsatisfied? Why is it that the rainbow and cloud come over us with a beauty that is not of earth, and then pass off to leave us to muse on their loveliness? Why is it that the stars which hold their festival around the midnight throne, are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And, finally, why is it that the bright forms of human beauty are presented to our view and taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in an Alpine torrent upon our hearts? We are born for a higher destiny than of earth. There is a realm where the stars will be spread out before us like the islands that slumber in the ocean, and where the beautiful beings which pass before us like shadows will stay forever in our presence."

THE MODERN DIOGENES.—Alfred Bunn, meeting Douglas Jerrold opposite White's, said, "Well, Douglas, what are you doing here, eh? looking for character?" "Humph," quoth the author of the Curtain Lectures, "there's a good deal of it lost here."

Secrecy.

BY JUDGE HAYDEN OF CALIFORNIA.

There are many who condemn Masonry as a secret society. Let us see what authority the world gives for secrecy. It is well known that the United States Senate sits with closed doors in its secret sessions. The members of the Cabinet keep secret what passes in council. The professional man knows things pertaining to his client or patient that he keeps secret from the world. The Grand Jury are enjoined to secrecy. The clergyman keeps secret what the penitent tells him. The stock-jobber, the broker and the merchant have their secret marks known only to themselves. And even the conventional rules of well regulated society require visitors to keep secret many things that they may hear at the house of a friend, lest by telling them evil might arise therefrom.

Kind Words, Good Deeds, and Evidences of Progress.

HOT COALS; OR, HOW FRITZ WAS CONQUERED. BY REV. DR. NEWTON.—Joe Benton lived in the country. Not far from his father's house was a large pond. His cousin Herbert had given him a large boat, elegantly rigged, and masts and sails, all ready to go to sea on the pond. Joe had formed a sailing company among his schoolmates. They had elected him captain. The boat was snugly stowed away in a little cave near the pond. At three o'clock on Saturday afternoon the boys were to meet and launch the boat. On the morning of this day Joe rose bright and early. It was a lovely morning. Joe was in fine spirits. He chuckled with delight when he thought of the afternoon. "Glorious!" said he to himself, when he thought of the afternoon. "Now I've just time to run down to the pond before breakfast, and see that the boat is all right. Then I'll hurry home and learn my lessons for Monday, so as to be ready for the afternoon; for the *captain must be up to time.*"

Away he went, scampering towards the cave where the boat had been ready for the launch. As he drew near he saw the signs of mischief, and felt uneasy. The big stone before the cave had been rolled away. The moment he looked in he burst into a loud cry. There was the beautiful boat which his cousin had given him, with its masts and sails all broken to pieces, and a large hole bored in the bottom.

Joe stood for a moment, motionless with grief and surprise; then, with his face all red with anger, he exclaimed:

"I know who did it—*unkind boy.* It was Fritz Brown; he was angry because I did not ask him to the launch; but I'll pay him for this, see if I don't."

Then he pushed back the ruined boat into the cave, and, hurrying on some way down the road, he fastened a string across the footpath, a few inches from the ground, and carefully hid himself in the bushes.

Presently a step was heard, and Joe eagerly peeped out. He expected to see Fritz coming along, but, instead of that, it was his cousin Herbert.

He was the last person Joe cared to see just then, so he unfastened the string and lay quiet, hoping that he would not see him. But Herbert's quick eye soon caught sight of him, and Joe had to tell him all that had happened, and wound up by saying, "But never mind; I mean to make him smart for it."

"Well, what do you mean to do, Joe?" asked Herbert.

"Why, you see, Fritz carries a basket of eggs to market every morning, and I mean to trip him over this string and smash them all."

Joe knew this was not a right feeling, and he expected to get a sharp lecture from his cousin; but, to his surprise, he only said, in a quiet way:

"Well, I think Fritz does deserve some punishment; but this string is an old trick. I can tell you something better than that."

"What?" cried Joe, eagerly.

"How would you like to put a few coals of fire on his head?"

"What! *burn* him?" asked Joe, doubtfully. His cousin nodded his head. With a queer smile, Joe clapped his hands.

"Bravo!" said he, "that's just the thing, cousin Herbert. You see, his hair is so thick he would not get burned much before he would have time to shake them off; but I should just like to see him jump once. Now tell me how to do it—quick!"

"'If thine enemy hunger, feed him; if he thirst, give him drink; for in so doing thou shalt heap coals of fire on his head.' There," said Herbert, "that is God's way of doing it, and I think this is the best kind of punishment that Fritz could have."

You should have seen how long Joe's face grew while Herbert was speaking.

"Now, I do say, cousin Herbert," added Joe, "that is a real take in. Why, it is no punishment at all."

Joe was not really a very bad boy, but he was now in a very ill temper, and he said, sullenly, "But you have told me a story, cousin Herbert. You said this kind of coals would burn, but they don't at all."

"You are mistaken about that," said Herbert. "I have known such coals to burn up malice, envy, ill feeling, and a great deal of rubbish, and then leaving some cold hearts feeling as warm and pleasant as possible."

Joe drew a long sigh. "Well, tell me a good coal to put on Fritz's head, and I will see about it."

"You know," said Herbert, "that Fritz is very poor, and can seldom buy himself a book, although he is very fond of reading; but you have quite a library. Now suppose—but no, I won't suppose anything about it. Just think over the matter, and find your own coal. But be sure to kindle it with love, for no other fire burns like that."

Then Herbert sprang over the fence, and went whistling away. Before Joe had time to collect his thoughts, he saw Fritz coming down the lane, carrying a basket of eggs in one hand and a pail of milk in the other. For a moment the thought crossed Joe's mind, "What a grand smash it would have been if Fritz had fallen over the string!" But he drove it away in an instant, and was glad enough that the string was put away in his pocket. Fritz started and looked very uncomfortable when he first caught sight of Joe; but the little fellow began at once with, "Fritz, have you much time to read now?"

"Sometimes," said Fritz, "when I have driven the cows home, and done all my work, I have a little piece of daylight left; but the trouble is I've read every book I can get hold of."

"How would you like to take my new book of travels?"

Fritz's eyes fairly danced. "O, may I? may I? I'd be so careful of it."

"Yes," answered Joe. "And perhaps I have some others you may like to read. And Fritz," he added, a little slyly, "I would ask you to come and help to sail my new boat this afternoon, but some one has gone and broken the masts, and torn up the sails, and made a great hole in the bottom! Who do you suppose did it?"

Fritz's head dropped on his breast; but, after a moment, he looked up with great effort, and said:

"O, Joe, I did it! But I can't begin to tell you how sorry I am. You didn't know that I was so mean when you promised to lend me the books, did you?"

"Well, I rather thought you did it," said Joe, slowly.

"And yet you didn't"——Fritz could get no further. He felt as if he would choke. His face was as red as a live coal. He could stand it no longer, so off he walked, without saying a word.

Answers to Correspondents.

New York.—We cannot publish the article of an esteemed brother, because his reputation needs no vindication, and scandal-mongers should not be gratified in their love of notoriety. We recommend to him the following lines of Dean Swift:

HOW TO TREAT SCANDAL.

Ye wise, instruct me to endure
An evil which admits no cure;
Or how this evil can be borne
Which breeds at once both hate and scorn—
Rare innocence is no support
When you are tried in scandal's court.
Stand high in honor, wealth and wit,
All others who interior sit
Conceive themselves in honor bound
To join and drag you to the ground.
Your attitude offends the eyes
Of those who want the power to rise.
The world, a willing stander by,
Inclines to aid the specious lie.
Alas! they would not do you wrong,
But all appearances are strong.
Yet, whence proceeds this weight we lay
On what detracting people say?
For let mankind disgrace their tongues
In venom till they burst their lungs,
Their utmost venom cannot make
Your head, or tooth, or finger ache;
Nor spoil your shape, distort your face,
Or put one feature out of place;
Nor will you find your fortune sink
By what they speak or what they think;]
Nor can a hundred thousand lies
Make you less virtuous, learned or wise.
The most effectual way to balk
Their malice—to let them talk.

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Such a Master should not have been elected by your Lodge. No one is fit for this responsible station who will not act as a Mason towards a brother against whom he has a private pique. Did not this Master agree "*to avoid all private piques and quarrels?*" "Cautious in his behavior, courteous to his brethren, and faithful to his Lodge." Masons are forgiving, but if your Master persists in his course, you have your remedy.

∴

Col. J. E. Mesmore, Deputy Commissioner and Acting Solicitor of the Treasury.—His numerous friends may lay aside their fears about his recovery. Oppressed by his incessant labors and his anxiety honestly and faithfully to do his duty to the government and the public, and occupied day and night, he neglected to take the advice of his friends to rest, and was prostrated in his office. He sank under a congestive chill and might have forfeited his valuable life if our friend and brother, Dr. Alexander, had not been at his side at the time, and understanding his constitution, by his skill furnished him speedy relief. Bro. Mesmore is up again, and will soon be in wonted health. We can assure our brethren and friends of the Northwest that Bro. Mesmore's well deserved popularity at home and throughout the country has not been diminished by his conduct here. He has the esteem and confidence of the good of this city, and will retain them to the last.

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No Mason who absents himself regularly from the meetings of the Lodge can reasonably complain of its acts.

∴

Spiritualism is not to be considered any more than any other special religious view in your ballot. You have but two questions to ask to determine your vote: 1. Does he believe in God and immortality? 2. Has he the moral, social, physical and intellectual qualifications? You have nothing to do with his special belief.

∴

An Entered Apprentice is a Freemason to the extent of the obligations he has taken, the duties he has been charged to perform, and the accredited rules of the order. Read the E.·. A's.·. charge, the elucidations of brotherly love, &c.; consider the Ob., read the ancient charges, and you will see if the Grand Lodge of New York was right in its constitution in declaring that "initiation makes a man a Mason."

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The Treasurer moving into the country does not vacate his office. His removal beyond the "blue ether" alone is such a removal as will vacate his office.

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Subscriber.—Has the Masonic Board of Relief issued any *printed* reports for the past two or three years? When Bro. Peet was President and Bro. Shove Secretary subscribing Lodges were furnished with an annual printed report, giving a detailed statement of receipts and expenditures and other matters relating to the Board, of interest not only to them but to the whole jurisdiction. Have you any light to offer?

Answer.—We know nothing of the matter, but publish your note, which may, perhaps, elicit the required information.

Pro Grand Master is an officer of the Grand Lodge of England, existing only when a Prince of the blood is Grand Master. This office originated with the Duke of Sussex, when Grand Master, who wished in his absence not a Deputy but an actual Grand Master. When the Grand Master is present the Pro G.·. M.·. is without authority or position; in his absence or death he is *actual* and not merely *acting* Grand Master. The *substitute* Grand Master of Scotland is nearly the same as Pro Grand Master in England. There is no Pro G.·. M.·. in England now, but there will be when a Prince of the royal blood becomes Grand Master.

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Bro. Simons was elected May 9, 1856, an honorary member of Jacques de Molay Commandery, New Orleans, La.

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Initiation of a Deaf Mute.—A French Lodge (Mt. Sinai) did initiate M. Pellissier, a deaf mute and a professor in the Deaf and Dumb School in Paris. One landmark having been violated, other violations followed. One of the questions sent out to him in writing was returned in a half hour, with a manuscript reply of several pages.

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Twenty-five, if correctly informed, is the legal age of initiation in Germany. The son of the Prince of Prussia, initiated November 6, 1853, was not permitted by his father, though Grand Master, even by dispensation, to receive it, until he was twenty-two.

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Balcanifer or *Badalcinifer*, was the designation of the standard bearer of the Knights Templars—Baldanum being a low Latin word for standard.

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Beaver, or *Beauvoir*, that part of the helmet which opens to show the face.

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Jeshurun.—"How am I to proceed in order to prevent the advancement, in a Lodge of which I am not a member, of an E. A. whom I know to be unworthy?"

Answer.—Call upon the Master of the Lodge in which the candidate is about to be advanced, state your case fully and frankly, and furnish him with the proof you are prepared to furnish in support of your assertion. He will then delay the advancement until a committee of the Lodge can investigate the matter. If, however, he should refuse to entertain your complaint, which is scarcely within the bounds of possibility, prefer charges against the candidate to the D. D. G. M. of the district in which the Lodge is located, and he will give you an opportunity to prove them before the candidate advances.

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Greenback.—"About a year ago I formed a copartnership with a brother Mason, and for a time things went forward satisfactorily. For some time past, however, he has been drawing more money from the concern than belongs to him, or it can afford, leaving it unable to meet its liabilities. In case of failure, which seems inevitable, I shall lose my capital and credit, and thus be left without means of beginning the world again. Under these circumstances, is it not my duty to prefer charges against him for unmasonic conduct?"

Answer.—Not much. According to your own showing your business has been mismanaged, and you have allowed your partner to overdraw until you fear bankruptcy. Instead of discounting the future and dawdling away your time with a Lodge trial, it would be infinitely better to post up your books, ascertain exactly how you stand, get rid of your partner, arrange with your creditors for an extension, and then go to work manfully to make the best you can of what is left. Never say die. In the bright lexicon of youth there is no such word as *fail.*

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Hopeful J.—"In my Lodge a debate arose on a proposition to appropriate a considerable sum of money for a new outfit, in which the Lodge appeared to be nearly equally balanced. The old fellows were in favor of retaining the present paraphernalia, which was made in the year 1, and the younger members going in for a fresh start so as to be able to keep up appearances with our neighbors. Various motions to increase and decrease the original sum proposed were lost, and finally a motion to lay the whole subject on the table being put to vote resulted in a tie, whereupon the Master declared it carried, and would not allow any further allusion to it during the communication. How could he declare a motion carried when there was no majority voting for it?"

Answer.—The Master of a Lodge being a member has a right to vote on all questions before it, though he seldom exercises the right, being as a general thing satisfied to act as moderator, and allow the brethren to decide for themselves. On the occasion in question the Master exercised this prerogative by declaring the question carried in the affirmative, which practically included his own vote. The same thing would have happened had he decided the other way. But supposing his vote had been included in the tie, he had still the power of deciding by a casting vote.

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I. C. E.—Please answer the following questions in your next issue:

1. Can the Master of a Lodge call a special meeting for the purpose of conferring degrees at any place he thinks fit, or must he call it at the usual place of meeting?
2. In calling such a meeting is he not bound to give notice in writing to all the members?
3. If at such special meeting objection is made to the progress of a candidate, has the Master a right to order a ballot then and there?
4. If a member meet the Master in the street and state his objection to the advancement of a candidate, can the Master refuse to act on such objection, on the ground that objection must be made in Lodge or not at all?

Answer.—1. A Lodge cannot change its place of meeting, except under the conditions laid down in Sec. 20 of the Constitution. The calling a meeting by the Master at a place other than that usually occupied by the Lodge would be in fact a removal, and therefore unlawful.

2. He is bound to give notice to all members within reach, not necessarily in writing, except as a matter of convenience.

3. No ballot can be had at a called or special communication. Objection being made, the Master can only defer further action until the next stated communication.

4. The Master is bound to notice the objection of a member in good standing, whenever or wherever made, and he would find it unwholesome for his Masonic standing should he willfully neglect it.

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Peterson.—If there were no difference of opinion among Masons the institution would soon cease to move. Stagnation would take the place of activity, and we should become a fraternity of Rip Van Winkles. Let us be lenient with our brethren, and tolerate the expression of error as long as truth is left free to combat it. The combat between truth and error, the attrition of thought with thought, like storms in the atmosphere, exercise a purifying effect. In the end truth is sure to be ahead.

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW YORK CITY.

Baltic Lodge, No. 284, *De Witt Clinton Chapter*, No. 142, *and Palestine Commandery*, No. 18, paid their tribute of respect on Sunday last to the memory of Bro. George Sydney, who died Friday, August 2, aged 37.

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Bro. Chauncey D. Hurd, July 19, in jumping off the Fourth Avenue car fell, and was kicked by one of the horses. He died on the 27th. Bro. Hurd had been a citizen of this city for thirty-five years, and was a member of the importing firm of Shulten & Hurd, lately an appraiser of foreign goods in the Custom House. Choral funeral services were held at Trinity July 30. Delegatinos from Ivanhoe and Pacific Lodges accompanied the remains to the boat, which bears them to the cemetery at Middle Haddams, Conn.

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Cyrus Lodge, No. 208, and Union Chapter, No. 180, lament the loss by death of Bro. John Mesler.

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Our regrets that engagements prevented us accepting the complimentary invitation of Washington Association to accompany them on their fourth annual excursion. Notwithstanding the weather, we are informed that the excursion afforded great satisfaction. Will Bro. Forsyth call at office when convenient?

NEW YORK.

The Executive Committee of the Havana School and Asylum request the publication of the following, which, as a Masonic journalist, we cheerfully insert for the benefit of the readers of the National Freemason:

At the regular meeting of the Board of Trustees of the People's College, held at the chapel of the college, Wednesday, July 17, 1867, the following members of the Board were present: Walter H. Shupe, President; Hon. John L. Lewis, Chairman; Hon. E. H. Downs, Hon. J. McGuire, E. W. Cook, E. C. Frost, John D. William, M. H. Weaver, S. C. Keeler, Wm. Banks, M. D. Freer, F. S. Howe, Curtis Miles, Chas. S. Belcher, Jacob J. Kuhn, E. H. Johnson, M. T. Brodrick, A. G. Campbell, A. Keyser, A. Lee.

The Board was called to order by M. T. Brodrick, Esq., of Havana, as temporary Chairman.

The first item of business was reading the minutes of the former meeting.

Under the heading of unfinished business, M. D. Freer, Esq., of Watkins, as Chairman of the committee appointed to wait upon Judge Lewis and inform him of his election as Trustee and Chairman of the Board of Trustees, reported that the duty was performed, and that Mr. Lewis signified his intention to accept the position, and was present.

Hereupon the new chairman was conducted to the platform and formally installed—the temporary chairman, Mr. Brodrick, retiring. Before taking his seat, Mr. Lewis said in substance:

"GENTLEMEN OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES—In assuming to discharge the duties which you have assigned me, I desire to express to you my thanks for the partiality shown in selecting me as your presiding officer.

"In taking the position of Trustee of the People's College, and the still higher position of Chairman of that Board, I feel to impress upon you as truth that it is not from a love of position, but from a love of labor. I come as a Mason to the labor of the quarry. Our fraternity is one of labor—its symbols are the tools of labor—its present is labor—its future is labor—*it is labor*—and how fit it is then that to the guidance and control of our world-wide craft should come this labor-born institution of learning.

"We meet here to-day, gentlemen, as an assemblage of laborers, who are come together to digest and devise how best to utilize the labor of the hands and the labor of the mind to the end of the accomplishment of the great designs of our Grand Master, not of earth.

"I experience a degree of pride, growing out of hope, in occupying the exalted position to which you have called me. Years ago, I, as Grand Master of the State of New York, laid the first stone in the northeast corner of this stately edifice, and my hope is that within the short period which is allotted me to live, the last, the capstone, may be laid; and I, therefore, experience a pride that there is a promise that I may be able to assist in laying it.

"'The stone which the builders refused, the same became the headstone of the corner.' So here, as if the hand of Providence were in it, the work which was commenced by and through the agency of Masonry in the heart of our great and good but dead Bro. Cook has, as it approached the headstone corner condition, been delayed, the efforts of the builders to finish it have been balked, progress has been prevented. The time to lay the last stone seems, in the order of Providence, not to have been contemplated till the stone which sectarian builders neglected and refused should be placed in its position under those principles indicating its fitness which are taught by Masonic theology.

"We are to-day, gentlemen, engaged in a work which is not only representative and peculiar in its character, but which, like this towering edifice, has been so long in waiting for a finishing effort. That work is the culmination of an effort which has been in progress for a full quarter of a century, which is to practically exemplify our faith in God, in man and in Masonry, by doing unto others as, were our relative positions changed, we would that others should do unto us.

"Some of our brethren who have set out to do life-duty, by fitting and training the children whom God has given them in the habits, knowledge and works of goodness and usefulness, have been stricken down when the work is but partially performed. Our duty is to finish that work, upon the principle just ennunciated; because, if we were dead and they alive, would we not desire that they should do even so unto us?

"I come to this work not because I have any thing to ask for my children, because—(here the overburdened heart carried every thing before it, and, for a time, both the speaker and the auditory, which thoroughly understood and sympathized with him, gave vent to a flood of mind-relieving tears)—because I have none. They are all gone—all. Yet there are those who have gone and left the children—those who in life we clasped to our hearts as brothers—and my coming and my laboring, therefore, is to perform my pledged duty to them.

"This duty is simply to give the left ones a happy home, if that is all they need, and to give a home and an education to those who need it.

"In this labor there must be no halting, no doubting. We are here as workmen, knowing our duty and determined to do it. The Masonic heart of this great jurisdiction, with an unbroken unanimity, pulsates in unison with us. The sixty thousand pairs of Masonic hands in the Empire State will be outstretched to support our feebleness in the glorious work.

"The logic of the situation is: Work; the command is: Let every man put his shoulder to the wheel—let him work with us—let him advise with us—let him criticize us—let him do or omit to do any thing which, by doing or omission, will help the finishing of the Temple.

"Let there be no selfishness, no improper ambitions, no conduct or purposes which are unmasonic; but let us go forward, each with the determination to do his particular share in the vast work, in the hope that, when our labors here are over, it will be said to and of us: 'Well done, good and faithful servants.'

"The design upon the Masonic trestle-board to which we are called to address our efforts for development of it is one put there by no human hand. It is the handiwork of the Grand Architect of the Universe.

"In conclusion, gentlemen, permit me to say that years ago, in another part of the State, I was one of a party which laid what may be termed the corner-stone of what is known among Masons in the State as the Hall and Asylum Fund; and I am here and place myself in the ranks as one of the craftsmen who mean to finish and make practical that work.

"To the accomplishment of this task, now voluntarily assumed, I address myself and devote my whole remaining energies, in the fond hope that before He shall call me hence, it shall be my proud privilege to witness here, as the result of our common efforts, an institution of learning which shall be not only among the first in the land, but which every worthy living and departing Mason may find a consolation in knowing is established, and is for the use and service of those he leaves behind him—in doing for him his undone work by fitting them for the duties and responsibilities of life.

"In participating in this work it is not needed that all Masons should be invited, because no true Mason can keep his heart nor his hand from it.

"Therefore, gentlemen and fellow-trustees, asking your pardon for so great a task upon your time and patience, I say, finally, let us up with our tools and go to the work in hand—in the which, let such as can and want to do so, join us, while, if there be any who do not wish to join us, we trust they will be considerate and kind enough not to interfere with us, but wait, that by our fruits we shall be, and by which we must finally be judged."

On motion it was unanimously

Resolved, 1st. That upon the books of this institution shall be credited to every Masonic Lodge which may contribute to the funds of the same, the amount so contributed, subject to its order for tuition in favor of any student, or for asylum expenses in favor of any proper inmate of the asylum it may select, when demanded.

2d. That the Board request every Lodge so contributing to select and appoint a proper member of it to act as a member of a Board, advisory to this in all matters pertaining to the general interests of this institution and the special interests of the Lodge so appointing him, whose duty and privilege it shall be to investigate at any reasonable time the transactions of this Board in educational, financial and moral arrangements, and who shall, upon the proper certificate of such appointment be accepted, regarded and treated as such officer by this Board and by the officers, teachers and all persons connected with the School and Asylum.

3d. That from among the number of so made members of the Advisory Board, the persons who shall be substituted in place of any present or future member of this Board, shall be by this Board selected.

4th. That a committee consisting of seven members, of whom the President of the College and the Chairman of this Board shall be two, be appointed by the Chair to prepare and report the proper rules regulating and calculated to make the foregoing resolutions effective.

VERMONT.

Grand Commandery.—Sir Geo. M. Hall, in his address at the late session, says:

Our Order in the South has suffered almost beyond all calculation, by the rude blast of war and carnage that so recently desolated its many households, taking often in their remorseless grasp the father, the brother or the husband, and the cries for help come up ever and anon to our ears, from those bereaved ones whose homes have been made a desolation by the fortunes of war. And shall they appeal to us in vain, Sir Knights? Shall we, like the priest and the Levite, "pass by on the other side?" Let us rather yield to those kindlier instincts of humanity, and extend to them our sympathy and love, and their "children and children's children will rise up in the future and call us blessed."

Through Sir Russel S. Taft, the committee of correspondence make a judicious and able report.

The following are the officers for the current year:

George M. Hall, G. C.; Russell S. Taft, D. G. C.; Squire Marcy, G. G.; M. K. Paine, G. C. G.; Rev. H. K. Cobb, G. P.; William K. Taft, G. S. W.; Sidney M. Southard, G. J. W.; Samuel S. Brown, G. T.; John B. Hollenbeck, G. R.; Joseph L. Perkins, G. S. B.; Moses H. Smith, G. S. B.; William Brinsmaid, G. W.; Albert B. Jewett, G. C. of the G.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Presentation to Officers.—The *Flag of our Union* says:

In all of our Boston institutions, Lodges, Chapters, Councils and Encampments, the presentation of jewels or other articles of value to retiring officers has become a positive evil, and should be abolished without delay. It is a tax which can be ill afforded by the institution, yet every year some one makes a motion that a present be given to a retiring officer, and the money is voted without discussion, no one daring to say a word for fear of being called mean. It is time that some sensible action was taken on the subject, unless our institutions would be impoverished through too much generosity.

KANSAS.

Leavenworth.—Landmark Lodge, U. D., laments the loss by death of their Secretary, Bro. John A. Skinner. Resolutions of respect and condolence passed.

INDIANA.

Grand Consistory.—At its late and final session, Bro. Ellis, G.·. Com.-in-Chief, in his address compliments Bro. Hamilton, Dep. Insp.-Gen., for his zeal and generosity. Bro. Hamilton reports the organization of twenty-five bodies by him. The Grand Consistory was closed without day.

LOUISIANA.

New Orleans.—Jacques de Molay Commandery, in publishing its By-Laws, takes occasion to publish an admirable historical sketch of Templar Masonry in Louisiana. It appears that the Order of Knights Templars was first regularly organized in Louisiana in 1816, under a Charter from the Gr. En. of New York. Sir Des Essarts was the first Grand Master; Sir Jean Pinard, Generalissimo; and Sir Jean Bertrand Casteres, Captain-General.

The Charter fully empowered "The Indivisible Friends, No. Six, to constitute Knights of the Red Cross, dub Knights Templar, and create Knights of Malta, and to *install Knights of the Christian Mark and Knights of the Holy Sepulchre;*" and was signed *by the honored De Witt Clinton*, M. E. G. Master, and seven other officers of the Grand Encampment of New York.

1838, the Grand Encampment of New York transferred its jurisdiction over Indivisible Friends Encampment to the Grand Encampment of United States. 1846, "Indivisible Friends" was placed on the roll of the Gr. Enc. U. S., and remained there until the formation of the Grand Commandery of Louisiana. The orders were wrought in the French language until a few years ago.

Jacques de Molay Commandery was formed in New Orleans in 1850. Sir T. H. Lewis was the first G. C.; Sir J. N. Maguire, Gen.; and Sir W. W. Johnson, Capt.-Gen.

1860, Orleans Commandery, No. 3 (N. O.), was organized with Sir Fellows, E. C.; Sir Johnson, Gen.; and Sir Doane, Capt.-Gen., and Rev. Sir Leacock, Prelate. 1865, the Grand Commandery of Louisiana was formed.

NORTH CAROLINA.

Grand Chapter.—At the late meeting thus begins Comp. Martin his address as Grand High Priest:

Nothing save life to inspire hope.—Time was when our Grand Annual Convocations were joyous and happy occasions; when your chief officer could greet you with congratulations upon the prosperity of our country and of our institution. It is not so now. Two years since, when we assembled in this Hall, there hung around each heart the drapery of a great affliction, the din of war had scarcely ceased to reverberate along our shores and through our land, the smoke of mighty battles, the dust of the deadly conflict still lingered on the distant horizon, disclosing, as in spectral wreaths it floated away, scenes of horror and desolation, the recollection of which will haunt with distinct and painful impressions the memory of this generation until time shall have shrouded it in the ashes of the tomb. A painfully anxious expression of inquiry as to what could be done was the distinguishing characteristic of every face; yet no member ventured to ask the question which he felt that none could answer. Hope darted no ray into the heart of any. Chill and cheerless despair brooded over that small assembly. Each had some tale of horror—of death—of desolation and destitution to recite. The hand of charity, that had ever been stretched out from our institution for the relief of the suffering and destitute, was paralyzed. Suffering thousands, who would once have looked to us with confidence for relief, had their necessities required it, beheld with mute despair our desolated fanes and ruined fortunes, and asked not the boon which they saw too plainly that we had not the power to bestow.

A year of anxiety and suffering passed away, and again our little band assembled here to consider what had been done and what might yet be done for the interests of the craft. The intervening time had served only to develop more fully the extent and magnitude of the great calamity, the utter prostration of all ranks, and the hopeless condition of our people and of our institution. Less than one-fourth of our Chapters were represented at that convocation, and more than one-half failed to make their returns. Of those that failed, a very large majority are no doubt hopelessly prostrated.

Now, my Companions, revolving time has brought us together once more. Another year of anxiety, of toil and of gloom, has been numbered with the past! Yet no mortal eye can penetrate the darkness that vails our future. I can, in sincerity, utter no word of cheer. To inspire confidence in the possibility of our ever reaching again the high position from which we have fallen, we have naught save hope. But what have we left to inspire hope? Nothing save life, and the ability to struggle and to suffer with and for those whom we love; to make our petitions to that Being to whom alone we may now look for succor, and by our faith, our patience and our devotion endeavor to merit the boon for which we ask. If it may please Him to hearken to our petitions and to stand our friend, then may we again light the fires upon our altars—again may our convocations be opened with hymns of praise and thanksgiving, and, I trust, with more of heartfelt gratitude than characterized them in the days of our former prosperity. Let us, therefore, with humble contrition and earnest, fervent invocation, seek those blessings whence alone we may hope to obtain them.

He reports, during the year, but one dormant Chapter revived; that there has been no petition for a new Chapter, and recommends a law requiring that each Chapter must use the accredited work.

The following are the officers for the current year:

Alfred Martin, G. H. P.; William J. Hicks, D. G. H. P.; William Murdock, G. K.; William W. Dunn, G. S.; Thomas W. Brown, G. Treas.; Thomas B. Carr, G. Sec.; Thomas M. Gardner, G. C. H.; Hugh McAlpin, G. Chap.; Richard W. York, G. P. S.; Charles W. Alexander, G. R. A. C.; John L. Scott, G. M. III. V.; James W. Gulick, G. M. II. V.; Joseph H. Separk, G. M. I. V.; E. Turlington, G. Tyler.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

BLUFFTON, S. C., July 19, 1867.

DR. R. MCMURDY—DEAR BRO.:

Early in 1867, for safe keeping, the furniture of the Lodge, consisting of some very valuable and antique, together with every thing of value belonging to the Lodge, was removed to Columbia, and it there shared the fate of nearly the whole city.

The Lodge has waited ever since the war until May last, without renewing labor, in hopes of bettering their condition before commencing. The failure of the crop last year had a tendency to impoverish rather than enrich its members. Finally in May last an informal communication was called, at which it was resolved to resume labor and try to struggle along.

There is nothing left them except the building, and that is in a very dilapidated state—doors, windows, and desks, as well as the altar gone. Some kind friends at Hilton Head have given some doors and a small quantity of lumber for repairing. They have held two communications and conferred two degrees, but every thing looked so rough they were not as impressive to the candidate as they otherwise would have been.

Well knowing the kind-heartedness and liberality of our brethren north, I have been prompted to appeal to them through you to assist this Lodge in its work. Any thing you may see fit to send us that is necessary for a Lodge will be gratefully received, as they have *nothing*. If you should send any thing, please address to me, at Savannah, to be called for, as that is the nearest express office. * * * *

Your's Fraternally,
JOHN B. DENNIS.

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Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

ENGLAND.

Glastenbury.—The Mayor of Glastenbury, who is a distinguished Mason, held a grand Masonic picnic on the 29th ult., which was largely attended by the Masons, especially of the provinces of Somerset and Bristol. The locality was attractive, abounding with scenes of archæological and antiquarian interest.

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Haddesden.—The annual festival of Domatic Lodge took place at the Rye House. The brethren amused themselves with the relics of the conspirators engaged in the Rye House Plot, the dungeons, subterranean passages and ancient tapestry. At the table one of the toasts was: "The Sovereign of Freemasonry, the M.·. W.·. G.·. M.·. the Earl of Zetland."

His Highness Halim Pasha, uncle of the Viceroy of Egypt, accompanied by Prince Ignace Zagniell and Bro. Clarke, D. G. M. for Turkey, visited Freemasons' Hall on the 15th and were received by the Earl of Zetland, M. W. G. M., and Lord de Tabley, Prov. G. M. for Cheshire.

His Highness, Halim Pasha, is about to be appointed District Grand Master for Egypt.

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Cheshire.—At the last ordinary quarterly meeting of Benevolent Lodge, Mrs. Greaves, widow of a late brother, was elected a free member of the Lodge. This refers to a burial fund in connection with it, to which she contributed for a great number of years, her payments, as the wife of a member, making a total of far greater amount than to which, at her death, her representatives would be entitled.

SCOTLAND.

Glasgow.—The following were the regulations for the Funeral Lodge on the 25th July in memory of the late Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., D.C.L., LL.D.:

1. Each Lodge sending a deputation was supplied with as many tickets as the Lodge desired at one shilling each. 2. The doors were opened at 5 o'clock, P. M., and closed at a quarter to 6 P. M. 3. The office bearer heading the deputation marshaled those accompanying him in the passage leading to the Prov. G. Tyler, the card containing the name and number of Lodge, number of deputation, &c., and vouching for them as being all Master Masons. 4. The admission tickets were delivered at the entrance-door to the hall, at head of stair, the Prov. G. Stewards showing each deputation to their place in the hall. 5. Each brother present received a memorial card. (More again.)

HUNGARY.

At the recent election for members of the Hungarian Diet, Louis Kossuth, our eminent brother, so long an exile from his country, was unanimously chosen to represent the city of Waitzen.

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Our Flag Was There.

A TALE OF MASONRY IN THE ARCTIC REGIONS.

"Bright flag! at yonder tapering mast
Fling out your field of azure blue;
Let star and stripe be northward cast,
And point as freedom's eagle flew!
Strain home! O lithe and quivering spars!
Point home my country's flag of stars!

The story and incidents we are about to relate are true—all true—or we would not record them. The last expedition of Dr. Kane to the Arctic Regions, in search of the lost navigators from England, reveals more of the wonderful, the startling, and the thrilling in narrative than the wildest fancy ever conceived; and yet it is all unvarnished truth, and told with a child-like artlessness that fixes the seal of veracity upon it. If any are fond of reading wild adventure, of strange providential escapes, of dangers appalling and terrible as death, yet bravely dared and heroically conquered, let them read Kane's Expedition.

On the 17th of June, 1853, there was lying at anchor in the harbor of St. John's, Newfoundland, a neat but strongly built little hermaphrodite brig, of 144 tons burden. It was evening, such an evening as June furnishes in the high latitudes on the northeast coast of America, calm, starry, and beautiful; and the little brig lay quietly upon the waters, like a living creature taking rest in slumber after a long and toilsome effort. Her masts and spars, with the added rigging, appeared like a dim but mysterious network traced by some fairy hand on the distant sky. From her masthead there floated a small flag which, when stirred by a fitful breeze, was discovered to contain the much-loved "Stars and Stripes," the emblem of our Union—the banner of the free! That little brig was the *Advance*, under the command of that heroic and noble craftsman, E. K. Kane, M.D., of the United States Navy. His staunch but tiny vessel was manned with a picked crew of seventeen men, as noble a band of sailors as ever went forth on an errand of mercy. Dr. Kane had just started on his last voyage to the Arctic Regions in search of the long lost adventurers, Sir John Franklin and party. The *Advance* had a stormy passage of eighteen days from New York, and Dr. Kane was giving his crew two days' rest, while receiving on board some necessary supplies for the uncertain and perilous voyage among the wintry regions around the North Pole.

It is well known to our readers that Dr. Kane is a Freemason; so was Sir John Franklin. Henry Brooks, the first officer of the *Advance*, is also a Freemason, and we judge from circumstances which transpired on the voyage that Mr. Morton, and probably several others of the officers and crew, were also members of this ancient and mystic Order.

At St. John's, Newfoundland, in the harbor of which the *Advance* was riding at anchor at the time of which we write, there is a Lodge, named St. John's Lodge, No. 844, on the registry of the Grand Lodge of England. The officers and members of this Lodge, in token of their brotherly regard for Dr. Kane and his crew, and their deep interest in the object of the search on which Dr. Kane was bound, got up a festival in honor of his arrival, at which himself, Mr. Brooks, and others were invited guests. At this festival the officers and brethren of St. John's Lodge presented to Dr, Kane a Masonic flag, accompanied by the following touching and appropriate address:

"The Worshipful Master, Wardens, and brethren of St. John's Lodge, No. 844, hail the arrival of you, their most worthy Bro. Kane and your brethren, in this your last halting place on that expedition which they cannot but feel to be so fraught with hope in search of your long-lost brother, Sir John Franklin.

"While they regret that the time of your stay is so short that personal friendship cannot draw closer the existing tie between them and you, yet the universal sympathy that enlists itself in the noble cause that you are engaged in would rather urge that departure, which they deeply feel to be prompted by the most generous and disinterested of motives.

"And they trust that when in the icy regions of the north, when the sun at this season of the year unceasingly pours down its genial rays upon that portion of the globe, it may please the All-Seeing Eye continually to watch over you, and that Providence may pour his choicest blessings upon your undertaking. May He be a lamp unto your feet, and a light unto your path; and when the orb of day shall sink below the horizon, and the starry heavens shall be a canopy over your heads, may He be to you, as to the magi of old, a guiding star to lead you to your missing brother.

"But much as they now hail your arrival and regret your early departure, all these feelings are absorbed in the prospects of that time when the dangers and difficulties shall have been conquered—when rugged paths shall have been passed, and a hopeful 'Advance' crowned by a successful return. Brother, adieu.

"Though you to other lands must hie,
Through ice-bound oceans now to stray;
With melting heart and brimful eye,
We'll mind you still when far away."

Receiving the flag, which bore on it the All-Seeing Eye, square, compasses, &c., Dr. Kane made a very appropriate reply, the close of which we will quote for its beautiful diction and touching pathos:

"Returning, now, to the subject of your address, no language that I can command could give utterance to the feelings it has awakened in my heart; to be thus received by brethren and Englishmen, and thus parted with on leaving this portion of the British territory, perhaps the last we may touch at on our way, is, indeed, most cheering to my spirit and encouraging to my hopes; for the cause in which I am embarked is one which involves the feeling of universal brotherhood, bound by no limits and contracted by no sectarian views or national prejudices, for it springs from a sympathy that embraces the wide family of man, and extends its efforts to relieve wherever suffering, distress, or want mark out a path for it to follow.

"Such a feeling and such a sympathy is that which has sent forth one hundred and thirty-eight of your brave countrymen, who are now locked up in those distant regions whither the course of our expedition is directed; and should it be our lot to pass a period of our time in the long night which, in those regions, succeeds the day, amid a frozen wilderness, in the deep solitude of darkness so palpably dense as to be almost tangible—where, over the wide waste of desolation, unbroken silence reigns—still even there, despondency will find no resting-place in our bosoms, but the cheering hope will animate them, that when the day shall again dawn upon us, a bright and glorious morrow will again break forth, to be rendered brighter and more glorious still by the crowning of our hopes and the reward of all our anxieties and toils, in the recovery and restitution to society of England's nobly enterprising son, your countryman, and mutually our brother, Sir John Franklin."

With these remarks and bearing the Masonic flag, the gift of friendship from strange but sympathizing "brethren of the mystic tie," Dr. Kane and his companions regained the brig. Early next morning she spread her wings to the breeze, and with her bow pointing to the North Pole sped her way on her fraternal mission. The mystic flag, with its speaking emblems, was carefully laid away; but we shall hear of it again amid the perils of winter, of midnight and of storm, before our story ends.

We shall not stop to follow the intrepid Kane on his voyage northward. He had made up his mind to find Sir John Franklin, or hold his Christmas festival within sight of the North Pole, and to this object all his energies were devoted. Taking on board a large number of Newfoundland and Esquimaux dogs, for sledge traveling during the winter, Dr. Kane, with the *Advance*, pushed his way up along the Labrador coast, and through Davis' Straits, stopping occasionally at the Danish settlements on the coast of Greenland. Still northward through dense fogs, icebergs, icefloes, and ice in every other imaginable shape and form, the little brig entered Baffin's Bay, and at last, tracking the coast of Greenland, passed into and up Davis' Straits. We shall not attempt to describe the dangers of the navigation, the hair-breadth escapes from instant destruction by storm and ice, nor the perilous encounters with dangers in a wintry sea, almost unknown before. The reader must procure the book and read the graphic descriptions there, if he would learn the story in all its thrilling detail, as given by the chief actor in the scenes.

Early in September the little brig became firmly ice-bound in Rensselaer Harbor, a deep bay on the western coast of Greenland, in latitude between seventy-eight and seventy-nine degrees. Here Dr. Kane found he could go no further in the brig; and a wilderness of impenetrable ice-fields and icebergs prevented his return. In short, the vessel was fast frozen in and immovable, further north than ever white man had wintered before, and lived. This, however, in no wise daunted or discouraged these iron men of the ocean. They at once put their vessel in winter trim, and prepared to spend an arctic winter in the easiest and most profitable manner possible. If they could not travel by water, they could travel by land; and if that became too mountainous and rocky, they could take to the ice. If they could not take their much loved brig with them, they could go without her, for they were always sure of finding her in the same spot on their return. They could harness a team of dogs to an Esquimaux sledge, and speed over the icy wastes, at the rate of, sometimes, six miles an hour, even if the thermometer should be forty or fifty degrees below zero. This was cold comfort, but it was all they had! Winter, in all his stern and rugged aspect, held undisputed sway in his own dominions and on his own throne.

"The keen, clear air—the splendid sight—
We waken to a world of ice;
Where all things are enshrined in light,
As by some genii's quaint device.
'Tis winter's jubilee—this day
His stores their countless treasures yields."

We shall not stop to inquire how the little party passed the long night of winter—for it was night for near six months, and winter all the time. And such a winter!

But spring was approaching—such springs as they have within ten or twelve degrees of the Pole. The sun had peeped up again above the horizon, as if just to see how the world looked without him, and the thermometer was only thirty degrees below zero. In such weather the adventurous spirits that had been so long housed up in that little brig could not be idle. Like the white bears of that region, they crawled out of their burrows, looked old winter in the face as he began to retire, and boasted of what they would do when the sun rose a little higher.

It was March—the 19th of March. Plans had been formed for an expedition on land and ice in search of Franklin; but to furnish more facilities in the undertaking, it was necessary to establish a depot of provisions some hundred or two miles in advance, that they might be able to remain out the longer in execution of their design. To accomplish this, a party was organized, under the command of the second officer, Bro. Brooks, to take a sledge load of provisions and necessaries, and make a depot of them in a secure place, far to the north, to be resorted to by Dr. Kane and his companions on their contemplated long tour. This party had now been out nine days, during which time the average of the thermometer was over twenty-seven degrees below zero. Brooks had taken the little Mason-flag, received from the brethren of St. John's, Nefoundland, with him on this expedition. Why? We cannot answer; all we know is that it accompanied the wanderers on that winter expedition, perhaps in the character of an amulet or talisman, a kind of little household god, rather than any thing else.

Brooks and his party had accomplished their object, and were returning to the brig, when they were overtaken by one of those wild and furious snow-storms, so common in the Arctic regions in early spring. The wind blew a perfect tempest, while the driving and eddying snow filled the air and completely blinded and bewildered the half-frozen wanderers. The cold was intense, and they were out on the ice some sixty miles from the brig. They could not survive this exposure long, and part of them were already too much exhausted to proceed any further. In this emergency they pitched their tent, into which four crowded for shelter, while the remaining three, the strongest, determined on an effort to reach the brig and procure help to save their perishing companions. How they reached it is still unknown, for they were unable to tell themselves, but reach it they did. We will, however, let Dr. Kane tell the history of their return, and the subsequent rescue of the four left upon the ice. We have no doubt that Dr. Kane would have periled his life to save the humblest man of his crew—he did it more than once—but there was a Mason, perhaps more than one, perishing away out there on that Arctic ice, enveloped in that Arctic snow-storm, and his Mason-flag was flying from his tent-pole as a signal of distress! Would Dr. Kane hesitate? Let him answer.

"We were at work, cheerfully sewing away at the skins of mocassins, by the blaze of our lamps, when, toward midnight, we heard the noise of steps above, and the next minute Sontag, Ohlsen and Peterson came down into the cabin. Their manner startled me even more than their unexpected appearance on board. They were swollen and haggard, and hardly able to speak.

"Their story was a fearful one. They had left their companions in the ice, risking their own lives to bring us the news. Brooks, Baker, Wilson and Pierre were all lying frozen and disabled. Where? They could not tell; somewhere in among the hummocks to the north and east; it was drifting heavily round them when they parted. Irish Tom had stayed by to feed and care for the others; but chances were sorely against them. It was in vain to question them further. They had evidently traveled a great distance, for they were sinking with fatigue and hunger, and could hardly be rallied enough to tell us the direction in which they had come.

"My first impulse was to move on the instant with an unincumbered party; a rescue to be effective or even hopeful could not be too prompt. What pressed on my mind most was where the sufferers were to be looked for among the drifts. Ohlsen seemed to have his faculties rather more at command than his associates, and I thought that he might assist us as a guide; but he was sinking with exhaustion, and if he went with us we must carry him.

"There was not a moment to be lost. While some were busy with the new comers, and getting ready a hasty meal, others were rigging out the *Little Willie* with a buffalo cover, a small tent, and a package of pemmican; and as soon as we could hurry through our arrangements, Ohlsen was strapped on in a fur-bag, his legs wrapped in dog-skins and eider down, and we were off upon the ice. Our party consisted of nine men and myself. We carried only the clothes on our back. The thermometer stood at seventy-eight degrees below the freezing point.

"A well known, peculiar tower of ice, called by the men the 'Pinnacly Berg,' served as our first landmark; other icebergs of colossal size, which stretched in long beaded lines across the bay, helped to guide us afterwards; and it was not until we had traveled for sixteen hours that we began to lose our way.

"We knew that our lost companions must be somewhere in the area before us, within a radius of forty miles. Mr. Ohlsen, who had been for fifty hours without rest, fell asleep as soon as we began to move, and awoke now with unequivocal signs of mental disturbance. It became evident that he had lost the bearing of the icebergs which, in form and color, endlessly repeated themselves; and the uniformity of the vast field of snow utterly forbade the hope of local landmarks.

"Pushing ahead of the party, and clambering over some rugged ice-piles, I came to a long level floe, which I thought might probably have attracted the eyes of weary men in circumstances like our own. It was a light conjecture, but it was enough to turn the scale, for there was no other to balance it. I gave orders to abandon the sledge, and disperse in search of foot-marks. We raised our tent, placed our pemmican in *cache*, except a small allowance for each man to carry on his person, and poor Ohlsen, now just able to keep his legs, was liberated from his bag. The thermometer had fallen by this time to 49° 3′ below zero, and the wind was setting in sharply from the northwest. It was out of the question to halt; it required brisk exercise to keep us from freezing. I could not even melt ice for water, and at these temperatures any resort to snow, for the purpose of allaying thirst, was followed by bloody lips and tongue. It burnt like caustic.

"It was indispensable, then, that we should move on, looking out for traces as we went. Yet, when the men were ordered to spread themselves so as to multiply the chances, though they all obeyed heartily, some painful impress of solitary danger or, perhaps, it may have been the varying configuration of the ice-field, kept them closing up continually into a single group. The strange manner in which some of us were affected I now attribute as much to shattered nerves as to the direct influence of the cold. Men like McGary and Bonsell, who had stood out our severest marches, were seized with trembling fits and short breath; and, in spite of all my efforts to keep up an example of sound bearing, I fainted twice on the snow.

"We had been nearly eighteen hours without water or food, when a new hope cheered us. I think it was Hans, our Esquimaux hunter, who thought he saw a broad sledge track. The drift had nearly effaced it, and we were some of us doubtful at first whether it was not one of those accidental rifts which the gales makes in the surface snow. But as we traced it on the deep snow among the hummocks, we were led to footsteps; and following them with a religious care we at last came in sight of a small American flag fluttering from a hummock, and lower down, a little Masonic banner, hanging from a tent-pole hardly above the drift. It was the camp of our disabled comrades. We reached it after an unbroken march of twenty-one hours.

"The little tent was nearly covered. I was not among the first to come up; but, when I reached the tent-curtain, the men were standing in silent file on each side of it. With more kindness and delicacy of feeling than is often supposed to belong to sailors, but which is almost characteristic, they intimated their wish that I should go in alone. As I crawled in and, coming upon the darkness, heard before me the burst of welcome gladness that came from the four poor fellows stretched on their backs, and then, for the first time, the cheer outside, my weakness and my gratitude together almost overcame me. 'They had expected me; they were sure I would come!'"

Tell us no more about graphic descriptions, of moments of intense excitement, of scenes and incidents which so shake the soul from its centre as completely to unman it. This simple—almost child-like—recital and the surrounding circumstances excel any thing we have ever read. Cooper's labored and vivid descriptions of savage life and forest battles—the ambush, the surprise, the capture or escape—are not to be compared with it for force and beauty. The poor lost perishing wanderers on that icy waste, who had crawled under their tent and laid them down to die, with their Mason-flag at half-mast, had no hope but in the faithfulness, affection and fortitude of their noble commander; and even help from that source was dependent upon the success of the three almost exhausted men who had left them to find the brig. And after all, there were a hundred chances to one that, amid the waste and wilderness of snow and ice, the rescue party would be unable to find them. How welcome to the brotherly heart of Kane was the first sight of that little flag—that Mason-flag—at the tent-pole! But that little tent may be only the tomb of the lost ones; and the moments between its discovery and its entrance were big with torturing anxiety. The exclamation of the rescued, when their brotherly comrade suddenly made his appearance among them, fully indicates their condition—better, indeed, than a volume of elegant description—"We expected you; we were sure you would come!" They had often wrestled with the ocean-waves; they had braved the hurricane at the mast-head; they had faced death with all his terrors a thousand times; they were strong, rugged men of the sea, with iron nerves; but they were children now, melted and subdued by suffering, and their hearts were in the expression, "we were sure you would come!" No wonder the great soul of the commander was overcome with emotion at the moment! He would not have been the hero and the brother that he was if he had not been "overcome."

We transfer the foregoing to our pages, from the *Freemasons' Magazine*, to show what interest there is still about the name of Kane to our British brethren.

MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE.

IOWA.—*Decisions of G. M. Peck*, 1866-7.

Query.—Are the decisions of the Grand Master imperative as law?

Answer.—They are, unless revoked by the Grand Lodge.

Query.—Is the W. M. of a Lodge justifiable in saying, in open Lodge, that he "proposes to be guided by Mackey, and does not care any thing about Grand Masters' decisions?" Also, that he "does not propose to follow Grand Lodge changes, but to work the old work?" And what is the penalty for refusing to comply with Grand Lodge requirements?

Answer.—Every W. M., when installed, voluntarily obligates himself to "pay homage to the Grand Master for the time being, and to his officers when duly installed; and strictly to conform to every edict of the Grand Lodge or general assembly of Masons, that is not subversive of the principles and ground-work of Masonry." The Grand Lodge of Iowa, during the past few years, has affirmed and re-affirmed its adherence to the Preston-Webb Work as the *only work* to be recognized and taught in this jurisdiction, and the W. M. who is so regardless of his obligation to obey Grand Lodge requirements as to deny it, and publicly declare his intention to disregard Grand Lodge edicts, disgraces the station he has been elected to fill, and should have his jewel arrested without delay; and if this insubordination exists with the Lodge likewise, their charter should be taken from them.

Query.—Has the Tyler any right to be within the Lodge while at labor?

Answer.—The Tyler receives fees for performing certain duties, and by accepting the office signifies his willingness to discharge them. How can he "keep off all cowans and eavesdroppers" and at the same time be within the Lodge? At all times when the Lodge is open, he should be at his post "without the door, armed with the proper instrument of his office," and the door closed.

Query.—If a complaint is entered with the J. W. against a brother, must it be signed by the accuser; and if not, has he a right to be present at the trial, and also to propound such questions as he may consider relevant to the case?

Answer.—The accuser need not affix his signature to charges to be preferred, and neither he nor any other brother should be debarred from giving testimony, or propounding any questions that would elicit evidence, and either substantiate or refute charges.

Query.—Can any brother appeal from the decision of the Lodge, if a brother is tried and he thinks the Lodge does not inflict a penalty commensurate with the offense, or is the party tried the only one who can appeal?

Answer.—The right to an appeal is every brother's privilege. A Mason is really not expelled from a subordinate Lodge until its act is ratified by the Grand Lodge, although the offender is, for the time being, divorced from all the rights and benefits of the Order.

◆

A Masonic Plot.

While publishing, by request, the following, we express our belief that the rumor is without foundation:

"Thad. Stevens, it is said, has canvassed both Houses of Congress and discovered one of his old terrors—a real Masonic plot. Many of the members of the House, with General Banks at the head, belong to the Order, and are "cable-towed." In his opinion, they are bound to screen President Johnson, a brother Mason, from all charges or disabilities, 'murder and treason not excepted.' The old anti-Masonic agitator has discovered that this is the place where the rub comes in—the identical spot where the hen scratches. Something in the wind—he scents it, and behold the sequel. A worse than Guy Fawks plot. A deep laid Masonic plot."—*Maryland Union.*

◆

A piece of music, composed and published by Bro. E. Moore, Grand Rapids, Michigan, has been sent us: It is entitled "Whisper it Softly"—song and chorus. The sentiment is touching, and the music is said to be excellent.

The late lamented Rufus Choate
says of Washington, that "of all his deeds, the noblest was, that he never followed, never led, never acted with a party." This cannot be said in the case of all the distinguished public men of the present age. It is very true, however, that

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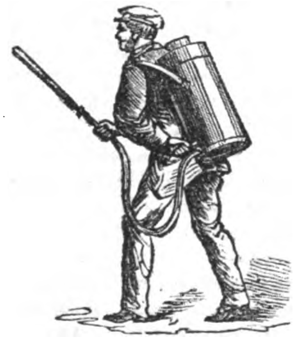

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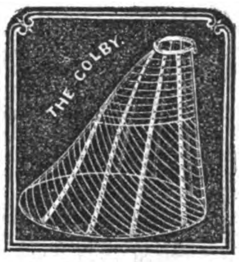

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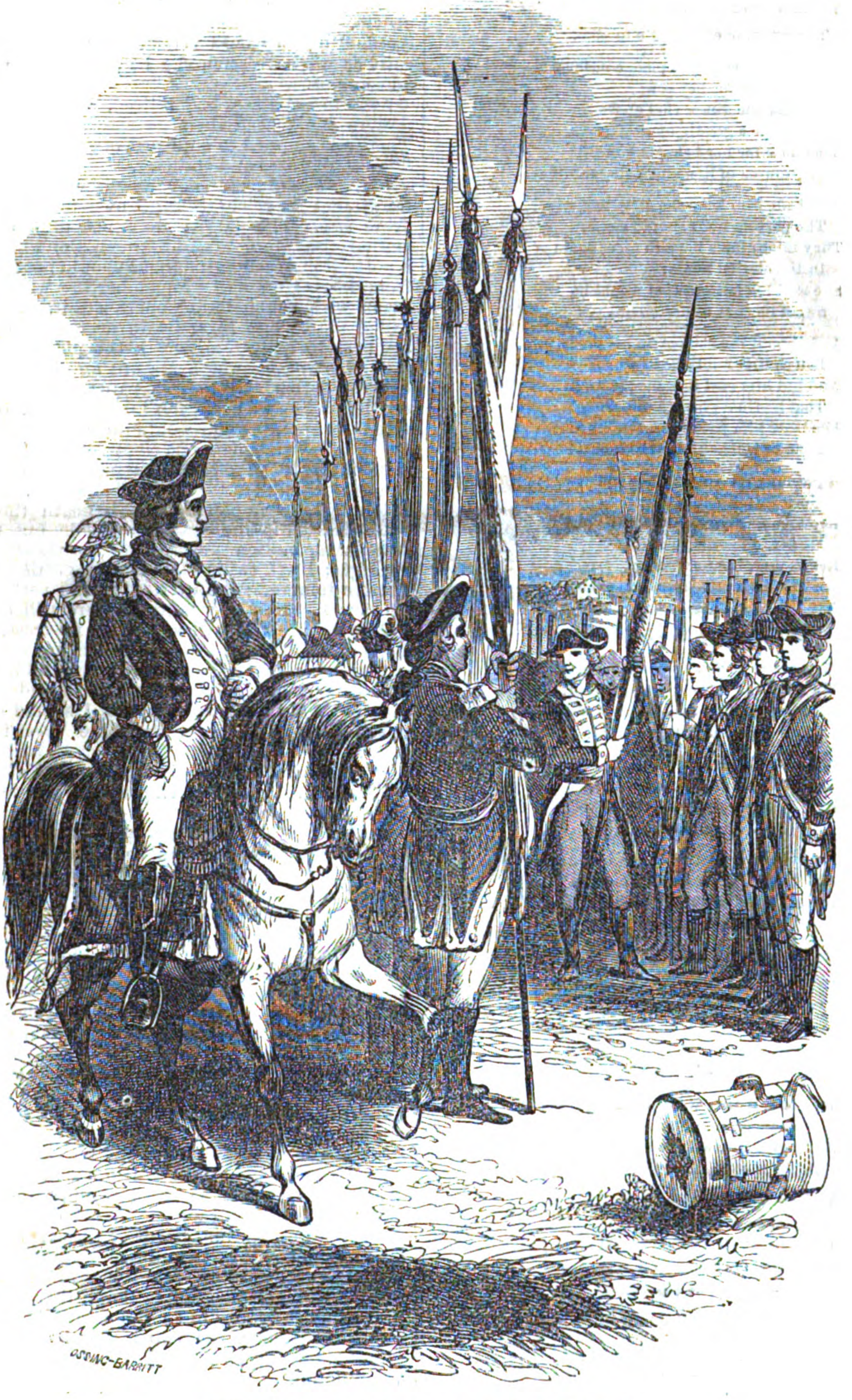

SURRENDER OF FLAGS AT YORKTOWN.

(Connection with this Sketch seen at the close of the Biography.)

EDMUND RANDOLPH, Governor and Grand Master of Virginia. (No. 2.)

Edmund Randolph was a Mason, and a member of the Lodge at Williamsburg, when his Uncle Peyton was Master. This Lodge was organized June 24, 1774, and his name then appears on the records. Oct. 4, 1774, he was appointed to revise the By-Laws, and 1775 he obtained leave of absence from Gen. Washington as one of his aids at Cambridge, and removed his uncle's body from Philadelphia to Williamsburg, where it was interred in St. Mary's Chapel, with Masonic honors.

He was elected Deputy Grand Master in 1784 of the Independent Grand Lodge, organized in 1778. After serving two years, he was elected Grand Master in Virginia, and held the office by re-election until Oct. 28, 1788. It was Edmund Randolph who gave a warrant to the Lodge at Alexandria, constituting Washington its Master April 28, 1788.

Among the most important members of the convention which framed the Constitution of the United States, was Edmund Randolph, the only son of John Randolph, Attorney-General of Virginia. Of his birth and youthful career history bears no record. He was quite a young man when the Revolution commenced, and was one of Washington's aids at Cambridge, in 1775. He left the army in November following, and returned to Virginia on account of the death of his relative, Peyton Randolph, President of the Continental Congress. Four years later he was elected a member of that body, and represented his native State there until March, 1782. He succeeded Patrick Henry as Governor of Virginia, in 1786, and it was chiefly through his agency that Washington was persuaded to represent that State in the Federal Convention, in 1787. He submitted a plan on the 29th of May, in a series of resolutions, which was known as the "Virginia Plan." It proposed to form a general government, composed of a legislature and an executive and judiciary department; a revenue and an army and navy independent of the control of the several States; to have power to conduct war, establish peace and make treaties; to have the exclusive privilege of coining money and the general supervision of all national transactions. Upon general principles, this plan was highly approved; but in that convention there were many ardent and pure patriots who looked upon the preservation of the State sovereignties as essential, and regarded this proposition as an infringement upon State rights.

Randolph was very active in that convention; like Patrick Henry, he was so jealous of State rights, that he declined to affix his name to the Constitution, desiring to be free to act upon it afterward, as his judgment or the opinions of his constituents might dictate. When the time came to act, his desire for union overcame his narrower scruples, and in the Virginia State Convention he eloquently advocated the adoption of the Federal Constitution.

THE SURRENDER OF CORNWALLIS.

Lieut.-Col. Tilghman, one of Washington's aids-de-camp, rode express to Philadelphia to carry the dispatches of the chief announcing the joyful tidings to Congress. It was midnight when he entered the city. Thomas McKean, was then President of the Continental Congress, and resided in High street, near Second. Tilghman knocked at his door so violently that a watchman was disposed to arrest him as a disturber of the peace. McKean arose, and presently the glad tidings were made known. The watchmen throughout the city proclaimed the hour, adding, "and Cornwallis is taken!" That annunciation, ringing out upon the frosty night air, aroused thousands from their beds. Lights were seen moving in almost every house, and soon the streets were thronged with men and women, all eager to hear the details. It was a night of great joy in Philadelphia, for the people had anxiously awaited intelligence from Yorktown. The old State House bell rang out its notes of gladness, and the first blush of morning was greeted with the booming of cannon.

Congress assembled at an early hour, and the grave orators of that august body could hardly repress huzzas while Secretary Thompson read the letter from Washington announcing the capitulation of Cornwallis.

On motion of Edmund Randolph, Congress resolved to go in procession at two o'clock the same day to the Dutch Lutheran Church, and return thanks to Almighty God for crowning the allied armies of the United States and France with success.

Washington made him the first Attorney-General of the United States, under that compact; and in 1794, Randolph succeeded Mr. Jefferson as Secretary of State. He resigned that office in August, 1795, and turned his attention to his embarrassed private affairs. His resignation was in consequence of some misunderstanding with the administration; and in the autumn of that year he published a *vindication*. He then withdrew from puhlic life, and never again entered the arena. He died in Frederick County, Virgina, on the 12th of September, 1813.

CHARTER OF EDWARD THE CONFESSOR.

Iche Edward Konyng,
Have geoven of my forest the keeping,
Of the hundred of Chelmer and Daneing [now Dengy, in Essex],
To Randolph Peperking and to his kindling,
With heorte and hynde, doe and bock,
Hare and fox, cat and *brock* [badger],
Wild foule with his flocke,
Patrick, fesaunte hen, and fesaunte cock;
With green and wilde stobb and stokk [timber and stubbs of trees],
To kepen, and to yeomen by all *her* might [their],
Both by day, and eke by night.
And hounds for to holde,
Gode swift and bolde.
Gour Greyhounds and six *beaches* [bitch hounds],
For hare and fox, and wild cattes,
And thereof ich made him my bocke [i. e., this deed my written evidence].
Wittenes the Bishop Wolston,
And *boche* ycleped many on [witness],
And Sweyne of Essex, our brother,
And token hin many other,
And our steward Howelin
That besought me for him.

WHAT MAY BE DONE.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

What might be done, if men were wise—
What glorious deeds, my suffering brother,
Would they unite,
In love and right,
And cease their scorn for one another?

Oppression's heart might be imbued
With kindling drops of loving kindness,
And knowledge pour,
From shore to shore,
Light on the eyes of mental blindness.

All fraud and warfare, lies and wrongs,
All vice and crime might die together;
And milk and corn,
To each man born,
Be free as warmth in summer weather.

The meanest wretch that ever trod—
The deepest sunk in guilt and sorrow,
Might stand erect
In self-respect,
And share the teeming world to-morrow.

What might be done? *This* might be done,
And more than *this*, my suffering brother—
More than the tongue
Ere said or sung—
If men were wise and loved each other.

THE MOTHER'S NEW YEAR GIFT TO HER SON.

THE BOOK OF THE LAW.

Remember, love, who gave thee this,
When other days shall come—
When she who had the earliest kiss,
Sleeps in her narrow home,
Remember, 'twas a mother gave,
The gift of one she'd die to save.

That mother sought a pledge of love,
The holiest for her son;
And from the gift of God above
She chose a goodly one;
She chose for her beloved boy
The source of life, and light, and joy;

And bade him keep the gift—that when
The parting hour should come,
They might have hope to meet again
In the eternal home;
She said his faith in that would be
Sweet incense to her memory.

And should the scoffer, in his pride,
Laugh that fond gift to scorn,
And bid him cast that pledge aside
That he from youth had borne,
She bade him pause and ask his breast
If he or she had loved him best?

A parent's blessing on her son
Goes with his holy thing;
The love that would detain the one
Must to the other cling;
Remember, 'tis no idle toy,
A mother's gift—remember, boy.

"GIVE ME LIGHT."

My path is dark, and hedged about
With sad and oft-perplexing doubt,
By clouds within and clouds without—
O Father, give me light.

It is a troubled, thorny way
That often leads my feet astray,
And fills my spirit with dismay—
O Father, give me light.

My steps are weak with anxious care,
And gloomy shadows fill the air—
Be this my soul's deep, earnest prayer,
O Father, give me light.

Be thou my guide through good and ill,
My stay and consolation still—
Make me to know Thy gracious will;
O Father, give me light.

BY-AND-BY.

Whene'er a duty waits for thee,
With sober judgment view it,
And never idly wish it done;
Begin at once and do it.

For Sloth says falsely, "By-and-by
Is just as well to do it;"
But present strength is surest strength;
Begin at once and do it.

THE MASON'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. M. ADELLE HAZLETT.

CHAPTER I.

"Well, Annie, the arrangement of the parlors pleases me; but one thing remains to be done, there must be some vases of flowers placed on the mantels, and no one will do that as well as yourself."

"What kind of flowers do you prefer, Miss Gertrude?"

"Japonicas, roses and syringas, and you may direct Simon to furnish flowers also for the dining room, and you will attend to their arrangement. You must be expeditious, for I shall require your services soon in the dressing room," and so saying, the proud and beautiful Gertrude Elerton swept out of the room, leaving her maid, the gentle Annie Munroe, to execute her commands.

Mr. Elerton was a rich banker in St. Louis, and Gertrude was his only child. His wife had died many years before, and, as is too often the case, he had humored the whims of his beautiful daughter until a disposition, naturally peevish, had developed into one proud, unsympathizing and imperious. But Gertrude Elerton was very lovely in form and feature, if not in disposition, and she was too crafty to betray her faults, except to those with whom she came in immediate and daily contact. She had arrived at her twentieth birthday, and to-night the spacious parlors were to be opened for the purpose of celebrating that event. Many of the *élite* of the city were among the invited guests. The haughty beauty had herself superintended the arrangements for the evening, entrusting little to servants except the execution of her orders. But she knew that the exquisite taste of Annie Munroe would render all perfect, and in her care, as we have seen, she had placed the finishing adornment.

After her mistress had retired, Annie arranged the flowers and placed them as she had been directed. Then she stopped to admire the general effect of the flowers, pictures and statuary.

"Ah," she murmured, "how like is this to the arrangement for celebratihg my own birthday only two years ago. The parlors were not unlike these, the statuary was similar, and between the windows hung a portrait of Washington that I should not have known from this. How well I remember the wreath of evergreen with which father encircled it, and then he called me to him to assist in making a square and compass to hang underneath the pictures, for father said Washington was a Mason; and then we tried to cut the letter 'G' in gilt paper, to place in the centre, and as we could not make a good one, father said a five-pointed star would do as well. I wonder if I could make a square and compass now," and Annie's slender fingers were soon weaving the evergreen into the mystic emblem. "There," she said, as she hung it triumphantly upon a hook beneath the portrait, "that looks like the one father made, but I have no star for the centre. Well, here are these five-leaved syringas; I will twine some of these little star shaped flowers in among the evergreen, and perhaps it will do as well. Now, I wonder if there will be Masons here to-night, who will say to my mistress, Gertrude Elerton, as they did to me on that happy evening, "If you are ever in need of friends, my child, you must go to the men who love the square and compass." How little did I dream then that I should ever be a destitute orphan," and the blue eyes filled with tears.

"Annie, Annie," exclaimed a servant at the door, "Miss Elerton has been ringing for you for the last ten minutes."

Annie brushed her tears aside quickly, and hastened to the dressing-room, to find a frown upon Miss Elerton's brow, and words of severe reproof upon her lips.

CHAPTER II.

"How lovely Miss Elerton is to-night," said the Hon. Mr. Church to his wife. "Yes," was the reply, "she is a beautiful girl. How very attentive our son is to her; he seems to realize the presence of no one else."

"Well," responded Mr. Church, "she seems to take his attentions very kindly, and I am sure I would like exceedingly well to see him united to so glorious a creature. She has both beauty and wealth."

"But you have wealth enough for Gilbert," said his wife, "and I would not have him marry for beauty. We must endeavor to become more intimately acquainted with Miss Elerton. What exquisite taste is displayed in the arrangement of these rooms. Let us take a turn about them and look at the pictures."

Mr. Church gave his arm to his wife, and, stopping here to look at a piece of statuary, there a landscape in oil, and then to join in the conversation of some groups of friends, the two made the circuit of the rooms, and paused at length before the portrait of Washington.

"Why, what does this mean?" said Mr. Church, as his eye fell upon the square and compass beneath it. "I was not aware that Mr. Elerton was a Mason; it cannot be; he has always opposed it; and Miss Gertrude—ah, here she comes; I will ask her about it."

Gertrude now approached, her hand upon the arm of Gilbert Church. They were a fine looking couple, as Mrs. Church could not help thinking. The fair girl was brilliant in white moire antique, point lace and diamonds, and a silver spray woven in the dark braids of shining hair. Her eyes fairly danced with pleasure and excitement, for she had determined that this night should witness her complete conquest over the heart of the rich, handsome and talented lawyer, Gilbert Church.

"Miss Elerton, did your fairy fingers fashion this mystic emblem?"

Gertrude looked upon the square and compass with surprise, for occupied with other thoughts she had not before observed it.

"No," she said with a frown, which did not escape the eye of Mrs. Church. "I have no sympathy with secret societies or their senseless emblems. I do not know how it came here, unless it was placed here by my maid, who arranged the room."

"Then your maid likes Masonry?" said Mr. Church, inquiringly.

"Yes, she is sensible on all other subjects. She says her father was a Mason."

"Where did her father live?"

"In Boston."

"How came his daughter in St. Louis?"

"Why, really, Mr. Church, you seem much interested in a servant girl," said Gertrude, laughing. "I will tell you all about her, and then, if you wish, I will take you to the dining room, where she is arranging flowers for the table, and honor you with an introduction."

"And may I bring her to the parlor and introduce her to my friends," he asked, in a manner well calculated to leave Miss Elerton in doubt as to whether he was perpetuating the jest of Miss Elerton, or really wished the privilege.

"Oh, yes, certainly; if the Hon. Mr. Church would consider it a pleasure to promenade with little Annie Munroe, he shall not be denied."

"Thank you, and now for her history," he said, in a tone that did not betray the interest he felt.

"Well, then, she tells me that her father was once a commission merchant in Boston, and that he owned a large amount of property; but he failed in business, having only a few hundreds left. He resolved to go to California and try and retrieve his fortune, while Annie and her mother would remain with friends in Boston. Mrs. Munroe had an unmarried brother in St. Louis, who had determined also to visit the Pacific coast, and it was arranged by correspondence that the brothers-in-law should go in company. Mrs. Munroe and Annie came as far as this city with her father, and after a week's stay at the 'Planter's Hotel,' the gentlemen set out by water for the golden State. Mrs. Munroe and her daughter were to start for Boston on the following day. But one of our southern fevers attacked Mrs. Munroe, and resulted in her death, after several weeks suffering. The expense of her illness and burial exhausted the means that had been provided for her return to Boston, and thus Annie, who, nearly sixteen years of age, was penniless in a strange city. Some gentlemen and ladies at the hotel were about making up a purse for the purpose of sending her to her native city, when a friend of mine, finding Annie had no relations, but only acquaintances in Boston, and thinking I might wish to take her into my service, brought her to me, and I employed her at once. She makes a good servant, and I really don't know how I should do without her."

Mr. Church, his wife and son, listened attentively to this recital in regard to the unfortunate girl who had placed the Masonic emblem beneath the portrait of him whom Masons of this country at least regard as having approached as near to the standard of Masonic excellence as it is, perhaps, possible for mortals to do. The sympathies of the three had been enlisted at once, and the indifferent manner in which Miss Elerton had alluded to her value as a servant, jarred painfully upon their sensitive natures. But Mr. Church was a Mason at heart; and he mentally resolved that henceforth this friendless girl, his brother's daughter, should not be without a protector.

"How long has she been with you," he asked.

"Nearly a year."

"Well, now for the introduction. I really wish to see her," and he offered his arm to Gertrude, who, with a smiling excuse to Gilbert, left him with his mother, and sought the dining-room in company with Mr. Church. Gilbert's eyes followed her as she moved gracefully away, and turning to his mother, he said, "How do you like her?"

"She is very beautiful and very graceful, but I fear she is lacking in true womanly sympathy and gentleness. Keep your heart, my son, until you can study her more closely."

(To be continued.)

Mozart; or the Origin of the Oxen-Waltz.

Who has not heard of and been delighted with this sweetest and greatest of all composers? Who has not been carried along by his soaring spirit into higher spheres, forgetting the world with all its woes and pangs, its miseries and insipid joys—glowing into fire in spite of the chill of a *soi-disant* enlightened age, where genius is weighed by dollars and pounds, and respectability by those who are most successful in getting them? Poor Mozart! He lived on the very verge of our sadly enlightened times, and his soul, delighting only in higher attainments, was often perplexed by the conflict of reality with his ideal world.

Mozart had been in the service of the Emperor of Germany, whose orchestra he directed with more honor than profit to himself. Indeed, so indifferent was his salary, that the master of tunes found himself frequently unable to defray his current expenses. Artists then had not discovered the secret of raising contributions from half a world, in the most agreeable manner possible. They rather stayed at home, living for themselves and their darling muse. And thus, perhaps, only and alone those master-pieces of poetry and melody could rise into existence, which our modern imitators admire, but endeavor in vain to equal. Genius is born; talents are acquired. Tours to Paris, London and Italy may add to its universality, but not to its originality; and its noble effusions will rise and soar infinitely higher when protected by the homely Lares and Penates, than foreign gods.

Mozart enjoyed, besides this somewhat unprofitable advantage, another: he was, indeed, a musical genius. Both his form and countenance were pleasing and interesting, but his health was delicate. Perhaps there never was a living being more sensitive than he. So harmonious, so tender, were the sensations of this man, that the least discord that reached his ear thrilled through his whole frame, producing an irritation which frequently endangered his health. When carried away by his muse, his feelings grew so intense that he literally lost the consciousness of every thing around him.

It happened that Mozart was sitting one fine morning in his bed, when his wife entered to inform him that a very unmusical being, the butcher, was down stairs with his bill. Mozart, who had been for some time composing one of his greatest operas, the immortal "Clemenza di Tito," was just arranging in his phantasia one of its most beautiful airs. He neither heard nor saw his wife. She, a lovely, kind soul, of rather practical views, who had been shortly before married to the young artist, stood waiting for a while repeating her information, but no answer followed her words. Seizing the young artist by the elbow, she began to repeat the butcher's account. Mozart was writing without intermission; feeling, however, his arm touched, and hearing sounds whose tenor did not seem to correspond to the harmonious notes of his soul, he shut his ears with his left hand, writing with his right as quickly as the notes could be scribbled. A second shake of his wife followed. Mozart, growing impetuous, seized his walking-stick, and his wife, alarmed at so strange an intimation, hastened to the door. The whole had passed without Mozart being in the least conscious of it. She ran down stairs with tears in her eyes, telling the butcher that her husband could not be spoken to, and that he must come another time. But the man of blood was not easily to be daunted—he must have his bill settled, and speak with Mozart himself—and he would not send him another ounce of meat. He ascended the stairs. Mozart, indistinctly conscious that something had passed in his presence, had continued pouring the effusions of his phantasia on paper, when the heavy footsteps resounded in the hall. His stick was at hand. Without turning his eye from the sheet he held his stick against the door to keep out the intruders.

But the steps were approaching. Mozart, more anxious, hurried as fast as he could, when a rap at the door demanded permission to enter. The beautiful effusion was in danger of being lost. The affrighted composer cast a fugitive glance at his stick; it was too short. With anxiety bordering on frenzy he looked around his room, and a pole standing behind the curtain caught his eye; this he seized, holding it with all his might against the door, writing like fury all the while. The knob was turned, but the pole withstood the first effort. A pause succeeded; words were heard on the stair-case, and the intruders renewed their efforts a second time. But the strength of the composer seemed to increase with his anxiety. Large drops of perspiration stood on his forehead. Stemming the pole against his left breast, with the force of despair, he still kept out the visitors. He succeeded but for a moment, yet it was a precious moment; the delightful air was poured upon the paper—it was saved!

Such had been the anxiety, fear and despair of the composer, so intense his feelings, that his bodily strength was not equal to stand the powerful effort of his soul. Scarcely were his effusions arranged, when his strength left him—the pole dropped from his hand, and he fell back on the pillow exhausted. The door opened, and his wife, with the formidable butcher, entered. Pale, unconscious of every thing, the son of Euterpe lay on the bed, his forehead bathed in cold sweat. The wife, terror-struck at the sight, rushed to her beloved husband; she bathed his forehead, embraced him, when Mozart's eyes opened, and looking round with surprise, they fell upon the invaluable scrap still lying before him.

"Mr. Mozart," said the butcher——

"Halt! halt?" said the composer, seizing the manuscript and leaping at the same time out of his bed and hurrying towards the pianoforte, down he sat, and the most delightful air that was ever heard responded from the instrument. The eyes of his wife and even of the butcher began to moisten. Mozart finished the tune, rose again, and running to his writing-desk, he filled out what was wanting.

"Well, Mr. Mozart," said the butcher, when the artist had finished, "you know that I am to marry,"

"No, I do not," said Mozart, who had somewhat recovered from his musical trance.

"Well, then, you know it now, and you also know that you owe me money for meat."

"I do," said Mozart, with a sigh.

"Never mind," said the man, under whose blood-stained coat beat a feeling heart; "you make me a fine waltz for my marriage ball, and I will cancel the debt, and let you have meat for a year to come."

"It is a bargain," said the lively and gifted Mozart. And down he sat, and a waltz was elicited from the instrument—such a waltz as never before set the dance-loving butcher's feet in motion.

"Meat for a year, did I say?" exclaimed the enraptured tradesman; "no! one hundred ducats you shall have for this waltz, but I want it with trumpets and horns and fiddles—you know best—and soon, too."

"You shall have it so," said Mozart, who could scarcely trust his ears, "and in one hour you may send for it."

The liberal-minded butcher retired. In an hour the waltz was set in full orchestra music. The butcher returned, was delighted with the music, and paid Mozart his hundred ducats—a sum more splendid than he had ever received from the Emperor for the greatest of his operas.

It is to this incident that the lovers of harmony are indebted for one of the most charming trifles, the celebrated oxen-waltz — a piece of music still unrivaled.

The Distressed Widow.

BY BRO. JOSEPH R. CHANDLER, PAST GRAND MASTER OF PENNSYLVANIA.

Not long since, a constable of Philadelphia was instructed by a large property owner to proceed to make an attachment of household furniture for rent dues. The distress would reach nearly all that the law allowed to take; and painful as was the task to the kind-hearted officer, it was, nevertheless, a duty. The tenant was a widow, with a little family of children. While the officer was sitting, distressed at the misery he was compelled to inflict, the widow entered the room, bearing upon her the garments of her widowhood, whose freshness showed the recency of her loss, and testifying, by her manner, the utter destitution to which this attachment was reducing her and her children.

"I know not," said she, "what to do. I have neither friend nor relation to whom to apply. I am alone—utterly alone—friendless, helpless, destitute, a widow."

"But," said the officer, "is there no association upon which you have a claim?"

"None; I am a member of no beneficial society." she replied. "But I remember," she continued, "that my husband has more than once told me that if I should ever be in distress, I might make this available," and she drew out a Masonic jewel. "But it is now too late, I am afraid."

"Let me see it," said the officer; and with a skillful eye he examined the emblem consecrated to charity, as the token of brotherly affection. The officer was a Mason, he knew the name of the deceased, and recognized his standing.

"We will see," said the officer, "what effect this will have, though the landlord is no Mason. Who is your clergyman?" The widow told him. The clergyman was a Mason.

The attachment of goods was relinquished for a moment. The officer went to the clergyman, made known the distress of the widow, and her claims through Masonry.

"And who," said the clergyman, "is the landlord?" and the constable informed him.

"Ah!" said the clergyman, "does his religion teach him to set us no better example? We must show him what Masonry requires at our hands. I have spent all of the last payment of my salary, but here is my note at a short date for the amount due; the landlord will scarcely refuse that."

In twenty minutes the rent was paid. The kind-hearted officer forgave his fees, and perhaps gave more, and the widow and the orphans blessed God for the benefits which they had enjoyed through Masonry.

The Past and the Present.

We give below an extract of a personal note, received from our old friend and brother, Frederick Follett, Esq., whom some of our older brethren will recollect as one of the principal witnesses in a suit brought by the anti-Masonic managers, and in which we were a party, in 1833 or 1834, the result of which was the termination, in Massachusetts at least, of that wicked and causeless conspiracy to overthrow our constitution, and brand its members with ineffaceable disgrace. The writer of the letter was, at the time referred to, the editor of a newspaper published at Batavia, N. Y., which place, it will be recollected, was the home and hot-bed of anti-Masonry. He fought the battle for Masonry nobly and ably, and with us has lived to receive his reward in the unparalleled prosperity and elevated character of the Constitution.

516 *and* 518 *Washington street*,
New York, June 25, 1867.

Charles W. Moore, Esq.:

My Dear Sir and Brother: I have just been reading the proceedings of the dedication of the new Masonic Temple in your goodly city of Boston. The attendant proceedings and ceremonies, so far as they have been permitted to meet the public eye, have thrilled every heart with pleasure and sincere delight.

There was a time, and you and I can remember it well, when the Masonic institution was under a cloud—not from any fault of the institution itself, but from the indiscretion and folly of some, and from the baseness and hypocrisy of others, of its members. Added to this was the fact that the disappearance of Morgan on the 10th of September, 1826, was made the pretext of most unjustly charging upon the institution the folly, if not the turpitude of his abduction, by a few members of the Order. Is Christianity to be held accountable for the many crimes and enormities committed beneath the cloak that mantles it? God forbid it, as I know he does. Neither will the Masonic institution be held accountable for the commission of an act to which it was not a party. But it was seized upon by demagogues as a hobby to foist themselves into political power and place. To accomplish these ends it became necessary to denounce and persecute the entire Masonic fraternity.

In some portions of the country they succeeded but too well, and the torch of persecution burnt upon every hill-top and lighted up every valley. Society was rent asunder. God's sanctuary was prostituted by those who professed to be his ministers, as a channel through which to denounce and persecute unoffending members, and for the non-acceptance of their ungodly precepts, excommunicated from the church! The names of Masons were withdrawn from the jury-box, and they were pronounced by these fanatics as unworthy to hold any office or position of trust or profit.

Just forty years ago, on the day of your recent celebration, the Masons of Batavia, in the western part of this State, held a celebration. It was the year after the outbreak of what has been denominated "Anti-Masonry," or the "Anti-Masonic Excitement." Something like four hundred Masons assembled in that quiet rural village to celebrate the day, it being the nativity of John the Baptist. The quiet town was by no means quiet on that occasion. Secretly, and without any premonition whatever, the rising sun on that day witnessed the outpouring of many of the inhabitants of the surrounding country, and the influx into that quiet village of at least six thousand of those turbulent souls called "Anti-Masons!" They came singly, in pairs, and in companies, armed with guns, bludgeons, and butcher-knives, the latter evidently manufactured for the occasion, and eighteen to twenty inches in length! But the Masons assembled on that occasion, unconscious of having done any thing to forfeit their right peacefully to assemble and celebrate a day long held in sacred remembrance by them, proceeded in an orderly manner to the accomplishment of their purpose. Myself and Colonel Johnson Goodwill, whom you may remember as one of the two gentlemen who accompanied me on a certain occasion to the city of Boston, to unmask a certain pharisaical hypocrite by the name of Samuel D. Green, were the marshals of the day. Though many years have since elapsed, the scenes of wild tumult and fury enacted on that day are still fresh in my memory. Stones and brickbats flew around my head in thick profusion and uncomfortable proximity! With wild yells and indecent imprecations many attempts were made to break up the procession as it proceeded to its place of destination. The arms and knives were exhibited in a threatening manner! But all to no purpose. The Masons pursued the even tenor of their way; and though reviled and subjected to all manner of insults, they bore it patiently, and accomplished the purpose of their meeting, and without serious accident.

But with the lapse of forty years what a change has taken place! Masonry at the present day occupies a more exalted position in the estimation of the world than ever before. The fiery furnace through which it has passed has purified and ennobled it. It is no longer a reproach to be a Mason, but an honor. Those who once traduced it now honor and respect it.—*Freemasons' Monthly Magazine.*

What Then?

BY HON. R. W. THOMPSON, OF INDIANA.

If we concede to our adversaries that Masonry did derive some of its early teachings and mystic rights from the Brahmins of Hindostan, or the priests of Egypt, or the magi of Persia, as they allege—what then? Christianity had not then had its birth; and shall we narrow our minds by contemning all that part of the world's history because it did not reach a standard which it required the appearance of the Messiah to establish? In judging of the progress of society in those far off ages, we must not forget the high stand-point from which we look back upon them, and that modern society has reached this by slow and imperceptible degrees, as the oak grows from the acorn. We think ourselves wise, past all the wisdom of those times—as we undoubtedly are; but was the world then enveloped in entire darkness and ignorance? Athens and Rome were heathen in the days of their greatest glory, and yet we still repeat the sayings of their orators, historians and poets with delight and instruction. Plato talked of the soul's immortality four hundred years before the birth of Christ, yet he was a heathen; and the same thought had penetrated the minds of other pagans centuries before him. Old Homer's poetry still thrills and charms us with its beauty, yet he made it the sum of man's duty to sacrifice to innumerable and insensible gods. We derive instruction from the pages of Aristotle, yet he assigned all the powers and attributes of Deity no less to Jupiter than to Neptune, Apollo and Minerva. Herodotus is still esteemed the "father of history," yet he scouted the idea of the earth's circumference. However we may regard these early nations and peoples, we cannot shut our eyes to the fact that they were, in their day, as we are in ours, the custodians of great, important and necessary truths, which are still in a state of progressive development—which have come to us "ready made" from their hands—and which they gathered from the great storehouse of nature, unaided by the light of revelation. They were the inventors—we are the builders. But for them, who knows how much of darkness would have continued to reign in places now illuminated by science and intelligence? They existed when the human mind was in its earliest infancy—just beginning to struggle for thought, and to search out the means of dispelling the darkness. As the pioneer in our own country blazes out paths through the deep forests for the subsequent march of civilization, so they were the heralds of our present progress. The influences of Christianity were not shed upon them, but they saw, through the beautiful variety of nature which surrounded them, the finger and design of an Almighty Architect—of a great first cause—which they believed to have an existence of no less duration than eternity itself.

If the priests of Egypt did hold their knowledge to themselves and refuse to communicate it to the uninitiated, and did leave all others to the idolatrous worship of the sun, moon and stars, and even of beasts and reptiles; it is, nevertheless, true that, by the contemplation of the heavenly bodies, in the clear sky above them, they conceived the truth that the inorganic mass of darkness and water, of which they supposed the earth to have been originally composed, was first reduced from chaos into order by the fiat of the Supreme Being, at whose command light was created, and "of whose divine nature the mind of man was an emanation." If India was divided into a variety of sects, each representing its own caste and maintaining its distinct peculiarities, yet they all united in adopting the philosophy of Gymnosophists, which taught that "God is light, not such as is seen by the sun or fire, but intelligence and reason;" that "He is not space, nor air, nor light, nor atoms, nor soul, nor nature; He is above all these, and the cause of all. His existence had no cause. In Him the whole world is absorbed; from Him it issues. He is intertwined and interwoven with all creation." And if the Persian magi did introduce the worship of the sun, it was because they, too, believed that "God is light," and that it was incumbent upon them to avoid the debasing influence of Polytheism; disavowing, as they did, all purpose to adore it except as the visible manifestation of the Divine Being. Even when Zoroaster substituted for this the worship of fire, it was only that the good principle it embodied might be symbolically present after the setting of the sun. It was a higher and more elevating worship than that of painted or graven images. And so accurate was he in his story of the creation and the original fall of man, that he is supposed to have obtained a knowledge of the Jewish religion from Daniel, or some other of the Jewish captives at Babylon or Susa.

Shall we say of all these people that, because they lived in a heathen age, all their teachings are to be despised and cast out from our remembrance? Who gave us the right to become both their judges and executioners? Remember, they did not receive the law from Moses, nor did God appear to them, as He did to that prophet, in the burning bush, in the thunder, the lightning and the storm. They had no theocratic form of government as the patriarchs had, and yet they had faith—not faith that God's promises to Israel would be fulfilled, for of these they had never heard, but that which inspired them with a belief in His Almighty Sovereignty, His mercy, justice and eternity. The theories they maintained were crude and undeveloped, and their philosophy measured by ours was full of error; but in both there was much that was true then, and is true now. If they saw the power and the majesty of the Almighty displayed in the breath of the sirocco, which blighted the most beautiful flowers of their fields, they beheld His love no less in the shower and the sunbeam which warmed them into life again. And why should we presume to mock at them, because, without the aid of revelation, they derived the conviction from the contemplation of these attributes that, though they should sink into the tomb, their spirits would be wafted to regions where their bliss would be eternal? Let us not harness and hamper our minds so that we dare not avow the truth. We need fear no longer the power of those who made Galileo a martyr because he declared that "the earth moved," and whose successors are to-day no less the enemies of Masonry, because it teaches that mankind have the inalienable right to be free in faith, thought and speech.

Now, although Plato did scoff at the teachings of the Egyptians, and condemned them because he supposed they did not recognize the immortality of the soul; and although Pythagoras, who illustrated the reign of Tarquin by his philosophy, deduced from these and the doctrines of the Persian magi his theory of the metempsychosis,

> "That souls of animals infuse themselves
> Into the trunks of men,"

yet it should not be forgotten, in forming our estimate of these early nations, that they all assigned Divine authority and power to the Great Architect of nature; that they saw God in every thing, great and small, and measured the approval of right and condemnation of wrong by their supposed correspondence with or resistance to the attributes they assigned to Him. We now know that the Brahmins of India did proclaim the doctrine that the soul was immortal before the age of Plato, and that some of the early missionaries amongst them thought they discovered in their allegory of Brimba, Vishnou and Shivah a belief corresponding to that of the Holy Trinity. And Sir Wm. Jones has left us a translation from the ancient Sanscrit of one of their early hymns addressed to the "Spirit of God," which is not surpassed in any language, ancient or modern, and which breathes as pure devotion to Divinity as ever filled a human mind.

We should not, therefore, pass too severe a sentence upon these early inhabitants of earth. They lived in an age of darkness; we in an age upon which the full flood-light of Christianity and civilization is poured. They studied philosophy that they might gain wisdom; we that we may discover truth. They had no science, but to us it has demonstrated truths which they could, at most, only infer from observation of nature and original speculations about its laws. When they observed the regular return of the seasons, the ebbing and flowing of the sea, the ripening and decay of vegetation, and saw the darkness periodically and regularly dispelled by the rising of the sun, hundreds of years before the advent of the Saviour, and when His coming was only foretold by prophecies of which they had never heard, what is there to be wondered at in the fact that they saw in the rays of light and in the sun where they had their source, such manifestations of the wisdom and power of the Grand Architect, as to make it the centre and foundation of all their worship? The primal law of the Creator was, "Let there be light," and we should not be surprised that the first inhabitants of the earth saw, in this marvelous display of Providential wisdom, that which called forth their highest adoration. It was to them what the increased light shed upon the world by the presence of the Messiah has become to late generations, and as we, to whom it is now glaring with so much brilliancy, look back upon these buried ages, let us not censure such as then lived because they had not a zeal according to *our* knowledge, for St. Paul, who was wise above all our wisdom, significantly asks the question, "How shall they believe in Him of whom they have not heard?"

It is not important to know how this universality of belief, which ascribes divinity to the Almighty, and recognizes Him as the centre of every form of worship, however symbolical, became diffused amongst these people so long in advance of the prophetic era of the Jews—whether it was by intercourse with each other, or was derived by each nation for itself, from that natural instinct of the mind which sees equally through enlightenment and ignorance, a great, primary, intelligent, and eternal cause of all things. This, however, we do know, that this principle did obtain universality, and was maintained and preserved, not alone in the polytheistic forms of worship, but mainly by means of the secret mysteries established by these Brahmins, priests and magi. These mysteries were undoubtedly carried into Greece from Egypt more than a thousand years before the birth of Christ, and nearly that length of time before the conquest of Cambyses. Between the time of the establishment of the kingdom by Menes and the occurrence of this event, much of the most important part of the world's early history had transpired. The Assyrian nation had been established; Abraham, Isaac and Jacob had lived; letters had been invented by Memnon; Joseph had been sold by his brethren to the Midiantish merchants; the great Pyramids had been built; Moses had been born, had been sent into Egypt by the appearance of God in a bush, had gathered the Israelites together and marched them through the Red Sea and the desert of Sinai, had received the Tables of the Law, had set up the Tabernacle and placed it in the Ark of the Covenant, and had died on Mount Nebo, in sight of the promised land; Phœnician letters had been carried into Greece by Cadmus; Danaus had sailed from Egypt to Greece with the first ship; Troy had been built by Dardanus; Joshua had led the Israelites into Caanan, partitioned its lands amongst them, and had died at Timnath-Serah, and Minos had given to the Cretans his celebrated system of laws.

Now, if these mysteries were the fruit of the religious civilization of that age, as they manifestly were, it should not surprise us that, whether observed in Egypt or Greece, they were employed as the chief means of perpetuating a remembrance of the events which then constituted the principal and leading ones in history. We see that the world was then beginning to move forward and upwards; slowly, it is true, but yet to move somewhat. Man was becoming aroused to a consciousness that his intellect was given him for the noble and God-like purpose of subjecting nature and all its elements to his use. He had not been able to yoke the storm or to bring down lightning from the skies, or to speak from continent to continent through the deepest depths of the ocean, for God had reserved these things for a more distant age, and a people not then planted on the earth; but he was beginning to learn that the great family of mankind was scattered over the earth, and that the nations they had established would live or die as they preserved or violated the principles of moral rectitude and virtue. Therefore, it is to be supposed that when the Athenians provided for the observance of these mysteries at Eleusis, every fifth year, they designed the ceremony as the means of keeping alive the principles upon which both their religion and nationality were based, and that publicity was given to them only so far as was necessary to this end. And such is the voice of history. Suetonius, the author of the "Lives of the Twelve Cæsars," who lived in the first century, informs us that at the initiation into these mysteries, "impious and wicked persons are warned by the voice of the herald from approaching the rites;" and says that when the infamous Nero was in Greece he dared not attend their celebration, because his conscience reproached him continually with the murder of his mother. The genius of Virgil has transferred this solemn preface to his poetic pages, in the well known words: "*Procul, O! procul este profani,*" etc.—"Retire, far hence, retire, ye profane, and quit the sacred grove." Epictetus says: "Every thing herein was instituted by the ancients for instruction and amendment of life." And Plato concurs in this. Plutarch declares that the applicants for membership were carefully interrogated to ascertain whether their conduct had been criminal. When Marcus Antoninus was accused of the murder of Avidius Cassius, he was initiated into the mysteries at Rome as a defense against the charge, because it was well known that none could be admitted who were guilty of any crime. Sophocles makes initiation into them as necessary to the religious belief of the pagan, as baptism is considered to be to the belief of the Christian. Clement of Alexandria has preserved one of the hymns sung upon the occasion of these celebrations, which says: "But look on the Divine Nature, incessantly contemplate it, and govern well the mind and heart. Go on in the right way, and see the sole Governor of the world. He is one, and of Himself alone; and to that One all things owe their being. He operates through all, and was never seen by mortal eyes, but does Himself see every thing." Cicero, speaking of them after their introduction at Rome, says: "Athens has produced many excellent and even divine inventions, and applied them to the uses of life, so she has given nothing better than those mysteries, by which we are drawn from an irrational and savage life and tamed, as it were, and broken to humanity. They are truly called *Initia*, for they are, indeed, the beginning of a life of reason and virtue, from whence we not only receive the benefits of a more comfortable and refined subsistence here, but are taught to hope for and aspire to a better life hereafter." Rollin tells us that the mysteries of the feast of Ceres Eleusina were designed not merely to teach the use of corn, but to instruct "in the principles of probity, charity, civility and humanity." And Bishop Warburton, one of the most learned of the modern prelates of England, says that they were "continued for very many ages pure and and undefiled."

Thus we are enabled to understand why these mysteries were esteemed far more highly than any other of the ancient ceremonies, and why none were permitted to be initiated into them without first undergoing the process of purification by bathing in the river Illissus, without repeating certain prescribed prayers to the gods and offering sacrifices, and without being instructed in the principles and elements of their sacred doctrines. The Athenians regarded these initiations as an engagement to lead a more virtuous and regular life, and as recommending the initiated to the peculiar protection of the goddesses Ceres and Proserpine, which secured to them a more perfect and certain happiness in another world; whereas, on the other hand, those who were not admitted were regarded as sure to suffer ills in this life, and after death to descend to the shades below. Æschylus, the poet, nearly paid the forfeit of his life because he disparaged them. Alcibiades was disgraced on account of his hostility to them. And Socrates was condemned to death for his refusal to observe them. Thus we see that these mysteries were the national embodiment of the spirit of that cultivated and enlightened age—an age of whose grandeur the modern tourist is still reminded by its fallen yet classic columns—the pages of whose history is covered over with the richest gems of thought, and from whose treasures the statesman, the orator and the poet may yet draw wisdom.

Description of an Indian "Medicine Lodge."

For some months previous to the day of meeting, it is known to the surrounding friendly nations that, on a given day, a "Medicine Lodge," or "Medicine Dance," will be held. No one seems to know by whose authority the meeting is called, but all suppose it to be a decree from the "Great Medicine."

Previous to the meeting, a smooth piece of ground is selected, about fifteen feet by thirty. Small poles are set on end in the ground, about a foot apart; willow limbs are then interlaced closely, from pole to pole, until the sides or walls of the Lodge or "Wickiup," are sufficiently tight to prevent passers-by from seeing within, save by eavesdropping, which, by the Indians, is considered so disgraceful that no fears are entertained of an interruption of the kind. After the walls of the Lodge are finished, the tops of the poles are bent inward, and the whole secured by means of bark strings, on the top of which skins of animals are placed, to form a roof. It is understood that the day of meeting is the one, above all others, for making presents, and few Indians assemble without being prepared with a pony, a gun, furs, wampum, or some other articles to be given to their friends. The members of the society are made up of men and women, but generally of the chiefs, and descendants of chiefs, or families in authority. The day and hour being arrived, the members assemble in the Lodge. The women have black leggings, and black strouds, or *mulle-taigon*, extending from the waist to midway of their thighs; the upper parts of their dress are thickly ornamented with silver broaches and trinkets. The men have scarlet leggings, a calico skirt, and scarlet blanket. The members being assembled, and seated around on skins, a fire is built in the centre of the Lodge. Whiskey is then handed around two or three times, which is sparingly partaken of; after which they rise, one after another, and commence dancing, accompanied by music, resembling, somewhat, the chanting of a hymn, the words of which have reference to the Great Spirit or *Meleta*. After singing and dancing for a time, they are again seated, and a sumptuous repast of meats is partaken of. Then, again, the singing and dancing is renewed, and now enters a candidate, or one who is to be inducted into this society, and is seated at one end of the Lodge. This person is decorated according to the ability of the family of which he is a member, but always are candidates richly supplied with ornaments and jewels held in high estimation. On the entrance of the candidate, the members all resume their seats, except the "Great Medicine," who continues to dance up to, and around the candidate, now and then going through the motions of shooting, with a bow and arrow, at him. At each of these imaginary discharges of the arrow, more or less of the powers and endowments of the "Great Medicine" are supposed to pass into the candidate. Next, the "Great Medicine" shoots, or slips, a bean into the mouth of the candidate, and finally, strikes him a blow with the "Medicine Bag," and he falls to the earth, appearently dead. He is then stripped of all his jewels and ornaments, which constitutes the fee for initiation. This being done, the "Great Medicine" rubs the body, making mysterious signs, and repeating a batch of words, or guttural sounds, the meaning of which is unknown to any one, but supposed to be dictated by the "Great Spirit." Immediately after this ceremony, the "Great Medicine" again strikes the candidate with the "Medicine Bag," and, putting his hand to the mouth, the bean falls into it; the initiate is restored to life, and, with singing and dancing, he is welcomed as a member. Now some of the Fraternity pretend they can see a species of Masonry in all this, but in saying so they reflect more credit on their credulity than any thing else.

The Home of Florence Nightingale.

Not for the ancestral wealth which incrusts the feudal looking Gothic turrets of the house—shakes from the hoary tops of old trees standing round—and sparkles from the smooth-shaven lawn lying so peacefully before it; nor yet for the exquisite views and outlooks from its breezy site, into and over the picturesque and winding Derwent, as slowly it moves through scenery which enchants and detains the tourist, while it distracts the angler, beckoning his eye away from his line to such strange witchery of form, outline and color: beautiful and desirable as are all these, blest as is this spot, amid the hills of Derbyshire, in which culture, taste for natural scenery, and the refinements of life, might find their unstinted gratification, it is more blessed as showing that all these charms have been so often over-mastered by the stronger calls of suffering humanity. Had Florence Nightingale even an ordinary home—I will not say an obscure one, in which poverty struggled daily to meet the demand of hunger—but one in which the average comforts waited upon moderate thrift and competency—the lesson of her self-sacrifices, her heroism in learning through severest training the art of nursing the sick and suffering, and her long health-exhausting attendance in hospitals, camps and hovels, would have been pronounced less lofty and ennobling.

Here at this home, with all its wealth and luxurious appointments, where her fine mind has been carefully enriched under the best of masters, by an extraordinary knowledge of the classics, modern languages, and art, by all the multiform branches of modern scientific investigation, one best learns and most thoroughly appreciates the extent and character of her self-denying life. Born at Florence, in Italy, and taking its beautiful name, she seems to have poured into her English nature the gifts which that art capital bestows upon her children—high wrought sensibility, large and deep passion for shapes of beauty, a keen, direct sense of the fitting and the true, and a wonderful capability for persistent and sustaining self-devotion.

Lea-Hurst, with all its ancestral wealth, and the valuable and solid social advantages which landed property confers in England, soon after became at once her property and home. Here she made a proficient in all the studies which make up a college curriculum, and distinguished in the more feminine accomplishments of music, drawing and embroidery. The walls of her home smile with the witnesses of those gentle tastes. But all those graceful surroundings of her aristocratic home, these intellectual riches gathered up and garnered in her large mind, did not satisfy her longing to be useful to the sick and suffering. Leaving this beautiful home, she immured herself within the grim walls of a nurse's seminary at Kaiserworth, on the Rhine, conforming with loving docility to all its microscopic rules, and performing in all its details its laborious duties. Still young, courted and admired, she withdrew from society and founded in London a school for the education of nurses, herself personally presiding over its minutest routine, and supplying from her own purse any deficiencies in its receipts.

Returning to her Derbyshire home, she employed her time in giving to the world a description of the Kaiserworth institution. But the suffering of the ill provided, tentless soldiers, dying in the Crimea, summoned her thither. With admiration such as was not felt when the British fleet sailed from the Downs, did the world follow the nurse, with her gathered company of forty-two, to the comfortless camps near Constantinople, through her two years of weary watching and harassing responsibilities, through the fever, which prostrated her, leaving her physical strength forever broken, but her soul still intent on doing good.

Again at her home, amid the scenery of the Derwent, she came, and amid the sweet patience of her nature, in the pauses of suffering and pain, wrote her notes on nursing. Blessed is the home of Florence Nightingale! My friend, would you deepen your love, deep as it is, for this heroic soul—would you get nearer to this index finger of modern civilization? Go to Lea-Hurst, look carefully through that beautiful abode, then at the pale, wan mistress, and, scanning the setting and the gem, measure by the contrast with the ways of others the value of unselfishness—that great virtue of every happy home.

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The Temple Destroyed—A Joyful Proclamation.

BY COMP. BAXTER.

After the death of King Solomon, a cloud seems to lower upon the history of the Jewish nation. It wraps its thick foldings—dark as the curtains of the courts of death, around the hearts of the chosen people of God, until the light of the Shekinah refuses to shine in its shadow. Its fiery bolts rend asunder the royal throne, and a flood of wickedness and idolatry rolls its turbid waves through the streets of the holy city, and even to the sacred altars of the temple itself. That people who had so long been sheltered under the wing of the Almighty; whose fathers had been liberated from Egyptian bondage and rescued from their enemies by the direct interposition of the great *I Am;* who had been fed from heaven; led by the Divine Presence to a land of promise, where they were exalted above all the nations of the earth, and where *Jehovah* condescended to dwell with them; that favored people who had witnessed so many displays of divine power and goodness in their behalf, forgot God, neglected the duties of the true worship of their fathers, and bowed down to the gold and silver gods of the heathens. What a true picture of the waywardness of the human race—of the suceptibility of the human heart to the influence of the fall.

> "Strange is the human heart!—uncertain, wild—
> Reason its slave, philosophy a child,
> That fadeth from us on the rainbow wings
> Of the weak heart's vain, fond imaginings;
> Strange that a thing of dust should thus control
> The energies of an immortal soul;
> That a pure, subtle essence should obey,
> And thought be guided by mere common clay;
> Or that the light of faith should e'er depart,
> At the caprice and passion of the heart."

"The Lord God of their fathers sent to them by his messengers, because he had compassion on his people and on his dwelling-place. But they mocked the messengers of God, and despised his words, and misused his prophets, until the wrath of the Lord arose against his people, till there was no remedy." Their city was devastated with fire and sword; the courts of the temple ran with blood; the temple itself was burned, and the greater part of those who escaped the sword were carried away as captives to Babylon, and became the servants of an idolatrous king.

But amid the dejection, the toils and sorrows of that long captivity, the worship of the true God was not entirely lost, and Freemasonry still survived. Founded upon the rock of Eternal Truth—its pillars inscribed with faith in God, hope in immortality, and charity to all mankind—its mysteries pointing to the knowledge of God and His attributes; the waves of persecution and idolatry spent their fury in vain against its strong foundations, and the spray that dashed back from its bulwarks of truth proclaimed the omnipotence of Jehovah. In the idolatrous city of Babylon a faithful band assembled in tyled Lodges to preserve the traditions of their fathers, and while surrounded by the worship of false gods, they knelt in secret around the altar of Masonry, and looked up through their tears to the God of heaven for deliverance from their enemies and restoration to the land of Israel. As they gazed upon the shrines of the Babylonish deities, they remembered the broken altars of the true God, and they humbled themselves in the dust of contrition, and prayed that they might be exalted again to His favor. Thus in the long dark night of the captivity, Religion and Masonry stood hand in hand together, and the light of God shone through the clouds of sorrow and shame, and glimmered like a star of promise into the hearts of the humbled Hebrews.

Their deliverance came at last. The sceptre of mercy was extended to them by the same hand that suspended the sword of justice over the heads of their idolatrous masters. The great *I Am*, who had rescued their fathers from the bondage of Egypt, again stretched out his arm, and the events that brought their deliverance rolled onward to its consummation. The bacchanalian revelry—the mysterious handwriting upon the walls of the royal palace, and the night of blood, followed each other in rapid succession, and the morning dawned to find the proud Chaldean capital in the possession of the victorious army of Cyrus the conquerer, who, in the first year of his reign, issued a proclamation liberating the captives and permitting them to return to Jerusalem to rebuild the house of the Lord.

Nearly fifty thousand of the Jews joyfully accepted the offer and returned with Zerubbabel, who had been appointed governor of Judea. * * * On their arrival at Jerusalem a tabernacle was erected near the site of the first temple, on Mount Moriah, and the Grand Council—consisting of Joshua, Zerubbabel and Haggai, restored forms of worship, and directed the preparations for rebuilding the temple. While the workmen were engaged in preparing the materials, numbers of those who had tarried at Babylon were constantly arriving and requesting permission to assist in the undertaking. * * * * * *

Among the arrivals from Babylon was a certain party of three, whose zeal had prompted them to make the long and difficult journey that they might assist their brethren in the glorious work. Proving themselves to be true descendents of those faithful Gibblemitites who had wrought at the building of the first temple, and been received and acknowledged by King Solomon as Most Excellent Masters, their services were accepted; and, under the direction of the Grand Council, their arduous labors were rewarded by the important discovery. * * * * *

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Templar Mottoes accompanying the Cross in the Coat of Arms.

Cruce dum spiro spero.
Virtus sub Cruce ad æthera tendens.
Virtus sub Cruce crescit.
Fidei coticula crux.
In hoc signo spes mea.
Cœlitus mihi vires.
Pax in bello.
Magnanimita Crucum susture.
Gloria Deo in excelsis.
Cruce dum spiro fido.
Je me fie en Dieu.
Dieu ayde.
Spes mea in Deo, my hope is in God.
In Deo salutem, in God salvation.
Sola virtus invicto, only virtue is invincible.
Non mihi, sed Christo, not to myself, but to Christ.
Whyle God wylle.
In God is all.
Une roy, une foy, une loy.
Garde la foy, and, Give the thankyss that are due.
Cœlum non solum.
Lux mea Christus.
Pieux quoique preux.
Salus per Christum.
Semper sidera votuno, the heavens always my wish.
Sola salus servire Deo.
Turris fortis mihi Deus.
One God, one king.
Vigilo et spero.
What God willeth shall be.
Y fegynno dwy y fydd, be as God will.
Dei dono sum quod sum.
Deum *cole*, regem serva.
Deus incrementum dedit.
En Dieu ma foy.
Fear God.
Fidelité est de Dieu.
In Domino confido.
Je crains Dieu.
Homo proponit, Deus disponit.
In sanguine vita, crest, a pelican.
Ut migraturus habita.
With God everything, without Him nothing.
Turris tutissima virtus.
Fortiter gerit Crucem.
In Cruce triumphans.
Crux mihi grata quies.

Cruce dum spiro fido, crest, a paschal lamb with banner and cross.

Cresco per Crucem.

Sub cruce, under the cross, and, A Cruce victoria, victory by the cross.

Anecdotes and Sayings of Masons.

GALLANTRY OF PRESIDENT JACKSON.—During a visit of the hero of the battle of New Orleans to Philadelphia, while he was President, a hale, buxom young widow greeted him with both hands, at the same instant exclaiming:

"My dear General, I am delighted to see you; I have walked six miles this morning to enjoy this rare felicity."

To this the president replied, with an air of dignified gallantry:

"Madam, I regret that I had not known your wishes earlier; I certainly would have walked half way to meet you."

COALS OF FIRE.—Rev. Dr. Bedell, at one time rector of St. Andrew's Church in Philadelphia, when a little child, had a very forgiving spirit. This was illustrated upon one occasion in a remarkable manner. One of his playmates, in a fit of anger, threw some hot coals upon his neck. Some of them, falling between his dress and flesh, burned him severely, so that he did not recover from the wounds for several months. When, however, the boy who injured him so severely was to be punished, he entreated he might be forgiven. So affectionately did he plead for this, that his request was granted. Let them return good for evil to one another. In this manner acted little Gregory Bedell. He forgave, instead of throwing back fire upon the boy. Or, I might say, instead of acting in the spirit of Proverbs, twenty-sixth chapter, twenty-first verse, he did right, as taught in Proverbs, twenty-fifth chapter, twenty first and twenty-second verses. Let my little friends look at these passages, and learn to act like the good boy of whom I have told them, who became the useful man, and the able divine.

THE HIDING PLACE OF MARTIN LUTHER.—Eisenach is a little over two hours' car-ride southeast of Cassel, but in itself has nothing to be seen, except what may be found in every other German city. On an eminence near by is an old castle, called Wartburg, which, on account of the historical and religious associations connected with it, attracts many visitors. In the courtyard of the castle stands an old, dilapidated two story house, in which Martin Luther, after his return from Worms, was concealed and protected for nearly a year by the Elector of Saxony, Frederic the Great. It is here that he labored so arduously, from May 4th, 1521, to March 6th, 1522, on his translation of the Bible. The little room that he occupied under the name of the "gentleman George," remains as it was when he left it. His table, chest, chair, stove, foot-stool, beadstead, library, bookcase, manuscripts, portraits, etc., are still in the same old place, and position, while on the wall hangs the armor he used to wear when he went out, for he never passed outside of the walls surrounding the castle except in the disguise of a Knight, as there were at that time persons all over the country lying in wait for him, who had sworn to kill him whenever they might find him. Near the table is the "hole in the wall," or rather in the plastering, that he made by throwing his ink bottle at the devil, who, on a certain occasion, it is remembered, troubled him in his work and meditations. The hole is at present fully three feet in diameter, and has a very irregular and informal appearance about it. Our guide, however, said that it was thus enormously enlarged by former visitors picking off souvenirs. Travelers in Europe are great on souvenirs. Still a crumbling bit of mortar would certainly be a very peculiar keepsake to carry about one's pocket or carpet-sack. But persons are no longer allowed thus to pick and gather specimens. As a subeitute, photographs of all these interesting places can now be bought very cheaply right on the spot, which are, in fact, the best souvenirs that one could desire. While I was sitting a quarter of an hour in Luther's straight, old, wooden arm-chair, a thousand confused ideas were hurrying through my head. Over 345 years ago the Great Reformer sat in this same chair and in this same dark and dingy walled chamber, developing those ideas and religious truths which had already set Germany on fire, and which subsequently shook the world so tremendously.

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From the New York Christian Advocate and Journal.

For family sewing in all its varieties, the work of this simple machine is found perfectly strong and reliable; and its hemming is done on the right side, and to any width, and is neat and accurate beyond comparison. Felling, also, is readily performed by it, and we cannot see any requisite for family purposes which it cannot be made to meet as readily as any sewing machine in use. It is simple and easy to work, cannot be run in the wrong direction, nor is there the slightest difficulty in changing the needle; it is not liable to get out of order, and combines cheapness with its other merits. It was not easy to convince us that *one* thread would produce a seam fit for general use, and of reliable strength; but experience has proved it to be so. We must in justice express our confidence in the merits of the Willcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine.

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The heart demands a heart; nor will be paid with less than what it gives.

Family Circle.

HOW I LIVE.

Living friendly, feeling friendly,
Acting fairly towards men;
Seeking to do that to others
They may do to me again.

Hating no man, scorning no man,
Wronging none by word or deed;
But forbearing, soothing, serving,
Thus I live—this is my creed!

PRAXITELES AND PHYRNE.

BY W. W. STORY.

A thousand silent years ago
The starlight, faint and pale,
Was drawing on the sunset glow
Its soft and shadowy vail;

When from his work the sculptor stayed
His hand, and turned to one
Who stood beside him, half in shade,
Said with a sigh, "'Tis done."

Phyrne, thy human lips shall pale,
Thy rounded limbs decay,
Nor love nor prayers can aught avail
To bid thy beauty stay;

But there thy smile for centuries
On marble lips shall live—
For art can grant what love denies,
And fix the fugitive.

Sad thought! nor age nor death shall fade
The youth of this cold bust;
When the quick brain and hand that made,
And thou and I, are dust!

When all our hopes and fears are dead,
And both our hearts are cold,
And love is like a tune that's played,
And life a tale that's told—!

This counterfeit of senseless stone,
That no sweet blush can warm,
The same enchanting look shall own,
The same enchanting form.

And there upon that silent face
Shall unborn ages see
Perennial youth, perennial grace,
And sealed serenity.

And strangers, when we sleep in peace,
Shall say, not quite unmoved.
"So smiled upon Praxiteles
The Phyrne whom he loved."

The Dog and the Wolf.—A Fable from the German.—A wolf having noticed that a shepherd had fallen asleep while tending his flock, took advantage of this favorable opportunity to attempt to make the faithful dog leave the flock.

"You work hard enough, good dog," said the wolf; "really your patience and inviolable fidelity quite astonish me. You are always so concerned for the welfare of your flock; are you not weary of watching constantly?"

"Weary, do you say! one ought never to grow weary of performing one's duty."

"That's true enough," said the hypocrite; "but who in the world would be such a fool as to be a constant slave to his duty? The example of your master, who is sleeping yonder, ought to teach you not to be too conscientious, and to think more of yourself."

"Why," answered the faithful dog, "it's just because I possess the confidence of my master that I may not neglect my duty."

Having said these words, he began to bark so loudly that the shepherd awoke, and, by the help of the dog, frustrated the mischievious designs of their enemy.

It is easy to resist temptations when one is animated by fidelity and honesty.

How to Prosper in Business.—In the first place, make up your mind to accomplish whatever you undertake; decide on some particular employment, and persevere in it. "All difficulties are overcome by diligence and assiduity."

Be not afraid to work with your hands, and diligently, too. "A cat in gloves catches no mice." "He who remains in the mill grinds, not he who comes and goes."

Be frugal. "That which will not make a pot will make a pot lid." "Take care of the pence, and the pounds will take care of themselves."

Rise early. "The sleeping fox catches no poultry."

"Plough deep,
While the sluggards sleep,
And you will have corn to sell and keep."

Treat every one with respect and civility. "Every thing is gained and nothing lost by courtesy. "Good manners insure success."

Never anticipate wealth coming from any other source than labor, and never place dependence on becoming a possessor of an inheritance. "He who waits for a dead man's shoes, may go a long time barefooted." "He who runs after a shadow has a wearisome race."

Above all things, *never despair.* "God is where He was." "Heaven helps them that help themselves."

Follow implicity these precepts, and nothing can hinder you from accumulating.

Errors.—The little that I have seen of the world, and known of the history of mankind, teaches me to look upon their errors in sorrow, not in anger. When I take the history of one poor heart that has sinned and suffered, and represent to myself the struggles and temptations it passed through; the brief pulsation of joy; the feverish inquietudes of hope and fear; the tears of regret; the feebleness of purpose; the scorn of the world that has little charity; the desolation of the soul's sanctuary and threatening voices within; health gone; happiness gone; I would fain leave my erring soul of my fellow-man with Him from whose hands it came.—*Dr. Chalmers.*

The Two Neighbors.—There were two men who were neighbors, and each of them had a wife and several little children who depended upon them for support.

Now, one of these men was greatly troubled, saying, "If I die, or even if I fall sick, what will become of my wife and children?"

The same thought had come also to the other father, but he let it go again, whispering to himself, "God, who knows all His creatures, and who watches over them, will watch over me also, and over my wife and children." And this man lived in peace, while the other knew neither rest nor joy.

One day when the latter, sad and cast down by reason of his fear, was working in the fields, he saw some birds fly into a bush, come out, and then soon return thither. He approached it and saw two nests, side by side, and in each were several little birds newly hatched and still featherless. When he had returned to his work, he raised his eyes from time to time and looked at the old birds going backwards and forwards, carrying food to their young ones. Presently, just as one of the mother-birds was returning with something in her beak, a hawk seized her, and carried her away in spite of her struggles and piteous cries. At this sight the man felt more troubled than before, for he thought, "The death of the mother is the death of the little ones. Mine have only me; what will become of them if I fail them?" And all the day he was very sad, and when night came it brought him no relief.

The next day, on returning to the field, he said to himself, "I will see how these poor little birds are; doubtless several of them have already perished." So he went towards the bush, and looked into the nest; there he saw the birds, and not one of them seemed to have suffered by the loss of its mother.

He was exceedingly astonished, and hid himself to see what would happen.

After a little while he heard a faint cry, and he perceived the bird of the other nest bringing with haste the food she had found, and this she divided between her own and the motherless little ones. There was enough for all; and the poor orphaned birds were not abandoned in their misery.

The man who had mistrusted God told to his neighbor what he had seen, and the latter answered him, "Why art thou troubled? God never forsakes His children. His love has secrets that we know not of. Let us believe, hope and love, then we may go on our journey in peace. If I die before you, you will be a father to my children; if you die before me, I will be a father to yours. Or, if we should both die while they are still of tender age, their father will be our Father who is in heaven."—*From the French of Lamennais.*

A Lady's Opinion of a Lady's Man.—Mrs. Stephens says: "Our own private opinion of the 'lady's man' is that he is thoroughly contemptible — a sort of life hardly worth thinking about—a nutshell with the kernel withered up—a handful of foam drifting over the wine of life—something not altogether unpleasant to the fancy, but of no earthly use. A woman of sense would as soon be put to sea in a man-of-war made of shingles, or take up her residence in a car-house as dream, of attaching herself to a lady-killer.

"Women worth the name are seldom deceived into thinking our 'lady's man' the choicest specimen of his sex. Whatever their ignoranee may be, womanly intuition must tell them that the men who live for a great object, and whose spirits are so firmly knit that they are able to encounter the storms of life—men whose depth and warmth of feeling resemble the powerful current of a mighty river, and not the pebbles on its surface, who, if they love, are never smitten by mere beauty of form or features—that these men are more worthy even of occupying their thoughts in idle moments than the fops and men about town with whose attentions they amuse themselves. If we were to tell him this, he would only laugh; he has no pride about him, although full of vanity; and it matters not to him what we may broadly affirm or quietly insinuate.

"Soft and delicate though he be, he is as impervious to ridicule as a hod-carrier, and as regardless of honest contempt as a city alderman. Were you to hand him this article he would take it to some social party and read it aloud in the most mellifluous voice, as an homage to his own attractions."

Friends that are worth having are not made, but "grow," like Topsy in the novel. An old man gave this advice to his sons, on his death-bed: "Never try to make a friend." Enemies come fast enough without cultivating the crop, and friends who are brought forward by hot-house expedients, are apt to wilt long before they are fairly ripened.

Kind Words, Good Deeds and Evidences of Progress.

A Beautiful Incident.—A young man recently ran away from the galleys of Toulouse. He was strong and vigorous, and soon made his way across the country, and escaped pursuit. He arrived next morning before a cottage in an open field, and stopped to get something to eat, and get a refuge while he reposed a little. But he found the inmates of the cottage in the greatest distress. Four little children sat trembling in the corner, their mother sat weeping and tearing her hear, and the father was walking the floor in agony. The galley-slave asked what was the matter, and the father replied that they were that morning to be turned out of doors because they could not pay their rent.

"You see me driven to despair," said the father; "my wife and my little children, without food or shelter, and I without means to provide them."

The convict listened to the tale with tears of sympathy, and said:

"I will give you the means. I have but just escaped from the galleys. Whosoever brings back an escaped prisoner is entitled to a reward of fifty francs. How much does the rent amount to?"

"Forty francs," answered the father.

"Well," said the other, "put a cord around my body. I will follow you to the city, where they will recognize me, and you will get fifty francs for bringing me back."

"No, never!" exclaimed the astonished listener; "my children should starve a thousand times before I would do so base a thing."

The generous man insisted, and declared at last that he would go and give himself up if the father would not consent to take him.

After a long struggle, the latter yielded, and taking his preserver by the arm, led him to the city, and to the mayor's office.

Everybody was surprised to see that a little man like the father had been able to capture such a strong young fellow; but the proof was before them.

The fifty francs were paid, and the prisoner sent back to the galleys.

But, after he was gone, the father asked a private interview with the mayor, to whom he told the whole story. The mayor was so much affected, that he not only added francs to the father's purse, but wrote immediately to the Minister of Justice, begging the noble young prisoner's release. The minister examined into the affair, and finding that it was a comparatively small offense which had condemned the young man to the galleys, and that he had already served out half his term, ordered his release.

* * *

A Beautiful Thought.—The Rev. Bro. Fosbroke thus beautifully illustrates the moral bearings of Freemasonry: "One benevolent tear is of more value than the diamonds of India, for with these the recording angel writes our names in the Book of Life. Spirit of the meek soul! under thy plastic guidance arose the genius of Masonry. We unloose the chains of the captive—we raise the drooping head of the orphan—we present a cupful of the ambrosia of hope to the children of sorrow. Hand in hand we stand around the blazing altar and chant the hymn of charity. We bow in awful adoration—a scroll of woven light is unfolded by an unseen hand, on which is written, in letters of glowing radiance—Glory to God and love to man."

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One copy will be sent free also to each person making up a club of seven or more.

To our Foreign Friends and European Subscribers.

The Lodges denominated colored, or composed of so-called colored Masons, are unknown to us. We know not their regimen or their work; just as a Mason we know not, and not being "Paul Pry," do not inquire what and how the "Sons of Malta" manage. The "Sons of Malta" may be a very creditable association. If they should change their name to that of "Freemasons" we should not examine their claims. So the "colored Freemasons" may be a very worthy set of men; but we know none as Masons who are not in correspondence with some Grand Lodge of the Masonic family. No Grand Lodge of the United States knows any thing of "colored Freemasons," and our foreign brethren should be careful before they respond to their American correspondents—careful to ascertain whether they are Freemasons or not. We are not discussing the question of color. It is the simple question of legitimacy.

The question is simply whether the body (and similar ones) in Louisiana, which G.·. M.·. Garibaldi addressed as Masonic, is so? whether it is in the Louisiana Masonic succession? for every Freemason believes in this Masonic succession. Italy and France are in correspondence with the regular and legitimate Louisiana Masonic body. There cannot be two bodies equally regular and legitimate within the same jurisdiction, and France and Italy have recognized but one; and until these Grand Orients do recognize another, any brother of these Orients holding Masonic correspondence with such unrecognized body is guilty of a Masonic offense, not only against inter-jurisdictional courtesy, but also against his own obedience.

We trust that the question of race or religion will never be discussed among Masonic circles. Adhering to the old lankmarks, Freemasonry is safe in all her interests.

◆

Biographies, Masonic or profane, should not be mere attempts to narrate a series of striking passages, to record dates of remarkable events and particulars of important occurrences, of initiations, passing and raising, and offices held, barren of results, of failures and successes. The great aim should be to make a truthful portraiture of the person described, distinguishable from others, instructive, encouraging or admonitory; advantageous to the young craftsman, to the Fraternity, and to the public; reviving old recollections agreeably as well as carefully looking to the future in dealing with the past; drawing away attention from the materialism of the present; inspiring our Masonic communities with zeal to imitate the virtues and deeds of their Masonic ancestors; violating no obligation to the living nor duty to the dead; sympathizing sincerely with struggling merit, and seeking earnestly for the truth.

Our readers will sustain our assertion that we have not used our biographical department for purposes of Masonic demagogueism or ephemeral newspaper popularity, or to cater to local and jurisdictional pridè; but to add to the stock of Masonic knowledge, and to increase a love of good and Masonic works.

◆

The Great Story commenced in this number has its counterpart more than once a year in this great city. Some of our police are as noble craftsmen and as courteous Templars as the past has ever produced, and do just such Masonic acts as our story describes. There are ladies who perform at St. Luke's and at other points of the city, just such good works as are mentioned.

If any brother or sister can read this touching story to its conclusion without a tear, his heart has not been touched with Masonic truth and sentiment. This story is the best response to a Parisian journal which asked of us, "What does woman know of Freemasonry?"

Another Proverb of Grand Master King Solomon.

"*A good man leaveth an inheritance to his children's children.*"—Prov. xiii. 22.

How often is this proverb verified in the history of our Fraternity, proving that goodness is indeed profitable in this life, and that it is the prerogative of the good man to entail a legacy for his descendants. Such a brother accumulates his property not by "making haste to be rich," not by fraud, imposition, or taking advantage of others, but by laudable means—diligence in business and justness in all his earnings. Such a brother is also wise to secure it by safe investment or good estate. He is rich without extravagance, frugal without parsimony, and liberal without prodigality. What he saves, in reserve for his posterity, is a memento of his prudent foresight, not of undue solicitude for the morrow, but of a just and commendable regard to the welfare of his offspring, to preclude liability and danger of a consuming apprehension of distress and poverty. An inheritance is not necessarily a curse, as many rashly assert. It is always regarded in the Book of the Law as a blessing, when justly gained and wisely appropriated.

Let every brother be a good man, and so wisely and industriously manage his affairs as to leave a justly gained and wisely administered inheritance to his children's children.

Censure,

It is said, is the tax which eminence of every kind pays for distinction. The tendency of our times especially, and somewhat of our fraternity, is to pander to a morbid taste that craves continually for signal spectacles of failings and imperfections of persons in exalted stations, for exhibitions of eminent people depreciated or defamed. The readiness of men to minister to the prevailing appetite for gossip by violating the sanctity of private life, and even the sacred ties of friendship, is not only to be lamented, but the crime is to be denounced, especially when occurring among Masons.

When the Masonic press indulges in it, it should not only be frowned upon by the fraternity, but its perpetrators should be brought to speedy and condign punishment. If there are private grievances, let the remedy be sought in the Masonic way. They who so use the press show not only that they are unfit for a public position, but also that they are unworthy members of a noble institution.

When the press is made the vehicle of private scandal, the means of promoting sordid interests, when it looks into every imperfection of human nature through a medium which magnifies small imperfections and exaggerates large ones, it becomes infamous. It is the last and lowest stage—lower than this it cannot go. We have heard the term "Satanic" applied to a portion of the secular press; can it ever truthfully be applied to any portion of the "Masonic?"

Collars.

The knights of ancient Rome were permitted to wear, as the insignia of their rank, golden rings and collars. The collars were assumed (not exclusively by the knights) in remembrance of Manlius, surnamed Torquatus, who, having vanquished a gigantic Gaul in single combat, took from his neck the golden collar, "torques," and ever after wore it as a trophy of his victory. The collar furnished the design for those worn by nobles and heralds, called the collar of SS.

◆

Base Ball.—We are requested to say that preparations are on foot for a first-class match on the Capitoline grounds, Brooklyn, proceeds to go to the Brooklyn Temple. Particulars next week.

◆

Our brethren are requested to read the advertisement of Tecumseh Lodge, on page 111.

Is there such a thing as Masonic Law?

Have we a *rule* of action among us?

In the first lecture, as EE.·. AA.·. we are taught that God's name is never to be mentioned but "with that reverential awe that is due from the creature to the Creator." This *law* forbids profanity and irreverence. Now what is the "practice?" Is there no profanity among us? We are instructed to act on the square. Yet is there no shrewdness among Masons in taking advantage of a neighbor's ignorance to overreach? Are we not instructed "to avoid all irregularities and intemperance?" Yet are there no drunkards among us? Is not every command in the decalogue broken, and this in the face of so-called *Masonic* law?

* * *

We fully agree with Bro. Gouley in condemning the course of committees in picking up orators for Masonic occasions from flash speakers of the pulpit and the stump, who know nothing of our mysteries, and view our institution from without and not from within. These orations are propagating either infidel theories of the origin of Freemasonry, or political notions at variance with our landmarks. We quote approvingly from Bro. Gouley:

"We trust sincerely and prayerfully that the present example before us will be sufficient for the future, and will hereafter warn Masonic committees to examine their orators before they engage them, and not allow mere itinerant Masons, who never visit their Lodges, never do any work, who do not know the first principles of our Order, to get themselves invited to "speak their pieces" and disgrace the Fraternity.

St. Louis Freemasons learned the bitter lesson years ago. They had a celebration; they were short of a speaker, and "lit" upon a preacher who had great celebrity as a "talker," and who had taken the degrees before, but had dropped off because the "machine" did not run to suit him. His vanity was tickled and he accepted, and he delivered a most violent attack upon the Order, and it served the committee right. That speech *was not printed*, and we have had no more such Masonic orators since.

* * *

Asylum and School.

As the National Freemason is ready for the press we receive the following from an esteemed brother and one well known to the craft:

My Dear Dr.—Through my intercourse with members of the fraternity I find that there is prevalent the idea that you are bitterly opposed to the School and Asylum. May I ask if there is any foundation for the assumption that you are in a position of antagonism to this truly benevolent and legitimate enterprise? I ask the question as a friend of the great paper of the fraternity, the National Freemason, and as a warm advocate of the School and Asylum. Men's views and opinions are sometimes misrepresented by those who pretend to speak by authority. I believe this to be the case as regards yourself in this particular instance, for I have carefully read your article on the subject of Masonic Colleges, and cannot comprehend how it can be twisted so as to make it apply to the school now about to be established at Havana. That is an asylum, and simply a school for the present—not a college—and the Grand Lodge has no control or jurisdiction over it. It stands on its own merits, and on its own merits it must rise or fall.

Yours fraternally,

L. J. C.

Reply.

1. Our personal and individual views have nothing to do with our editorial and public duties, and with a just and fair representation to the public of whatever may interest any portion of the fraternity. No paper is a proper representative of our institution which is controlled by prejudice, or is in the interest of a party, or is merely the exponent of the views of an editor. The National Freemason, while teaching and practicing forbearance and charity, does not ignore a proper and non-personal discussion of any Masonic question. Whatever personal differences may exist must be settled elsewhere.

2. In the only editorial of ours on "The College Scheme" in the National Freemason, we made no attack upon the Havana enterprise. We objected, and do still object, as the result of the observation and experience of many years, to a college, or indeed any permanent eleemosynary institution, being under the direct control of a Grand Lodge, whose assemblies enumerate nearly 2,000 members, and these changing each year, with brief and hurried sessions and crowded with business. The affairs of a college and an asylum require patient, delicate and continuous attention, and through the whole year. We also thought, and still think a college under Masonic regimen unnecessary. We did not and do not object to a college, under the direction and control of individual Masons. Indeed, there is not a Protestant institution of the State which has not the minds and hearts of Masons fostering and aiding them. But in our article published three months ago we distinctly used these very words:

"*Our religious bodies have learned that a college should be placed under the control of the donors and their wise friends, the denomination merely patronizing them.* THEY WHO DESIRE TO GET UP A MASONIC COLLEGE, LET THEM DO SO BY FURNISHING THE BUILDINGS, ENDOWING IT, AND THEN ASKING THE PATRONAGE OF THE GRAND LODGE AND THE MASONIC PUBLIC, ON THE GROUNDS OF ITS MERIT!"

Our brother and others inform us that the "*Asylum and School*" is not a college, and in nowise the creature of the Grand Lodge.

We have not the particulars of the organization and regimen of the "Asylum and School," but so far as it may promote the interests of the fatherless and the orphan and provide for the *physical, moral and intellectual* wants of those deprived of parental care, and fit them for useful stations in life—so far it shall have our cordial support, no matter whether under the control of our personal friends or not.

3. There should be no conflict, and we believe there is none, between similar enterprises. Let the "Hall and Asylum" project, move forward to its full completion, at the earliest moment consistent with security, and let all auxiliary enterprises be fostered.

* * *

One of many Letters showing the Good the National Freemason is doing.

Keene, N. H.

It is the best paper I ever took for my family. My children have learned several pieces to speak in the sunday-school and the church; all think they are good. My little boy learned one this morning before church, out of your last, "Trust in God and do the Right." He thought it was the best piece he ever learned.

* * *

Editors National Freemason:

In a friendly notice of some remarks made by me before the association of Masters, Past Masters and Wardens of the fourth Masonic District, published in the National Freemason of August 3d, M. W. Bro. Simons made some points that seem to me worthy of a moment's examination.

After stating in substance the proposition which I endeavored to establish, the writer says: "He based his argument upon the assumption that the three degrees of craft Masonry are a landmark, a fallacy, by the way, in more senses than one; first, because the division of craft Masonry into three degrees is a comparatively modern arrangement; and, secondly, the division of the system into three degrees or thirty degrees, is a matter of convenience and not of principle. Landmarks are embodiments of fundamental and important principles, which cannot be changed without changing the structure of Masonry."

That any such assumption as the above formed the main premise of my argument, is a mistake that requires correction; for if the argument has no other foundation than the assumption of a landmark, it follows that the assumption being overthrown, the entireargument fails.

What I attempted to show was that the introduction into Masonry of the so-called higher degrees is a clear innovation of ancient usage, a violation of the landmarks, an element of weakness, and, unless wisely counteracted, may prove an active cause of the ultimate decline of the institution.

In pressing that portion of my argument which related to the violation of landmarks, I mentioned the division of Masonry into three degrees, as a landmark not assumed, but established on the authority of Mackey and three Grand Lodges of England, and concluded that the establishment of the so-called higher degrees as part of the system of Masonry constituted an infringement. Now suppose Mackey and the Grand Lodge of England to be at fault, and that there is really no such landmark, and that no other landmark was shown to be infringed, it would only follow that the argument failed so far as it related to the infringement of landmarks; but does that fact invalidate an argument that concludes that the so-called higher degrees are an innovation of ancient usage, or that they are an element of weakness, or that they may prove an active cause of the decline of the institution? But the question of violating the landmarks is not disposed of by declaring that this particular arrangement is no landmark, for another landmark was referred to, viz., the government of the fraternity by a Grand Master; and the question arises, how can this fundamental feature of the institution be considered as remaining intact when a portion of the fraternity are as Masons under the government and control of organizations into which the Grand Master, as Grand Master, cannot even gain admission? So much with reference to matters contained in my lecture. Now consider for a moment how the question of violating the landmarks fares under the definition given in the foregoing extract. That definition is general; it does not specify a single landmark, but comprehensively declares that "Landmarks are embodiments of fundamental and important principles, which cannot be changed without changing the structure of Masonry." It is a simple logical proposition, that principles in their embodiment may be changed either by addition, subtraction, or substitution. Now whether the time when Masonry was comprised within three degrees be recent or remote, it is clear that at that time all the fundamental principles of Masonry had their embodiment within the three degrees, and that in its organization under a Grand Master the institution was a unit. At the present time the so-called higher degrees are under governments separated from and independent of the Grand Master. In regarding these degrees as part of the system of Masonry, we are forced to one of the following conclusions: either a portion of the "fundamental and important principles" have been transferred to the new degrees, and the structure of Masonry changed by placing that portion in the custody of organizations that are independent of and not amenable to the Grand Master or the Grand Lodge; or, on the other hand, these higher degrees contain new fundamental and important principles not before known to Masonry, constituting a change in both the principle and structure of Masonry. If both these alternatives be denied, the only remaining conclusion is that the so-called higher degrees are utterly destitute of fundamental and important Masonic principles, in which case they cannot for a moment be rightfully considered as forming any part of the system of Masonry.

Fraternally,

J. J. Couch.

Remarks.—We give place to the foregoing, as in duty bound, but we fail to perceive wherein our position is affected, except, perhaps, in some mysterious logical sequence, which, as a plain matter of fact person, Bro. Simons is unable to comprehend. It is true that the fundamental principles of the institution are included in the three degrees of symbolic Masonry; but we do not understand that the institution of the so-called higher degrees is necessarily a violation of them. The fundamental principles of arithmetic are in the rules of addition, subtraction, multiplication and division; but it does not follow that the subsequent and more difficult problems of algebra and geometry are not arithmetical. They require that the student shall have first passed through and acquired a knowledge of the primary rules, which are indeed indispensable to progress in the higher methods. In like manner the high degrees are amplifications of the three symbolic or foundation degrees, and in no wise remove or alter their principles, for if they did they would lose their claim to be Masonic. All the systems of high degrees which we have ever known are based upon the three first, and are only conferred on persons who have been regularly initiated therein. They leave these foundation or symbolic degrees intact. How, then, can they be said to infringe upon their landmarks or be an innovation upon Masonry? Our grandfathers rode in stage coaches and lighted themselves to bed with tallow candles: does it follow that we are no longer human beings because we ride in palace cars and retire to rest by gas light? In academies and colleges they teach the higher degrees of learning, but they do not alter the principles of the alphabet or the rules of grammar; they simply extend the principles taught in the primary school. Just so with the higher degrees. They are but wider applications of the fundamental principles taught in the Blue Lodge, which no one is obliged to learn unless he is so minded. What their effect might be on the ultimate fate of the institution is a matter of speculation in which every one is entitled to his opinion, but which remains to be settled by ulterior experience. Up to this point they do not appear to have produced any very deleterious effect. Still we do not dispute the wisdom of looking ahead, and are ready to be convinced that it will be better to wipe them out —if we can.

Answers to Correspondents.

The Points—of the Maltese Cross, or St. John of Jerusalem, denote the *eight Beatitudes* (Matt. 5th ch.) in the bearers thereof, and are also symbolical of the eight languages of the Order.

∴

The Ancient Templars—always wore *white*, the Knights of St. John *black*. The black is said to be mourning for the suppression of the Order after Jacques DeMolay's martyrdom.

∴

The By-Laws—mean twelve *calendar*, not *lunar* months.

∴

The Seventh Langue—of the Sovereign Order of St. John of Jerusalem, was incorporated in England, by Philip and Mary, in 1554, and revived in 1834 under powers derived from continental Langues. It consists of three classes, Grand Cross of St. John, Knight Commander of St. John, and Knight of St. John. The ribbon of the cross is black, watered.

∴

The Chain of Union.—This peculiar interlocking of hands, called by the French *Chaine d'Union*, and used at Masonic burials and elsewhere, does not strictly pertain to symbolic Masonry. It is probably an appendage to the Royal Arch Degree. Its appropriate signification is there, but we never did see its appropriateness at Masonic burials.

It is formed by the crossing hands, so that each one gives his right hand to the left hand of one brother and thus a complete circle is formed.

∴

Origin of Term Bye- or By-Laws.—In the northeast of England many names end in "by," as Granby, Whitby, Appleby, &c. They are unknown in the South. The northeast coast of England was occupied by angles, in whose language the term "by" signified, in its civic sense, *town* or *city*. In legal phrases it came to imply something relative to a town as distinct from the general government. *By-law* thus means a *town law*, as distinguished from a *statute* or *general law*, such a law as towns or incorporations may make.

Thus Masonically a *By-Law* of the Grand Lodge is a temporary regulation, a rule that each session may affirm, amend or nullify, a liberty that cannot be taken with a constitution.

∴

Johnstown, N. Y.—You will find just what you seek in a *familiar treatise* on the principles and practice of Masonic Jurisprudence by our associate, Bro. John W. Simons, P. G. M.

∴

S. W. S.—A Mason should not prevaricate. Let him say promptly, "I am a Freemason."

∴

The Master or High Priest—should only invite a clergyman to officiate who is a gentleman, and will not violate Masonic proprieties and courtesies.

∴

An ex-post facto law—is just as improper in Masonic as in civil life. There should be no law upon politics except to prevent its introduction into the Lodge-room. As Masons, we are not to determine the legality or propriety of a civil government. As Masons, we deal with a government as *de facto*, and not as *de jure*.

∴

M. E. M.—"Has the Master of a Lodge, after having appointed a commission, a right to be present at its sittings and *ex-officio* to take the chair and direct the proceedings?

Answer. No. When charges are preferred against a brother, he has a right to the utmost impartiality in all the proceedings. The Master occupying in some sense the position of judge, has no right to interfere with the deliberations of the jury, and should by all means keep aloof from its sittings. When the case comes back to the Lodge he has abundant opportunity to express his opinion, as any other member of the Lodge might do. In the mean time he should keep aloof from any act tending to prejudge the case.

∴

Constant Reader.—The National Freemason is the organ of the craft universal, and seeks to promote the best interests of the craft everywhere. We have no personal ends to subserve by its issue, and labor only because we honestly and earnestly believe that we are doing a share of the great work confided to Masonry and Masons. We do our best to please every one, but we are aware that some are not satisfied. Must we on that account cease our labors? Not a great deal. Nor can we stop to kick every mangy cur that snaps at our heels. That the great majority approve our course and like our paper is clear, from the fact of its daily increasing circulation. With this we are content. There is room enough in the world for us and the occasional fly which, settling on our wheel, imagines itself to be kicking up a dust.

∴

Pastille.—We should not be too severe with a first offense, which may have arisen from accidental circumstances. Fraternal admonition may prevent a recurrence where discipline, however mild, would awaken passion and lead to retaliation, trouble and the loss of one, who, under proper treatment might continue to be a useful member of the Lodge. Read Sec. 8, sub. 25 of the constitution, and remember that the offense of which you complain is probably due in a great measure to the present state of society and the artificial life we are living. Make allowance for the infirmities of human nature, and try whether good counsel and advice whispered in the ear will not be more effective for good than the infliction of a rather straight-laced discipline.

∴

Petitioner.—If you make up your mind to sign the application for a new Lodge, you should first go to your own, pay up your dues to date, and inform the Secretary of your intention. He will thus be saved the trouble of posting up your account. If next June a warrant should be granted, and you conclude to remain in the new Lodge, notify the Secretary or Master of the old one, in writing, of your intention, and your account will be finally closed, thus saving trouble to yourself and the Lodge.

∴

De Molay.—The application requires to be signed by not less than nine regular Knights of the Order, and to be indorsed by the existing Commandery nearest the place where the new Commandery is to be established. Inclose with it a draft for ninety dollars, and forward to Hon. Henry L. Palmer, Milwaukie, Wisconsin, and you will probably receive a dispensation by return mail.

∴

Buffer.—The Mutual Relief Association is moving along gradually, no special effort having been made to push it into notice. Its plan of operations is very simple, and we will take great pleasure in posting you up if you will call at our office 432 Broome street, during business hours. Our opinion is best expressed in the fact that we were one of the earliest members. We entertain no doubt of its success.

∴

Sulphur.—Thanks for your invitation, but we have a prior engagement to help a few friends thin out the fish in Lake George next week, and cannot be with you. Wish you all sorts of luck, except bad.

Mutual Relief Association.

This organization, which has been for some time in operation, appeals especially to married men of limited means, and enables them, for an insignificant outlay, to secure a moderate sum available to their families after their decease, a sum, however, much larger in proportion to the investment than could be attained in any other way. Its plan of operations is extremely simple and commends itself to attention. Thus, the association is limited to one thousand members, each of whom pays into its funds, as an initiation fee, six dollars. This money is permanently invested in government securities, and its income is used for the current expenses of the association, as stationery, office rents, stamps, etc. When a member dies, notice is given to every other member, who is then at once to forward to the Secretary one dollar and ten cents, and the money thus collected is to be paid over to the legal representatives of the deceased member. If a member fails to pay the dollar, when notified, he forfeits his membership and the initiation fee paid by him. Out of these forfeitures the association can make good the payment due to families of deceased members.

The question may occur to intending members as to how often they may be called upon to pay the dollar assessment. Of course we cannot answer exactly, but reference to the tables of mortality shows that out of one thousand persons in average health, from three to five are likely to die in each year, say six or eight, and it will be seen at a glance that, as against the benefit secured, the premium amounts to nothing.

Meanwhile we fraternally advise the brethren to connect themselves with the one already established, the office of which is at No. 432 Broome street, and thus secure for their families the advantage of its payment in case of death, so apt to come when we least expect him and at a time when we are least prepared for his advent.—*Masonic Eclectic.*

Note.—Each member has forty days in which to pay the one dollar and ten cents, due at the death of each member.

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW YORK CITY.

Bro. P. M. Isaiah Rynders contradicts the slander that he has been engaged lately in a prize fight. He says: "Those who are best acquainted with me know that I have never been engaged in prize fighting, and that nothing could induce me to do so. But friends have written me from different sections of the country requesting me to publish a contradiction of this malicious report, which leads me to believe that it has been extensively circulated, and as there are thousands who know me only by newspaper reputation, and in many instances from just such scurrilous reports as the one alluded to above or from others of a similar character. I have, therefore, concluded to state to the public that this report is a gross, unqualified falsehood."

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Eureka Lodge, No. 243, mourns the loss by death of Bro. John B. Schaffer, aged forty-three years and seven months. He was followed to his final resting place by his brethren.

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St. John's Lodge.—The members presented to Bro. Oliver G. Brady a jewel of his office as District Deputy Grand Master of the Second Masonic District. Bro. Anthon made a brief and appropriate speech, which was feelingly responded to by W. Bro. Brady.

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Necrological.—We record with infinite sorrow the death of our esteemed friend and brother, Edward Unkart, Past Master of Pythagoras Lodge, No. 86. Bro. Unkart was a native of Saxony, but for many years a resident in this country, having established himself in New York in 1829, and by attention to business succeeded in acquiring a competence.

He became a member of Pythagoras Lodge by initiation in 1843, was elected Junior Warden in 1846, Senior Warden in the following year, and Master in 1848, in which capacity he served the brethren six years.

In 1858, on the 52d anniversary of his birth, he was, on motion of Bro. Chas. F. Bauer, elected honorary Master *ad vitam.*

In 1859 he was one of a committee appointed by the Grand Master to visit and inspect the German Lodges in New York, so much to the satisfaction of the Grand Lodge that they created a German district, which has ever since been under the direction of R. W. Bro. C. F. Bauer.

On the 4th May of the present year he visited his Lodge for the last time, being shortly afterward confined to his bed with inflammatory rheumatism, of which he died on the 18th July.

His funeral took place at the Lutheran Church, Brooklyn, two days afterward, and was largely attended by his brethren and friends. Bro. Harting, of No. 86, pronounced an address appropriate to the occasion.

Rarely have we known a more upright man or more devoted Mason, and most sincerely do we join with his brethren and friends in mourning his loss. Let us hope that, as one by one, we join the innumerable throng which has preceded us to the portals of the true life, we shall again meet his enfranchised spirit and enjoy with him that bliss of which it hath not entered into the heart of man to conceive.

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Base Ball for the Hall and Asylum.—This match, got up under the direction of a committee of Continental Lodge, No. 287, was played on the Union grounds, Williamsburgh, on Thursday of last week, in presence of an assemblage variously estimated at from five to eight thousand persons, many of whom were ladies, and all of whom, boys included, preserved the same order they would at church. The grounds were in capital order, and every convenience was afforded to spectators and players by Mr. Cammeyer, the proprietor, who has our thanks for courtesies extended. Inspector Folk was on hand with a force of police, but they had nothing to do but watch the game. The players were selected from various clubs in New York and Brooklyn, and when arranged for play, stood as follows:

New York—Pike, 3 b; Goldie, 1 b; H. C. Kelly, r. f.; Devyr, s. s.; Birdsall, l. f.; W. J. Kelly, c.; Hatfield, 2 b.; Pabor, c. f.; Walker, p.

Brooklyn—Crane, 2 b.; Patterson, s. s.; Rogers, l. f.; Start, 1 b.; Klein, r. f.; Worth, c. f.; Ferguson, 3 b.; Swandell, p.; McDiarmed, c.

John A. Lowell, of Boston, umpire.

The game, which resulted in favor of the New Yorkers, was pronounced by expert players to have been one of the finest ever played and creditable alike to both sides, as may be judged from the fact that but twenty runs were secured during the whole game.

At the conclusion prizes prepared by the committee were awarded as follows:

For the best batting on the New York side, two splendid rosewood bats decorated with silver to the Mutual club. For the best batting on the Brooklyn side, two bats as described above to the Star club.

For the greatest number of fly catches, a splendid gold medal, valued at $50, to Charles Pabor, of the the Unions. For the best individual batting, a handsome pair of base ball shoes with patent spikes, to Thomas Devyr, of the Mutuals. The second prize for best scoring was decided by the committee to be between Messrs. Walker and Pike, who drew lots for it, Pike being the lucky man.

For the convenience of our base ball readers we append the official score:

INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	*Total.*
							1			
N. Y...	1	7	1	2	1	0	1	0	0	—13
B'klyn	0	0	1	3	0	1	1	1	0	— 7

Fly Catches.—N. Y., H. C. Kelly, 1; Pabor, 4; Pike, 1; W. J. Kelly, 3—9. Brooklyn—Roegers, 1; Patterson, 2; Crane, 3; Swandell, 1; Start, 1; Ferguson, 3; Worth, 1; Klein, 1; McDiarmed, 3—16.

Fly Misses.—Birdsall, 2; Patterson, 1.

Foul Fly Catches.—W. J. Kelly, 3; McDiarmed, 3.

Foul Bound Catches.—Ferguson, 1; McDiarmed, 2; W. J. Kelly, 3.

Passed Balls.—New York, 1; Brooklyn, 7.

Balls Called.—Swandell, 1; Klein, 5.

Left on Bases.—Devyr, 3; Hatfield, 1; W. J. Kelly, 1; Wellen, 2—7. Worth, 1; Ferguson, 1; Swandell, 1; Start, 1; Crane, 1; Brooklyn, 5.

Double Fly.—Pike, Hatfield and Goldie.

Struck Out.—Worth, 1.

Bases given on Called Ball.—Goldie, 1.

Umpire—John A. Lowell, of Boston.

Scorers.—Messrs. Ebbetts and McDiarmed.

Bases on Hits.—Mutual, Pike, 5; Devyr, 5; Hatfield, 3; total, 13. Union, Goldie, 1; Birdsall, 1: Pabor, 1; total, 3. Active, Walker 4; W. J. Kelly, 2; H. C. Kelly, 2; total, 8. New York, 24. Atlantic, Crane, 3; Start, 2; Ferguson, 4; total, 9. Stars, Rogers, 3; Worth, 3; McDiarmed, 4; total, 10. Patterson, 2; Klein, 1; Swandell, 3; total, Eckford, 6; Brooklyn, 24.

Term of Game.—One hour and forty-five minutes.

A return match is talked of, and as the proprietors of the Capitoline have tendered their grounds and the Committee offer duplicates of the prizes, there is little doubt but that it will be arranged. We sincerely hope so, for we are free to admit that we were intensely gratified with the first game and would gladly see it repeated.

NEW YORK STATE.

Waterloo.—The fiftieth anniversary of the first Masonic Lodge in Waterloo was celebrated (July 30) by a reunion of surviving members of Junius Lodge, No. 291, and addressed by Gen. Fairchild.

The *Observer* says:

The Lodge was called to order as Junius Lodge. The following is a list of officers of the evening, with the date of membership:

W. M., C. Fairchild, Junius Lodge, 1819, W. M., 1825, 1826.	
S. W., H. S. Lisk, Junius Lodge,	1825
J. W., H. F. Gustin, “ “	1826
Treas., Gardner Wells, Phelps Lodge,	1811
Sec., Rev. E. Chapin, Junius Lodge,	1825
Senior D., D. S. Kendig, “ “	1825
Junior D., Daniel Kern, “ “	1824
Tyler, John Sholes, “ “	1820
Steward, D. W. Keeler, Ark Lodge, Geneva,	1821
“ Teunis Henion, Palmyra Lodge,	1823
Visiting Brothers, Andrew Sherman, Whitesboro' Lodge,	1821

And a goodly number of brethren of Seneca Lodge.

Lodge opened on the Master's Degree, and the minutes of the meeting of Junius Lodge, held Dec. 27th, 1826 (being the last meeting of which the records are preserved), were read and approved. Bro. Fairchild then proceeded to deliver an interesting address, being a history of Masonry in Waterloo in its earlier days, with personal recollections of the prominent members of the old Lodge, and incidents in the early history of the village, together with a sketch of the anti-masonic crusade, from the year 1827 to 1830, which forced this and most other Lodges in this part of the State to suspend their meetings, and, finally, to give up their Charters. After the address, remarks were made by Bros. Gustin, Keeler and others. Extracts from minutes of the Lodge, embracing the period from 1817 to 1827, were then read, which, reviving the memories of olden times, elicited many pleasant reminiscences of those "times which tried men's" Masonic "souls."

At eleven o'clock, after a heartfelt, earnest and appropriate prayer by Bro. Chapin, which was especially impressive and touching from the peculiar circumstances under which it was uttered, the Lodge closed.

The venerable men who, this evening, for the first time in forty years, met together in a Lodge-room to renew their Masonic obligations, comprise it is believed, all the members of Junius Lodge now living, except Bros. Job White, Amherst Childs, T. Parsons and J. L. Booth, whose absence from this interesting meeting was much regretted.

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LAYING A CORNER-STONE.—On the 8th inst., R. W. Christopher G. Fox, Junior Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of New York, acting as Grand Master, laid the corner-stone of a new Normal School edifice in the village of Fredonia, and the ceremony is spoken of as one of the most imposing ever witnessed in Western New York. About twenty-five hundred Masons of various degrees were in the procession, escorting the local dignitaries, orator of the day, etc. Before proceeding to lay the stone, Bro. Fox delivered the following address:

Brethren: To deposit the foundation stone of any imposing structure is one of the most important of the public ceremonies of Freemasonry. We have assembled here to-day under the canopy of heaven, to perform those rights which time-honored usage has rendered particularly appropriate, for an undertaking such as we are about to inaugurate. From the period that our Craft ceased to be wholly operative in its purposes, it has become a custom in those communities in which Masonic practices are known and appreciated, to invite the performance, at the commencement of all important public buildings, of those solemn and impressive ceremonies which have, from time immemorial, distinguished the Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons from all other associations of men. In conformity with that custom, and in compliance with an invitation from the Trustees of this village, under whose auspices the building is to be erected, we purpose planting, in due Masonic form, the corner-stone of one of a series of Normal Schools, projected by the State authorities, and located here as a memorial of the enterprise and munificence of the people, and their desire to perpetuate to posterity the blessings of education.

The antiquity of Masonry, whose origin is vailed in the gloom of the past, its history through the centuries of its existence as a Society of Architects and Builders, and its later development as a speculative science in which the rules and principles, the technical language and the implements and materials of operative masonry are consecrated to the worship of God, as the Grand Architect of the Universe, as well as its entire freedom from sectarian and political theories, all combine to render it eminently proper that Freemasonry alone of all societies should inaugurate, with its ancient forms and ceremonies, all institutions that tend to advance and elevate mankind. The custodian of noble truths, gathered in rich profusion from the experience of past ages, and illuminated by the glimmerings of light which are permitted to reach us through the dim and shadowy clouds that darken our future, she delights to honor the example of him whom the traditions of the Craft point out as the founder of its mysteries, and who desired neither riches which corrupt the heart, nor power which corrodes the mind, but Light and Truth, the essential attributes of Wisdom. The fraternal light which emanates from her altars is potent; in the dread presence of war, mitigating its horrors and alleviating its sufferings, and in the pleasant walks of peace, her influence noiselessly but effectively softens the asperities of life, and cultivates a spirit of friendship and brotherly love, that will endure till death sunders the tie that binds us together in a common bond. Her mission is to teach—

> "How brethren shall be conjoined,
> So that nor hardships, nor the lusts of life,
> Nor disappointments, nor the darkening tomb,
> May rend the bolts that weld them into one."

Not confined by the contracted limits of a narrow creed, Masonry extends her ardent sympathies to all efforts which have for their object the advancement of civilization and the improvement of the condition of the human race; and we have come to rejoice with this people and to add our felicitations to theirs, on the successful termination of their endeavor to secure among them an institution whose influence for good will live when all who now feel an interest in its welfare shall have passed away.

Brethren, we are now about to engage in the solemn service appointed for the occasion that has brought us together, and as the implements of masonry are applied to the foundation-stone, let us revert to the lessons which they teach, and to the sacred duty charged upon us when placed in the position occupied by this corner-stone. Let us then "walk uprightly in our several stations before God and man, squaring our actions by the square of virtue, and ever remember that we are traveling upon the level of time to that undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns."

The usual ceremonies followed, after which Hon. O. Stiles delivered the oration, a copy of which has been sent us, but it is too long for our columns.

The whole multitude now moved *en masse* to the beautiful grove, which forms part of the model Fair Grounds of the Farmers and Mechanics' Institute of Fredonia and the adjoining towns. In the cool shade of this delightful grove, a long extent of numerous tables had been erected and spread with an unbounded supply of refreshments, both substantial and delicate, which the fair daughters of Fredonia — and no village in America can exhibit a fairer family — served with consummate grace. Two or three hours were happily spent under the trees, and then it was with reluctant feet the guests departed to their several homes.

PENNSYLVANIA.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., *August 8th*, 1867.

Editors National Freemason, New York.

DEAR SIRS: The contents of the inclosed article are correct. He had his household goods shipped yesterday to New York city. Under the name of Magdeline Balsom, his wife (or traveling companion) attending to shipping, and stating at the depot that she was a soldier's widow.

I am very truly yours,

GEO. G. MCKURTRY.

An Alleged Confidence Man—Extensive Operations—Sudden Interruption in Accumulations.

Some four or five weeks since a man calling himself Dr. Ely, and representing himself as a Methodist minister, arrived in this city, and introduced himself to the ministers of that denomination in this city and vicinity, as well as to some of the prominent laymen connected with the different churches. He stated that he was in needy circumstances, and having come to the city with a view of practicing medicine, he appealed for assistance from the members of the church to enable him to live until he could establish himself in practice. He stated that he was a native of New York, had graduated at Geneva College in that State, and afterwards had studied medicine under Dr. Mott. He further stated that he had removed to South Carolina, and was ordained as a minister in the M. E. Church South by Bishop Soule. He was a resident of Charleston when the war first broke out, and, according to his oft-repeated tale, had acquired a competence. When the "first gun was fired on Sumter," he fled from the South, leaving his family behind him, and, on reaching New York, joined the Union army as a private, although he had previously been offered a "Colonelcy" in the rebel army. He served throughout the war, as he stated, was taken prisoner, was confined in one of the horrible prison pens, endured all the sufferings inflicted on our brave men, and when released was reduced almost to a skeleton—to use his own expression, he "went in over two hundred pounds and came out less than a hundred" in weight. He had received honorable scars (but did not show them), and as a minister and a soldier claimed assistance. He furthermore represented himself as a Mason, and sought assistance from the members of that fraternity.

Being an excellent "talker," and with such documentary evidences as disarmed suspicion, he secured the confidence of a large number of persons, and was permitted to make appeals to several of the Methodist congregations in this city. In some instances he met with great success, after having rehearsed the troubles and tribulations through which he had passed, such as the death of his two children, from starvation in the South, while he was "fighting for the Stars and Stripes and the perpetuation of our glorious Union;" the confiscation of his property by the rebels; his efforts to earn a livelihood since his discharge; his patriotism in refusing a colonelcy in the rebel army, and such other things as were calculated to awaken the sympathies and open the pockets of the benevolent. He was also successful in his appeals to the members of the Masonic fraternity, receiving a considerable amount of money from them. There seems to have been no suspicions entertained by any person with whom he became acquainted that his statements were not "all right." On Monday, however, copies of the NATIONAL FREEMASON, published in New York city, were received by subscribers here, and in it an article giving the description of a man who had been "doing" the fraternity in that city appeared. The plan of operations, the "statement" and the description of the man answers so closely those of Dr. Ely, now in this city, that his accumulations of sympathy and money have been suddenly interrupted, and are likely to continue so, unless he can establish beyond doubt that he is "not the man." Following is the article:

Masonic Board of Relief,
CITY OF NEW YORK, *July 16th*, 1867.

To the Right Worthy Secretary of the Grand Lodge of ———: A person calling himself John Ely, *alias* Dr. Hunter, *alias* Dr. Geo. Levi, but whose real name is George Levison, has been imposing upon the charities of the Masonic fraternity for some months past. He represents himself as being Past Master of a Lodge in Charleston, S. C., which city he left the day on which the bombardment of "Sumter" was commenced, enlisting as a private in the Seventh U. S. infantry; as having been taken prisoner, and afterwards released by Gen. Lee. Sometimes he claims to be a physician, at others a Methodist minister. By his ready answers to all questions he has succeeded in victimizing the fraternity in this city and vicinity to a considerable extent. He has also succeeded in exciting the sympathies of the Methodist congregations (white and black), and has swindled them to probably as great an extent.

All of his statements are false, and we have evidence that, at the time he says he was a soldier in the U. S. army, he was serving out a three years' sentence in the Trenton, N. J., prison for bigamy.

He has been followed up so closely that he has fled from this city. I have been instructed by the Masonic Board of Relief to communicate this information to the several Grand Secretaries, that they may take the necessary steps to prevent the Subordinate Lodges in their jurisdiction from being victimized.

This Levison is a man of genteel appearance, about fifty-five years of age, five feet nine or ten inches in height, mixed gray hair, and a capital talker, calculated to excite the sympathies of all with whom he may come in contact. Fraternally yours,

FREDK. W. HERRING, *Sec.*

Some of the persons who had contributed to the relief of Dr. Ely visited him this morning, and showed him the article given above. He acknowledged that it answered his description very closely, but he denied most positively that he was the man referred to. He claimed that he would be able to substantiate his statements in every particular.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Rochester.—The corner-stone of a new Methodist church was laid with Masonic ceremonies. Grand Master Rowell conducted them. The occasion gathered together the largest number of persons ever seen in the place at one time. There were present eight Lodges and two Commanderies, and many brethren. The craft were the guests of Humane Lodge of Rochester. Gov. and Bro. Harriman was the orator of the day. The corner-stone of the previous chapel was laid Masonically, St. John's day, 1825. In the old stone was found an autograph letter from Gen. Layfayette, dated Dover, June 3, 1825, acknowledging the invitation of Humane Lodge, and expressing his regret that he should not be able to be present at the celebration on the following day.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Grand Chapter.—Letter of Comp. A. G. Mackey, P.·. G.·. G.·. H.·. P.·., sustaining the legality of the formation of the Grand R.·. A.·. Chapter of the District of Columbia.

CHARLESTON, July 26, 1867.

COMP. N. D. LARNER,

Grand Secretary Grand Chapter District of Columbia, Washington City:

DEAR SIR AND COMPANION: I have received and read, I confess with much astonishment, the copy sent by you to me, of the edict of the General Grand High Priest of the General Grand Chapter of the United States. I suppose myself to be not altogether ignorant of the general principles of Masonic law, and from my former position in the General Grand Chapter somewhat familiar with the Constitution of that body, and with the prerogatives of its presiding officer. But I have looked in vain in the law or the Constitution for the least color of authority which would sanction the General Grand High Priest in assuming jurisdiction over a State Grand Chapter, or intervening in a matter which comes exclusively within the purview of the Grand Chapter of Maryland.

In the controversy which the Gen. G. High Priest has inaugurated between himself and the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia, had I been merely "a looker on in Venice," I should most certainly have refrained from taking a part. But unfortunatety I do not occupy this neutral position. By the invitation of the members of the convention I was present at the organization of the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia, and acted as the installing officer. When, therefore, the Gen. G. High Priest asserts, in a document issued with all the formality of an official imprimature, that that body is "irregular and clandestine," I feel that I am, by implication at least, included in the anathema. I am unwilling to admit that I was either so ignorant or so unfaithful to the principles of Masonic law as to aid and assist in the establishment of a "clandestine" body. Self-respect requires that I should defend myself and show that the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia is a legally constituted body, and that the only irregularity in the transaction is that of which the Gen. G. High Priest was guilty when he undertook to assume functions which could only properly be exercised by the Grand Chapter of Maryland. But in this defense of myself from the imputations contained in the decree of the Gen. G. High Priest, I utterly disclaim all personal or angry feelings towards that distinguished officer, for whom I have long entertained, and still continue to entertain, the most profound respect and the most cordial friendship. If, in the course he has assumed, he has erred, it is because he is not exempt from the common lot of humanity. *Humanum est errare.*

In the investigation of this question, it is necessary for us to know that in 1816 the Grand Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia was admitted by the General Grand Chapter as one of its constituents; that in 1822 the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia was formed, and that in 1824 it also was admitted into the confederacy of the General Grand Chapter; that in 1833 the G. C. of the District of Columbia became dormant; that in 1838 the G. C. of Maryland reassumed jurisdiction over the District, and granted a warrant for the constitution of a Chapter in the city of Washington; that in 1841 the General Grand Chapter gave its sanction to this reassumption of jurisdiction; and that from 1841 to 1867, the Grand Chapter of Maryland had uninterruptedly exercised this jurisdiction; so that during that period of twenty-six years, to say nothing of all the years that preceded it, the District of Columbia was territory occupied by a State Grand Chapter, which, according to the General Grand Constitution, Art. II., Sec. 3, had the sole government and control of the several Royal Arch Chapters which were working in the District. And this government and control being thus vested in the Grand Chapter of Maryland, it was competent for that body to take such action in relation to the Chapters in the District as to it might seem most advisable, and whether that action was right or wrong, expedient or inexpedient, the General Grand Chapter, by the express terms of its own Constitution (Art. I., Sec. 2), could exercise "no power of discipline, admonition, censure, or instruction" over the Grand Chapter of Maryland. But if the General Grand Chapter possesses no power of discipline, it follows, *à fortiori*, that such power cannot reside in the Gen. Grand High Priest, who is only the creature and agent of the Gen. Grand Chapter during its recess. Such I assert is the law, and this I challenge any to deny and to support his position by legitimate argument.

Now as to the facts. And here I shall not encumber my argument with dates and minor details, but shall simply give the broad outlines of the events which have led to the present difficulty.

In 1866 three of the four Chapters in the District of Columbia, being desirous of establishing a jurisdiction within themselves which should be independent of Maryland, applied to the Grand Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia for permission to dissever their connection with that body, and to form a Grand Chapter for the District of Columbia. This permission was formally granted, a convention was held, the warrants of the Chapters were surrendered, a Grand Chapter was organized, and its Grand Officers were elected and installed.

Now, all of this having been done with the consent and under the authority of the Grand Chapter of Maryland, I know of no Masonic power on earth which can affect the action of that body, except the opinions of its sister Grand Chapters, expressed after due investigation in their various convocations. They might condemn its course; they might suspend all communication with it. Or they might, as I think they undoubtedly will, declare that the act by which that Grand Chapter authorized the formation of a Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia was one of the wisest acts that it had ever performed, and one which will most pre-eminently tend to the preservation of the harmony and the increase of the prosperity of the Order.

The various Grand Chapters may do this. But where does the General Grand High Priest find his authority for intervening in the business of a sovereign and independent Grand Chapter? Where does he discover that hitherto unheard of prerogative which will entitle him to interpose his veto upon the formal acts of the Grand Chapter of Maryland? Not, certainly, in the Constitution of the General Grand Chapter. That body, useful as it is, is a Congress of Grand Chapters, triennally assembling for the intercommunication of Masonic views among distinguished Masons congregated from all sections of our vast territory, and really without any power of legislation that can influence or control, except by moral suasion, the conduct or proceedings of a State Grand Chapter. It has, to use its own language, "no power of discipline, admonition, censure or instruction over the Grand Chapters." Stripped thus, by its own enactment, of all prerogative of coercive legislation, it cannot confer that prerogative on its presiding officer, to be exercised during its recess. It has not attempted in any clause of its Constitution to confer such prerogative. It has only bestowed upon him the power to grant dispensations for new Chapters in territories not occupied by a State Grand Chapter, and to give instructions in the work. The office of General Grand High Priest is one of great honor and dignity, but of little or no power, save over the few Chapters established by the General Grand Body in unoccupied territories. There he has, to some extent, the powers of a State Grand High Priest. But as to all other prerogatives or powers the General Grand Chapter, possessing none itself, has communicated none to him.

But I have been informed that the General Grand High Priest founds his claim to interfere with the organization of the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia upon the 9th section of the second article of the General Grand Constitution. But until I have the admission from himself, I will not believe that a companion of such acknowledged legal acumen as the present General Grand High Priest can have so mistaken the purport and application of that section. An examination of the context will show that it applies only to the organization of a Grand Chapter in some territory unoccupied by a State Grand Chapter, out of three three Chapters, regularly instituted by warrants from the General Grand Chapter. In such an event the approbation of one of the first four General Grand Officers is required. No one denies this. But the Chapters in the District of Columbia which formed a State Grand Chapter were located in a part of the territory of the Grand Chapter of Maryland, derived their warrants from that body, and were Masonically in allegiance to it, and to it only. In their acts and doings the General Grand High Priest could have no voice. He had no power to form them into a Grand Chapter, and he had no power to prevent such formation.

The Grand Chapter of Maryland alone had the right to express an opinion as to the legality or illegality of such a transaction. In fact, in the subject under review the General Grand High Priest is an unauthorized intervener between the Grand Chapter of Maryland and the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia.

The Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia is seated on a vantage-ground which, in my opinion, the General Grand High Priest cannot approach. It presents to him a dilemma, on either horn of which he must be transfixed.

The Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia is either a legal Grand Chapter, or it is a clandestine one.

If it be legal, then it is entirely out of the jurisdiction of the General Grand High Priest, because it has not become a constituent of the General Grand Chapter. He has no more connection with it officially than he has with the Grand Chapter of Florida or of Virginia.

But if it be clandestine, then the Grand Chapter of Maryland, whose territory and jurisdiction it has invaded, is the only Masonic authority which is competent to take cognizance of the matter. That body might declare another Grand Chapter established within its jurisdiction to be clandestine, and might expel its adherents. But the General Grand High Priest would be required, under the constitution of the body which he represents, to keep out of the family quarrel.

In conclusion, it appears to me that this is not a dispute between the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia and the General Grand High Priest, but between that officer and the Grand Chapter of Maryland, whose prerogatives he has undertaken to assume.

For my own part, when I consented to act as the installing officer of the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia, I looked only to the action of the Grand Chapter of Maryland to guide and control me. Until the Grand Chapter of the District was constituted I was in the jurisdiction of the Grand Chapter of Maryland.

There the General Grand High Priest was without substantial power. When the Grand Chapter of Maryland gave its consent to the forthcoming organization, I sought permission from no one else. And in these views I confidently anticipate that I will be supported by the opinion of the whole Royal Arch fraternity, who will be slow to believe that the Grand Chapter of Maryland would consent to the organization of a clandestine body within its jurisdiction. I remain yours, fraternally,

ALBERT G. MACKEY, P.·. G.·. G.·. H.·. P.·.

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Editors National Freemason:

Having been favored with a copy of Dr. Mackey's letter on the Constitution of the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia, I respectfully ask space to say, without entering into any general discussion of the matter, that the doctor, in his haste to justify his own action in the premises, overlooks the principle of law which is at the bottom of the whole matter.

Taking it for granted that you will publish the letter in question, I will refer to it instead of making quotations, and thus economize space. The doctor's argument is based on the idea that the Grand Chapter, of Maryland, having acquired jurisdiction over the the District of Columbia, the General Grand Chapter, by the terms of its Constitution, had no right to interfere. But when the Grand Chapter formally surrendered jurisdiction, the territory of the district became Masonically vacant, and the authority of the Grand Chapter at once established itself.

Now, a Grand Chapter can only be established in vacant territory by and with the consent of the General Grand Chapter. If a convention of the Chapters in the District has been called, and the sanction of the General Grand High Priest had to their proceedings and to the establishment of the Grand Chapter of the District, then the proceedings are regular, if not, not. Either way, the Grand Chapter of Maryland has nothing to do with it, having by solemn vote surrendered all authority in the premises. There is and can be, in my opinion, no doubt whatever of the right of the General Grand High Priest to exercise his authority in the premises. HAGGAI.

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WASHINGTON, D. C., July 20, 1867.

The edict of the General Grand High Priest pronouncing the G. R. A. Chapter of this District illegal and clandestine does not, I regret to say, receive from that body the respectful consideration due to the character of an official paper emanating from the acknowledged head of Capitular Masonry of the United States. By some of the officers of that body the official service upon them of the edict was rejected with contempt, and I am well advised that all of them have fully determined to treat the edict with open defiance. A large number of our companions, however, have signified their loyalty to the General Grand Chapter, by either affiliating with Potomac Chapter, or petitioning the General Grand High Priest for dispensation to open Chapters under the authority of the General Grand Chapter; and, notwithstanding this slight ripple upon our Masonic waters, we believe that Capitular Masonry will soon be in a flourishing condition in this District, and that it will remain loyal to the General Grand Chapter. We regret this little trouble. It is entirely causeless, and can easily be settled on the basis of loyalty to the General Grand Chapter. The loyal companions here are ready for such a settlement. They are ready to meet their erring brethren on such a platform in the spirit of forgiveness, letting by-gones be by-gones, and burying the past in forgetfulness. They are willing that a *legally* constituted Grand Chapter should be created, and that the present Grand Chapter party should have and enjoy all the offices; but it will be insisted upon that a Grand Chapter in the District of Columbia must be *legally* constituted under the laws of the General Grand Chapter of the United States, and be and remain loyal to that Grand body. The whole question is one of loyalty or disloyalty to the General Grand Chapter, whose constitution and laws and edicts we have each and all taken a solemn oath to suport and obey, obligations from which we cannot absolve ourselves, and from which a majority of the companions in this District have no desire to be absolved. We shall soon have three loyal Chapters at work here, and in due time we hope to have a Grand Chapter *legally* constituted under authority of the General Grand Chapter of the United States. BETA.

GEORGIA.

[We feel assured that the following is a worthy object, and call the attention of our brethren to it.]

CEDAR TOWN, POLK CO., GEORGIA,
August 3d, 1867.

Caledonia Lodge, No. 121, solicits donations to enable us to build a Lodge-room, as we had the sad misfortune of losing our room and all of our jewels and furniture thereunto belonging by fire, which was set thereto by the Federal Army in 1864, whilst occupying this place; and we, as members of Caledonia Lodge, being in a poor and penniless condition, are not able to build. The NATIONAL FREEMASON will please act for us in this matter, and procure some donations. When you receive any you can send it to us by express to Rome, Ga., and notify us of the same by letter at this place.. We can refer you to Bro. W. W. Boyd, Deputy Grand Master of this State.

WM. J. HOWARD, Sec'ry.

DELAWARE.

Grand Lodge.—The following are the officers for the current year:

Daniel McClintock, G. M.; Jacob Moore, D. G. M.; Rev. H. C. Fries, G. S. W.; Robert W. Birnie, G. J. W.; J. Thomas Budd, G. T.; J. P. Allmond, G. S.; Willis Holden, G. L.; Rev. John France, G. C.; Thos. M. Ogle, G. M.; Myers C. Conwell, G. S. B.; John N. Richards, G. S. D.; George K. Yates, G. T.

Thus speaks the Grand Master, Bro. M'Clintock, in his address to the late Grand Lodge:

While recounting the many blessings we have enjoyed, let us not be unmindful to extend Masonic sympathy and aid to sister jurisdictions, that have suffered from the terrible ravages of civil strife, nor turn a deaf ear to the charitable appeals in behalf of widows and orphans of deceased brothers that come to us.

He notices the death of ex-Gov. Burton, P. D. G. M.

The Grand Lodge passed the following resolution, which is all right, if properly interpreted:

Resolved, That no Lodge or individual Mason shall hold communion or fellowship with any society or body professing or claiming, as such, to be Masonic, except such as are recognized and acknowledged by this Grand Lodge. Any disregard, violation, or infraction of this regulation, will subject the party or parties to expulsion.

If this means a formal recognition it is wrong. If it means to bear upon sundry bodies which are not in the Masonic succession and yet bear the Masonic name, it is right. The Grand Lodge of Delaware would certainly permit a brother of its jurisdiction to visit a Lodge in Constantinople, and yet we suppose the G.·. L.·. of Deleware has not formally recognized and is not in correspondence with the G.·. L.·. of Turkey. What we suppose the G.·. L.·. of Delaware to mean we heartily indorse.

We shall refer to another resolution at another time.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Grand Chapter.—Comp. R. S. Bruns is G.·. H.·. P.·. and Comp. Thayer Grand Sec. for the current year. At the late session, Comp. Mackey, who served as G.·. H.·. P.·. for twenty years, begged "to retire from the field," and "take" his "rest." Comp. Bruns, as Chairman of the Committee on Correspondence, says:

Masonry at large throughout our country is in a most flourishing condition, and we are glad to be able to report that the sentiments generally expressed by the Grand High Priests in Northern jurisdictions are such as do honor to that large spirit of charity which is the just boast of our Order. But we regret to notice that, in a few instances, a narrow feeling has exhibited itself in the form of harsh and ungenerous attacks.

Let us trust and pray that we shall not again be called upon to refer to any expression of sentiment or feeling inconsistent with the vital principles of our Order; but rather hope that Masons everywhere will unite, and cordially unite, in the noble work of succoring the distressed and healing those that be sick, making the lame to walk and the blind to see.

In this work of divine charity, in the grateful task of collecting the scattered fragments of our ruined temples and rebuilding them in their old and fair proportions, Masonry will be fulfilling her truest, her most sacred mission, and will thus present to the world of humanity the rare example of universal fellowship, wrought out by the force of principles legitimately derived from and scarcely second in value to those which He taught on earth, who continually went about doing good. Then may Masonry, with a lofty and reasonable pride in the good it has accomplished, say, "'When the ear heard me, then it blessed me; and when the eye saw me, it gave witness to me," "because I delivered the poor that cried, and the fatherless and him that had none to help him." "The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me, and I caused the widow's heart to sing for joy."

Referring to the error of another, Comp. Bruns says:

The introduction of politics, political opinion and the charge of a grievous and great crime upon a large portion of our people and common country, into a Chapter of Masons, exhibits flagrant ignorance of and indifference to all Masonic principles, proprieties and law, and is likely to be subversive of our institution.

* * * * * *

It will also be well to remember that the times are such as to require the utmost exercise of toleration and indulgence among themselves and towards their fellow-citizens as well as companions. In the universal distress which prevails, and the general deficiency of resources, we should especially set the example of good will, kindness, charity and love, and forbear even the prosecution of a right, when such prosecution can be urged only at the expense of humanity.

A jewel was voted to be presented to Comp. Mackey, as a testimonial for his services in behalf of Capitular Freemasonry in South Carolina.

∴

The following is Gov. Orr's acceptance of the appropriation made by the Grand Lodge of New York for the relief of the starving in the South:

John W. Simons, Esq., Grand Treasurer, N. Y.:

DEAR SIR AND BRO.: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter authorizing me to draw on you for five hundred dollars, to be distributed, under my direction, to such individual sufferers as may be most in need, the said amount being a portion of the fund appropriated by the Grand Lodge of New York for the relief of the suffering and destitute of the South.

No language that I can express will sufficiently attest the feeling with which this rich evidence of Masonic love fills our hearts. No act could more beautifully demonstrate the strength of that tie which binds our brotherhood in its world-wide embrace than this, which seeks the individual sufferers of South Carolina for a display of modest charity. Your generous donation will enable me to relieve much distress now prevailing in various portions of the State, and especially among those whose pride has prevented an exhibition of their real want. The brethren will have occasion to thank you; the widow and orphan will thank you, and in behalf of the entire Masonic community, I also join to their's my own acknowledgment of this liberal gift.

I have the honor to be, dear sir, fraternally yours,

JAMES L. ORR, Grand Master.

ARKANSAS.

The following is a copy of Grand Master English's acceptance of the money sent by the Grand Lodge of New York for the relief of the needy in Arkansas:

John W. Simons, Esq., New York:

DEAR SIR AND BRO.: Your kind letter informing me that the Grand Lodge of New York, at its last annual communication, had appropriated $2,000 for the relief of the destitute in the South, and advising me that you, as Grand Treasurer, proposed to send a portion of it to my State, and authorizing me to draw on you at sight for $500, to be distributed as I may think best—no other restriction being made than that the money shall go to the needy, and not for the purpose of building or furnishing lodge rooms—came safely to hand. I have accordingly drawn on you for the amount named.

Permit me to return, through you, my grateful thanks to the M. W. Grand Lodge of your State for their noble and generous donation for the relief of the destitute of the South.

To your kind heart the brethren of Arkansas are indebted for so liberal a share of the donation. I will endeavor to execute faithfully the purpose of your Grand Lodge, in the distribution of the money, as expressed in your letter. The efforts of our Northern brethren to relieve the destitute of the South, in these times of political prejudice and excitement, furnishes an additional argument, if indeed any were wanting, that *Masonry* is the noblest and best of human institutions.

Fraternally,

E. H. ENGLISH, Grand Master.

ALABAMA.

R. W. E. M. Hastings, Grand Treasurer of Ala., thus responds to the notice of the Grand Lodge donation for the relief of the poor in his State:

John. W. Simons, New York:

ESTEEMED FRIEND: Your favor advising me of authority to draw on you for $500, amount appropriated by your Grand Lodge for relief of the destitute in our State, is at hand.

In the distribution of this fund, strict attention will be given in carrying out to the full extent the wishes of the donors. In addition to the amount sent by you, there has been about $2,000 from other sources placed in the hands of our Grand Officers for a like purpose, with like restrictions, and in order that the greatest benefit may be derived from the munificence of our Northern brethren, a circular has been issued to the several Lodges to furnish a list of their destitute. Replies to these circulars are now coming in, and as soon as they are complete, a distribution will be made, when I will draw on you, as advised.

Allow me again to tender you my thanks for exertions in our behalf, and that you and all who have aided, may experience the happiness derived equally by those who give and those who receive.

Truly and fraternally,
E. M. Hastings, Grand Treasurer.

MISSOURI.

Bro. Gouley, Grand Secretary, who has been most active in the good work, thus briefly acknowledges the amount sent to his care:

John W. Simons, Grand Treasurer, N. Y.:

R. W. and Dear Brother: Your favor instructing me to draw on you for $500, as part of the very liberal donation appropriated by the Grand Lodge of New York, is duly at hand. In a few days I will draw on you to meet bills for provisions, which I will ship south as soon as I can make favorable arrangements for prices and freights, and the same will be sent in the name of your Grand Lodge.

I congratulate your brethren in their noble efforts in this matter, and may God bless your works.

In haste, fraternally,
Geo. Frank Gouley, Grand Secretary.

Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

IRELAND.

Newcastle West.—Templars' Hall is restored in all the simplicity and severity of the mediæval age. This hall is the most striking evidence that the Knights Templars had a preceptory in this vicinity.

Lesson of Third Degree.

BY CHARLES L. WIGGIN.

In all ages the bodies of the Masonic dead have been laid in graves dug due East and West, with their faces toward the East. This practice has been borrowed from us, and adopted by others, until it has become nearly universal. It implies that when the great day shall come, and He who is death's conqueror shall give the signal, His ineffable light shall first be seen in the East; that from the East He will make His glorious approach—will stand at the eastward of these graves, and with His Almighty power—that grasp, irresistibly strong, shall prevail—will raise the bodies which are slumbering therein. The Lion of the Tribe of Judah, He shall loose the seals, and open the grave, and raise the sleeper to the possession of his immortality. We may have been long buried, long decayed; and friends, relatives, yea, our nearest and dearest, will cease to remember where they have laid us. The broad earth will have undergone wondrous changes; mountains leveled, valleys filled. The seasons will have chased each other in many a fruitful round. Oceans lashed into fury by the gales of to-day, will to-morrow have sunk, like a spoiled child, to their slumber. Broad trees, with broader roots, will have interlocked them, hard and knobbed as they are, above our ashes, as if to conceal the very fact of our having lived; and then, after centuries of life, they too will have followed our example of mortality, and long struggling with decay, at last will have toppled down to join their remains with ours, thus obliterating the last poor testimony that man has ever lain here. So shall we be lost to human sight. But the eye of God, nevertheless, will mark the spot, green with the everlasting verdure of faith, and when the trumpets shall shake the hills to their very bases, our reviving bodies will rise, impelled upward by an irresistible impulse, and we shall stand face to face, and hear the welcome approval of our blessed Emanuel.

BOOK NOTICES.

History of Corinthian Chapter, No. 159, R.·. A.·. M.·. Compiled from the Records of the Chapter, from its Organization to June, A. I. 2397, by Com. James B. Taylor, P. K., &c. New York, 1867.

This Chapter deserves much credit in sustaining the considerable expense of printing and handsomely binding this work of 182 pages for the use of the members of the Chapter. Comp. Taylor has done his work thoroughly and well, and leaves nothing wanting. His reflections are sound and instructive.

The first chapter of this book develops the causes leading to the formation of Corinthian Chapter, noticing the Masonic schism then existing in symbolic Freemasonry and its unfavorable influence upon Capitular Freemasonry, and the subsequent union of the two bodies. Chapter second gives a detailed account of the organization of the Chapter. The remaining chapters embrace a progressive history, with reflections.

Tenth Annual Report of the Board of Commissioners of the Central Park.

We are under obligations to Andrew H. Green, Esq., Comptroller of the Park, for this very interesting work of 150 pages. During the year 17,708 trees and shrubs have been planted, and 7,318 herbaceous plants; 917 men have been at work during the year.

The length of the Park drive is 9 485-1000 miles; of the bridle road is 5 503-1000 miles; of the walk is 26 559-1000 miles. Twenty-seven cubic yards of gravel each day is necessary to keep the roads in repair. During the year there were 8,239,073 visitors.

The report of the Comptroller is a "book" of great historical research and practical value. No one can read it without being struck with the Park as a great means of educating the taste, morals and health of this city, and somewhat of the nation.

Preston's Illustrations.

This celebrated work, which forms the basis of all our Masonic monitors, has been republished in a very large number of editions. The following are the title pages of three of these editions:

Illustrations of Masonry. By William Preston, Past Master of the Lodge of Antiquity. Acting by immemorial Constitution.

"The man whose mind on virtue bent,
Pursues some goodly great intent,
With undiverted aim,
Serene, beholds the angry crowd,
Nor can their clamors, fierce and loud,
His stuborn honor tame."—Blacklock.

The Eighth Edition; with additions and improvements. London: Printed for G. and T. Wilkie, No. 57 Paternoster Row. 1792.

Illustrations of Masonry. By William Preston, Past Master of the Lodge of Antiquity Acting by immemorial Constitution.

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The Ninth Edition; with considerable additions. London: Printed for G. and T. Wilkie, No. 57 Paternoster Row. 1796.

Illustrations of Masonry. By William Preston, Past Master of the Lodge of Antiquity. Acting by immemorial Constitution.

"Hail! mystic art! ineffable? sublime!
The bond of charity 'mid every clime!
Whose silken cord, in love fraternal binds
Ten thousand thousand varying forms and minds—
I bid thee, hail! blest, magic power! 'tis thine,
Thou Sun of Life, and Light and Peace, divine,
One tide of bliss, far round a world to roll,
And human nature breathes one kindred soul;
A soul that feels for joy; that melts at human woe,
And burns with kind philanthropy's celestial glow."

The first Improved American Edition, from Strahan's Tenth London Edition: To which is annexed many valuable Masonic Addenda, and a complete List of the Lodges in the United States of America. Edited by Bro. Geo. Richards, P. G. S. W.G. L. M. Printed by W. and D. Treadwell, Portsmouth. 1804.

Manual of the Order of the Eastern Star: Containing the Symbols, Scriptural Illustrations, Lectures, etc, adapted to the system of Adoptive Masonry. Arranged by Robert Macoy, National Grand Secretary. Beautifully illustrated. New York: Masonic Publishing and Manufacturing Company, 432 Broome street. Chicago: J. C. W. Bailey. 1867.

This new edition of the Text Book of Adoptive Freemasonry is handsomely executed.

The theory of the Order of the Eastern Star is founded upon the Holy Writings. Five prominent female characters, illustrating as many Masonic virtues, are selected, *adopted* and placed under Masonic protection. The selections are:

1. Jephthah's Daughter, illustrating *respect to the binding force of a vow.*
2. Ruth, illustrating *devotion to religious principles.*
3. Esther, illustrating *fidelity to kindred and friends.*
4. Martha, illustrating *undeviating faith in the hour of trial.*
5. Electa, illustrating *patience and submission under wrongs.*

MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE.

MAINE—*Grand Chapter.*

1. It is not proper to receive the petition of a resident of another State, without the permission of the Chapter nearest his residence, although he is doing business in this State, was made a Mason in this State while residing here, and is not a member of any Lodge.

2. A petition is presented, received and referred, in which the applicant does not state whether he has ever before petitioned for the degrees: by direction of the Chapter, the petition is presented to the applicant for amendment in this particular, and he refuses to amend; the committee are satisfied beyond question that he has never applied to any other Chapter, but are also satisfied that he refuses to amend his petition because he expects if he does amend it he will be rejected, and that if he does not, his petition must be returned to him without a ballot. Should the petition be returned, or take the usual course?

Ans. It must take the usual course: a candidate cannot, on account of an informality in his petition, evade submitting to the result of the ballot.

3. Long usage in this State justifies the opening of a Chapter "without ceremony," but it is a reprehensible practice and should be avoided.

4. "Are collars a necessary part of the clothing of officers of Chapters?"

Ans. There is no constitutional provision or regulation upon the subject; but long usage seems to require them.

I perceive that some of the Chapters in this jurisdiction use "substitutes;" in my opinion, this practice is at variance with the ritual, and in direct conflict with the charges to a High Priest at his installation.

I am aware that the practice is extensive and has the warrant of age in its support. In doubtful cases long usage should determine a question; but no usage, in violation of a fundamental principle, can ripen into law or authority, whatever length of time it may have existed.

I desire to call your attention to that provision of our constitution which allows the High Priest, King, Scribe and six other members of a Chapter, by recommending a rejected candidate, to give him permission to apply to another Chapter.

A similar provision in the constitution of the Grand Lodge was found by experience to be the cause of so much evil that it was repealed.

It virtually does away with the secret ballot. The candidate is generally a stranger to the body to which he is recommended, and is accepted almost always. If officers and members refuse to sign such a recommendation, they are at once suspected of having cast the negative votes.

IOWA.—*Decisions of G. M. Peck*, 1866–7.

Query 1.—A Fellow-Craft is elected to receive the degree of M. M., and appears on the evening appointed to confer the degree, and the officers proceed to confer it upon him. He either neglects or refuses to sign the By-Laws—in fact, nothing is said about his signing them, or of his becoming a member of the Lodge, on the night of his receiving the degree of M. M. Two regular communications pass, and still he has not signed the By-Laws. Is he a member of the Lodge, or a non-affiliated Mason? and if a non-affiliate, what is necessary for him to do to become a member of the Lodge in which he has received the degree, or in any other Lodge in whose jurisdiction he may reside when he desires to affiliate?

Query 2.—A. receives the degree of M. M. in a subordinate Lodge, but fails to sign the By-Laws for three months and become a member. Has he not the same right to sign the By-Laws of any other subordinate Lodge to whose jurisdiction he may have removed, and become a member thereof, as in the Lodge in which he has received the degrees and failed to sign the By-Laws and become a member? Would it not be necessary for him, in either case, to procure the formal consent of either Lodge before he could lawfully become a member by signing the By-Laws?

Answer.—As these questions are so intimately connected and so similar, they can readily be comprised in one answer. Each brother *should, the same evening* he receives the degree of M. M., sign the By-laws of the Lodge if he desires to connect himself with it. This signing of the By-Laws constitutes him a member of the Lodge, whereas before that he is only a M. M., and not a member of the Lodge, which it is his indisputable right to become without any further action on the part of the Lodge. The first right which a Mason acquires, after the reception of the third degree, is that of claiming membership in the Lodge in which he has been initiated. The very fact of his having received that degree makes him at once an inchoate member of the Lodge—that is to say, no further application is necessary and no new ballot is required; but the candidate having now become a Master Mason, upon signifying his submission to the regulations of the society by affixing his signature to the book of By-Laws, is constituted by that act a full member of the Lodge, and entitled to all the rights and prerogatives accruing to that position. In the society of the world and in the courts, every one is presumed to know the law, whether in civil or criminal cases, and a plea of ignorance in case of transgression avails nothing. But after a brother has been bound to us by three solemn covenants, the different relation existing between us should be recognized by those who have considered the candidate worthy to assume them, and upon a point so greatly to his interest the presumption should not hold good. But "that standard or boundary of right, which enables us to render to every man his just dues," should accord to one who now stands in the light of a brother the information as to what Masonic law on the subject is, before he should be punished for non-compliance with it. I consider myself perfectly safe in saying, that not one in a hundred who knock at our doors and have them opened unto them, up to the time they become Master Masons, know that according to the *strict construction* of Masonic law, if they do not on that very evening affix their names to the By-Laws of the Lodge, that they stand in the light of non-affiliates, and can only acquire a membership with that or any other Lodge upon a petition in regular form. Further than this, so thoughtless are the Masters and the Lodges on this subject, that I am satisfied that should the letter of the law be enforced, that twenty-five per cent. of the brethren in this jurisdiction would be found to be non-affiliated Masons, notwithstanding the Grand Lodge reports show them to be members of the different Lodges in which they have been "raised," or have acquired membership upon petition. And investigation would further prove that the action of many Lodges upon very important subjects is *really illegal*, because participated in, and perhaps the controlling vote cast, by those who in the strict construction of the law are not members of their respective Lodges. Hence, although I do not wish to be understood as any the less censuring this neglect, or urging upon the Masters of the different Lodges the importance of attention to it, yet my decision is that hundreds and perhaps thousands, whom the Lodges have always considered as members, and have so reported them to the Grand Lodge, should not be made non-affiliates simply because they have never been *asked* to sign the By-Laws of the Lodge, or *informed* that that was a *necessary requisite;* but that as soon as this informality and omission shall have been discovered, that the privilege be afforded them, without any further action of the Lodge being deemed necessary. Any who may decline doing so, shall be considered as non-affiliated Masons.

[While this is all true, according to present usage, it ought to be wholly changed, so that initiation in a Lodge would make him a member thereof without signing the By-Laws.]

The Six P's!

Poets—Painters—Preachers—Players—Printers and Politicians—all suffer from Dyspepsia, Nervousness, Loss of Appetite, Liver Complaints, and all diseases which they may *cure* or *prevent* by the use of

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If those sufferers took

S. T.——1860——X.

the Poetry would be purer, the Paintings grander, the Sermons livelier, the Acting truer, the Printing neater, and the Politics honester. This splendid tonic invigorates the system, and enables the brain to work healthily. Sold all over the world.

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WANTED. — A gentleman and brother who speaks English, French, Spanish and Dutch, who has had years of commercial education and acquaintance with business, and who understands the West India trade thoroughly, desires a situation as shipping, out-door or commission clerk, or in any business for which qe is qualified.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT is indeed a blessing to the afflicted; old ulcers and sore legs that have defied every effort to heal are cured to a certainty by the powerful cleansing and healing properties of the salve. Sold by all druggists.

Beware of an Impostor.

Sometime about the first of May one JOSEPHUS CAMP deserted his wife and three children, with many unpaid debts, and took passage at Savannah for the city of New York. It is believed that he will take advantage of Masonic charity by manufacturing falsehoods. This is therefore to warn all Masons to give him no assistance or countenance, as he is totally unworthy. Done by order of Swainsboro' Lodge, No. 244, of Georgia.

G. S. ROUNTREE, Secretary.

OLIVE BRANCH CHAPTER, A. and P. R., Rose Croix, No. 6, meets 2d and 4th Tuesdays of each month at 159 Fulton Avenue, Brooklyn. Ill. A. G. BISHOP, Most Wise; Ill. J. WINDLE FOWLER, Kt. Senior Warden: Ill. LAWRENCE TOWER, Kt. Junior Warden; Ill. MANUEL G. J. BONNELL, Kt. Orator; Rev. J. E. ROCKWELL, Kt. Prelate.

PRIMITIVE CHAPTER, No. 5, ROSE CROIX, A.·. & P.·. R.·. M.·., meets 1st, 3d and 5th Fridays, in Encampment Room, Odd Fellows' Hall, corner of Grand and Centre Streets.

GEORGE RUSS, M.·. W.·., address 45 Gold Street, N. Y.; R. B. HARDY, S.·. W.·.; JOHN R. MOORE, J.·. W.·.; W. H. DAYAS, Archivist, address Holman's, corner Centre and White Streets.

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JACOB HEATON, Esq., General Agent, Salem, Ohio
EZRA WILLITS & W. W. M'NAIR, 528 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.
G. W. S. HALL, Esq., General Agent for Maryland, 65 Second Street, Baltimore, Md.
G. W. S. HALL, Esq., General Agent for Maryland and District of Columbia, 65 Second Street, Baltimore, Md.

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RISLEY'S CONCENTRATED COMPOUND EXTRACT BUCHU contains the well known virtues of Buchu leaves, properly combined with other plants to increase its efficacy, and is becoming the universal remedy with physicians as well as invalids for the treatment and cure of Gravel, Dropsy, Diabetes, Pain and Weakness in the Back and Loins, Incontinence, and all complaints resulting from disorders of the kidneys and Urinary Passages. RISLEY'S BUCHU contains nothing of the nature of Nux Vomica or Strychnine, and is warranted safe as well as sure in all cases. Sold in large bottles for $1 by all druggists. HARRAL, RISLEY & CO., Wholesale Druggists, 141 Chambers Street, New York.

FOURTH ANNUAL PICNIC OF *TECUMSEH LODGE, No.* 487, *F. & A. M.*

To ALDERNEY PARK, WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 21st, 1867.

Steamer CHARLES CHAMBERLAIN and Barge W. H. MORTON, and a splendid Band of Music are engaged. The boat will leave foot of 8th Street at 7 o'clock; foot of Broome Street at 7½ o'clock; Peck Slip at 8 o'clock; Christopher Street at 9 o'clock.

Committee of Arrangements.—T. Lawson, President; J. Semcken, Secretary; I. S. Lawbach, Treasurer; H. A. Purdy, W. Davis, J. C. Thornton, Wm. C. Boyd, David Anderson, J. King.

Tickets, ONE DOLLAR, admitting gentleman and lady.

Bro. HOUTMAN desires a position as Organist. Address No. 324 East 32d Street, or this office.

JUNIPER TAR SOAP cures chapped hands, pimples, and all cutaneous affections, rendering the skin soft and smooth. Manufactured by CASWELL, MACK & CO., New York.
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B. B. FRENCH, K. V. WHALEY, E. L. STEVENS.

GENERAL CLAIM AGENCY,

WASHINGTON, D. C.

The foregoing, under the firm of FRENCH, WHALEY & STEVENS, will attend to any business intrusted to their care before Congress, the Departments, or the Courts. Office, No. 217 Pennsylvania Avenue, opposite Willard's.

Washington, April 1, 1867.

NEW YORK MUTUAL RELIEF ASSOCIATION.

INCORPORATED JANUARY 16TH, 1867.

Office, **432 Broome Street,** New York.

This Association affords a cheap mode of rendering relief to mothers, widows, or orphans of deceased members.

IT IS CHEAP AND AVAILABLE TO ALL.

For the small sum of

SIX DOLLARS

a man can become a member, and at his death his mother, widow or heirs will receive as many dollars as there are members belonging to the Association.

Applications for membership can be made in person or in writing at our office, 432 Broome Street, New York.

REV. R. McMURDY, President.
JOHN W. SIMONS, Vice-President.
E. H. SHAW, Treasurer.
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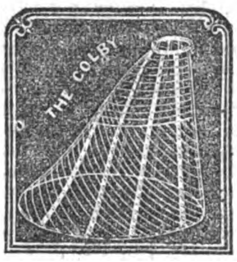

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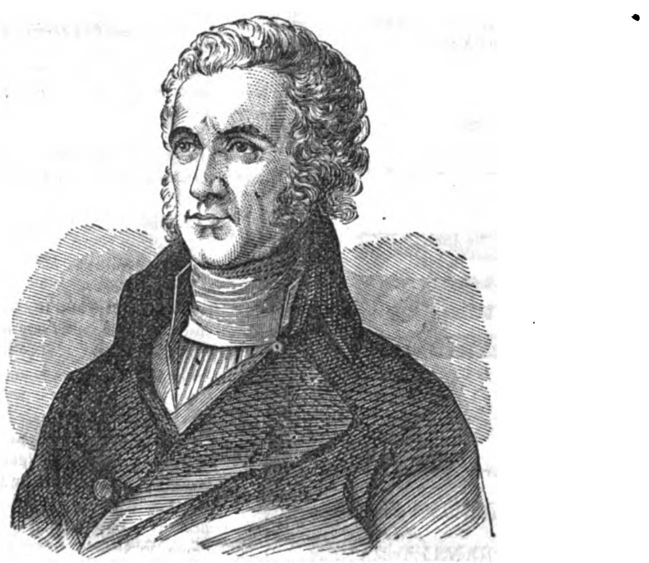

W R Davie

Governor William Richardson Davie, the Third Grand Master of Masons of North Carolina.

This eminent citizen and Mason of North Carolina, and an honored leader of the popular mind in our Revolutionary struggle, was born at Egremont, near White Haven, England, June 20, 1756. His father brought him to America when he was but five years of age, and, on his return, left him with his maternal uncle, Rev. William Richardson, of South Carolina. At a proper age he was placed under the care of Dr. Witherspoon, of the College of New Jersey, at Princeton, where he was graduated in 1776, a few weeks before Washington and his broken army passed through there in their flight toward the Delaware.

Young Davie returned to North Carolina resolved on becoming a soldier. Not then obtaining a commission, he went to Salisbury and studied law, supposing the war would not continue many months. Young Davie became restive, and he induced a popular friend to raise a troop of dragoons, of which the fledgling hero was made lieutenant. They marched toward Charleston, and the command devolving on Lieut. Davie, he procured the attachment of his corps to the legion of Count Pulaski. In that capacity he fought at Stono Ferry, in June, 1779, where he was so badly wounded that he was confined for five months in a hospital.

In 1780, Davie was placed at the head of a legionary corps, with the commission of major from the Governor of North Carolina. He spent the last shilling of a bequest made by his lately deceased uncle and guardian in equipping this corps, and then went to the field to oppose the progress of the British troops toward the interior of the Carolinas. He nobly aided Sumter in his operations in the vicinity of the Catawba, early in August, and was hastening to join the army of Gates, when it was defeated and dispersed near Camden. He was afterward with Rutherford at Ramsour's Mills, and nobly confronted the enemy at Charlotte, after a brilliant display of courage and skill at Wahab's Plantation. For his services during that campaign, he was rewarded with the commission of colonel commandant of the cavalry of North Carolina.

When Greene, the noble Masonic associate of Washington, took command of the Southern army, he appointed his brother, Col. Davie, his commissary-general. In all the important operations which followed, Davie was exceedingly efficient; and at the trying hour at ninety-six, in the summer of 1781, Greene sent Col. Davie to present the condition of his army to the Legislature of North Carolina. He performed the service well; and prospects of peace appearing in the autumn, he left the army, and married a daughter of General Allen Jones, in 1783, and in the town of Halifax, on the Roanoke, commenced the practice of law. In that pursuit he soon became eminent, and was chosen a delegate to the convention which framed the Federal Constitution. In 1797, he was commissioned a major-general of militia, and the next year he was appointed a brigadier in the army of the United States. In 1798, he was elected Governor of the State of North Carolina, and was soon afterward appointed by President Adams an associate envoy extraordinary to France, with Ellsworth and Murray. After his return he went to reside at Tivoli, a beautiful estate on the Catawba river, in South Carolina. His wife died in 1803, and he remained in retirement until his own death, which occurred at Tivoli, in December, 1820, when he was in the sixty-fourth year of his age.

Governor Davie is believed to have been made a Mason in the "Royal White Hart" Lodge at Halifax; which had existed in Halifax from the year 1767, but whose labors were suspended during the war. In 1787, upon the return of peace, the old Lodges resumed work, and formed a Grand Lodge for North Carolina, of which Governor Davie became the third Grand Master, and in which office he continued until he became the French Ambassador, in 1799.

The famous "North Carolina University," at Chapel Hill, which has sent forth so many distinguished men and Masons into all the departments of life, is indebted to Bro. Davie as a founder and friend. As Grand Master, he laid the corner-stone, on the 14th of April, 1798.

Two Lodges of North Carolina have borne his honored name; one in Lexington, the "William R. Davie" Lodge, and one in Bertie County, the "Davie" Lodge.

At home Gov. Davie was the friend of the distressed, the safe counselor of the embarrassed, and the peacemaker of all. He was the cement of the Lodge. He had a deep sense of God, and was a devoted Christian. No person approached him, however distinguished by his talents or character, who did not speedily feel that he was in the presence of a superior man. The ignorant and the learned, the weak and the wise, were all instructed and delighted by the irresistible charm of his conversation. In person he was tall and finely proportioned, his figure erect and commanding, his countenance possessing great expression, and his voice full and energetic. He met death with the firmness of a Christian soldier.

[Our next sketch will be that of the Grand Master of South Carolina.]

NATURE'S NOBLEMAN.

Away with false fashion, so calm and so chill,
  Where pleasure itself cannot please;
Away with cold breeding, that faithlessly still
  Affects to be quite at its ease;
For the deepest in feeling is highest in rank,
  The freest is first in the band,
And nature's own Nobleman, friendly and frank,
  Is a man with his heart in his hand!

Fearless in honesty, gentle yet just,
  He warmly can love—and can hate;
Nor will he bow down with his face in the dust
  To Fashion's intolerant state;

For best in good breeding, and highest in rank,
Though lowly or poor in the land,
Is nature's own Nobleman, friendly and frank,
The man with his heart in his hand!

His fashion is passion, sincere and intense,
His impulses simple and true,
Yet tempered by judgment, and taught by good sense,
And cordial with me and with you:
For the finest in manners, as highest in rank,
It is *you*, man! or *you*, man! who stand
Nature's own Nobleman, friendly and frank,
A man with his heart in his hand!

"REMEMBER NOW THY CREATOR."

Remember thy Creator
While the pulse of youth beats high;
While the evil days come not,
Nor the weary years draw nigh;
When man can find no pleasure
In the hollow things of earth,
And the heart turns sick and sad
From the jarring sound of mirth.

Ere the light of stars is darkened,
Ere the glorious sun grows dim,
And the bitter cup of sorrow
Is filling to the brim;
When the grinder's song is low,
And the wailing mourners come,
Marching in the death-procession,
As man goeth to his home.

Ere the golden bowl be broken,
Or the silver cord unwound,
The pitcher shattered, at the well
The broken wheel be found.
In the day when keepers tremble,
And the strong men bow the knee,
Then shall dust to dust return,
And to God the spirit flee.

THE VALEDICTION.

Dear brothers of fraternal mind,
Whom virtue, truth and honor bind,
In whom the sons of science find
No sly dissimulation;
Accept a tribute justly due
From a fond heart, faithful and true,
Accept a tender, sad adieu,
And believe
That I grieve
Your worthy social band to leave,
Because I am a Mason.

Yet though remote from you I stray,
Where fickle fortune leads the way,
Your mem'ry in my breast shall stay
While I have respiration;
And let me hold that fond idea
That you will mind unworthy me
Whene'er you meet in social glee,
Give a toast
Let me boast
The friendship of your noble host;
I ask it as a Mason.

If e'er the syrens of the age
Have drawn me from your mystic *guage*,
Pray blot the error from the page
Of rigid observation.
Your kindness on my heart I'll write,
And all unkindness from my sight
I'll banish to eternal night;
Let us be
Masons free;
Forgive, likewise forgiven, be
The creed of every Mason.

Your choicest love I oft did share,
Your brightest badge did often wear,
Placed in the oriental chair
By mystic installation.
And by the emblematic three
Dispersed the gifts of Masonry
'Till the meridian hour we see;
Then we may
Wet our clay,
And pass an hour cheerful and gay
In grateful relaxation.

A listening ear obtains our art,
A silent tongue will ne'er impart
The secrets of a faithful heart,
Whatever the temptation.

Honor and truth will still combine
To dignify the grand design,
And love will through their actions shine
With a mind
Just and kind,
And all their pleasures are refin'd,
So happy is a Mason.

Then faith, upheld by reason's voice,
Their hopes foretell enjoyment's choice,
In charity their hearts rejoice
In bless'd conciliation.
When unforseen misfortunes press
The sons and daughters of distress,
With kind fraternal tenderness,
Prompt relief
Soothe their grief,
Of their pleasure 'tis the chief
To raise a fallen Mason.

Humanity, that virtue bright,
Friendship so lovely to the sight,
Brotherly love their hearts unite,
And bless each friendly action.
No doting sot their mirth shall wound,
No minor knows their rights profound,
No atheist treads their hallowed ground,
No alloy
To their joy,
Pleasures pure, which never cloy,
Belongs to every Mason.

May friendship, harmony and love
Your guardians and companions prove,
Till the celestial Lodge above
Shall be each brother's station;
But death the level, time the line,
And plumb of justice must combine
To fit us for that bliss divine;
Then shall we
Happy be,
Towards the east we'll bow the knee
To our Grand Master Mason.

FREEMASONRY.

A prologue to a Theatrical Masonic Bespeak, written for the Theater Royal, Exeter.

SPEAKERS—*A Father, Mother, and Daughter (about* 11).

Daughter (reading a play bill).

By desire of the ——— Lodge! What's this?
This Lodge, Mamma.

Mother.

Freemasons, Miss.

Daughter.

Freemasons, my dear mother! lack-a-day,
What sort of things (I long to know) are they?

Mother.

All women from their Order they exclude.

Daughter.

Do they, mamma? Indeed, that's very rude,
Fond as I am of plays, I'll ne'er be seen
At any play bespoke by such vile men.

Mother.

Call them not vile—I Masons much approve,
And there is one whom you with fondness love;—
Your father; but, behold, he now appears,
And from the Lodge the Mason's badge he wears.

(*Father appears in Masonic clothing.*)

Daughter.

Papa, are you a Mason? Do tell me;
Now do, my good papa, what's Masonry?

Father.

I will, my dear. Our Order is designed
To expand the human heart, and bless mankind.
Wisdom herself contrived the mystic frame;
Strength to support, to adorn it beauty came.
We're taught with ever grateful hearts to adore
The God of all; the universal pow'r;
To be good subjects; ne'er in plots to join,
Or aught against the nation's peace design.
We're taught to calm destructive anger's storm,
And bring rude matter into proper form;
Always to work by the unerring square,
With zeal to serve our brethren; be sincere,
And by our tongues let our whole hearts appear.
Lowly of mind and meek we're bid to be,
And ever clothed with true humility.
All children of one gracious Father are,
To whom no ranks of rich and poor appear.
"He sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A monarch perish and a beggar fall."
We're taught our conduct by the plumb to try,
To make it upright to the nicest eye.
The compass is presented to our eyes,
And "circumscribe your actions," loudly cries.
We're strictly order'd never to pass by
Wher'er we see a fellow-creature lie
Wounded by sorrow, but with hearts to go,
Which with the milk of kindness overflow,
And make a careful search each wound to find,
To pour in oil and wine, and gently bind.
Who'er believes in an Almighty cause,
And strict obedience pays to moral laws,
Of whatsoever faith or clime he be,
He shall receive a brother's love from me.
"For modes of faith let graceless zealots fight,
We know he can't be wrong whose life is right."
What though we here such different roads pursue,
All upright Masons, all good men and true,
Shall meet together in the Lodge above,
When their good names shall certain pass-words prove.
Whene'r philosophy, by rigid law,
And brow severe, to virtue strives to draw,
Men are disgusted; we take different ways,
And make fair virtue and her lessons please.
We at our work are rationally gay,
And music call to tune the moral lay.
Intemperance ne'er at our Lodge appears,
Nor noisy riot e'er assail our ears;
But pleasure always, with her bosom friends,
With cheerfulness and temp'rance, there attends.
Our secrets (of importance to mankind)
The upright man, who seeks, may always find.

Mother.

But women, ever seeking, seek in vain,
Be kind enough this mystery to explain.

Father.

Though women from our Order we exclude,
Let not that beauteous sex at once conclude
We love them not; or think they would reveal
What we as secrets wish them to conceal.
We fondly love, and think we might impart
(Sure of their faith) our secrets to their heart.
But we're afraid, if once the lovely fair
Were at our Lodges to appear,
That love and jealousy would both be there
Then rivals turn'd—our social bonds destroyed,
Farewell the pleasures now so much enjoyed!
We're taught to build 'gainst vice the strongest fence,
And round us raise the wall of innocence:
Happy! thrice happy! could we Masons see
Such perfect workmen as they're taught to be;
Could we behold them everywhere appear
Worthy the honorable badge they wear.
Thus I've explained, my child, our Royal Art.

Daughter.

I'm much obliged, I thank you from my heart,
All you have said I have not understood;
But Masonry I'm sure is very good;
And if to marry 'tis my lot in life,
If you approve I'll be a Mason's wife.

Frem. Mag. & Mas. Mir.

THE MASON'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. M. ADELLE HAZLETT.

CHAPTER III.

"Miss Munroe, permit me to present to you the Hon. Mr. Church, who is extremely solicitous of your acquaintance."

The covert sarcasm in the tone of Gertrude Elerton brought a bright flush to the cheek of Annie, but she bowed with a grace and dignity that Gertrude had never before known her to assume.

"Did you make the square and compass in evergreen that hangs in the parlor?" asked Gertrude.

"Yes, ma'am," said Annie, coloring deeply; "I hope you are not offended. Once, on my own birthday, my father placed such an emblem thus, and I wished to see it again."

"Well, it has been the means of making you acquainted with this gentleman. I shall leave him to help you to arrange the flowers;" and Gertrude was soon again among the merry company in the parlor.

Mr. Church had been surprised at the appearance of the girl to whom he was introduced. She was very pretty, but her type of beauty was very different from that of Miss Elerton. Her figure was small, but was exquisitely formed; her auburn hair fell about her shoulders in graceful ringlets; the eyes were blue as an unclouded sky in June.

Mr. Church asked many questions in regard to her previous history. She had heard nothing of her father since he had left the city a year before, and had no other relatives that she knew of, except the uncle who had accompanied him.

"Is Miss Elerton kind to you?" the gentleman asked. Do not hestiate to speak freely. I am a Mason, and owe you the care of a father."

"I do not know that it would be just to call her unkind," replied Annie, falteringly. "I am thankful for a home; she treats me as kindly as she does others of her household."

"You need not speak further; I understand it all. Now, I want you to go with me to the parlor."

A frightened look swept over her face.

"Oh, sir, that would never do; Miss Elerton would discharge me at once. Besides"——and she glanced at the plain dress and white apron.

"Have no fears. Miss Elerton said I might take you to the parlor if I wished, and that pink muslin becomes you well."

"But I will lay aside this apron."

"No; I have a peculiar affection for little white aprons, and will you allow me to place this white rosebud among your curls? Come, now, I will introduce you to my friends."

Annie Munroe, although not exactly attired for a fashionable party, had no reason to dread a meeting with fashionable society. Until within the past year she had been the child of wealth and refinement. Judicious parental care and the best of instructors had served to develop a naturally fine intellect. She could grace the parlor or the ball-room; glide through the mazes of the dance, or extract most delicious music from the piano or guitar. But fortune had frowned sadly upon the fair young girl; her elegant home was now the property of a stranger; the grand piano had been sent to the auction-room; her mother was no more; her father was in a strange land, and she feared lost to her forever. Since she had occupied the position of waiting-maid to Miss Elerton, she had tried to forget the pleasures of wealth and refinement, and little did Gertrude suspect the real accomplishments of her obedient and docile "servant girl."

Trembling and anxious, but with a sweet earnestness upon the beautiful face in which the child and the woman were so charmingly blended, Annie entered the splendid parlor upon the arm of the gray-haired and venerated Mr. Church. A murmur of surprise and pleasure arose. "Who was this sweet young creature, clad in such unassuming garb, and who leaned so confidingly on the arm of venerable age?" Mr. Church presented her to his wife, and leaving her in her care, mingled with his friends. One after another came forward to be introduced, and Annie noticed that the square and compass near her shared a portion of their attention. Gertrude looked on with amazement as Annie received one after another with the grace and dignity of a queen. Indeed, there was a mystery about the whole affair that was by no means a pleasant one to her, and she felt half jealous of the humble Annie. She was much relieved when Capt. Johnson asked to be "allowed the pleasure of conducting Miss Elerton to the piano."

Gertrude played well, and a group was soon collected around her, Mr. and Mrs. Church among the rest, with Annie standing between them. After performing several pieces, Gertrude arose and looked around for some one to take her place at the instrument. Several ladies declined. Her eye fell upon Annie, and turning to Mr. Church, she said, graciously:

"Perhaps you can persuade Miss Munroe to favor us with a song?"

Mr. Church was half angry with Miss Elerton, for he thought it doubtful whether Annie could play; but there was no alternative but for him to ask her.

"Miss Munroe, will you not sing for us?" he said, and he added, in a whisper, "do play, if you can, even though it be something very simple."

Annie lifted her eyes to his face with a look expressive of the gratitude she felt for his generous interest, and, without a moment's hesitation, seated herself at the piano, and running her fingers lightly over the keys, as if to convince herself that both fingers and keys were yet under her control, she began to sing:

"O! all on earth is dark and sad,
The days are cheerless now;
Go gather cypress leaves, and twine
A chaplet for my brow;
The holy stars so tenderly
Have heard my spirits moan,
That with a low and dirge-like cry,
Sing sadly—*I'm alone.*

The night birds' gentle warblings
Have failed to soothe my pain;
I listen in my anguish,
But answer not again.
Jay's radiant wing is folded,
Sweet peace forever flown,
No heart cares for me only,
For I am *all alone.*"

The voice was so low, so sweet and touching, that many eyes were filled with tears when she closed. Annie Munroe had crept into the hearts of half that fashionable assemblage. Gertrude was astonished at the effect of Annie's effort; she could but acknowledge that the young girl was talented and beautiful; but the triumphant look of Mr. Church, and the deep sympathy upon the countenance of Gilbert, who stood behind Annie, did not escape her eager eyes. Gilbert Church must have no eyes for any one but herself, and from that moment she hated Annie as one who had done her a deadly wrong. The look of enmity she cast upon the young girl was seen by both Gilbert and his father, and in that instant Gertrude Elerton lost all respect of the latter, and all power over the heart of the former.

Annie soon excused herself to return to her duties. The evening passed swiftly and pleasantly, but when the last carriage rolled away, Gertrude felt that she had failed in the principal object of her birthday party.

CHAPTER IV.

Gilbert Church did not call on the next day as Gertrude hoped he would, nor on the one following; but on the morning of the third day Mrs. Church sent her carriage with a request that Miss Munroe might be spared to her for a few days.

Gertrude did not like to comply with this request, but knew not how to refuse, so Annie entered the splendid vehicle and was driven to the residence of Mr. Church.

During the four days of Annie's absence, Gertrude watched anxiously for Gilbert, but he did not call. At the close of the fourth day, however, the carriage of the Churches rolled up the avenue and stopped before the door of Mr. Elerton. Gertrude, from the parlor window, saw Gilbert assist Annie to alight, and heard him bid the driver await him. Then the two came up the walk together. Gertrude peered at them through the blinds, and as they came nearer she saw that Gilbert's eyes rested upon Annie with an expression beyond that of a mere acquaintance. She started with a new fear; she had not before thought of the possibility of Gilbert's becoming enamoured with Annie's blue eyes and auburn curls. The thought was maddening, and in that instant she resolved upon the ruin of the friendless girl.

The bell rang; Gertrude drove the frown from her brow, and answered the summons in person, a pleasant smile of welcome on her countenance.

"I have brought back Miss Munroe," said Gilbert, "and my mother bade me say to you that we have found her society so agreeable that we shall be very likely to solicit it often."

"I am much pleased if Annie has made herself useful," said Gertrude. "Walk into the parlor both of you." It was the first time Annie had ever been invited there by her mistress.

"I can stop but a few minutes," Gilbert said. "A client is awaiting me at my office."

"Oh! well I suppose you think more of a law case than of any friend in the world. Annie, child, you need not occupy that low seat, come here and sit by me on the sofa," and she threw her arm half caressingly around the waist of Annie, as she seated herself beside her mistress. "I am delighted to see my little maid back again."

Gertrude did not fail to note that Gilbert seemed pleased with her attention to Annie.

"Now, Mr. Church," she said, "you must call and see us every day, for we are very lonely. Father is so busy nearly all the time, and he is always grave as a deacon, any way. I have half decided to take Annie and go to Newport."

"I shall be happy to avail myself of your very flattering invitation," he said, "and I am pleased if you think of visiting the seashore. My parents will go soon, and I shall follow if my business will permit. But I must bid you good evening now; I will see you again to-morrow."

Gertrude's kindness to Annie did not falter during the days that followed, but she made immediate and rapid preparations for her journey to Newport. She did not fear to make the journey alone, as she was familiar with the route. She would stop in New York, where she would be joined by a maiden aunt. Annie begged that they might go by way of Boston, in order to obtain, if possible, some intelligence from her father and uncle; but Gertrude objected on account of the distance, and said they would make a visit to Boston on their return.

CHAPTER V.

"Well, Annie," said Gertrude, one hour after their arrival in New York, "here we are, in the great metropolis of the nation. I wish to make a few purchases, and you may accompany me and select any thing you may choose for your adornment."

"Oh! Miss Elerton, you are so very kind," and Annie flung her arms around the neck of her mistress, who had of late made her more of a companion, and pressed a fervent kiss upon her cheek.

"Do not be childish, Annie; the future bride of Gilbert Church should conduct herself with dignity."

Annie's face was instantly crimsoned. It was the first time Miss Elerton had ever coupled their names together. Gilbert had never told her that he loved her, and although Annie looked up to him as a superior being, and worshiped him with a woman's first adoring love, she had herself never thought of marriage with the wealthy and talented lawyer.

"Oh! you need not feel so confused over the matter," continued Gertrude; "you shall have my full consent, for I believe I am acting the part of father, mother and guardian; so select the prettiest trifles you can find. Have you ever been in New York before?"

"No; I should not dare to go out alone. I should become bewildered and lose my way."

"Well, I can direct you, for I have been here several times. But we must go out at once, for our passage is engaged by this evening's boat for Newport."

The two were soon threading the busy thoroughfares of the city.

Gertrude made her purchases and ordered them sent to the Fifth Avenue Hotel at four o'clock, when she would be ready to receive them. Then, under pretence of showing Annie places of interest, she went from street to street until the young girl was ready to sink from exhaustion, and Gertrude herself was too much fatigued to walk further.

"One more place, Annie; here we are just by the Museum. We will go in here for a few moments, then we will take a carriage to the hotel."

Annie did as she was desired, but her strength was too nearly exhausted to admit of her taking any interest in the many curious objects around her, and she leaned wearily against the first object that offered itself as a support.

"Why, Annie, you look faint and ill," said Gertrude. "I will go and secure a carriage at once; remain you here until I return."

Miss Elerton descended to the street, and, availing herself of the first hack that appeared, was driven *alone* to the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

"Fare thee well, my gentle girl," she said; "let your azure eyes and auburn tresses make you friends, if possible. I leave you to the tender mercies of this great city."

Arrived at the hotel, Gertrude ordered her baggage conveyed immediately to the passenger depot of the New York and Erie Railway, whither she soon followed it; but she did not take the train. Another hack conveyed her and her baggage to the landing of the boat that was to leave the wharf in a quarter of an hour for Newport. She had registered a *fictitious* name at the hotel, and this, combined with leaving the impression that she had left the city by the New York and Erie Railway, would, she confidently expected, prevent the possibility of her base conduct ever being discovered. Her aunt was awaiting her, according to agreement, and Gertrude, with many expressions of regret, told her that her maid, to whom she had become warmly attached, had shown her unworthiness by deserting her in the streets of the city; that she had made an effort to find her, but her search had proved unavailing.

Arrived at Newport, Miss Elerton at once became the "belle of the season" and the centre of attraction. Two weeks later, Mr. and Mrs Church arrived. Their disappointment at not meeting with Annie seemed very great; but when Gertrude told them of her desertion in New York, Mr. Church looked grave, but said nothing. When they were alone, he said to his wife:

"Annie Munroe has never thrown herself a willing outcast upon the streets of New York city. There is a mystery about this that must be unraveled."

The next morning, making a proper excuse to Miss Elerton for their sudden departure, and telling her they should return in a few days, Mr. and Mrs Church returned to New York.

(To be continued.)

Ancient Initiations.

A SKETCH BY BRO. A. ONEAL HAYE, OF SCOTLAND.

When Lemo and Adrian descended to the chamber, the High Priest motioned him to be seated, and then with folded arms paced slowly up and down, occasionally glancing at the young man with a sad expression in his eyes. At length he stopped before him and said:

"Adrian, it becomes me here to place before you the teachings of the mysteries through which you have passed, that you may the better be enabled to understand what now lies before you. In the mysteries of Isis, which were unfolded to you at the sweet time of the Vernal Equinox, and when you entered upon the study of our profoundest philosophy, all nature was young once more, and once more teemed with life. Soft zephyrs fanned the feverous leaf in its cradle bud, and gently ruffled the plumage of the parent birds, adding vitality to the quickened egg. The streams that in winter dashed black and turbid down the mountain's side became clear, melodious, as they rippled gently down their pebbly beds, and the sky above was calm, and blue, and bright. In consonance with nature's, were our instructions. You were shown the helplessness of man at his birth, his mind a pure tablet undefaced by sin, and also the power and goodness of the Immortals were placed in striking features before you.

"Again, at the summer solstice, you were initiated into the mysteries of Serapis; because at that time Nature brings forth her fruits, and the mind of man, in that season of life, in a similar manner, puts forth his cultivated talents, and employs them either for good or evil, as passion or principle sways his soul.

"Again, in the autumnal solstice, when the sickle cuts down the grain, and man prepares his winter store, we imparted to you the mysteries of Osiris, for that is the time which leads man's thoughts to prepare for death. Such were our instructions, and now you have demanded the crowning trial; you seek to encounter the grim enemy, are you prepared for his presence?"

"I am, O Lemo."

"It is not customary for us to impart our mysteries so rapidly to the neophyte. In your case this has been done, alike from the excellence of your talents, and the high honors you have won among the philosophers of Greece, as well as the faith we have in your being able to succeed in your coming trial, which demands of you both courage and fortitude. Yet, Adrian, many who have spent years in the study of our mysteries, who have won high place and honor among us, have succumbed at last to the dread enemy. This ceremony is a path of destruction and death; the road is littered with the bones of those who have gone before you; the greatest terrors that imagination can conjure up would fail before this ordeal's terrible reality. I tremble while I ask you, are you prepared to undergo this trial?"

"I am, O Lemo."

"Have you abstained from all impurities, and clung to virtue during your past life?"

"I have."

"Since your probation, have you lived upon a light diet, refrained from animal food, and purified yourself by repeated ablutions?"

"I have, O Lemo, in all things, according to your instructions."

"And you desire of me this last ordeal?"

"By the Immortals, who have committed the power to you, Yes."

"Come, then. Thus prepared, if thy courage fail thee not, no danger can befall thee. Stout hearts are the masters of the world, and overcome all difficulties."

Lemo caused Adrian to remove the dress and cap he wore, and gave him a pure white robe. He himself changed his sacerdotal robe for one of flaming crimson, on which were strewn strange hieroglyphics, amid which precious gems gleamed. He then, with a snow-white napkin, blindfolded the young man's eyes, and, taking him by the hand, led him from the apartment, saying:

"Fear nothing, my Adrian; to the brave, all things are possible."

Adrian was conducted along various galleries, up and down long flights of steps, to the secret shrine of Isis, before which he was told to prostrate himself, and utter a prayer for protection to the Immortals. He was sprinkled with water by Lemo, who thereafter incensed him with a golden censer. These ceremonies having been carefully performed by the High Priest, he led Adrian by a secret postern into the open air. Here a carriage stood, and placed in it, after a few words whispered to the driver, Lemo got in beside him, and they were driven at a rapid pace towards the Great Pyramid, beside which the conveyance stopped and they descended. At a signal from the High Priest, the driver departed, and when the carriage disappeared in the distance, Lemo took Adrian's hand and led him to a concealed orifice in the side of the Pyramid.

"If your heart fails you, you have still time to return," said the High Priest.

"Lead on," said Adrian, "nothing can shake my resolution of facing this ordeal."

Lemo, upon this, led him to the orifice, through which they passed into a small chamber within the Pyramid, and the High Priest, having carefully concealed the entrance, removed the napkin from Adrian's eyes. Before him there was a hole, and through this Lemo bade him proceed till he should hear a voice commanding him to stop. Adrian, first making an obeisance to the High Priest, who gave him his blessing, knelt down and crept into the hole. Lemo, as he disappeared, raised his hands towards heaven, exclaiming, "Protect him, Isis. He must succeed." He then pressed against a block in the side of the chamber, which revolved, disclosing a lofty gallery, into which he stepped, and the block swung round to its place behind him.

Adrian, after passing into the hole, found it opened upon a long, narrow passage, through which he crept on his hands and knees. Although he was enveloped in total darkness, and the silence which surrounded him hideous, not a tremor shook his frame. So narrow was the passage that it was with the utmost difficulty he could squeeze himself between the walls, while the roof was so low that he often struck his head against it as he slowly crept along. At length he heard a voice crying, "Stop!" and the radiance of a lamp was thrown upon him. He found himself at the entrance of a large hall, in the centre of which, and within a few feet of him, yawned a huge and deep well, apparently unfathomable.

"Before you lies the path to eternal knowledge," said the voice which had called him to stop; "if you desire it, descend into the well before you."

Adrian, without uttering a word, rose from his knees and advanced to the well's brink, when the voice stopped him again, by asking:

"How propose you to descend into that pit?"

"There seems but one way open," answered Adrian, "I shall throw myself in."

"Hast thou then so much courage?"

"I have been told," said Adrian, "by the wisest in Egypt, 'to the valiant all things are possible.'"

"Thou art a brave youth, Adrian," said Lemo, advancing from the passage by which the initiated found an entrance; "but were you so to descend, thy knowledge would indeed be infinite, in the embrace of death. However, had you hesitated, you would have been compelled to renounce the enterprise, nor could you ever after have been permitted to become a candidate again for the mystery. But see, this is the road."

Lemo took a lamp and held it over the deep. The eye could not see to the bottom, and a slight steam that came up told that fire and water were commingling at the foot of the immense shaft. Lemo directed Adrian's attention to a small iron ladder that whirled around the well, by which he could descend into its deeps.

"Count the reunds till you come to the sixtieth," said Lemo, as Adrian descended the steps. "When you come to it, put out your hand through that step and the next, and you will find an iron knob, press it from you, a door will open; advance by that passage."

Lemo extinguished the light, and Adrian began the descent. He had not taken many steps before the thin vapor changed into thick clouds of steam, accompanied by flashes of fire and hollow thunderous explosions. Not allowing himself to reflect upon these phenomena, he carefully counted the rounds till he came to the sixtieth, when, obeying Lemo's instructions, a brazen door opened, and, stepping on to the narrow ledge, he advanced into a small apartment. The door clashed behind him with a dull reverberating noise, which pealed, as it rumbled along the passages every now and then, like thunder. Out of the darkness in which he was enveloped there grew suddenly a globe of light, and he found himself before an iron grating. Through its bars, gradually, there was displayed to him a most magnificent sight; for he could see a large and majestic hall, whose roof was supported on a long row of huge but beautifully wrought pillars, carved in the utmost extravagance of art, from which depended numbers of brilliantly illuminated lamps. In the centre of the hall stood an immense granite catafalque, and at each of its corners a huge seven-branched candelabrum. As Adrian stood gazing on this wonderful sight, and vainly attempting to decipher its ulterior meaning, there slowly rose upon the air a soft plaintive woman's voice, chanting a funeral hymn. Gradually other voices joined in the chant, the deep stern tones of men falling like thunder among the low and trembling notes of women. This music proceeded from the choir of the priests and priestesses of Isis, and it was designed by the solemnity of their hymns to impress the aspirant with sad and fervent thought.

As Adrian gazed enwrapt upon the scene, the chant grew louder, and a huge brazen gate opened opposite him, and the procession of Isis appeared. First came children of both sexes, strewing flowers and swinging censers; then followed the inferior grades of priests and priestesses, till, surrounded by the superior, Lemo appeared. Slowly the procession surrounded the catafalque, chanting a solemn dirge, after which the procession knelt around it chanting a funeral ode, while a concealed band of instrumental music, at a sign from Lemo, broke out into a wonderfully solemn and impressive score. Adrian buried his face in his hands as the melancholy voices and the sadly sweet-toned instruments struck upon his ear. He in thought was transported back to Rome again among his friends. He felt his father's kindly press—his dead mother's kiss upon his brow. He met the clasp of his earliest friend and companion, his cousin Caius, and his eyes grew moist and dim. These voices seemed to him to come from the grave, and the light in the hall appeared to be the lustre of the heavenly courts. Suddenly the lamps were extinguished, the voices ceased, and the strings of the instruments no longer vibrated. For an instant Adrian felt appalled, his heart swelled with undefined emotion, so sudden came the change, and he involuntarily asked himself, "Can this be death?"

From this state he was aroused by the voice of Lemo, again demanding of him if he persisted in braving the dangers and perils of the path, or whether his heart failed him, and he desired to return to the light of heaven, and abandon the enterprise as one beyond his strength.

"Never," he answered. "I have said as thou hast said, O Lemo, 'to the valiant all things are possible.' Let me advance!"

A door opened at his right hand, and Lemo appeared in the entrance, holding in his hand a peculiarly constructed lamp.

"Here we part, Adrian, perhaps forever. All now depends upon yourself. Take this lamp and preserve it with care, but ere you proceed on your journey, consider well these words."

The High Priest pointed with his hand to the side of the apartment, where the grating had been, but which now had disappeared as if by magic, for a solid stone wall appeared in its place. Upon this wall, as Adrian gazed, there came a scroll of fire, bearing this sentence:

"The Mortal who shall travel over this road without being overcome by the flesh, without hesitation or looking back, shall be purified by fire, by water, and by air. If he can surmount the fear of death, he shall emerge from the bosom of the earth; he shall revisit the light, and claim the right for the reception by his soul of the great mysteries of the Immortals."

Adrian, after perusing these words, turned to the place where Lemo had stood, but in the interval he had disappeared. Allowing his head for an instant to decline upon his breast, he became buried in anxious thought over this warning; but, by an effort, recovering himself, he again and slowly read over the flaming scroll, and turning, advanced along the passage. On either side were placed in niches colossal statues, waiting apparently for the hour of their resurrection. The lamp which Lemo had given him emitted but a dismal light, and made the darkness but more horrible. Beneath his feet lay the bones and skulls of those who had failed in their enterprise; unseemly reptiles crawled among these remains of mortality, and huge frightful shadows danced before him in seeming mockery. At times the cruel hiss of the deadly snake would be heard, but remembering the injunction conveyed in the burning scroll, he turned neither to the left nor to the right, but steadily pursued his way along the winding gallery. After a space, the road became clear of its ghastly pollutions, and the statues in the niches ended as he approached an iron door which closed the gallery.

On his approach three men started from behind a pillar, and pointed at him. They bore naked swords in their hands, and their features were disguised by masks fashioned to represent the heads of jackalls. Adrian stopped at the sight of them; but the leader, advancing, said: "We are placed here not to impede your passage. Continue your journey, if the Immortals have given you the courage and strength to do so; but I warn you, if you once pass the threshold of this door, you must not dare to pause or attempt to retrace your steps, for if you do, you will find us prepared to oppose your retreat here, and to prevent your return to the world alive."

Adrian passed boldly through the door, and found himself in a similar passage to that through which he had already passed, only the statues held lamps in their hands, in which burned some scarlet-colored colored fire, while the ground beneath his feet was of a deep red color, and free from the reptiles and remains of humanity, which rendered the other so disgusting. As he advanced a light at the extremity gradually appeared, while rich perfumes floated around him. The gallery opened upon a chamber full of lovely women, who danced to the merry lyre, occasionally singing a love-song. Flowers of the rarest bloom were placed around the walls, and tables groaned with the costliest fruits and wines. At the appearance of Adrian, the women flocked around him, offered him fruit and flagons of wine, while one, the fairest, presented to him a flower. But he gazed not upon them, and as he passed through their ranks their blandishments gave way to taunts. Heedless he marched on to the opposite side of the room, where he saw a door, and opening this he passed through. Before him there lay a flight of steps, down which he went, and entered upon a gallery. There were neither niches nor statues here, but the way was so winding that but for his lamp he would have run constantly against the walls. Deep and dangerous-looking holes also were in the way, which it required his utmost care to escape, and his greatest strength and agility at times to leap over. To add to his difficulties, thick clouds of smoke began to fill the gallery, while the sound of some mighty conflagration crackled upon the air, and made the atmosphere hot and sickly. On reaching the end of the gallery, a terribly sublime spectacle met his view. Before him was a noble hall, seemingly constructed of fire. Huge pillars of crimson flame supported a dome of lurid light. The floor appeared to be formed of tesselated work, half fire and half marble. Tongues of fire leapt out on every side, while thick sulphureous smoke hung over the hall. For an instant, but only for an instant, did the youth pause. Carefully treading upon the marble, he stepped across the flames, which he now observed were produced by iron bars heated, and covered with some inflammable preparation. He, after great caution, reached the opposite side of the hall; he wished to look back, but though tempted to do so by the sublime character of the chamber, remembering the injunctions of the fiery scroll, he refrained from doing so. Had he looked back, a band of bowmen, who were concealed on the opposite side of the hall, would have sent a cloud of arrows at him, and so have made an end of him and of all his desires.

But now a more serious and dangerous obstacle confronted him, and threatened to bar his onward progress. A wide and rapid canal, fed by the waters of the Nile, rushed past the hall of fire, and over this he had to swim, for on the opposite side he could see a small ledging before an ivory door. Short pause he made, sufficient to enable him to strip off his white robe, which he carefully wrapt up in his under-garments. Tying these upon his head, and holding his still lighted lamp in the one hand to guide him. for the sheen of the hall of fire had disappeared, he gently dropped into the water and swam boldly and strongly across the canal towards the narrow landing place.

With some difficulty he effected a landing, and, after putting on his dress, he looked about for a passage, by which he might continue his progress. Before him gleamed white underneath the rays of his lamp, the ivory door, but it was bound by two high walls of brass, into each of them being inserted a ponderous wheel of the same metal. Adrian approached the door and tried by pressure to force it open, but it stood the attack, as if it had been of the solid rock. He passed the light of the lamp across it, in a vain attempt to discover knob or handle. These were not there. Carefully examining the sides, he discovered a couple of rings, concealed by the rise of the ledging. These he seized, and drew towards him, still holding his lamp securely in his right hand. After he had pulled the cords out and hung upon them with his full weight, instead of finding the door open to admit him, the brazen wheels began rapidly to revolve upon their axes, and amidst the most horrible noises, the platform on which he had secured such a precarious footing sank beneath him, and he hung, suspended by the rings, over a fathomless abyss, into which the canal, swollen by the raising of a sluice, dashed its waters with a terrible din. From the abyss issued a keen cold piercing wind, which extinguished the flame in his lamp, and left him in utter darkness. Yet no fear struck the heart of the courageous pouth, though his teeth chattered with the cold and his strength threatened to fail him, and plunge him in the vortex of the howling abyss. To add to the horrors of the scene, a lightning bolt flashed close by him, followed by the roar of thunder. Still Adriau held unflinchingly by the rings, and soon the tumult of the elements ceased, the wheels stopped, and the door opened. Lemo stood on the threshold.

"Thrice welcome, Adrian, to earth once more. Welcome, brave youth, conqueror of earthly passion and of earthly fear. Purified by fire, water and air, the gods smile upon thee, and place earth's choicest secrets in your grasp."

He led him into a large apartment, where the priests and priestesses of Isis knelt before a shrine. Adrian was here robed in the purple garment of the highest grade, and those of a meaner did him reverence. Three weeks more he spent with Lemo, who poured out to him the treasures of his lore, and confided to him the secret mysteries known only to himself. When they parted at last, Lemo cast his horoscope, and told him that great danger awaited him in Rome; that a message should be delivered to him from the gods, a trust which should be alike perilous to accept or to refuse, and he bade him in all times of difficulty never to forget that he belonged to the society of Isis, whose members, scattered over the earth, were sworn to support and protect each other.

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Fatality of Numbers.

The connection of certain numbers with the dogmas of religion was sufficient, besides their marvelous properties, to make superstition attach itself to them. Because there were thirteen at the table when the Last Supper was celebrated, and one of the number betrayed his Master, and then hung himself, it is looked upon through Christendom as unlucky to sit down thirteen at table, the consequence being that one of the number will die before the year is out. "When I see," said Vouvenargues, "men of genius not daring to sit down thirteen at table, there is no error, ancient or modern, which astonishes me."

Nine, having bean consecrated by Buddhism, is regarded with great veneration by the Moguls and Chinese; the latter bow nine times on entering the presence of their Emperor.

Three is sacred among Brahminical and Christian people, because of the Trinity of the Godhead.

Pythagoras taught that each number had its own peculiar character, virtue and properties.

"The unit, or the monad," he says, "is the principle and the end of all; it is this sublime knot which binds together the chain of causes; it is the symbol of identity, of equality, of existence, of conservation, and of general harmony. Having no parts, the monad represents Divinity; it announces also order, peace, and tranquillity, which are founded on unity of sentiments; consequently, One is a good principle.

"The number Two, or the dyad, the origin of contrasts, is the symbol of diversity, or inequality, of division and of separation. Two is accordingly an evil principle, a number of bad augury, characterizing disorder, confusion, and change.

"Three, or the triad, is the first of unequals; it is the number containing the most sublime mysteries, for everything is composed of three substances; it represents God the soul of the world, the spirit of man." This number, which plays so great a part in the traditions of Asia and in the Platonic philosophy, is the image of the attributes of God.

"Four, or the tetrad, as the first mathematical power, is also one of the chief elements; it represents the generating virtue whence come all combinations; it is the most perfect of numbers, it is the root of all things. It is holy by nature, since it constitutes the Divine essence, by recalling His unity, His power, His goodness, and His wisdom, the four perfections which especially characterize God. Consequently, Pythagoricians swear by the quaternary number, which gives the human soul its eternal nature.

"The number Five, or the pentad, has a peculiar force in sacred expiations; it is everything; it stops the power of poisons, and is redoubted by evil spirits.

"The number Six, or the hexad, is a fortunate number, and it derives its merit from the first sculptors having divided the face into six portions; but, according to the Chaldeans, the reason is, because God created the world in six days.

"Seven, or the heptad, is a number very powerful for good or for evil. It belongs especially to sacred things.

"The number Eight, or the octad, is the first cube, that is to say, squared in all senses, as a die, proceeding from its base two, an even number; so is man four-square, or perfect.

"The number Nine, or the ennead, being the multiple of three, should be regarded as sacred.

"Finally, Ten, or the decad, is the measure of all, since it contains all the numeric relations and harmonies. As the reunion of the four first numbers, it plays an eminent part, since all the branches of science, all nomenclatures, emanate from, and retire into it."

It is hardly necessary to do more than mention the peculiar character given to different numbers by Christianity. One is the numeral indicating the Unity of the Godhead; Two points to the hypostatic union; Three to the Blessed Trinity; Four to the Evangelists; Five to the Sacred Wounds; Six is the number of sin; Seven that of the gifts of the Spirit; Eight that of the Beatitudes; Ten is the number of the commandments; Eleven speaks of the Apostles after the loss of Judas; Twelve, of the complete apostolic college. * * *

The number 14 has often been observed as having singularly influenced the life of Henry IV. and other French princes. Let us take the history of Henry.

On the 14th of May, 1029, the first King of France, named Henry, was consecrated; and on the 14th May, 1610, the last Henry was assassinated.

Fourteen letters enter into the composition of the name of Henri de Bourbon, who was the 14th king bearing the titles of France and Navarre.

The 14th December, 1553, that is, 14 centuries, 14 decades, and 14 years after the birth of Christ, Henry IV. was born; the ciphers of the date 1553, when added together, giving the number 14.

The 14th May, 1554, Henry II. ordered the enlargement of the Rue de la Ferronnerie. The circumstance of this order not having been carried out, occasioned the murder of Henry IV. in that street, four times 14 years after.

The 14th of May, 1552, was the date of the birth of Marguérite de Valois, first wife of Henry IV.

On the 14th May, 1588, the Parisians revolted against Henry III., at the instigation of the Duke of Guise.

On the 14th March, 1590, Henry IV. gained the battle of Ivry.

On the 14th May, 1590, Henry was repulsed from the Fauxbourgs of Paris.

On the 14th November, 1590, the Sixteen took oath to die rather than serve Henry.

On the 14th November, 1592, the Parliament registered the Papal Bull giving power to the legate to nominate a king to the exclusion of Henry.

On the 14th December, 1599, the Duke of Savoy was reconciled to Henry IV.

On the 14th September, 1606, the Dauphin, afterward Louis XIII., was baptized.

On the 14th May, 1610, the king was stopped in the Rue de la Ferronnerie, by his carriage becoming locked with a cart, on account of the narrowness of the street. Ravaillac took advantage of the occasion for stabbing him.

Henry IV. lived four times 14 years, 14 weeks, and four times 14 days; that is to say, 56 years and 5 months.

On the 14th May, 1643, died Louis XIII., son of Henry IV.; not only on the same day of the same month as his father, but the date, 1643, when its ciphers are added together, gives the number 14, just as the ciphers of the date of the birth of his father gave 14.

Louis XIV. mounted the throne in 1643:

$1 + 6 + 4 + 3 = 14.$

He died in the year 1715: $1 + 7 + 1 + 5 = 14.$

He lived 77 years, and $7 + 7 = 14.$

Louis XV. mounted the throne in the same year; he died in 1774, which also bears the stamp of 14, the extremes being 14, and the sum of the means $7 + 7$ making 14.

Louis XVI. had reigned 14 years when he convoked the States General, which was to bring about the revolution.

The number of years between the assassination of Henry IV. and the dethronement of Louis XVI. is divisible by 14.

Louis XVII. died in 1794; the extreme digits of the date are 14, and the first two give his number.

The restoration of the Bourbons took place in 1814, also marked by the extremes being 14; also by the sum of the ciphers making 14.

(To be continued).

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The Moral Code of Masonry.

BY BRO. A. G. MACKEY.

No institution can long exist which is not founded on the practice of some system of morality. However restricted this system may be, however simple may be its provisions, it is nevertheless a sublime necessity of humanity that there shall be some essence of virtue in every undertaking that is to derive its existence and support from human aid and human organization.

Of course then there must be a moral code in Masonry. There must be a basis of goodness on which it has been erected, and which continues to give it support. Its very perpetuity is an evidence of this. As a school of philosophy, it may command respect. As a system of symbolism, it may earn our admiration. But it is only as an institution founded on the immutable principles of morality that it has secured a permanent success among the associations of men.

Suppose, for instance, that the only object of Freemasonry had been to perpetuate certain circumstances connected with the building of King Solomon's Temple—and there are hundreds, if not thousands, of ignorant brethren who have fallen into the error of this supposition—how long does any reflecting man believe that it could have lasted in this meagre character of a historical reminiscence? The fate of the builder, however interesting as a moral lesson, and however it may commend itself to our estimation in its symbolic aspect, sinks into utter insignificance when we look at it in the light of a bare record of something that has actually happened. As a part of history, it is almost unworthy of repetition.

It is only when Hiram becomes a divine mystery, shadowing forth the hopes and fears, the temptations and conquests, the struggles and the destiny of man, that the fact or the fable, call it which you will, becomes deeply interesting; and the society which has shrewdly adopted this symbol as its foundation-stone has been enabled to erect thereon an edifice which the storms of ages have not shaken from its erect position.

It was wise, therefore, in the old English Masons to say that Freemasonry was a science of morality, veiled in allegory and illustrated by symbols. It is only as a science of morality that it has lived, only as such that it can live.

The moral code of Masonry forms, therefore, an essential ingredient in its system. We may change its ceremonies as we please, we may doubt or deny many of its traditions and entirely alter its ritual, and we may detract from or add to its landmarks, and the institution will still remain uninjured if we only refrain from tampering with its material code.

Now the moral code of Masonry, while, in common with all other moral codes, it derives its teachings and its sanctions from the universal law of nature, adds to these sanctions the universal condition of an expressed mutual obligation. It goes, therefore, further in its demands than any ordinary system of morality. "To the requisitions of the law of Nature and of the law of God it adds the imperative obligation of a contract." This is the one great advantage of the moral code of Freemasonry which gives it a pre-eminence over that of every other which is of mere human device.

While the Mason, like every other man, is bound by the general law of morality which is contained within the two boundaries of *love of God and love of our neighbor*, he finds the boundaries more strictly defined by that perpetual contract into which he has entered with every other Mason in the world.

Thus, as soon as an initiate is enrolled among the brethren of the Order, he finds the sphere of moral duties, which he had been previously called upon to perform, eminently enlarged; and with the enlargement of his sphere of duties, comes also the sanction of a new motive.

Every Mason on earth now becomes his brother, and the duties which he had formerly as a *profane*, been commanded to perform to his fellow-man by the law of morality, he now cordially and "of his own free will and accord" covenants to perform as an *initiate*, to his brother. And this covenant is, as all covenants should be, a mutual one. The sympathy and kindness which he owes to his brethren, they, on their part, promise and owe to him.

Thus on every one he may call for assistance in the hour of need, for protection against danger, for sympathy in his sorrow, for attendance in sickness, and for decent burial after death. And all this, any one of his brethren may, under like circumstances of distress or danger, of sorrow or sickness, call upon him to do likewise. Hence, here is the great moral law of Nature, the golden rule that thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself, enforced and secured by the visible and tangible forms of an expressed contract.

And so on is it with all the other moral duties of Masonry. No Mason can wrong another of the value of anything knowingly, nor suffer it to be done by others if in his power to prevent it. No Mason can speak evil of another before his face or behind his back. No Mason can be the traitorous destroyer of another's peace by the undue revelation of honorable confidence entrusted in him. No Mason can see the widow or the orphans of a brother in destitution without stretching forth the hand of help. All these duties are in the bond as well as in the law. The Mason who violates this bond, who acts unworthily to his brother, disobeys the tenets of the law, and beside this, is perjured and forsworn.

Masonry thus, by a solemn contract, holds every disciple who has knelt at its altar to a purer life, to a nobler generosity, to a more boundless love of his fellow. And the Mason becoming thus a link in the great chain of his Order, goes forth on his destined course with every aspiration for his own moral elevation and that of his race, doubly strengthened by the force of the law and the obligation of the contract.

The enemies of Masonry have always known this; but in their malignity they concealed the truth, and proclaimed that in Masonry there was a contract for evil. They falsified the conditions of the bond. But the fraternity joined issue with them on this point, and they were defeated, for truth is great and must always prevail.

Indeed this contract for good purposes, this covenant to do well, this moral code sanctioned and enforced by a mutual obligation, is the stronghold of Masonry. It forms its distinctive characteristic among all other moral associations, and on it it founds its secret hope of perpetuity. It is on this rock that its house is built, so that no storm nor tempest shall ever overthrow it.

But it may be said that all this is applicable to every other moral association. But it is not so. Undoubtedly, every society of men, not united together for professedly selfish or vicious purposes, must have respect to the moral law, and must enforce its observance, to a greater or less extent, in its constitution. But the moral code and its observance pervades every part of the Masonic system. It is not, to it, as a beacon, glimmering with fitful rays out of the surrounding darkness, but it is a bright Aurora, covering with its rays of light the whole sky, and permeating the remotest part of its atmosphere with glorious rays. And so, from the time that the aspirant for Masonry first approaches the porch of the temple, and reverently kneels upon its chequered pavement, to the last reception of his highest degree, he is reminded of this moral code and of his contract to obey it. Every ceremony, however apparently trifling, alludes to this bond of moral obligation. Every symbol is a reference to some moral duty. Every allegory is clothed with the teachings of love to our neighbor. The bond to do good—the contract of sympathy and love—is written and repeated in letters of living light over every part of the great temple of Masonry, so that all who enter it must read.

Hence, Freemasonry is not only a science of morality. It is more. It is a great moral contract, the record of which is its obligation, and the witnesses, its symbols and its allegories.

Festina Lente.

The fraternity of Freemasons, governed as they are by Grand Bodies, whose only check upon their enactments lies in the landmarks of the fraternity, is there not danger of disturbing the peace and harmony of the entire body by arbitrary legislation, such as unequal or unjust taxation not only for the support of those Grand Bodies, but the carrying out of schemes of benevolence at enormous outlays of money, and particularly when those sums of money are sought to be collected from those Lodges or individuals who are not directly interested in the objects for which said moneys are raised. The building of Halls or Temples in the large cities are taxing the entire jurisdiction to raise the funds required, as, for instance, in Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, whose example New York is following, and creating a feeling of dissatisfaction among the craft thereby.

A great evil lies in the attempts to move too rapidly, to progress faster than the voluntary contributions of Lodges and individuals will warrant, and the resort to taxation to facilitate the completion of the work contemplated, which though good in itself and desired by all, is calculated to engender feelings of discontent when coercive measures are resorted to for the purpose of speedy accomplishment.

These remarks are called forth by the murmurings of the craft, where these coercive measures have been tried, and it becomes a serious question to be decided upon whether the true policy to be pursued does not lie in the delay necessary to the voluntary system of contribution.

The craft are desirous to build a Hall in the city of New York, the surplus revenues from which are to be applied to the maintenance of an Asylum. The object is one no truehearted Mason can object to; it is a desideratum long felt, and which should and must be supplied; but is it politic to jeopardize the peace and harmony of the thousands of Masons in the jurisdiction by a resort to measures to hasten the completion of the design, or by a slower process maintain that good feeling which should, at any cost, prevail among the craft?

There are other projects, equally important, which are beginning to attract attention, and which very many craftsmen desire to see accomplished; it is therefore essential that such means should be resorted to as will secure their accomplishment without disturbing the harmony of the craft.

With these considerations before us, should there not be some projects on foot to raise, by voluntary means, the funds necessary to complete the Hall and Asylum Fund, or at least bring it up to the "*building point?*"

The governing body, that is to say, the Grand Lodge, should be protected, as much as possible, from the necessity for taxing the craft under their jurisdiction; all taxes are felt to be onerous, and a loyal fraternity should not be tempted to refuse obeyance to the mandates of the Grand Lodge. Let us then see an effort of voluntary action constantly going on, which will prevent schism, discord or dissention, ever remembering that "an ounce of prevention is better than a pound of cure." ALPHA.

Anecdotes and Sayings of Masons.

Rufus Choate, in an argument before a Legislative Committee, described the boundary-line between Rhode Island and Massachusetts in this language: "Why," said he, "it is like starting at a bush, from thence to a blue-jay, from thence to a hive of bees in swarming time, from thence to three hundred foxes with firebrands in their tails."

Two or three years ago, during a season of illness, Mr. Choate was visited by one of his friends, who urged upon him the importance of paying more attention to his health. "Sir," said the visitor, "you must go away; if you continue your professional labors thus, you will certainly undermine your constitution." Mr. Choate looked up, and with that grave irony and peculiar twinkle of the eye which were so marked and indescribable when he jested, said, "Sir, the constitution was destroyed long ago; I am now living under the by-laws."

Coming into a lawyer's office one day, he saw a close-winding staircase leading up to the consulting room. His eye scanned its corkscrew curvings for a moment; then turning to the lawyer, his look prophesied a witticism, as he quietly observed, "How drunk a man must be to go up those stairs!"

In a divorce case, he was arguing against the probability of guilt. "They were playful, Gentlemen of the Jury—not guilty. After the morning toil, they sat down upon the haymow for refreshment, not crime. There may have been a little youthful fondling—playful, not amorous. They only wished to *soften the asperities of hay-making*."

Lord Brougham.—"I trust everything under God," said Lord Brougham, "to habits upon which, in all ages, the lawgiver, as well as the schoolmaster, has mainly placed his reliance; habit, which makes everything easy, and casts all difficulties upon the deviation from a wonted course. Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the nature of the child, grown or adult, as the most atrocious crimes are to any of your lordships. Give a child the habit of sacredly regarding the truth, of carefully respecting the property of others, of scrupulously abstaining from all acts of improvidence which can involve him in distress, and he will just as likely think of rushing into an element in which he cannot breathe as of lying, or cheating, or stealing."

The Tailor and Dean Swift.—A tailor in Dublin, near the residence of the Dean, took it into his head that he was specially and divinely inspired to interpret the prophecies, and especially the Book of Revelations. Quitting the shop-board, he turned out a preacher, or rather a prophet, until his customers had left his shop, and his family was likely to famish.

His monomania was well known to Dean Swift, who benevolently watched for some convenient opportunity to turn the current of his thoughts. One night the tailor, as he fancied, got a revelation to go and convert Dean Swift, and the next morning took up his line of march for the deanery. The Dean, whose study was furnished with a glass door, saw the tailor approach, and instantly surmised the nature of his errand. Throwing himself into an attitude of solemnity, and his eyes fixed on the tenth chapter of Revelation, he waited his approach.

The door opened, and the tailor announced, in his unearthly voice, the message:

"Dean Swift, I am sent by the Almighty to announce to you—"

"Come in, my friend," said the Dean, "I am in great trouble, and no doubt the Lord has sent you to help me out of my difficulty."

This unexpected welcome inspired the tailor—strengthened greatly his assurance in his own prophetic character, and disposed him to listen to the disclosure.

"My friend," said the Dean, "I have just been reading the tenth chapter of Revelations, and am greatly distressed with a difficulty I have met with; and you are the very man to help me out. Here is the account of an angel that came down from heaven, who was so large that he placed one foot on the sea, and the other on the earth, and lifted up his hand to heaven. Now my knowledge of mathematics," continued the Dean, "enables me to calculate exactly the size and form of the angel; but I am in great difficulty, for I wish to make a pair of breeches, and as that is in your line of business, I have no doubt the Lord has sent you to show me."

This sudden exposition came like an electric shock to the poor tailor. He hurried from the house, ran to his shop, and a quick revulsion of thought and feeling came over him. Making breeches was exactly in his line of business. He returned to his occupation, thoroughly cured of his prophetical revelation by the wit of the Dean.

Family Circle.

RED RIDING HOOD.

Long years ago, when but a child,
By mother's side I've stood,
And listened, weeping, while she told
Of dear Red Riding Hood.

And even now, when growing old,
The story I recall,
Of that most kind and loving girl,
Who was beloved by all.

No wonder, when she always was
So diligent and good,
And helped her parents and her friends
In every way she could.

She gladly read unto the blind,
Took food unto the poor,
And by kind actions helped the sick
Their sufferings to endure.

So mother told me years ago
While sitting by her knee:
I wish my little readers all
Like that good girl would be.

The winter time has now begun,
The cold winds keenly blow,
And drifted on the streets and lanes
We see the sleet and snow.

Alas! how many poor ones now
Crouch round a cheerless hearth:
How many, poorer, shivering go,
Without a home on earth.

Help them in every way you can:
Remember them in prayer;
And from your plentiful supply
A little portion spare.

Give *something*, though the gift should be
Small as the widow's mite,
'Twill help to fill some aching heart
With comfort and delight.

The youngest of you has the power
And means of doing good;
You all can do what once was done
By dear Red Riding Hood.

NEVER GIVE UP!

Never give up! it is wiser and better
Always to hope, than once to despair;
Fling off the load of Doubt's cankering fetter,
And break the dark spell of tyrannical Care:
Never give up! or the burden may sink you;
Providence kindly has mingled the cup,
And in all trials or troubles, bethink you,
The watchword of life must be, Never give up!

Never give up! there are chances and changes
Helping the hopeful a hundred to one,
And through the chaos High Wisdom arranges
Ever success—if you'll only hope on:
Never give up! for the wisest is boldest,
Knowing that Providence mingles the cup,
And of all maxims the best, as the oldest,
Is the true watchword of Never give up!

Never give up! though the grape-shot may rattle,
Or the full thunder-cloud over you burst,
Stand like a rock—and the storm or the battle
Little shall harm you, though doing their worst:
Never give up! if adversity presses,
Providence wisely has mingled the cup,
And the best counsel, in all your distresses,
Is the stout watchword of Never give up!

"I HAVE NO INFLUENCE."

What if the rain should say,
So small a drop as I
Can never refresh those thirsty fields—
I'll tarry in the sky!

What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Can not create a day!

Doth not each rain-drop help to form
The soul-refreshing shower,
And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

Affecting Sketch.—In a cemetery near Seville is a very beautiful though simple marble cross, on which are engraved these three lines, in Spanish:

"I believe in God;
I hope for God;
I love God."

It is the grave of a poor boy, the only son of a widow. He was not exactly an idiot, but what people call a "natural." Good, simple, humble, every one loved him; but no one could teach him anything. His intelligence was in some way at fault. He could remember nothing. In vain the poor mother put him first at school and then to a trade; he could not learn. At last, in despair, she took him to a neighboring monastery and implored the Abbot, who was a most charitable, holy man, to take him in and keep him as a lay brother. Touched by her grief, the Abbot consented, and the boy entered the convent. There all possible pains were taken with him by the good monks to give him at least some ideas of religion; but he could remember nothing but these three sentences. Still, he was so patient, so laborious, and so good, that the community decided to keep him. When he had finished his hard out-of-door work, instead of coming in to rest, he would go straight to the church, and there remain on his knees for hours. "But what does he do?" exclaimed one of the novices. "He does not know how to pray. He neither understands the office, nor the sacraments, nor the ceremonies of the church." They therefore hid themselves in a side chapel, close to where he always knelt, and watched him when he came in. Devoutly kneeling, with his hands clasped, his eyes fastened on the tabernacle, he did nothing but repeat over and over again, "I believe in God; I hope for God; I love God." One day he was missing; they went to his cell, and found him dead on the straw, with his hands joined, and an expression of the same ineffable peace and joy they had remarked on his face when in church. They buried him in this quiet cemetery, and the Abbot caused these words to be graven on his cross. Soon a lily was seeen flowering by the grave, where no one had sown it; the grave was opened, and the root of the flower was found in the heart of the orphan boy.

Silent Influences.—The Rev. Albert Barnes says: "It is the bubbling stream that flows gently; the little rivulet which runs along day and night by the farmhouse that is useful, rather than the swollen flood or warring cataract. Niagara excites our wonder, and we stand amazed at the power and greatness of God there, as he pours it from the hollow of His hand. But one Niagara is enough for the continent and the world, while the same world requires thousands and tens of thousands of silver fountains and gently flowing rivulets that water every farm and meadow, and every garden, and shall flow on every day and night with their gentle, quiet beauty. So it is with the acts of our lives. It is not by great deeds, like those of the martyrs, good is to be done, but by the daily and quiet virtues of life, the Christian temper, the good qualities of relatives and friends."

Worldly-Mindedness.—It is our great unhappiness, that the soul is always in the senses, and the senses are always upon the world; we converse with the world, we talk of the world; we think of the world; we project for the world, and what can this produce but a carnal frame of spirit? We must meditate on heavenly things; we must have our conversation in heaven; we must accustom ourselves to inward and heavenly pleasures, if we will have heavenly minds. We must let no day pass, wherein we must draw ourselves from the body and sequester ourselves from the world, that we may converse with God and our own souls. This will soon enable us to disdain the low and beggarly satisfaction of the outward man, and make us long to be set free from the weight of this corruptible body, to breathe in purer air, and to take our fill of refined and spiritual pleasure.

A Gentle Whisper.—Husbands, think of the good qualities of your beloved, not of her bad ones; think of her good common sense, her industry, neatness, order; her kindness, affability, and, above all, her ardent piety, her devotedness to things heavenly and divine. Suppose you had a slattern for a wife, a slipshod hussy, a gossip, a real termagant, whose tongue was not merely a trip-hammer, but as the forked lightning, so that even the housetop would be a thankful retreat from her unmitigated fury! Suppose all this, and still more, and then say, has not God dealt very kindly, graciously, mercifully, in giving you such a wife? God has dealt infinitely better than your deserts.

"But she is not all I could wish?"

Marvelous! Wonderful! And are *you* all *she* could wish? Turn the wallet. Suppose you cast an eye within and without, view your own ugliness and blackness! How many things does your beloved wife see in you that she has reason to despise as mean, selfish, miserly, groveling? Are you all that she could wish? Far from it.

Love covereth a multitude of blemishes—let the heart be filled with love, and the little faults which now appear mountains will be swallowed up or become as molehills. A husband who is always complaining and growling and snapping and snarling, is enough to crush a heart of *steel*, to sour the mind of an angel. The female heart is tender, soothing, sympathetic, lovely. Husbands speak kindly to you beloved:

Speak kindly to her. Little dost thou know
What utter wretchedness, what hopeless woe,
Hang on those bitter words, that stern reply:
The cold demeanor and reproving eye,
The death steel pierces not with keener dart
Than unkind words in woman's trusting heart.

"Pa Does It."—"You Tommie, my son, what's that you're saying?"

"La, me! I just said confound it."

"Why, my son, mother's astonished to hear you talk so. That's naughty."

"I says wosser things than that, sometimes. I just cusses right out like anybody. You know all men cusses!"

"Ah, my son, gentlemen do not curse. Low, trifling men curse, but gentlemen of good sense and good manners don't."

"Well, anyhow, my pa does it."

"Run along to play, Tommie, and be a man. Don't say such naughty things."

Enter Father. "Pa, are you a gentleman?"

"Yes my son, I try to be one; but what makes you ask such strange questions, Tommie. Who says otherwise?"

"Nobody, sir, but I was thinking somebody told a story—you or ma, one."

"Thomas, what do you mean?"

"I just mean, pa, that you cusses, and ma says gentlemen don't. And you know you do, cause I heard you cuss the carriage driver the other day, and I've been saying it ever since."

"Peggy, Peggy, come take this boy to bed."

Kindness to Animals.—In 1842, the then young Lord Porchester, son of Earl Carnarvon, at a meeting of the Royal Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, in Exeter Hall, delivered the following address. He was then only twelve years old. It was to second the Resolution. "That the subject of humanity to animals should be made a matter of special instruction in all our National Schools."

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I am but a little boy; but no child is too young to care about dumb animals, and no child can grow up to be a good man who does not treat every animal with mercy and kindness. We wish to teach children to be kind to animals. and I am sure animals teach us many useful lessons. The bee teaches us to be industrious, the lamb to be gentle, and the dog to be true and faithful; and if all children were industrious, true, and gentle, I almost think we should give grown persons much less trouble than we do. When God made the world, He gave a blessing to all the animals. He created all of them before he created man. God's first words to animals were good and kind words; and God will not love any man or child who does not show them pity and kindness! In Turkey, where I went with my papa and mamma, even the little boys and girls will not hurt dumb animals, and it is a shame that Christian boys should do what Mohammedan boys would not think of doing. But when English children are taught to know that it is wrong to hurt animals, they will find more pleasure in protecting than in injuring them. I hope, ladies and gentlemen, you will encourage this plan of teaching children their duty to dumb animals; and I am sure, if you do so, the animals will be much happier, and the children much better than they are. I thank you, ladies and gentlemen, for having heard me so kindly, and I beg to second the resolution."

All that can be said about blood and gentle birth is said by Bishop Warburton, in these words: "High birth is a thing that I never knew any one to disparage, except him that had it not; and I never knew any one to make a boast of it who had anything else to be proud of." This fine remark is said to have been occasioned by an angry dispute in the British House of Lords between a peer of a noble birth and one of a new creation.

Childlike.—I am glad the world is full of children. To me earth, with all its other charms, were a gloomy waste without them. I love to feel as a child. There is no solace in affliction so sweet as the sympathy of children; there is no music so enchanting as their unaffected, joyous laugh. I am never so happy, and the gentle spirit of humanity never breathes so freshly and cheeringly into my heart, as when I am surrounded by a company of affectionate, merry children.

Charity.—Great minds are charitable to their bitterest enemies, and can sympathize with the feelings of their fellow-creatures. It is only the narrow-minded who makes no allowance for the faults of others.

The National Freemason,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, AUGUST 24, 1867.

R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S., Editor.

John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

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For 12 subscribers, a Gold Pen; for 50 subscribers, a Gold Watch and Chain, for lady or gentleman.

We will deliver the articles at our rooms or send the books by mail, stamps having been furnished. If the article is to be boxed, the expense must be prepaid by the person sending for it.

One copy will be sent free also to each person making up a club of seven or more.

The Landmarks—The Masonic Constitution Written and Unwritten.

It may surprise some readers to find us discoursing of an unwritten Constitution of Freemasonry. Their impression is that we have, and can have, no constitutional Masonic law but what rests in the text of written instruments. The better instructed understand that written constitutions, like all statutes, are necessarily the subjects of authoritative construction and interpretation; and that the conclusions thus reached, legitimately established, are to be taken along with the written text, as if they were a part of it, for all practical purposes. The several legislatures and jurisdictions of Masonry make statutes, but these same jurisdictions are judicial also, and do also interpret and give practical construction, and those interpretations and practical constructions in the past and present are the unwritten law. And so far it is unavoidable that the written law should come, at least in some instances, to depend on matter existing out of and beyond it, for its true meaning and for its extent and limitation.

But when we write of an unwritten constitution we mean more than this. We think it quite possible for our Masonic governments, by a practical use of powers more than doubtful, greatly to enlarge the scope of its real authority. Indeed, important and substantial amendments, or rather radical changes, may thus be made in the instrument as much as if effected directly by conventions of delegates. It is not impossible in this way essentially to subvert the original constitution, and set up another and very different constitution. We are constrained to think that an operation of this sort was began years ago, and has been continued, and the effect of subversion and substitution actually brought out upon our landmarks, or is being accomplished, to a very serious and alarming extent. There are several clear cases of assumption of power in various jurisdictions, which, if submitted to and acquiesced in by the body of Freemasonry so as to become approved and fixed precedents, will work an abiding revolution, and substitute a new constitution, partly written and partly unwritten.

To those to whom such an idea may appear incongruous, remember how the British Constitution has been made and settled. This is wholly unwritten, though many of its principal features are determined by reference to written documents. It defines prerogatives of the sovereign and the authority of Parliament, and the powers and privileges of the several estates of the kingdom, and the rights of the people, just in accordance with the leading occurrences and facts in the history of the empire. It is altogether historical. Such prerogatives as the sovereign has been accustomed to assume and exercise with the concurrence of the other estates and of the nation, are his constitional prerogatives. The powers and privileges of the other estates and popular rights have been settled in the same way. Serious contest and commotion, and revolution, have adjusted important points. What a different instrument it became, by the expulsion of the Stuart kings and the revolution of 1688. This case shows how easy for an unwritten and historical constitution to grow up. It has grown up in Freemasonry, and rapid are the modifications of former Masonic landmarks and constitutions. If powers are assumed by Masonic officers, or any branch of Masonic government, and exercised with the concurrence of the body of Masonry, we do not see why they may not thenceforward be deemed constitutional, at least until very explicit and significant dissent shall be manifested by the body of Freemasonry. We do not say that every Grand Master and Master would be bound to follow a bad example because a preceding officer had done so. But an act once passed and accomplished, and the clear sanction of the body of Freemasonry added, could not but be regarded (and is so regarded) as giving a sufficient authority for its repetition.

We shall recur to this subject again.

The G, the All-Seeing Eye and the Delta.

Ancient nations wrote the names of the gods symbolically. The Jews expressed the tetragrammaton or sacred name of Jehovah by the substitute of a letter or sign. *Freemasonry is so profoundly religious and reverential* that she also presents T.·. G.·. A.·. O.·. T.·. U.·. under a variety of symbols.

The letter G as now used is comparatively modern, and is not a universal Masonic symbol. It was taken from one older and more universal, and changed in form to suit modern convenience. Is it not a modern corruption, an anglicizing of the old Hebrew symbol, the letter *Yod?* This is the initial of the sacred name of Jehovah and the usual form of its expression, the Jews abstaining from writing the name in full.

The letter G has been most unfortunately employed to symbolize Jehovah, as the Saxon *God* or *Good* refers to the mercy and goodness of Deity, but *Jehovah* in Hebrew signifies "he that was, is, and will be"—his eternal self-existence. The letter G, as masonically used at the present time, however, symbolizes Jehovah, and not merely one of his attributes, that of goodness.

The All-Seeing Eye is a significant symbol of Deity—the symbol of watchfulness and care of the Universe. The Egyptians represented Osiris, their chief deity, by an open eye, and placed this symbol in all their temples.

The Yod, or its Anglican and American Masonic equivalent *G*, symbolizes the essence of all existence, a life-giving and life-sustaining God. The *All-Seeing Eye* symbolizes God as an *omnipresent* deity.

The Equilateral *Triangle* was adopted by all the nations of antiquity as a symbol of Deity. Among the Jews the letter Yod was inserted in the centre, to represent the tetragrammaton or omnific name Jehovah. Very appropriately can we masonically place the letter G (the equivalent of Yod) in it, combining the universal symbol of Deity (the equilateral triangle) with the Anglican symbol.

The equilateral triangle was considered the most perfect of figures, representing the great principle of nature, its three sides symbolizing respectively the three kingdoms—the animal, the vegetable, and the mineral.

The equilateral is sometimes styled the *Delta*, or mystical triangle.

The Asylum and School.

In our last issue, in reply to a correspondent, we stated our positions on this subject, which, so far as we can learn, meet the approval of the friends of the Asylum and School, and also of those who have been regarded as opposed or indifferent. Here then is common ground.

The same correspondent furnishes us in this issue with some of the substantial grounds upon which this enterprise is based. So far as this statement goes, we frankly confess it to be satisfactory. While we do not expect any movement to exactly quadrate with our notions of optimism, we do insist that it shall be for a worthy object; that it shall be feasible, proper for our fraternity, and conducted in the main on such principles as will insure an honorable success. None can question the desirableness of aiding the cause of the helpless, the needy and the orphan. The feasibility of this specific plan depends upon the tenure of the property, the amount of money to be raised, the means to secure this money, and the regimen of the Asylum.

Of the tenure of the property and its transfer, able lawyers have given their opinion, and the means are being furnished for all to examine for themselves. Our correspondent furnishes important evidence in another column. We shall present further evidence when afforded us. The amount of money to be raised is inconsiderable regarding our resources. The energy and zeal displayed by the friends of this enterprise will soon secure it. We have advanced far enough in our investigations to feel satisfied that we cannot, at least, oppose this movement.

None can doubt about its object being proper for the Fraternity—that of the helpless brother and Masonic orphans.

The only remaining question is, "Are its regimen and principles of conduct such as will insure success?" We frankly state that, while we approve them generally as we understand them, there are some measures that do not strike us so favorably. Some of our suggestions of modification have been adopted, and all from any source whatever are carefully considered. Judging of the spirit of the whole movement from such members of the Executive Committee as visit our office, we conclude that the movement is catholic, and not partizan—sincere and without personal ends—and may be directed by the highest wisdom and purest Masonic charity. It is certainly remarkable that the friends of the Asylum should court investigation so persistently.

We have no disposition to add to our duties, but, repeatedly and formally pressed, we will not evade responsibility. We will investigate this whole subject, and furnish our readers with whatever light we obtain.

We open our columns to a candid and frank, yet impersonal discussion of this whole subject, for and against.

◆

Light.

Among the beneficial effects to be expected from the Masonic institution is the assistance it affords in educating the general mind to the habit of self-culture and reflection, the habit of refusing to take upon trust whatever may be offered, and of persistence in seeking out the whys and the wherefores, each man for himself.

In the long past, we find that kings have retained their sway over the people because of that divinity with which it has been their interest to hedge themselves about; and for ages the people have submitted to exactions, impositions and brutalities, sanctioned by those in authority, because the masses have not known, or have overlooked, the latent power contained in themselves, by which their wrongs might have been righted and their oppressors overthrown. In all ages they have been considered as "matter," and the greater enlightenment of their leaders as "mind," and their apathy has enabled the rulers to establish and maintain a facile triumph. In like manner with the dogmas of religion and the theories of the schools, the few have held the reins of power, while the many have submitted to their teaching with uncomplaining docility and obedience. If the simplicity and directness of the patriarchal ages had always remained; if the rulers and teachers of the people had always been honest; if, seeking only to promote the general welfare, they had remained true to the duties of their position, and, unswayed by the corrupt promptings of ambition and the greed of wealth, they had always been as fathers seeking to lead their children aright, perhaps it had been well that there should have been no change. But, unfortunately, the sad history of the world goes to prove that laws are more frequently enacted for the maintenance of the pride and pomp of power and station than for the welfare of the governed; that the great religious hierarchies seek rather to promote their particular supremacy, than to glorify God and increase the reverence for His name and the practice of His requirements; that the benefits of learning inure to the few, and are rarely devoted to the elevation of the many; and hence, in every country, while the multitude literally eat the sweat of their own brows, the privileged few toil not, neither do they spin, while they are arrayed in purple and fine linen, and fare sumptuously every day. And so it will continue for generations yet to come; nor would we, if it were in our power, change the status either backward or forward, because the people are not prepared for the casting down of their idols, nor for the great change which must one day come, when the corruptions of the past and the present will be regarded as the fearful visions of men struggling in darkness, as of blind men led by blinder passions in devious and uncertain ways. When light has found its way to the intellect of the mass, when governments shall be only the necessary restrictions to maintain order and protect the rights of all, when men shall have been sufficiently educated to understand that the privileges they would enjoy themselves are to be conceded in like manner to all others—that, in short, the just powers of all governments are to be derived from the consent of the governed, and are to be exercised for their benefit; when men are made to understand that the worship of God is an essential, personal and imperative duty, called for by every consideration of gratitude to and love for the beneficient Author of our being, whose tender mercy ever watches over us, and not a mere matter of form, according to the tenets of any particular sect; when they learn the great lesson of toleration, and every man kneels at the throne as an act of duty, leaving to his neighbor his own method of discharging a similar duty; when men can enter and worship in any and every temple, and all find in the Supreme Architect a Father and friend, then we shall be prepared to cast aside the corrupting trammels that have so long borne us to the earth and rise to the dignity of truemanhood.

In the preparation for this event Masonry is doing a share. Within her Lodges men of every sect and opinion meet, and learn that men may entertain views wide apart as the poles, and yet be brethren. There they may be taught to understand the weaknesses and shortcomings of our common nature, and to make allowance one for the other. There they can appreciate how easy it is to let every man win his own way to heaven, and how unnecessary it is to send him to the other place because he does not choose to follow the path we may have chosen; and when mankind have learned this lesson, the work of regeneration will be half accomplished.

Some of those who have most persistently and bitterly opposed the institution have based their opposition upon the ground that Masons are banded together to uproot religion and break down all government. It would be difficult to imagine a ground more devoid of truth. The very nature of our organization and the character of our membership is the best proof that the allegation cannot be true. Masonry is a bond of union between all men, without regard to rank or station or opinion, and no conscientious man can enter or remain in fellowship with it who is not prepared to allow the fullest respect and liberty to the opinions of his fellows, so long as they are not subversive of morality. Even then we could only cut off the offending member as one sinning against the very corner-stone of social existence. We do not and cannot seek to convert any man from his religious convictions or the allegiance due his government, for we have no special mode of faith to which converts might be made, nor is it possible for us to admit any other rule of political action than that a Mason shall be loyal to the Government under which he lives. If we did, Masonry would long since have been scattered to the winds of heaven. Made up as it is of representatives of all sects and all countries, the slightest attempt to convert one another would arouse a storm of passion before which the institution would wither like grass in the breath of the sirocco.

Its continued existence, its marked popularity and its wonderful progress, is the best possible proof that men not only find it free from sectarian prejudice, but that within its courts they may enjoy society and communion with their fellows apart from such considerations. In the exercise of this broad and genial spirit, as opposed to the narrow prejudices of the pharisees, lies the power of Masonry, and the hope that, as it spreads, men will be won to understand each other's rights, respect each other's opinions, and ultimately cover with its glorious ægis a redeemed and regenerated humanity.

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The following is from the pen of a Presbyterian clergyman, a brother of Georgia, of Masonic reputation:

[For the Journal and Messenger.]

MACON, GA., Aug. 3, 1867.

To Rev. Dr. McMurdy:

REV. AND DEAR BRO.: Not enjoying the pleasure of a personal acquaintance, but having for some time admired your eminent learning and zeal in the cause of Freemasonry, I have taken the liberty of suggesting a few thoughts to you in the spirit of an humble and honest inquirer after truth. I disavow all *dogmatism* and *radicalism* in this communication, and assure you that I am actuated solely by a sincere desire to obtain light on a point which, it is true, is not of vital importance in the sublime tenets of our Order, but still one which has awakened some interesting discussion among the brethren in the Macon Lodge. Does the J.·. W.·. *always* assert an astronomical truth when he repeats the words, "As the Sun in the south at the meridian," &c. We maintain he does not, and we believe the facts of astronomy in the case sustain our view. In proof of our position we submit the following statements and reflections:

1. In all parts of the earth north of the tropic of Cancer, the sun at the meridian is in the south.
2. In all parts of the earth south of the tropic of Capricorn, the sun at the meridian is in the north.
3. In all parts of the earth between the tropics, the sun at the meridian is during a part of the year in the south, and a part of the year in the north.

These three propositions we deem sufficiently accurate as a general statement, but there are certain mathematical points and lines where the statement may require modification if you wish extreme exactness. Thus at the exact *North Pole* there is no meridian, for *there is no culmination* of the sun. Neither is there any north, but every direction is *South*. The sun is, therefore, all the time in the south. At the South Pole, the converse of all this is true.

Again, exactly *on* the tropic of Cancer the sun at the meridian *may be one day* in the zenith. This case only happens when the sun reaches its greatest northern declination at the *moment of the meridian*. At all other times it is at the south at the meridian. Exactly *on* the tropic of Capricorn, also, the sun at the meridian *may be* on *one day* in the zenith, and all other days in the north.

Again, for all points between the tropics, the sun at the meridian *may possibly* be on one day in the zenith, viz.: If the sun should happen to cross the latitude of the observer at the moment of the meridian.

All these modifications, you will observe, affect only mathematical points and lines, and really cannot be said to affect the truth of the three propositions above indicated. We have only mentioned the modifications, to meet the case of those who may be hypercritical.

Is it not highly probable that the peculiar phraseology, "As the sun in the south at the meridian," owes its origin to the fact that Freemasonry was first established among the nations of the northern hemisphere, whose geographical position justified them in the use of this paradoxical language. But as the institution has now become universal, and has therefore spread its beneficent light over the southern hemisphere, as well as over northern regions, is not a change in this part of the ritual eminently proper, if not essentially necessary? Masons profess to be the true friends and patrons of science, and it would be a singular inconsistency for them to cleave fast to exploded scientific errors, from a false fear of innovation on the ancient rites and ceremonies of the Fraternity. We are fully persuaded that a fair and candid discussion of the tenets and ritualism of the Order will always be attended with beneficial results.

Some things, it is conceded, must be received on faith, but much more is to be tried at the bar of reason and before the judgment seat of science and history.

Congratulating you on the rapid progress of the principles and virtues of the mystic art, and on the final triumphs of truth and righteousness in the earth, I subscribe myself, your sincere friend, in the bonds of charity and peace, DAVID WILLS.

REPLY.

Our brother is one of the minds of our great Fraternity suited to preserve our truth, and yet ready to cast out error. He will readily understand our suggestions, and what weight there may be in them.

We do not ask for a new Bible, because its theories on astronomy, geology and natural history are not in accordance with those of the present, because what it says of the sun and the dew are now pronounced to be erroneous. We all understand that the Bible teaches moral and religious truth, and its symbolism and illustrations are no less real and useful because based on popular scientific errors.

We would preserve the old text of the Bible, hallowed by the associations of Sunday and family worship and private use from infancy.

So in Masonic ritualism the question should be, not are all the old forms and terms in use scientifically erroneous or true, but are the illustrations drawn from them and their symbolical employment effective of good? Are they genuine, truthful symbolism? If so, should we disturb the associations of years and ages even?

Our brother would find the phraseology of the Jurisdiction of Pennsylvania perhaps less objectionable to him.

There are, however, in our ritualism anachronisms which ought to be removed. Will our brother try his hand at these?

Answers to Correspondents.

SUBSCRIBER.—In answer to the inquiry of "Subscriber," in your issue of the 10th inst., I would state that the reports of the "Masonic Board of Relief of the City of New York" *are* published annually. By a reference to the printed transactions of the Grand Lodge, "Subscriber" will find that the reports of the Board have been made annually to that body (see 1864, p. 40; 1865, p. 40; 1866, p. 41; 1867, p. 48), but for some reason they are not published in detail, as was formerly the case.

I would further state that copies of the reports for 1865 and 1866 were sent to *all the Lodges in this city and Brooklyn* (non-contributors as well as contributing Lodges) *by myself*, through the usual channel in the Grand Secretary's office. The report for the present year was delayed for the purpose of "working up" a case of imposition, but is now in print, and will be distributed to the Lodges as soon as the repairs to the Grand Secretary's office are completed. If "Subscriber" will call at the rooms of the board on Wednesday or Saturday evenings, I will be happy to furnish him copies of the former reports. The Board would be pleased to receive visits from *any* Master Mason in good standing at any of their meetings, believing that such visits would have a tendency to remove all prejudices now entertained by some of the fraternity.

Fraternally yours,
FREDK. W. HENING,
Secretary of the M. B. of R.

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MASTER MASON.—A brother communicating who casts a black ball renders himself liable to such discipline as the Lodge may choose to inflict, the fact having been clearly and formally proved.

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FAIR.—The disbursements of the Executive Committee of the late Fair show, it is true, that $1,583.41 was expended for *printing and advertising*, and $440 for publishing the "*Spirit of the Fair,*" but we see not how the NATIONAL FREEMASON was benefited herein. The NATIONAL FREEMASON gave its columns freely and effectively, too, but never received one penny from the Fair, or even thanks from the committee. Is it right or just to the Masonic press to expect it, *at its own expense*, to advertise and give success to the various matters of interest to the fraternity? Shall the secular press only be paid? So with regard to Lodge advertisements. The secular press is paid its regular rates, but the Masonic press is asked to lower its rates and make deductions for bodies abundantly able to pay, and which indulge in various luxuries that Masonic publishers and editors cannot afford.

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Will "SCOTIA" call at our office?

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IN MEASURING DISTANCE—between Lodges the following the air line is sometimes inconvenient, but as a general rule it is safest.

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THE EAGLE—is the Evangelistic symbol of St. John; speaking clearly of the "understanding exercised in divine things."

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BALDWIN ENCAMPMENT—England, insists that it was founded by Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, or a delegate from him. Don't know what authority for it.

∴

BRADFORD, VT.—Have written Geo. D. Prentice.

∴

MICHIGAN.—When a Lodge expires and the Charter has been surrendered, and a Warrant is issued for another Charter, the new Lodge is not *a continuation of the old*. It has as distinct and separate a corporate existence as if there had never been another Lodge in the place, and admits members of the old Lodge in the same manner as brethren formerly in connection with a Lodge in another town.

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Brethren, read the advertisement on page 128, and help the *widow and orphan*, and thus combine recreation with the promotion of the sacred cause of charity.

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We call attention to the advertisement of Rev. and Comp. Alonzo Norton Lewis. His is a family school for boys, in the well known residence of Hon. Chas. B. Phelps. "Peter Parley" established his summer residence in this vicinity, on account of its healthfulness and beauty. We can heartily commend this school. Several of our best New York families patronize it. Send for a circular.

The Single-Handed Contest.

"The challenge was accepted; and no other kind of Sewing Machine being in competition, it was left for these two (one representing the old, double-thread, 'lock' or 'shuttle stitch' *class*, and the other the new, single-thread, 'twisted-loop stitch' *class*), by this single-handed contest, to decide the relative merits of these two *classes* of Sewing Machines. The result of this remarkable trial—a trial at which every 'point of merit,' claimed for either machine, was submitted to the unerring test of *practical work*—was, that the Willcox & Gibbs won the victory and the prize, by the extraordinary superiority of *thirty-five* 'points' decided in its favor, against *two* in favor of its opponent!"—"*Report of the Grand Trial*" *at Island Park.*

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MY DEAR DR.—Accept my thanks for the notice you have been pleased to take of my communication of last week. The School and Asylum movement has thus far evidently been misunderstood, or, rather, it has not been fully understood. It has no connection whatsoever with the Grand Lodge. It is entirely independent of that body, and must depend for support on the voluntary patronage and favor of the fraternity. It is controlled by Masons for Masonic purposes, and its object is Masonic charity.

It has been stated that the property at Havana is burdened by a reversion, in certain contingencies, to the heirs of the late Bro. Charles Cook. This is simply false, as you will see when you read the deed, which I inclose for your perusal (and for publication if you think best). You will perceive that it is a warranty deed for sixty acres of land. The other forty acres were purchased by the former trustees, and paid for, and the deed is on record at Havana. So that the one hundred acres of land is held in fee simple. This the executive-committee is prepared to prove to any person who asks for "light" on this subject in a courteous manner.

The Pic-Nic now being organized and to be held at Jones' Wood, Sept. 11th, in aid of the fund to be used for the purpose of establishing this enterprise, will undoubtedly be, as it ought to be, a great success. There are now 15,000 tickets out, and the demand for them increases every day. On last Saturday the committee received two donations amounting to $350. I mention this fact to show you that although the movement has been misunderstood by some, it is appreciated by others.

We do not expect to give complete satisfaction to every one in the management of this enterprise. We know that we will have to encounter opposition. But we hope in time to remove every prejudice, silence every cavil, and dissipate every doubt, as well as overcome every antagonism by carrying out faithfully and fearlessly the grand design that we have in view. We are determined to have an asylum and a school *now*, not twenty-five, thirty, or fifty years hence. And it will be a school and asylum established and sustained by voluntary contributions—not by taxation.

If there are any who do not wish to aid us in our work, then let them stand aside, and let those who are willing to assist, willing to labor, do their part without let or hindrance. Surely this is not asking too much. If the movement is injudicious, time will demonstrate that. If, on the other hand, it proves a success, would any Mason wish to stand hereafter upon a record that was stained by an act of opposition to the exercise of the noblest and highest of all Masonic virtues, *charity*. Let those, then, who are not with us, strive to maintain a position of neutrality, that it may be said of them, that at least they were not against us.

Again I thank you for your notice of my former communication, and trusting that this will also claim your attention, I remain yours, fraternally,

S. J. C.

WARRANTY DEED.

Charles Cook to Trustees of People's College.

This Indenture, made this third day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, between Charles Cook, of Havana, in the County of Schuyler and State of New York of the first part, and the Trustees of the People's College of the second part: *witnesseth*, that the said party of the first part, in consideration of the sum of one dollar, to him duly paid, has sold, and *by these presents* does grant and convey to the said party of the second part and their successors, *all that tract or parcel of land* situate in the town of Montour, in the County of Schuyler and State of New York, commencing in the centre of Jones Street, in the village of Havana, on the line of lands of Nelson Winton and the Bowers Farm, so called, and being the southwest corner of lands owned by Nelson Winton on said street, and running from thence easterly along the north line of said Bowers Farm, as marked and designated upon a map of the People's College grounds, made and located January 8, 1857, to the east line of said Bowers Farm, thence south along the east line of said lands or Bowers Farm far enough south that a line drawn from thence and running west upon the lands of said Charles Cook to the west line of said Bowers Farm, as shall make fifty-nine acres, three roods and twenty-eight rods of land, exclusive of a piece of land within said bounds of five acres and a half, heretofore conveyed to the trustees of the People's College by Melissa Decker and others. All lands north of the line so running west as aforesaid, and to which the said Charles Cook has title, is hereby canveyed, with the appurtenances, and all the estate, title and interest therein of the said party of the first part. And the said Charles Cook does hereby covenant and agree, to and with the said party of the second part and their successors, that the premises thus conveyed in the quiet and peaceable possession of the said party of the second part and their successors, he will forever *warrant and defend* AGAINST ANY PERSON WHOMSOEVER lawfully CLAIMING THE SAME OR ANY PART THEREOF.

In witness whereof, the party of the first part has hereunto set his hand and seal the day and year first above written. CHARLES COOK. [L.S.]

STATE OF NEW YORK, *Schuyler County, ss.*

On this fifteenth day of December, in the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, before me, the subscriber, personally appeared Charles Cook, to me known to be the same person described in and who executed the within instrument, and acknowledged that he executed the same. T. L. MINIER,
Notary Public.

Recorded June 17th, 1863, at 8 o'clock A.M.
D. G. WEAVER, *Clerk.*

SCHUYLER COUNTY, *Clerk's Office, ss.*

I have compared the within copy of a deed with the original on record in this office in Liber 8 of Deeds, page 209, and certify it to be a true and correct transcript therefrom, and the whole of said original.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my hand and affixed my official seal this 12th day of November, 1864. D. G. WEAVER, *Clerk.* [L. S.]

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW YORK CITY.

Our regrets for absence from the fourth annual picnic of Tecumseh Lodge, No. 487.

Notwithstanding the murky sky, it was a success, and afforded innocent recreation to many.

The following were the committee, who did their work so well:

T. Lawson, Pres.; H. A. Purdy, W. Davis, J. Semcken, Sec.; J. C. Thornton, Wm. C. Boyd, I. S. Lawbach, Treas.; David Anderson, J. King.

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Masonic Board of Relief.—During the last jurisdictional year there was received the sum of $5,444 28 from 55 Lodges and the Grand Lodge, and $74 from individuals as donations.

The following case of much interest appears in their report:

On the evening of the 24th of October, 1866, a lady was brought to the rooms of the Board and introduced to the Secretary by the venerable Bro. P. M. Joel B. Fox, of Benevolent Lodge, No. 28, of this city. She related her sad history as follows: "She had married in the old country, and with her husband had emigrated here, bringing with them some means; sickness had overtaken him, his means had become exhausted, and he was obliged to apply for admission to one of the charitable institutions of our city, where he had died. He had refused to make application to his Masonic brethren, replying, when urged to do so, 'that they would have enough to do to take care of her.'" She applied to the Board to have him whom she loved so dearly buried by the fraternity in some suitable spot. The matter was referred to a committee, with power to have the body of our brother exhumed, removed to this city and properly interred. His funeral took place on the 21st of November, 1866, and the appropriate services were performed by Americus Lodge, No. 535 (one of our contributing Lodges), who attended in accordance with the request of R. W. Bro. Merriam, D. D. G. M. of the third Masonic District. The brother was buried at Greenwood Cemetery, and his funeral was attended by a large number of the fraternity, in addition to the Lodge named above.

The bereaved widow, who was thus left destitute in a strange land, expressed a desire to do something whereby she could earn a support. The Board made an appropriation, and she went to Brooklyn to learn a trade; but, owing to the fact that she was soon to become a mother, she was unable to continue her exertions. The R. W. Bro. Merriam very kindly took her to his house, where she remained until on the eve of her confinement, which took place at a lying-in asylum in this city, on the 4th of May last. On the 11th of May she died of puerperal fever, leaving a little orphan daughter to the care of the fraternity. She was buried from the house of R. W. Bro. Merriam, by the same kind friends who had attended the obsequies of her husband, and in the same grave with him.

Those who witnessed the death-bed scene of this lady can best describe the gratitude and trust of the mother—gratitude for all that had been done, and a trust in the certainty that the little orphan left behind would be well cared for by her new found friends. The child is now in charge of a nurse in this city, its board being paid monthly by the Board of Relief.

This case has never been before the Lodges of this city, and is now alluded to for the purpose of showing how necessary it is that there should be a fund and a place to which to apply for relief in such cases. Had it not been for the Board of Relief, the probabilities are that both this brother and his widow would have filled paupers graves, and their orphan be an inmate of one of our public institutions.

The Board have purchased and inclosed three lots in Cypress Hill Cemetery, in which to bury sojourning brethren who may die in the city.

NEW YORK.

Grand Lodge.—The following was made a part of the constitution at the late session:

"No dispensation to form a new Lodge in any city of this State shall issue, except upon the recommendation of at least a majority of all the Lodges in said city, unless the said city shall consist of more than one Masonic district, when the consent of a majority of the Lodges in the district where the new Lodge is sought to be located shall be sufficient."

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The Grand Lecturer during the last three years has occupied in the performance of his duties more than 800 days, and has traveled 26,000 miles.

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Sectarian Freemasonry.—The following is the expression of the Grand Lodge at its late session:

"The great principle of religious toleration, as one of the indispensable safeguards of Masonry, we have ever fully recognized in its fullest and most catholic sense. We reaffirm it now, and should regret to see any feature introduced into our ascriptions of praise or rendition of thanks, or supplications for aid to the Almighty Father of us all, which wound the sensibilities or jar upon the convictions of any brother. And while saying this we would suggest a word of caution to those whose great zeal for their peculiarities of faith and belief tempt them astray, urging them to remember that it has been seen in the history of our fallible humanity that none have clamored so loudly for toleration as the sternly intolerant, not alone of one race or creed, but of all races and creeds."

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Returning Fees.—The following resolution was adopted at the late meeting:

Resolved, That this Grand Lodge forbid any Lodge within its jurisdiction conferring the degrees of Masonry upon any person for a less sum than that named in the By-Laws of the Lodge, and in no case, except where the person is to be made Tiler, shall any portion of the fees be returned to the candidate.

(In the olden and better days of the craft, it was their wont to promote in every possible way religious principle and respect for all religions, and their representatives the clergy. The Grand Lodges celebrated their opening by attendance upon public worship. As a mark of their respect for religion, they remitted the fees of clergymen. Besides, there is not a clergyman who is faithful to his Freemasonry who is not embarrassed in his church thereby, and whose receipts are not diminished from this cause, and who is not called upon to perform many duties purely professional, and without receiving or desiring the usual compensation.)

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The Committee on the *Hall and Asylum Fund*, consisting of Bros. John L. Lewis, Jno. W. Simons, R. G. Millard, Jno. D. Williams and B. W. Palmer, declare that they are satisfied of the truth of the statements made in the memorial of the friends of the Havana College, and "urge during the coming (present) year to carefully consider and investigate the whole subject." Among the statements indorsed are that the land and buildings are worth $160,000, with an incumbrance of only $8,000.

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To the Boards of Relief and Beneficiaries.—The Grand Lodge voted $7,210 and $2,000 to Southern Relief.

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Bro. Sinclair, in his report as D. D. G. M., strongly condemns electioneering in Lodges.

KENTUCKY.

Mount Zion Lodge, No. 147, mourns the loss of their M. E. W. M., Geo. H. Kopmeier.

On the 23d of July our Lodge attended the funeral of our deceased brother, C. J. Cohn, who had been sick of consumption for some time, at which our W. M. presided, and, on the same evening, our W. M. presided at our regular meeting, and closed the Lodge at 9½ o'clock, apparently in good health. He took sick the same night, and, on the 23d or 24th, at 4 P.M., our W. M. breathed his last.

Surely "in the midst of life we are in death."

The doctors pronounced his sickness a congestive chill.

Our W. M. was buried with the honors of Freemasonry, and, surely, a larger and better attended funeral our city has not seen for many a day.

Another good and true Mason has gone to "that bourne from whence no traveler returns." *Requiescat in pace.*

INDIANA.

TERRE HAUTE, *Ind.*, *August* 9, 1867.

This has been the *dies alba* in the Masonic history of this city. Incorporated in 1832, it has never made so worthy a display of the always respectable character of its Freemasonry as on the present occasion, when the ceremony of planting the corner-stone of the *State Normal School* was performed. The city was full of distinguished strangers—among whom were Senator Morton, Gov. Conrad Baker, Gen. Nathan Kimball, Prof. G. W. Hoss, Prof. Richard Edwards, Mayor Cookerly, Gen. Steele, John Ingle, Jr., Hon. Mr. Tebbs, W. R. McKeon, Hon. John G. Crain, Hon. W. E. McLean, Hon. B. W. Hanna, James Farrington, and others. The day has been sultry but very pleasant, and no accident has occurred to mar or hinder the pleasure of all concerned.

The Masonic fraternity was well represented from abroad, as will be seen from the composition of the Grand Lodge, as follows: Harvey G. Hazlerigg, G. M.; Nathan Kimball, D. G. M.; Albert Lange, G. S. W.; Joseph Brown, G. J. W.; Linus A. Burnett, G. T.; Wm. Hacker, G. S.; Wm. Clift, G. A.; Geo. W. Haberly, G. M.; Hardin A. Davis, A. G. M.; Rev. S. M. Stimson, G. C.; O. H. P. Ash, G. S. D.; Edward S. Hussey, G. J. D.; W. S. Jewell, S. B. Bro. Rob. Morris, of Kentucky, was in attendance; also large delegations from surrounding Lodges at Hartford, Sanford, Brazil, Montezuma, Bridgeton, &c. From the latter I noticed Dr. James Crooks, who is a reader and admirer of the NATIONAL FREEMASON. The entire charge of the Masonic proceedings were under the management of R. W. Lyndon A. Smith, known as the "father of Freemasonry" in this place. He acquitted himself, as usual, with much credit.

At 2 P.M. the fraternity were assembled at the Masonic Hall, whence they marched in procession, with a brass band, to Dowling Hall, where the civil proceedings were had. These consisted in addresses, long and short, from Gov. Morton, Gov. Baker, B. W. Hanna, Prof. Richard Edwards and Mayor Cookerly, altogether occupying about three hours. From Dowling Hall the procession continued to the grounds upon which the great educational temple is to rise. This will be, it is thought, the finest thing of the kind in the United States.

The corner-stone of this edifice, by a very common blunder, is laid in the southwestern corner. The usual exercises of dedication were performed with considerable taste—vocal music, the Grand Honors, &c., being omitted. A neat triumphal arch had been erected at the entrance of the grounds. Marching through the arch, the brethren formed around the foundation walls as best they could in the immense crowd of spectators, and the Grand Officers took their places on the temporary platform at the southwest corner of the building. The Masonic ceremonies were those prescribed for such occasions. Bro. Robert Morris, LL.D., delivered the following poem, composed for the occasion:

PLANTING THE CORNER-STONE.

Lay *deep* that stone; deep at earth's very centre:
  Yea, to the roots of the eternal mountains go,
Where rests the Masons' Lodge, which, who so enter,
  Profoundest mysteries of the deeps shall know.
    Plant *deep* the corner-stone!

Lay *broad* that stone; from orient to even,
  From North to South let the grand work extend,
Like that vast fabric which to us hath given
  In every country, every tongue, a friend.
    Plant *broad* the corner-stone!

Lay *firm* that stone; bring Master's Gavel to it,
  Once, twice and *thrice*, until so well it lies
That nothing less can mar it or undo it,
  Than that vast ruin which will wreck the skies.
    Plant *firm* the corner-stone!

Broad, deep, and *firm!* now build ye up a temple,
  So great, so high, that pilgrims journeying here
May find upon our *terre haute* how ample
  The sons of science do their halls uprear.
    Plant well the corner-stone!

MASTER SUPREME! Thou in celestial mansion,
  Oh fix the corner-stone deep, broad, secure!
Give to this structure strength and due expansion,
  To stand while earth and Masonry endure!
    God bless the corner-stone!

This concluded the ceremonies. The fraternity returned to the Masonic Hall, where they were dismissed.

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Grand Council of Royal and Select Masters.—The following are the officers for the current year:

Thomas Pattison, G. M.; William W. Austin, Dept. G. M.; Martin H. Rice, Grand T. Ill. M.; Alexander Thomas, Gr. Pr. Con. of W.; Charles Fisher, G. Treas.; William Hacker, G. R.; John H. Lozier, G. C.; Joseph Freeman, G. C. of the G.; William M. Black, G. S. and S.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Grand Chapter.—Edict of Grand High Priest Holmead:

"*To all R. A. Masons in the Jurisdiction of the Grand R. A. Chapter of the District of Columbia, greeting:*

"An edict purporting to be issued by M. E. John L. Lewis, G. H. P. of the G. G. Chapter of the United States, having been published in this city, in which he declares the Grand R. A. Chapter of the District of Columbia to be irregular and not legally formed; now, therefore, I, James E. F. Holmead, G. H. P. of the G. R. A. Chapter of the District of Columbia, do hereby declare that said edict is of no binding force on any R. A. Mason in the District of Columbia, as this Grand Chapter is the only authority which they will be allowed to recognize. And I do furthermore proclaim that all R. A. Masons in the District of Columbia acknowledging said pretended authority shall be tried and disciplined for unmasonic conduct shown by such act or deed. The authority of the G. R. A. Chapter of the District of Columbia will be the only legal source from which authority can be derived, and all R. A. Masons will govern themselves accordingly.

"(Signed) JAMES E. F. HOLMEAD,
"*Grand High Priest.*"

VERMONT.

Grand Lodge.—Extracts from late Address of Bro. Englesby, Grand Master.

I trust the time is far distant when from your Grand East shall come an announcement that the practice of those principles is falling from among us; that the pure white banner of our Order is threatened with spot or blemish, is in danger of being lowered by enemies that were enlisted for its protection. Let every brother consider himself one of the sacred color guard, solemnly pledged one to another that it shall ever float fearless and free, sheltering under its folds those whose only contention is, "Who shall best work and best agree;" who are and are proud to reckon themselves among those who are patrons of the liberal arts, to whom virtue and general intelligence, brotherhood and kindly charity, in short, every place of progressive humanity, is dear.

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Masonry is *labor, love, charity*. Without these it is an empty husk. Let us labor, then, with earnest purpose, with love and charity toward all. The fields of labor lie all about us, awaiting our ploughshares. Let us so cultivate that the product is bright golden wheat.

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A dispensation or charter for a new Lodge shall not, in future, issue or be granted until the petitioners therefor shall have filed with the Grand Secretary dimits, in regular form. from the Lodges to which they respectively belong; the Grand Secretary to furnish a certificate under the Grand Lodge seal, that this rule has been complied with, nor unless accompanied with a certificate from the District Deputy of the district wherein the new Lodge is desired to be located, that the brothers proposed as the first officers are competent to discharge the duties thereof, both by being conversant with the works and lectures, and possessing such character, standing and vigor of purpose as will insure a careful, firm, judicious management of the affairs of the Lodge.

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Bro. Clark, in behalf of the committee on correspondence, thus concludes his very able report:

There is, so to speak, a common language in our Masonry which needs correction and expansion. Each Grand Lodge considers itself infallible, and tolerates neither progress nor improvement, fearing innovation. We are not of the progressive school, but of the union school; and believe that if there was a more intimate communion between Masons of different jurisdictions, not only would the bond of national union be strengthened, but the errors and peculiarities of each would be corrected and amended; what is good though novel, in each adopted, and what is evil or worthless rejected or changed.

As Masons we cannot disregard the duties of the hour, nor neglect our opportunity. The unhealed wounds of body and spirit which come from the terrible conflict through which our country has passed, it is the office of Masonry to bind up and heal: the irritation and bitterness of feeling which that gigantic struggle created and encouraged, it is ours to soothe and eradicate, and especially in our own Masonic brotherhood, until all who recognize our obligations, regardless of the bitter past, can clasp hands around the Masonic altar in a fraternal spirit. Masonry, ever catholic in its structure and principles, should now with increased emphasis protest against narrow and sectional interpretations of its sublime doctrines.

If we cannot demonstrate that Masonry reconciles conflicting interests, conciliates unfriendly opinions, and exorcises dissensions among ourselves, it is because we are not imbued with the spirit of the institution, for Masonry is calculated to do all these things. They are a part of its benevolent mission. But to do so it must operate through the agency of good channels; hence the necessity of care in the selection of material for the temple. Let us bear this truth in mind, teach it to our brethren and Lodges, and carry it into practice in our Masonic conduct.

Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

NEW BRUNSWICK.

A Grand Council Formed.—Three Councils of Royal and Select Masters met in convention a few days ago, and organized by electing Bro. Ellis chairman, and Bro. Munro secretary. A constitution was adopted, a Grand Council organized, and the following officers elected:

Robert Marshall, G. M.; John V. Ellis, D. G. M.; Edward Willis, R. G. M.; James G. Forbes, P. G. M.; David R. Munro, G. R.; John Mullin, G. T.; Rev. Dr. Donald and Rev. G. J. Caie, G. Cs.; M. S. Hall, G. M. of C.; Thomas H. Keohan. G. C. of G.; E. J. Wetmore, G. C.; Henry Card, Grand Organist; George W. Whiting, G. S.; Henry Brown, G. Sen.

Messrs. Robert Shives, John D. Short, and Charles Ketchum were chosen a Committee of Finance, and Mr. D. R. Munro, Committee on Foreign Correspondence.

The installing officer was Gordon R. Garden, Esq., of the Grand Council of Maine, who was afterward chosen representative of the Grand Council of New Brunswick, near the Grand Council of Maine.

SCOTLAND.

Masonic Funeral Lodge in Memory of Bro. the Late Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., D.C.L., LL.D., &c.—Our biography and notices of this great and good Freemason have been very full, and we shall not repeat. The City Hall, on the 25th ult., was filled with representatives from every part of Scotland, from England, and our own jurisdictions. The Right Hon. the Earl of Dalhousie and the Right Hon. the Earl of Dunmore were present. Among Americans were Bros. Barr and Hosie, of New York, and Kelly, of Philadelphia. The mother Lodge, Kilwinning, was represented by a deputation of 14 brethren; 75 Lodges were represented by 1,893 brethren in the Hall. The Hall and its occupants had a fitting sombre appearance. Black cloth in festoons covered the front of the galleries and the platform. The symbols of the Order rested on an altar, also draped in black. The chair of the late Bro. Grand Master, Bro. Alison, occupied the centre of the platform, and on it were displayed the jewel, badge of office, and apron worn by him. A very beautiful requiem service by Labler, adapted by Donaldson, and a selection of choral hymns, were the music.

At 6 o'clock prayer was offered, and then the Lodge was opened, not in the third, as with us, but in the Apprentice degree. While the "Dead March in Saul" was executed, a deputation of the Grand Lodge of Scotland entered the Hall, ranging themselves on each side of the vacant chair. The grand organ played a *sonata* of Mendelsohn's. The choir and brethren sang, prayer was offered, and the Earl of Dalhousie said:

"Brethren, you alone can know the extent of the loss which we now mourn. The subject of it lived among you as a Mason and as a man for so many years that you not only learned to appreciate his merits while he lived, but you deeply deplored his loss when he was removed. Brethren, in reviewing the life of our late Bro. Archibald Alison, there are two aspects of it which I must pass over. The first of these is his private and domestic life, from which to raise the curtain—although I am certain that the scene which would be disclosed behind it would be one of affection and of love—is not for the hand of a stranger to perform. The other is the political character of our deceased brother. He and I had the misfortune to differ so widely in political opinion, that it would be impossible for me to speak in praise of his opinions without doing violence to my own. But of him I will say this, that I am certain he adopted his political views early in life upon the most conscientious convictions, and I know that he maintained them with consistency and with honor; and let me tell you, brethren, that in these days that is no small praise. Brethren, there are three other aspects of Bro. Archibald Alison's life in which I feel a perfect liberty to roam for a short period over the field—first, as a Mason; secondly, as a judge; thirdly, as an author. In all these characters our brother was public property, and it was a property which the public looked upon with affection and with pride. Brethren, as a Mason you probably know more of the character of our departed brother than I do. Many of you from experience know his Masonic career. I have been obliged to search the records for it, and I find in these records that his mother Lodge was the Glasgow Kilwinning; and I understand from all who knew him, and the relations which subsisted between him and his mother Lodge, that he never lost for one moment of his Masonic life the love for that mother Lodge which he drew in when he was initiated into Masonry, and which expired only with the last sigh of his life. I find, brethren, that our late brother was elected Provincial Grand Master of Glasgow just twenty years ago, and that so great was the respect held personally for him, and I have no doubt which was felt by the Grand Master of the day for such an important district, that he was inducted into his office personally by the Grand Master himself. During his Masonic career Bro. Archibald Alison was always a most zealous Mason, ready to give up his time whenever called upon by the brethren, and ready to embark in every work which required his Masonic assistance. We find him, in the first great work in which he was engaged, laying the foundation-stone of the Barony Parish Poorhouse; and in doing this he not only laid the foundation-stone of a most important work in your city, but he brought his Masonic character to bear upon that charity which is the mark of every good Mason. I find that he assisted in laying the first stone of the Victoria Bridge in Glasgow, which the Grand Master of the day laid—a work most important to the city in which he resided. Further, he presided at a great assembly of the brethren, with great satisfaction to the vast number of Masons congregated upon that occasion, upon the 18th January, 1856. The next event of any moment that I find mentioned in the records is his laying the foundation-stone of the Court House at Airdrie. On 3d May, 1858, he assisted in laying the foundation-stone of the Freemasons' Hall in Edinburgh. Of that I can speak more particularly, for I was there as one of the representatives of the Grand Lodge of England, and I had the satisfaction of not only seeing Bro. Sir Archibald Alison discharging his duties upon that occasion, but of hearing the speech which he afterward made at the dinner which was held in Edinburgh—a speech which displayed all his usual eloquence, with that truly Masonic feeling for which he was remarkable. Brethren, the next record I find of our departed brother's works is that in July, 1859, he laid the foundation-stone of the Court House at Wishaw. In January, 1864, he presided at the funeral Lodge of the late Duke of Athole, our beloved Grand Master, as I now do at his own; and the feeling with which he treated the subject on that occasion, the manner in which he discharged that mournful duty, must be still green in the memory of many who hear me. And I can only say that I am quite certain it was conducted at that time in the manner in which we should have expected such a man and such a Mason to conduct it. At the close of 1864 I find him still going on in his Masonic career, and consecrating the Glasgow Lodge (No. 441). In 1865 he laid the foundation of a new school and hall at Renfrew. In 1866 he laid the foundation-stone of a new bank at Govan, and this I imagine—as far as I can ascertain from the records—was the last Masonic work in which our departed brother was engaged. Brethren, this is a short summary of the manner in which our brother discharged the duties of his high station; but it is quite impossible for me, in the space of time which is given me, to narrate all, or half of all, that he did on behalf of Masoury at large. The urbanity of his manner, the equanimity of his temper, the cheerfulness of his disposition, were all such as to make him, in the high station which he occupied, acceptable to every brother within his province. Such, brethren, is the review I shall take of Bro. Archibald Alison's career as a Mason. I now pass from within the Lodge to the outer world, and I find our brother there placed in the distinguished position of a Judge in the county of Lanark. In early life Sir Archibald Alison selected as the profession by which he meant to win his way to wealth and to honour that of the law. A more honorable profession does not exist. It is one which has this advantage, that the humblest man with education and talent may rise from the lowest point of society to hold the highest place in the Kingdom. Sir Archibald Alison selected the law as his profession, and in the year 1814 he was called to the bar. At that time it was no small matter for a young man to enter into the arena of law in Edinburgh. He found leading the profession at the bar men who have left their names as a legacy to their country—John Clerk, James Moncrieff, Francis Jeffrey, Henry Cockburn, and many others whom I could name; and he found the bench occupied by a galaxy of learning and wisdom such as the Scottish bench has rarely since exhibited. He found also among his own contemporaries men who, alas! have all of them, with one or two solitary exceptions, passed, like himself, from the stage; he found Patrick Robertson, John Hope, Duncan McNeill, Lord Neaves, and several others of that day, of the same age and the same standing with himself, and with these, coinciding as he did with them in opinion, hr threw in his lot and his company. He found also, on the other side, men such as Andrew Rutherford, than whom, I take this opportunity of saying that a more profonnd lawyer, a more distinguished scholar, or a more accomplished man never trod the forum of Scotland; and he found also honest Thomas Maitland, than whom, in aftertimes, there never was a more honest man in the occupation of the bench. With all these Bro. Archibald Alison was well known and intimately connected. I find, following up his career, that he took what was perhaps the most prudent step that a young man could take. Shortly after being called to the bar, he thought it requisite, in order to fit himself for the accomplishment of his future profession, to take a more enlarged view of the world than the narrow precincts of his own country afforded, and, like a wise man, he traveled abroad in foreign parts, studying and acquiring that knowledge which was afterwards of the greatest possible service to him. How his intervening time was occupied until 1832 I am not quite certain, but he must have gradually advanced in his profession, for I find that in 1832 he was selected to fill the most important office of Advocate-Depute. He must have acquired knowledge of his profession, both of its practice and its principles, in order to fit him for selection for such a position; and he proved it by writing two books upon those subjects, which were not only received with approbation by the profession at the time, but are still standard guides in the criminal law proceedings of Scotland. Brethren, shortly after 1832—in the year 1834—the important office of Sheriff of Lanarkshire opened to him.

Perhaps it would have been, as a matter of ambition, better that Sir Archibald Alison should have pursued his way to the highest position on the bench—doubtless he would have reached it. But he selected to be the local Judge of this great county, and especially the local Judge of this noble city. Brethren, in 1834, the work which Sir Archibald Alison had to perform, although hard, was comparatively light to that which fell upon his later years. I find that in 1834 the population of the county of Lanark amounted barely to 400,000. In 1861—the last census—it swelled to the enormous number of 631,000. I have not the smallest doubt that at the period when he was removed from among you it was nearer 700,000 than anything else. Now, brethren, in the discharge of his duties as Sheriff of this county, not only was much labor cast upon our deceased brother, but he was from time to time placed in situations of immense responsibility and even of personal danger. I cannot forget —for I was myself Under Secretary of State for the Home Department at the time—the deep anxiety felt in the Ministry of the Interior on the occasion of the riots in Glasgow in 1836. They arose from a strike of workmen in those days. They were carried on with violence and intimidation, and at last they culminated in a dastardly murder committed in this city. It was Sir Archibald Alison's duty, as Sheriff, to sift the particulars and details of that black event, but so intimidated were all the witnesses by the friends of those who had struck, and so difficult was it to obtain evidence and so dangerous to take it, that recourse was had to the most extraordinary expedients to prepare the evidence for the trial. But such was the assiduity, fearlessness, and diligence of Sir Archibald Alison, the Sheriff of Lanarkshire, that he was complimented by the Judges of the land upon the manner in which he discharged his responsible duties upon that occasion. Sir Archibald Alison, in the discharge of his public duty, never feared the face of man. He held within the *mens conscia recti*, and that gave him the power of resisting many a malignant shaft that was launched against him. It has been said of our departed brother that he made slips occasionally in his legal decisions from the bench. I should like to know, brethren, what judge in the land is there that never errs. Our Bro. Sir Archibald Alison never erred intentionally. He never swerved from the strict path of duty. He exhibited no partiality whatever on the judgment seat. Where he erred, and it has been surprising to me, as it has been to many others, that, in the enormous quantity of business that passed through his hands, he should not have erred oftener—I say, where he did err it was from mistakes that were not of the heart intentionally, but from taking erroneous views of the matter which he had in hand. Brethren, in all his judicial business, he was one of those who are so rapid in thought that might have occasionally led him to decisions upon which it would, perhaps, have been better that more time had been spent.

But, upon the whole, I can only say that, for three and thirty years, during which he presided here as Judge, I never heard a murmur emanate from the community of the county of Lanark that justice was not administered impartially and purely, and to the best of the abilities of the administrator. All I can say is, brethren, may the course of justice for the next three and thirty years run as smoothly and as purely among you as it has done for those thirty-three years that are past. So much for our departed brother's character as a Judge. Now, brethren, if his character as a Mason and Judge were public property, his character as an author was much more so; and when we come to look at his great ability, and at the manner in which he brought his abilities to bear, we cannot but admire the diligence as an author by which Sir Archibald Alison was distinguished. The first great work after his "Principles and Practice of the Criminal Law"—the first great work which stamped his name with a European reputation, was his "History of Europe, from the French Revolution to the Restoration of the Bourbons." You have all read it—especially in this district must it be a household book with you. It is, therefore, unnecessary for me to say more of it than that I believe the popularity of that work arises not so much from the elegance of its composition as from the truthfulness of the story which he tells from the beginning to the end. There is no part of the work so well told as when he comes upon battle fields and battle scenes. I have been told to-day that his accuracy in these descriptions emanates from the fact of his having been a most skillful draughtsman, and that not a field which he describes in that history but he sketched with his own hands, and afterward reduced his sketches to writing, if I may so express myself. Brethren, upon the back of that followed other six volumes, tracing still the history of Europe, from the fall of Napoleon, in 1815, to the ascent of the Imperial throne by the present Louis Napoleon. These works have stamped Sir Archibald Alison with a European reputation; and long after his usefulness as a Mason and his career as a Judge have been forgotten, the name of Alison will be associated with letters in Scotland, and with the other illustrious names of those great men who have gone before him in the same arena. I may say in the words of Moore, with but a change of name, that when History opens the volume to record her favorite son's name in it, we shall see

> "History write with a pencil of light
> That illumes the whole volume her Alison's name."

Brethren, I have now shortly reviewed the public career of our departed brother. Permit me to express my regret that I was not one of those who were included within the private circle of his acquaintance. Our paths of usefulness lay in different parts of the country, and I am sorry to say that the interchange of communication between the east and west of Scotland is too small for the benefit of those who wish to be intimately connected with each other. I wish the east and west were more amalgamated. Brethren, upon this solemn occasion I will not detain you with many more remarks. We have paid with all due solemnity a tribute such as Masons pay to those whom Masons revere and love. We have done all we can to prove to the outer world how dearly we loved, how deeply we respected our departed brother, and I can only say that if Masons wish for an example by which to form their own course, they have but to look to the Masonic career of Bro. Sir Archibald Alison. Brethren, he will be long remembered by you all in this province. Let us now commit his memory to the custody of his country, and may peace rest upon his ashes as honor must ever rest upon his name."

The choir then sang the requiem: "Give unto the pure in heart peace and rest for evermore." The chaplain and brethren then responsively used the Episcopal burial service: "Man that is born of a woman," and "Dies Iræ" was wailed forth by the choir; another choral and another collect, "Let me die the death of the righteous"—and then the "Sanctus." Hymn, collect and prayer followed for 15 minutes, and then a Masonic rendering of "God save the Queen."

[We are indebted to Bro. D. Murray Lyon, in the *Freemasons' Magazine*, for nearly all of the foregoing.]

BOOK NOTICES.

CURIOUS MYTHS OF THE MIDDLE AGES, by S. Baring Gould, M. A. Boston: Roberts Brothers, 1867, pp. 257.

No student of mediæval times, and no reader with any literary or legendary curiosity, can rise from the perusal of this work without great gratification. In one article alone does the author show his theological prejudices. This is a venial offense, where there is otherwise so much merit.

The contents of the book are: the Wandering Jew, Prester John, the Divining Rod, the Seven Sleepers of Ephesus, William Tell, the Dog Gellert, Tailed Men, Antichrist and Pope Joan, the Man in the Moon, the Mountains of Venus, Fatality of Numbers, and the Terrestrial Paradise.

In the Wandering Jew the true account of the legends which have made Sue's "Wandering Jew" and Croly's "Salathiel" so replete with popular interest is given.

From the book we gather that:

> In 1547 he was seen in Europe, if we are to believe the following narration:
>
> Paul von Eitzen, doctor of the Holy Scriptures and Bishop of Schleswig, related as true for some years past that, when he was young, having studied at Wittemberg, he returned home to his parents in Hamburg in the winter of the year 1547, and that on the following Sunday, in church, he observed a tall man, with his hair hanging over his shoulders, standing barefoot, during the sermon, over against the pulpit, listening with deepest attention to the discourse, and, whenever the name of Jesus was mentioned, bowing himself profoundly and humbly, with sighs and beating of the breast. He had no other clothing in the bitter cold of the winter, except a pair of hose, which were in tatters about his feet, and a coat with a girdle which reached to his feet; and his general appearance was that of a man of fifty years. And many people, some of high degree and title, have seen this same man in England, France, Italy, Hungary, Persia, Spain, Poland, Moscow, Lapland, Sweden, Denmark, Scotland, and other places.
>
> Every one wondered over the man. Now, after the sermon, the said doctor inquired diligently where the stranger was to be found; and, when he had sought him out, he inquired of him privately whence he came, and how long that winter he had been in the place. Thereupon he replied, modestly, that he was a Jew by birth, a native of Jerusalem, by name Ahasverus, by trade a shoemaker; he had been present at the crucifixion of Christ, and had lived ever since, traveling through various lands and cities, the which he substantiated by accounts he gave; he related also the circumstances of Christ's transference from Pilate to Herod, and the final crucifixion, together with other details not recorded in the evangelists and historians; he gave accounts of the changes of government in many countries, especially of the East, through several centuries; and, moreover, he detailed the labors and deaths of the holy apostles of Christ most circumstantially.
>
> Now when Doctor Paul v. Eitzen heard this with profound astonishment, on account of its incredible novelty, he inquired further, in order that he might obtain more accurate information. Then the man answered that he had lived in Jerusalem at the time of the crucifixion of Christ, whom he had regarded as a deceiver of the people and a heretic; he had seen him with his own eyes, and had done his best, along with others, to bring this deceiver, as he regarded him, to justice, and to have him put out of the way. When the sentence had been pronounced by Pilate, Christ was about to be dragged past his house; then he ran home, and called together his household to have a look at Christ, and see what sort of a person he was.
>
> This having been done, he had his little child on his arm, and was standing in his doorway, to have a sight of the Lord Jesus Christ.
>
> As, then, Christ was led by, bowed under the weight of the heavy cross, he tried to rest a little, and stood still a moment; but the shoemaker, in zeal and rage, and for the sake of obtaining credit among the other Jews, drove the Lord Christ forward, and told him to hasten on his way. Jesus, obeying, looked at him, and said, "I shall stand and rest, but thou shalt go till the last day." At these words the man set down the child; and, unable to remain where he was, he followed Christ, and saw how cruelly he was crucified, how he suffered, how he died. As soon as this had taken place, it came upon him suddenly that he could no more return to Jerusalem, nor see again his wife and child, but must go forth into foreign lands, one after another, like a mournful pilgrim. Now, when, years after, he returned to Jerusalem, he found it ruined and utterly razed, so that not one stone was left standing on another; and he could not recognize former localities.
>
> He believes that it is God's purpose, in thus driving him about in miserable life, and preserving him undying, to present him before the Jews at the end as a living token, so that the godless and unbelieving may remember the death of Christ, and be turned to repentance. For his part, he would well rejoice, were God in heaven, to release him from this vale of tears. After this conversation, Doctor Paul v. Eitzen, along with the rector of the school of Hamburg, who was well read in history, and a traveler, questioned him about events which had taken place in the East since the death of Christ, and he was able to give them much information on many ancient matters; so that it was impossible not to be convinced of the truth of his story, and to see that what seems impossible with men is, after all, possible with God.
>
> Since the Jew has had his life extended, he has become silent and reserved, and only answers direct questions. When invited to become any one's guest, he eats little and drinks in great moderation; then hurries on, never remaining long in one place. When at Hamburg, Dantzig and elsewhere, money has been offered him, he never took more than two skillings (fourpence, one farthing), and at once distributed it to the poor, as token that he needed no money, for God would provide for him, as he rued the sins he had committed in ignorance.

Those who believe in the *Divining Rod* will find some strange facts narrated.

The legends of the Seven Sleepers are given, and then the author broaches this theory thereof:

> I believe that the mythological core of this picturesque legend is the repose of the earth through the seven winter months. In the North, Frederick and Charlemagne certainly replace Odin.

We regret that the author modifies the interest around the stories of *William Tell* and the dog *Gellert*.

In the exposure of the fable about the Pope Joan the author has this paragraph about the Knights of Malta:

> In 1623 appeared the following startling announcement, which obtained an immense circulation among the lower orders: "We, brothers of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem, in the Isle of Malta, have received letters from our spies, who are engaged in our service in the country of Babylon, now possessed by the Grand Turk; by the which letters we are advertised that, on the 1st of May, in the year of our Lord 1623, a child was born in the town of Bourydot, otherwise called Calka, near Babylon, of the which child the mother is a very aged woman, of race unknown, called Fort-Juda; of the father nothing is known. The child is dusky, has pleasant mouth and eyes, teeth pointed like those of a cat, ears large, stature by no means exceeding that of other children; the said child, incontinent on his birth, walked and talked perfectly well. His speech is comprehended by every one, admonishing the people that he is the true Messiah, and

the son of God, and that in him all must believe. Our spies also swear and protest that they have seen the said child with their own eyes; and they add that, on the occasion of his nativity, there appeared marvelous signs in heaven, for at full noon the sun lost its brightness, and was for some time obscured." This is followed by a list of other signs appearing, the most remarkable being a swarm of flying serpents and a shower of precious stones.

Children, even, will be delighted with the explanations of "The Man in the Moon" and the nursery rhymes.

> "Jack and Jill went up a hill
> To fetch a pail of water;
> Jack fell down, and broke his crown,
> And Jill came tumbling after."

We give an extract upon the Fatality of Numbers elsewhere.

Historical Address, delivered before Zeredatha Lodge, No. 483, by Bro. J. Windle Fowler, late Secretary.

This is an admirable address. Among its opening paragraphs are:

Romance and song have lent their allurements to adorn and brighten life's pathway; but while the troubadour sang, the architect labored. The harp of the one lies shattered and silent, while the stately edifice of the other lifts its tall form to brave the storm. Kingdoms have been lost and won, nations born, religious systems have undergone a change, while our ancient craft has wrought with the self-same tools, been guided by the same trestle-board, and pursued its self-same mission through rolling ages.

In this great enterprise each of us bears his humble part through the scenes of so many marked events in our Masonic history. You, my brethren, have ever been, as now, co-laborers with the great Tyrian Master, and, like him, have held fast to your integrity, and preserved your skill until the shadows of an everlasting night shall fall upon you.

We do not consider ourselves to have fully apprehended; but, as Entered Apprentices, we are journeying eastward, and the full blaze of that perfect light which we seek will only flash upon us and our startled vision through the open portals of eternity. Ever keeping in view the universality of Masonry, how do the common objects of thought and ordinary measures of legislation shrink into insignificance before it!

The historical portion of the address opens with an allusion to the difficulties of 1847 and 1849 and the St. John's Grand Lodge, and then proceeds to a detailed account of the organization of Zeredatha Lodge, its union with the Grand Lodge of New York, and its subsequent honorable career.

There are now 323 names on the register. Five widows of deceased brethren are in receipt of a weekly or monthly allowance for the maintenance of themselves and children.

How touching this!

But, brethren, there is an absent one on this festal occasion, of whom many of you have never seen or heard. I allude to ———, one of the Charter Members of this Lodge. Would to God that he were here, clothed in his right mind. For years he suffered from neuralgia in the head, which culminated in a diseased brain, leaving him a complete mental wreck, perfectly harmless, and as gentle as a child. Where is our brother to-day? In the New York State Lunatic Asylum at Utica, and the letter which I will now read tells its own story:

State Asylum, Utica, N. Y.,
March 12, 1866.

Dear Sir: Yours of the 10th inst. is received. ——— is still a patient in this institution. He is quite demented—is incurable. His bodily health is fair.

John P. Gray.

J. Windle Fowler, Esq.,
269 Fulton Street, Brooklyn.

How he came to be an inmate of this asylum is told in a few words. A brother of this Lodge found him wandering about the streets of New York, and, being accosted, a gleam of recognition for a moment broke upon his darkened mind. He was induced to accompany a police officer, who happened also to be a brother Mason, to the Tombs, in Centre Street, where, for a few days, he was properly cared for. He was taken thence by his relatives to the village of Glen's Falls, in this State. I immediately, by direction of the then Master, Wor. Bro. Benjamin Price, wrote to Glen's Falls Lodge, No. 121, F. & A. M., informing that Lodge of his condition, and requesting them to take an interest in his welfare. Permission was obtained to place him in the State Lunatic Asylum at Utica, and he has now been an inmate of that institution for more than five years.

I have dwelt thus long upon the case of this unfortunate brother because it is a part of the history of this Lodge. God grant, my brethren, that we may never be in the same condition—shut out from all light and love; but the ruined casket contains the jewel—that immortal part within that shall never, never die.

One more extract:

Bro. Winchester, the founder of the Lodge, commenced his Masonic career by receiving the three symbolic degrees in Eureka Lodge, No. 1, hailing from under the then jurisdiction of St. John's Grand Lodge. He was subsequently exalted to the degree of Royal Arch Mason in Orient Chapter, No. 1; and afterwards dubbed and created a Knight Templar in Melita Encampment, No. 1, worked by members owing allegiance to the before mentioned St. John's Grand Lodge.

When the late unfortunate civil war was inaugurated, Bro. Winchester promptly answered the call of his country, and volunteered his services, receiving a commission from Gov. Morgan, dated April 23, 1861, as Captain of Company F, Tenth Regiment, National Zouaves, New York State Volunteers. He fought in the battle of Big Bethel, passed unharmed through the celebrated Seven Days' Battles, under Gen. McClellan, and participated in the battles of Antietam, South Mountain and Sheppard's Ford. At the battle of Fredericksburgh, December 13, 1862, under Maj.-Gen. Burnside, having command of the regiment, he fell mortally wounded, while gallantly leading his men into action, and, on the 16th of December, 1862, he breathed his last in the city of Washington, D. C.

A Special Communication of this Lodge, in conjunction with Stella Lodge, No. 484, was held in this room, December 23, 1862, for the purpose of paying the last tribute of respect to the memory of our deceased brother and giving his remains proper Masonic burial.

The object of the meeting having been stated by the Master, Wor. Bro. Edward A. Hodgson, the brethren formed in funeral procession, and proceeded to the late residence of the deceased, and, after receiving the body, took up the line of march for Greenwood Cemetery, under the escort of Company G, Captain Sprague, 13th Regiment, N. Y. S. N. G., and interred his remains in the Soldiers' Plot, with the usual Masonic honors, the military firing a parting salute over his grave. The beautiful and impressive burial service of our Order was delivered by his friend and brother, Wor. Charles A. Willetts, of Stella Lodge, No. 484. The friendship which existed between them being likened unto that of Jonathan and David, it was mutally agreed that, whoever should die first, the survivor was to deliver the funeral oration over the remains of the other. This agreement was faithfully carried out, and the wishes of our deceased brother fully complied with. Thus has passed away "to that bourne whence no traveler returns" the noble and self-sacrificing spirit of Salmon Winchester, freely giving his life for the honor and glory of his country, and "after life's fitful fever he sleeps well."

The Dictionary of Freemasonry: comprising all topics proper for public explanation, in the Rituals, History and Nomenclature of the Royal Art. "Walk about Zion and go round about her: tell the towers thereof. Mark ye well her bulwarks, consider her palaces; that ye may tell it to the generation following."—Psalm xlviii. 12, 13. *Stare super vias antiquas.* By Rob. Morris, LL.D. Chicago, Illinois: John C. W. Bailey, publisher and proprietor, Northwestern Publishing House, 164 Clark street; P. O. Box 1439. 1867.

This is a work of 520 pp.

The numerous productions from the pen of Bro. Morris show industry, research and genius. His pen is truly that of a ready writer. We can give no better idea of the work than presenting a few sample pages:

Atheist. [Blue Lodge Masonry.]

One who disbelieves the existence of a God, or supreme intelligent being.—*Webster.*

In the "Old Charges" it is said that, "if a Mason rightly understands the art, he will never be a stupid atheist nor an irreligious libertine." But there is a sterner sense in which the atheist is debarred admission into the society. Early in the initiatory ceremonies of the first degree a test is applied which effectually provides against the reception of one who has the mind of the groveling atheist, and it is justly said, in explanation, that "no obligation is binding upon an atheist." In the third degree the Mason is strongly charged against the admission of an atheist into this society.

Considering that prayer is the very opening ceremony witnessed by the intrant, that the Word of God is the first object upon which his eye will fall, that the emblem of Deity is the first visible object to which he pays Masonic homage, and that the honor of God is taught him as the highest aim of Masonry, it will not be necessary to argue further that "no atheist can be made a Mason."

Clandestine. [Blue Lodge Masonry.] In Blue Lodge Masonry the initiate is strongly charged to have no Masonic communication with clandestine Masons or to visit a clandestine Lodge. This is further enforced in the installation of the Worshipful Master, who pledges himself "not to countenance any irregular Lodge or any person clandestinely made therein." In the Royal Arch degree the Companions are forcibly warned against impostors or those pretending to Masonic privileges, on the score of having irregularly received some instructions.

The word clandestine, in Masonry, is always used in its ill sense, "as implying craft, or deception, or evil design."—*Webster.* It signifies, technically, "working, or worked, without proper authority." As this is peculiarly a class definition of the word, the following illustrations are needful:

1. A Lodge working without a charter or dispensation is clandestine.
2. A Lodge whose dispensation has expired, or whose charter has been revoked by the Grand Lodge having jurisdiction, is Masonically defunct; its subsequent work, if any, is clandestine.
3. A Lodge working under a charter or dispensation emanating from any Grand Lodge, save that which possesses jurisdiction, is clandestine.
4. A Mason made under any of the three specifications above given is clandestine. A broad distinction is made in Masonry between clandestine and irregular.

MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE.

New York *Grand Lodge* (1867).

1. Expulsion alone terminates the connection of a brother with his Lodge. Subsequent restoration gives him the rights and privileges of Masonry, but not membership in any particular Lodge. Suspension does not sever the connection, but holds it in temporary abeyance, for a definite or an indefinite period, and when that period has terminated, the brother is restored to all his rights both in the Lodge and the fraternity.

2. The name of an expelled or suspended Mason shall not, as such, be published by the Grand Secretary while an appeal is pending, or till the time for appeal has expired.

3. No appeal can be brought before the Grand Lodge from the action of a Lodge suspending a brother, except by the accused himself.

VERMONT.

Decisions of Bro. Englesby, Grand Master of Vermont, 1867.

The granting of a dispensation acts as a dimit from their respective Lodges of those mentioned in the dispensation, the Lodges from which they were dimitted retaining jurisdiction so far as to enforce payment of dues.

∴

A Master, in his discretion, has power to withhold the declaration of the result of a ballot, when, in his judgment, it may become necessary. Having declared it, a petition for the same parties cannot again be entertained until the expiration of a year. The unanimous consent of a subordinate Lodge cannot suspend a Grand Lodge By-Law.

∴

At a special meeting called for that purpose, if called within a reasonable time, all and the same brethren being present who were present at the prior one, it is competent to reconsider a vote expelling a brother. It should only be done, however, when some error is apparent, or some new testimony has been discovered, showing the brother in a different and more favorable aspect; and then, upon the supposition that an injury has been done which should be remedied, and with the consent of the Grand Master.

∴

The rule in decision twenty, of Proceedings of 1865, applies as well to other foreign countries as to Canada.

∴

When there is but one Lodge in a town, it has jurisdiction over the whole town.

∴

A black ball having been cast by mistake, the ballots may be passed again (notwithstanding the result has been declared) at the same communication; the brother who cast the black ball so stating, and that it was a mistake.

∴

Reasons of a personal or private nature should never be allowed to debar an individual from becoming a member, or to prevent his advancing when a member of a Masonic Lodge. A brother protesting against the advancement of another for such an improper reason renders himself justly amenable to Lodge discipline. His charge is never to allow personal pique or malice to enter into his Masonic action.

∴

The criterion, in case of the loss of a limb, or portion thereof, of a man's eligibility, is the ability to approve himself a Mason. Being unable to do that, he cannot, without violating the ancient charges, receive the degrees. The jurisdiction of Lodges extends to the town lines wherein they are situated. If two Lodges are so situated that a town or towns without a Lodge intervene, then the jurisdiction is to be determined by the geographical point equidistant from the respective Lodges.

∴

An entered apprentice may be tried for unmasonic conduct on charges preferred; the hearing to be had in an E. A. Lodge, and the decision made, on report thereto, in a Master Lodge.

∴

A Lodge may confer the degrees, at the request of another Lodge. good reasons existing therefor, there being no objections in either Lodge, and the applicant having been balloted for in the Lodge making the request, and the ballots returned clear.

∴

A Lodge may refuse to receive a visitor, one who, having been rejected by it, goes to another State, receives the degrees and then presents himself as a visitor, or petitions for membership. The Master of the Lodge may withhold, in his discretion, the declaration of a ballot; but cannot, after the result has been declared, order a new ballot at a subsequent communication, or require the disclosure of the person who cast the black ball, or the reasons therefor. Any such disclosure must be entirely voluntary.

∴

In case of the death or absence of the Master of a Lodge, an election cannot be held until the next regular annual communication. The Master being absent, the Wardens confer the degrees and perform the duties of the Master.

∴

A motion to reconsider should be made, if at all, at the same communication that the subject matter to be reconsidered was passed upon. (If not made, it would not be as a petition for a new Lodge at the next communication necessarily.) It is for the Master to say whether it shall be received, it being his duty to see that the Lodge is not trifled with.

∴

In relation to the vote in Masonic trials, there does not seem to be any fixed rule. Grand Master Haswell did suggest that *not less* than two-thirds should expel, implying that a larger vote should be required. My own opinion has been and still is, that, while a two-thirds vote may convict and inflict a less punishment known to our Order, a larger vote should be required. It may be said you can, in such case, never expel. It may be so, but the presumption is that the members of a Lodge will always do their duty, and should necessarily require, not hesitate therein. A brother should not be expelled except for grave cause clearly established. It affixes a stigma not lightly to be done away, and, for that reason, the right is only to be exercised in extreme cases when lighter remedies fail.

∴

One ballot is sufficient for three degrees, unless your By-Laws direct otherwise. If they do, they should be changed to conform to what is now the usage in this State. The ballots should not be taken except at the request of the petitioner or his vouchers answering for his presence.

Objections to the farther advancement of a candidate should be made in open Lodge, or by information given to the Master, and should be of such a character as would have constituted a good cause of rejection of an application; the facts in relation thereto to be ascertained, if necessary, in the discretion of the Master through the investigation of a committee.

∴

A dimit once taken severs the brother's connection with the Lodge granting it. The connection can only be resumed by a unanimous vote in the same manner and under the same regulations as in the case of the application of a stranger to the Lodge. It does not matter for what purpose the dimit is taken, the result is as above stated. The dimit is evidence that the person making application for membership was once a member of some Lodge and in good standing. The application must lie over one communication, as in case of new members. If your By-Laws require a different method, they are wrong. You are not bound to receive a dimit any way except as evidence of the facts set forth therein, and as such to be deposited among the Lodge records. A Lodge has a perfect right to refuse membership, notwithstanding the dimit, if they so choose and the applicant is not worthy, and that without charges preferred.

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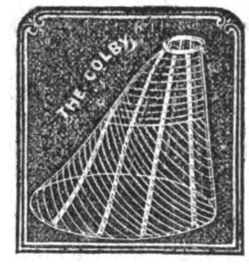

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The SECOND PICNIC and COTILLION EXCURSION of Architect Lodge, No. 519, F. & A. M., in aid of their Widow and Orphans' Fund, will take place WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 28th. The Steamer JOE JOHNSON and Barges RHINEBECK and ANNIE have been engaged, and will leave the foot of Ninety-second Street, E. R., at 7 o'clock, Eighth Street at 8 o'clock, Peck Slip at 8½ o'clock, A.M., and proceed to CROSSETT'S GROVE, making the same landings on returning. Music by M. J. O'Brien's celebrated Band. Tickets ONE DOLLAR, admitting a gentleman and lady. Extra ladies' tickets FIFTY CENTS, to be had of the Committee of Arrangements or any member of the Lodge.

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NATIONAL FREEMASON

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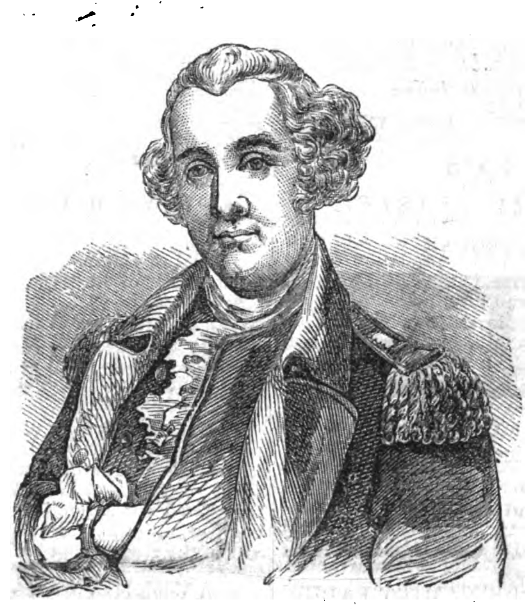
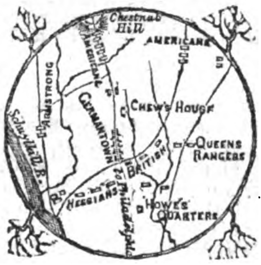


M Gist

MORDECAI GIST, of Maryland—General of the Revolution—Grand Master of South Carolina and President of the first movement for a National Grand Lodge in the U. S.—Master of the first Military Southern Lodge.

This eminent craftsman, Mordecai Gist, was born in the city of Baltimore, in 1743. His ancestors were among the early English emigrants to Maryland. He spent his early life in a thorough theoretical and practical commercial education. He was noted for his integrity, manliness and love of benevolence among his youthful associates. His leisure moments were devoted to reading. He was engaged in the vocation of a merchant when the Revolution cast its shadows before. The young men of Baltimore formed a military association under the name of the "Baltimore Independent Company," the first company raised in Maryland for the defense of the American cause, and they unanimously elected Gist the captain. In 1776 he was made Major of a battalion of Maryland regulars, and was with them in the battle near Brooklyn, at the close of the summer campaign of this year. This was one of the most bloody conflicts of the war. Smallwood's battalion of Marylanders, commanded by Major Gist, fell upon Cornwallis, and blood flowed freely. Smallwood's regiment, composed chiefly of young men belonging to the most respectable and influential families in Maryland, suffered terribly; 259 of them perished in this conflict with Cornwallis' grenadiers near the "Cortelyou House."

Major Gist was promoted to the Colonelcy the next year, and was at the battle of Germantown in October, 1777.



This year Col. Gist commanded 700 Marylanders at the massacre of Paoli.

Col. Gist was stationed near Yonkers in 1778 and was attacked by a combined force under Simcoe, Emmerick and Tarleton. After traversing the vale of Yonkers, they approached at separate points to surround the American camp. The vigilant Gist discovered their approach and escaped.

In January, 1779, Congress made him a Brigadier in the Continental army, and he was assigned to the command of the 2d Maryland Brigade. He fought bravely and suffered defeat in the battle near Camden, 1780. The first and second Maryland Brigades, under Brigadiers Smallwood and Gist, were all commanded by that noble Freemason, De Kalb, in the battle at Camden. The second Maryland Brigade and the Delaware troops under Gen. Gist took the right; the North Carolina militia under Caswall, who became Grand Master of Masons of North Carolina afterwards, and the Virginians under Stevens, the left. The first Maryland brigade under Smallwood was formed in reserve. The troops generally, after a single fire, throwing away their arms and flying in great confusion, caused the weight of the battle to fall upon the Maryland and Delaware troops, and for awhile they nobly sustained it. On the right those sterling Masons De Kalb and Gist maintained their ground inch by inch; the Marylanders gained ground, and had the militia stood fire the British must have been routed. Firm as a rock De Kalb and Gist remained. They made a gallant and successful bayonet charge; but Cornwallis perceiving the strength of De Kalb and Gist, concentrated his whole force against them and won the victory. De Kalb fell pierced with eleven wounds, and at this battle received Masonic succor from the enemy, which will be detailed in a future number of the National Freemason.

He was present at the surrender of Cornwallis, and afterwards joined the Southern army under his brother Gen. Greene. At the remodeling of the army, in 1782, while lying near Charleston, he gave Gen. Gist the command of the "light corps." It was his command that dealt one of the last blows upon the enemy, in the engagnment upon the banks of the Combahee. At the close of the war he returned to his plantation near Charleston, where he resided until his death, 1792. He left two sons; one he name *Independent* and the other *States*.

Previous to the revolution Gen. Gist served in several inferior offices, and attained the position of Master of one of the Lodges chartered in Baltimore by the G.·. L.·. of Pennsylvania, in 1770. Bro. Hayden, in his *Washington's Masonic Compeers*, says:

> While in their winter quarters here, the Masonic brethren in the army celebrated the festival of St. John the Evangelist. The meeting was held under the Charter of the American Union Lodge, and Washington and a large number of distinguished officers of the American army, who were Masons, attended on the occasion.
>
> The Masonic Lodges of America had formerly all owed their existence to and been dependent upon the Grand Lodges of Great Britain; but the misfortunes of war had caused all intercourse to cease between them and their parent head; and although some Provincial Grand Lodges still existed in this country, they were regarded but as the subordinates of the Masonic powers in Great Britain, by whom they were created.
>
> At this army festival of the Masonic brethren in 1779 a petition was presented, setting forth the condition of Masonry in the new political state of the country, and expressing a desire that a general union of American Masons might take place under one general Grand Master of America. A committee was appointed to take the subject into consideration, consisting of distinguished Masons from each division of the army.
>
> The Committee met in convention on the 7th of January, 1780, and chose Gen. Mordecai Gist as their President (the minutes read, enumerating the dele-

gates: "Bro. Mordecai Gist, P. W. M., delegated to represent the Masons in the military line of the State of Maryland") and Gen. Otho Holland Williams as their Secretary. An address to the different Grand Masters of the United States was drawn, considered and adopted on the occasion, setting forth the same general views as those embraced in the petition they were called on to consider, and asking that measures might be taken to secure a union of all the Lodges of the country under one American head. Copies of this address were sent to the different Grand Masters in the United States; and although the Convention had delicately forborne to mention the name of Washington as their choice for General Grand Master, yet it was well understood that such was their wish.

Besides the regular members of the Lodge present, the record shows the names of sixty-eight visiting brethren, one of whom was Washington. At a previous meeting of this Lodge, held on the 15th of December, its records show that its Master, Major Jonathan Hart, was appointed one of a joint committee from the various military Lodges in the army "to take into consideration some matters for the good of Masonry." At the festival meeting on the 27th "a petition was read, representing the present state of Freemasonry to the several Deputy Grand Masters in the United States of America, desiring them to adopt some measures for appointing a Grand Master over said States." It was ordered that this petition be circulated through the different lines of the army; and also "that a committee be appointed from the different Lodges in the army, from each line, and from the staff of the army, to convene on the first Monday of February next, at Morristown, to take the foregoing petition into consideration." This committee accordingly met at Morristown, on the 7th day of February, 1780, and the following is a copy of its proceedings:

"At a committee of Ancient, Free and Accepted Masons, met this 7th day of the second month in the year of salvation 1780, according to the recommendation of a Convention Lodge, held at the celebration of St. John the Evangelist.

"Present, Bro. John Pierce, M. M., delegated to represent the Masons in the military line of the State of Massachusetts Bay, and Washington Lodge, No. 10; Bro. Jonathan Hart, M. M., delegated to represent the Masons in the military line of the State of Connecticut, and American Union Lodge; Bro. Charles Graham, F. C., delegated to represent the Masons in the military line of the State of New York; Bro. John Sanford, M. M., delegated to represent the Masons in the military line of the State of New Jersey; Bro. George Tudor, M. M., delegated to represent the Masons in the military line of the State of Pennsylvania; Bro. Otho Holland Williams, M. M., delegated to represent the Masons in the military line of the State of Delaware; Bro. Mordecai Gist, P. W. M., delegated to represent the Masons in the military line of the State of Maryland; Bro. Prentice Brown, M. M., delegated to represent St. John's Regimental Lodge; Bro. John Lawrence, P. W. M., delegated to represent the brothers in the staff of the American army; Bro. Thomas Machin, M. M., delegated to represent the Masons in the corps of artillery."

The brothers present proceeded to elect a president and secretary, whereupon Bro. Mordecai Gist was unanimously chosen president, and Bro. Otho Holland Williams unanimously chosen secretary of this committee.

The committee proceeded to take into consideration an address to be preferred to the Right Worshipful Grand Masters in the respective United States, whereupon Bro. Williams presented the following address:

"*To the Right Worshipful, the Grand Masters of the several Lodges in the respective United States of America.*

UNION. FORCE. LOVE.

"The subscribers, Ancient Free and Accepted Masons in convention, to you, as the patrons and protectors of the craft upon this continent, prefer their humble address.

"Unhappily, the distinctions of interest, the political views, and national disputes subsisting between Great Britain and these United States have involved us, not only in the general calamities that disturb the tranquillity which used to prevail in this once happy country, but in a peculiar manner affects our society, by separating us from the Grand Mother Lodge in Europe, by disturbing our connection with each other, impeding the progress and preventing the perfection of Masonry in America.

"We deplore the miseries of our countrymen, and particularly lament the distresses which many of our poor brethren must suffer, as well from the want of temporal relief as for want of a source of *light* to govern their pursuits and illuminate the path of happiness. And we ardently desire to restore, if possible, that fountain of charity from which, to the unspeakable benefit of mankind, flows benevolence and love; considering with anxiety these disputes, and the many irregularities and improprieties committed by weak or wicked brethren, which too manifestly show the present dissipated and almost abandoned condition of our Lodges in general, as well as the relaxation of virtue amongst individuals.

"We think it our duty, Right Worshipful Brothers and Seniors in the Craft, to solicit your immediate interposition to save us from the impending dangers of schisms and apostacy. To obtain security from those fatal evils, with affectionate humility we beg leave to recommend the adopting and pursuing the most necessary measures for establishing one Grand Lodge in America, to preside over and govern all other Lodges, of whatsoever degree or denomination, licensed or to be licensed upon the continent; that the ancient principles and discipline of Masonry being restored, we may mutually and universally enjoy the advantages arising from frequent communion and social intercourse. To accomplish this beneficial and essential work, permit us to propose that you, the Right Worshipful Grand Masters, or a majority of your number, may nominate as Most Worshipful Grand Master of said Lodge a brother whose merit and capacity may be adequate to a station so important and elevated, and transmitting the name and nomination of such brother, together with the name of the Lodge to be established, to our Grand Mother Lodge in Europe for approbation and confirmation; and that you may adopt and execute any other ways or means most eligible for preventing impositions, correcting abuses, and for establishing the general principles of Masonry; that the influence of the same in propagating morality and virtue may be far extended, and that the lives and conversation of all true Free and Accepted Masons may not only be the admiration of men on earth, but may receive the final approbation of the Grand Architect of the Universe, in the world wherein the elect enjoy eternal light and love.

"Signed in convention, at Morristown, Morris Co., this 7th day of the second month, in the year of our Saviour 1780, Anno Mundi, 5780; which being read, was unanimously agreed to sign, and ordered to be forwarded with an extra copy of their proceedings, signed by the president and secretary, to the respective Provincial Grand Masters; and the committee adjourned without day."

While at the North, he and the brethren in his troops had enjoyed Masonic privileges in the different Masonic Lodges in the army, no Military Lodges existed in the Southern army, and he therefore applied to the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania for a warrant to hold one in the line under his command, and a warrant was granted, constituting him its Master. This Lodge was numbered 27 on the Pennsylvania Grand Lodge registry. Its warrant bore date April 4, 1780.

The warrant from the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania to Gen. Gist, empowering him to hold Lodges in the Maryland line of the army, was, by resolution of that Grand Lodge, vacated at the close of the war; but, in 1786, another was granted to him to hold a local Lodge, with the same registry number (27), at Charleston, South Carolina, by the same grand body. This warrant constituted Gen. Mordecai Gist Master, and Thomas B. Bowen and Ephraim Mitchell Wardens.

In 1787 the Lodges of Ancient York Masons in South Carolina united to form an Independent Grand Lodge for that State, and of this grand body General Gist became the first Deputy Grand Master.

The Hon. William Drayton, Chief-Justice of the State, was at the same time Grand Master. He was the first Grand Master of Ancient York Masons in that jurisdiction. Gen. Gist was his Deputy in 1787–88–89, and succeeded him as Grand Master in 1790, and held the office for two years, when he was succeeded by Maj. Thomas B. Bowen, who had been his first Senior Warden under his Pennsylvania local Lodge warrant.

It was while Gen. Gist was Grand Master, in 1791, that Washington visited, as President, the Southern States, on which occasion the following Masonic correspondence between these two distinguished brothers took place:

Sir: Induced by a respect for your public and private character, as well as the relation in which you stand with the brethren of this society, we, the Grand Lodge of the State of South Carolina, Ancient York Masons, beg leave to offer our sincere congratulations on your arrival in this State.

We felicitate you on the establishment and exercise of a permanent government, whose foundation was laid under your auspices by military achievements, upon which have been progressively reared the pillars of the free Republic over which you preside, supported by wisdom, strength and beauty unrivaled among the nations of the world.

The fabric thus raised and committed to your superintendence we earnestly wish may continue to produce order and harmony to succeeding ages, and be the asylum of virtue to the oppressed of all parts of the universe.

When we contemplate the distresses of war, the instances of humanity displayed by the craft afford some relief to the feeling mind; and it gives us the most pleasing sensation to recollect that, amidst the difficulties attendant on your late military stations, you still associated with and patronized the ancient fraternity.

Distinguished always by your virtues, more than the exalted stations in which you have moved, we exult in the opportunity you now give us of hailing you brother of our Order, and trust, from your knowledge of our institution, to merit your countenance and support.

With fervent zeal for your happiness, we pray that a life so dear to the bosom of this society, and to society in general, may be long, very long preserved; and when you leave the temporal symbolic Lodges of this world, may you be received into the celestial Lodge of light and perfection, where the Grand Master Architect of the Universe presides.

Done in behalf of the Grand Lodge.

M. Gist, *G. M.*

Charleston, 2*d* *May*, 1791.

To this letter Washington immediately returned the following reply:

Gentlemen: I am much obliged by the respect which you are so good as to declare for my public and private character. I recognize with pleasure my relation to the brethren of your society, and I accept with gratitude your congratulations on my arrival in South Carolina.

Your sentiments on the establishment and exercise of our equal government are worthy of an association whose principles lead to purity of morals, and are beneficial of action.

The fabric of our freedom is placed on the enduring basis of public virtue, and will, I fondly hope, long continue to protect the prosperity of the architects who raised it. I shall be happy, on every occasion, to evince my regard for the fraternity. For your prosperity individually, I offer my best wishes.

G^{o}. Washington.

To understand fully at this day the value and significence of this correspondence between the Grand Master of Masons in South Carolina in behalf of his Grand Lodge and Gen. Washington, it must be remembered that Gen. Gist had been the friend and companion-in-arms of Gen. Washington during the war of the Revolution; and that, while in command of the Maryland Brigade in 1779, he had held intimate personal and Masonic intercourse with him; had presided over a convention of Masonic brethren in the army at Morristown that desired to elevate Washington to the Grand Mastership of all American Masons; had been constituted by a warrant from the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania Master of a military Lodge in his own brigade; and, having borne the trowel and the sword together in many weary marches and many well fought battles, had, at the close of the war, retired to a plantation near Charleston; and carrying with him, to his Southern home, a love of Masonry and a knowledge of its kindly influences during the war, had established a Lodge in Charleston, been chosen Grand Master of the Ancient York Masons of South Carolina, and as such greeted Washington on his arrival there, in their behalf.

When, therefore, he said in his letter to Washington: "When we contemplate the distresses of war, the instances of humanity displayed by the craft afford some relief to the feeling mind; and it gives us the most pleasing sensation to recollect that, amidst the difficulties attendant on your late military stations. you still associated with and patronized the ancient fraternity," he well knew that Washington was familiar with the instances of humanity in war to which he alluded; nor would he have adverted in this manner to his associations with the fraternity during the war had he not known that it was a pleasing association to his distinguished brother and public guest. Nor did Washington fail on this occasion to reiterate his often declared sentiments, that Masonry was beneficial to society and the basis of public virtue.

[The biography of Aaron Ogden, Governor of New Jersey, will appear in the next number.]

◆

THE KING AND THE AGED WIT.

There is a thought connected with the following lines that is worthy the columns of the National Freemason. The old man in the story says with much force that he has all his life enjoyed what his fathers prepared for him, and in return feels it to be his duty to prepare blessings for the generation after him. This idea is applicable to Masonry. *We* are enjoying an institution which our fathers, during many generations, built up and matured for us, and it is our bounden duty to extend the same, with such increments of light and knowledge as the age may afford us, to posterity yet unborn.

In Persia, in olden time, lived a great king,
Whose name was Shah Noshirwan:
'Twas his custom, whenever he heard a good thing,
To say "Zeh!" and his treasurer then would fling
A purse to the fortunate man.

This king, when out hunting on one fine day,
Saw an aged man planting trees:
He rode up, and said, "With your hair so grey,
Don't you think you are throwing your time away?
You'll never eat food from these."

"For three-score years I have eaten sweet food
From trees that I did not sow;
And would it not be base ingratitude
If I took no thought of posterity's good,
And paid not the debt I owe?"

"Zeh, zeh!" said the king; and the treasurer straight
To the old man a purse hath thrown.
"See, see! for good works it is never too late;
God hath given me fruit without needing to wait,
Before all my trees are sown."

"Zeh, zeh!" once again: ere the word was said,
Another purse flew on its way.
"Till God placed the crown on your majesty's head,
Was such a strange thing ever heard of, or read,
As to reap two crops in one day!"

"Zeh, zeh!" yet again, and a third full purse
To the old man's hand falls nigh;
But the king in his horse's flank drives his spurs,
Nor waits for more answer in prose or in verse,
Lest the wit of that old man, so prompt, so terse,
Should drain his full treasury dry.

◆

HOW THE RAVEN BECAME BLACK.

A LESSON TO TALEBEARERS.—BY BRO. JOHN G. SAXE.

There's a clever classic story,
Such as poets used to write
(You may find the tale in Ovid),
That the Raven once was white.

White as yonder swan a sailing
At this moment on the moat,
Till the bird, for misbehavior,
Lost, one day, his snowy coat.

"Raven-white" was once the saying,
Till an accident, alack!
Spoiled its meaning, and thereafter
It was changed to "Raven-black."

Shall I tell you how it happened
That the change was brought about?
List the story of Coronis,
And you'll find the secret out.

Young Coronis, fairest maiden
Of Thessalia's girlish train,
Whom Apollo loved and courted,
Loved and courted not in vain.

Flirted with another lover,
(So at least the story goes),
And was wont to meet him slyly
Underneath the blushing rose.

Whereupon the bird of Phœbus,
Who their meeting chanced to view,
Went in haste unto his master;
Went and told him all he knew.

Told him how his dear Coronis,
False and faithless as could be,
Plainly loved another fellow—
If he doubted, come and see!

Whereupon Apollo, angry
Thus to find himself betrayed,
With his silver bow and arrow
Went and shot the wretched maid.

Now when he perceived her dying,
He was stricken to the heart;
And to stop her mortal bleeding,
Tried his famous healing art!

But in vain, the god of physic
Had no antidote; alack!
He who took her off so deftly
Couldn't bring the maiden back.

Angry with himself, Apollo
Yet more angry with his bird,
For a moment stood in silence—
Impotent to speak a word.

Then he turned upon the Raven,
"Wanton babbler! see thy fate;
Messenger of time no longer,
Go to Hades with thy prate.

"Weary Pluto with thy tattle!
Hither, monster, come not back;
And—to match thy disposition—
Henceforth be thy plumage black!"

MORAL.

When you're tempted to make mischief,
It is wisest to refuse;
People are not apt to fancy
Bearers of unwelcome news.

ANOTHER MORAL.

Something of the pitch you handle
On your fingers will remain;
As the Raven's tale of darkness
Gave the bird a lasting stain.

◆

THE MONEYLESS MAN.

[The following was composed by our young friend, the talented poet, Henry T. Stanton, Esq., of Maysville, Ky., the son of Hon. Bro. Stanton. It was recently recited by one of the finest readers on the English stage, in the city of London, and won the applause of thousands of England's most classic and refined.]

Is there no secret place on the face of the earth
Where charity dwelleth, where virtue hath birth?
Where bosoms in mercy and kindness will heave,
And the poor and the wretched shall "ask and receive?"
Is there no place on earth where a knock from the poor
Will bring a kind angel to open the door?
Ah! search the wide world wherever you can,
There is no open door for a moneyless man.

Go, look in yon hall, where the chandelier's light
Drives off with its splendor the darkness of night!
Where the rich hanging velvet, in shadowy fold,
Sweeps gracefully down with its trimming of gold,
And the mirrors of silver take up and renew,
In long lighted vistas, the wildering view—
Go there, in your patches, and find, if you can,
A welcoming smile for a moneyless man!

Go, look in yon church of the cloud-reaching spire,
Which gives back to the sun his same look of red fire;
Where the arches and columns are gorgeous within,
And the walls seem as pure as a soul without sin;
Go down the long aisle—see the rich and the great,
In the pomp and the pride of their worldly estate—
Walk down in your patches, and find, if you can,
Who opens a pew to a moneyless man!

Go, look to yon judge in his dark-flowing gown,
With the scales wherein law weigheth equity down,
Where he frowns on the weak, and smiles on the strong,
And punishes right, while he justifies wrong;
Where jurors their lips on the Bible have laid,
To render a verdict they've already made—
Go there, in the court-room, and find, if you can,
Any law for the cause of a moneyless man!

Go, look in the banks, where Mammon has told
His hundreds and thousands of silver and gold;
Where, safe from the hands of the starving and poor,
Lies pile upon pile of the glittering ore;
Walk up to the counter—ah, there you may stay,
Till your limbs grow old and your hair turns grey,
And you'll find at the banks no one of the clan
With money to lend to a moneyless man!

Then go to your hovel; no raven has fed
The wife who has suffered too long for her bread:
Kneel down by her pallet, and kiss the death frost
From the lips of the angel your poverty lost;
Then turn in your agony upward to God,
And bless, while it smites you, the chastening rod;
And you'll find at the end of your life's little span,
There's a welcome above for a moneyless man!

◆

QUI LABORAT, ORAT.

GOD'S OWN ROSARY.—BY MOSES COIT TYLER.

A voice came to me at the midnight calm:
No lip nor eye, no moving form was there;
"Who loveth most, he sings the sweetest psalm,
Who worketh best, he prays the holiest prayer.

"Not paters pattered in devotion's weeds,
Nor fasts long drawn, nor vigils kept in pain,
But pious words spelled out in gentle deeds,
Shall soothe earth's grief and still its sad refrain.

"See folly, leaping from night's leaden lid!
See force—his heel stamped on Christ's little ones!
See falsehood, rearing his black pyramid!
Go, war with these—thus make thine orison's!
Who lists the orphan's tale, the bondsman's plea,
Doth count the beads on God's Own Rosary."

◆

THE MASON'S DAUGHTER.

BY MRS. M. ADELLE HAZLETT.

CHAPTER VI.

Annie Munroe waited long at the museum for the return of her mistress.

Fearful, at last, that some accident might have befallen Gertrude, she descended to the street, and for several minutes stood looking up and down, hoping to see her approaching.

She determined, at length, to walk to the hotel; and, accosting a respectably but humbly dressed lady, Annie asked if she could direct her to the Fifth Avenue Hotel.

"Yes," returned the lady, politely. "I am going to the avenue now, and, if you choose to accompany me, I will show you the building."

Annie gladly accepted the proffered courtesy, and was soon at the door of the room that had been occupied by Miss Elerton. But Gertrude was not there, and a housemaid was evidently preparing it for the reception of a new guest.

Annie hastened to the parlor and rang the bell.

"I would like to see the clerk of the house," she said to the servant who answered the summons.

In a few moments the clerk appeared.

"Can you tell me where I will find Miss Elerton?"

"Miss Elerton? I do not know of such a guest in the house."

"I mean the lady who has occupied No. 10 since morning."

"That lady was Miss Anderson, of Chicago. She sent for her bill more than an hour since, and ordered her baggage sent to the passenger depôt of the New York and Erie Railway."

"Can you tell me something of the personal appearance of that lady that might enable me to decide whether you are not mistaken in her name?"

"I only saw the lady a moment as she entered the omnibus. She was young—perhaps twenty-one or twenty-two, with dark hair and eyes, and was very elegantly dressed. I am certain that Anderson was the name she sent to the office. She had a domestic with her, whose bill was included with her own, but the lady was alone when she left the house."

A dim suspicion that she had been deserted now began to dawn upon the mind of Annie Munroe.

"Sir, can you accommodate me with a room until tomorrow?" she asked.

"Certainly," said the clerk—"that is, if you are prepared to advance the bill. You have no baggage, and it is a rule of the house to require advance pay from such."

"Oh!" exclaimed Annie, who had not before thought of money. "I am penniless, and without a friend."

"Excuse me, miss, but my duties require my presence at the office."

Annie sunk upon a chair, her hands clasped despairingly over the throbbing, fearful heart; and tears she could not suppress followed each other down her white cheeks.

A tall, dark woman, with a bunch of keys in her hand, entered the room.

"What are you crying about?" she said, somewhat sharply, to Annie.

"O, ma'am," Annie found voice to say, "I am a stranger, and without money."

"Well, you must either take a room or leave the house. This is no place for weeping damsels."

"But I have no place to go to, and you surely will not turn me into the street at this hour. In the name of charity, I beseech you, keep me until morning."

"No; we cannot keep all the New York poor. Come, this is no place for you, I say."

Annie arose and sought the street.

She walked a short distance, then, overcome by a sense of her utter desolation and friendlessness, she stopped, and leaned in a despairing, helpless way against a building.

Ah, gentle Annie Munroe, may Heaven shield thee now! Better hadst thou been left in earth's most unbroken solitude, with wild beasts for thy companions, than to have been cast helpless upon the surging sea of humanity, within the very grasp of the voracious monsters that lurk within its dark and fearful depths!

Men and women, as they passed gave a sidelong, curious look at the friendless girl, but no one spoke to her. The evening shadows were gathering around her. What should she do?

"I say, my pretty one, why don't you go home?" said a half intoxicated man, who had several times passed the spot where Annie stood.

Annie attempted to move away, but the man seized her by the arm, and held her firmly.

"Why don't you answer me, like a polite young lady? Don't you see it is getting dark? May be you ain't got any home to go to, poor child!"

Annie struggled vainly to release herself.

A third actor appeared suddenly upon the scene.

A well dealt blow from a stranger's arm laid the drunken man upon the flag-stones, and Annie knew, by the silver star upon his breast, that it was a policeman who had befriended her.

"Who are you, and why are you here at this hour?" he said.

Annie quickly and frankly made known her misfortunes, and closed by saying, "O, sir, I pray you, find me shelter and safety for the night. I care not if it be a police-station or a prisoner's cell."

"Well, I will take care of you," he said. "I am under particular obligations to care for '*helpless orphans and defenseless maidens.*'"

At this moment two Sisters of Mercy, in their black robes and white bonnets and head-bands, were seen approaching.

"Here, Sister Celeste," said the policeman, "here is a poor young girl without money or friends, and I think she is worthy your care. Cannot you take her with you to the hospital?"

"Yes, certainly," Sister Celeste replied, in what Annie thought the sweetest voice she had ever heard. "Come with us, my child, you shall have rest and care."

"What is your name?" asked the policeman.

"Annie Munroe."

"Well," said the man, as he made a note of the name, "you need not fear to go with these ladies; you will be safer with them than anywhere else in the city."

The Sisters, now taking each an arm of Annie, led her away.

Arrived at St. Luke's, they laid the exhausted girl upon a bed of snowy whiteness, bathed the face that was now flushed with fever, and administered such nourishment as they thought their patient needed.

Annie felt chilled by the sombre dress, and, as they moved about the room as noiselessly as spirits from the dead, she felt an awe that was almost fear creep over her. But, during the long days of illness that followed, Annie learned to love the quiet ways, and low, sweet voice, of the dark-robed women who, from the first circles of New York, have devoted themselves to works of charity, ministered to her wants.

Sister Celeste drew from her the whole of her little history.

"How would you like to stay with us always?" she said to Annie, one morning, when she had quite recovered her usual strength. "You have no home or friends, and we will love you very dearly."

"Oh, yes," said Annie, "I have friends. I have a dear father and uncle, and I have other friends also."

And, as Annie thought of Gilbert Church, her cheek flushed, and for the first time she fully realized how intense would be her pain at never meeting him again.

"No, kind sister, I must try and find my way to Boston. Perhaps I may there hear something of my father."

Sister Celeste was now called away. In a few moments she returned. "My daughter," she said, "the policeman who gave you into my care, and who has called several times to inquire after you, wishes to see you. There is a stranger with him."

Annie's heart gave a quick, joyful bound at the word *stranger*, and she hastened to the reception-room.

It was Mr. Church, who extended both hands and said, "There, I have found you at last."

"O, sir! how did you find me?"

"By the aid of this policeman, Annie, who is my friend and Masonic brother. I have been searching for you diligently during the last four days. I am going now to constitute myself your protector, so prepare yourself to go with me at once."

Annie was soon ready, and, as she bade a grateful farewell to Sister Celeste and her other friends, Mr. Church slipped a hundred dollar bank-note into the hand of one of them, and said, "May Heaven bless you in your work of charity."

A carriage conveyed Mr. Church and Annie to the St. Nicholas, where Mrs. Church awaited them, and who said, tenderly, as she folded Annie to her bosom, "My poor child, how greatly you must have suffered! But tell us now, if you *can* throw any light upon the subject, why did Miss Elerton desert you so heartlessly?"

"I do not understand it myself," replied Annie; "neither am I certain that she did so intentionally. If she did, she registered a false name at the Fifth Avenue Hotel."

"She did," said Mr. Church. "She gave her name as Miss Anderson, of Chicago. I have ferreted the whole matter out."

"And now, Mrs. Church, we will remain here three days, during which you will see that Annie is prepared for her *debut* at Newport."

Annie's pale cheek grew paler still at the prospect of meeting with Gertrude Elerton; but Mr. Church said, "Have no fears, my child, your troubles are over. You are to be treated in all respects as our own daughter."

Annie did not reply, but the tears of gratitude that glistened in the mild blue eyes were more eloquent than words.

CHAPTER VII.

Gilbert Church was pacing his room at Newport slowly and thoughtfully. He had arrived but an hour before, and had found a letter from his parents, explaining the cause of their absence.

The thought that Annie Munroe was a waif upon the great ocean of New York humanity shocked him greatly. What if his father should fail to find her, and she should be lost to him forever?

With this fear came the sense of his deep and abiding love for the friendless girl. Tenderly he recalled the light, graceful figure, the auburn curls and smiling lips. How dear they were all to him now! Hitherto she had floated undefinedly in his mind, like some pleasant dream, but now the vision was a reality.

What should he do? Should he fly to New York and join in the search? Surely he could not remain inactive. He would seek Gertrude Elerton, and demand a full and truthful account of what she chose to call "Annie's desertion."

He hastened to the spacious ball-room, and looked about for Gertrude. She was standing in the centre of a fascinated group of admirers, but the moment she observed Gilbert, by a gesture expressive of glad surprise, she called him to her side.

"I am delighted to see you, Mr. Church. When did you arrive?"

"But an hour since. If you can excuse yourself from your friends, I shall be greatly obliged for your company a few moments."

"O, certainly;" and she cleared herself from her train of admirers as gracefully and carelessly as she would have brushed away so many flies with her fan.

Gilbert offered her his arm, and led her to the balcony.

Gertrude's heart fairly trembled with pleasure. There was nothing she so much desired as to secure the hand of Gilbert Church. Not that she loved him so intensely, for she was too selfish to love any one purely and devotedly; but she courted his wealth and station—the consideration it would bring her. And had he not sought her out immediately on his arrival, and requested the pleasure of her society alone? Surely the fates were propitious, and she should win.

"Did you come directly through from St. Louis to Newport, Miss Elerton?"

"Yes, with the exception of a few hours' stay in New York.—How lovely the moonlight is to-night; it seems to come down in great waves."

"Yes; the night is very pleasant. How did Annie enjoy her journey?"

"Very well," replied Gertrude—"very well, indeed. Do you not think this view delightful?"

"Yes; it is very fine. What does Annie think of it?"

Ah! Gertrude Elerton, it is Gilbert Church, the *lawyer*, with whom you are conversing to-night, and fairy moonlight and sea-shore views will not make him forget his purpose.

Gertrude was silent for a moment.

"How does Annie like this view?" he asked again, his large, full, piercing eyes bent intently upon her flushing countenance.

Gertrude mastered herself with an effort, and said, "Mr. Church, I do not like to tell you about Annie, because I must pain you by proving that she has deceived us both. She appeared so innocent and truthful, and yet has shown herself so entirely unworthy our slightest regard."

"What has she done?"

"She deserted me in the streets of New York."

"What were the circumstances?"

"With a view of giving her pleasure, I took her out to make such purchases as might please her childish fancy. We also visited several places of interest. When we arrived at the Museum, she pretended to be very tired, although our walk had not been long. Thinking she might be ill, I stepped down to the street to engage a carriage to convey her to the hotel, and when I returned she was not to be found, although I had been but a few moments absent. I made every effort to find her that the time would admit of, but without success. I think she had been in New York before, for she seemed quite familiar with its streets."

"At what time did you leave her at the Museum?"

"It was about four o'clock in the afternoon. But do not let this little circumstance distress you, Mr. Church. I want you to enjoy your first evening here. Come, let us go in. Are you not going to ask me to dance?"

"Pardon me, Miss Elerton, but I am not well to-night. I only came in for the purpose of seeing you. I will return you to your friends, when I must claim permission to retire."

"Will you call in the morning?"

"Yes," he replied, "if I feel well enough and social enough to call upon any one."

"Thank you; and you must join the riding party to-morrow evening. We are to go out at six and return at eight, in time for the grand hop. But this is my aunt, Miss Withington. Permit me to introduce you."

Gilbert bowed, and, retiring at once from the room, sought the clerk of the hotel, for the purpose of ascertaining at what time Miss Elerton arrived in Newport, and found, as he had expected, that, if she had left Annie at the Museum at four o'clock, she must have hastened at once to the boat that left the wharf at five. Consequently, she could have expended no time in searching for the missing girl, whom he was now satisfied she had purposely abandoned.

Gilbert sought his room, determined to go to New York on the succeeding day, but was soon followed by a servant, with a telegram from his father, stating that Annie had been discovered, and they would all be at Newport the next evening.

Gilbert Church was much interested in the arrivals on the following day, and when his father and mother stepped from a carriage, and were followed by a graceful little figure in a gray traveling dress, his eyes rested upon it with an eager, satisfied expression, and, as he met them in the hall, Annie's was the first hand he clasped.

"Where is Miss Elerton?" asked Mr. Church.

"I think she is out riding," replied Gilbert.

"Well, then, she need not know of our arrival at present."

A suite of rooms adjoining Mrs. Church's were assigned to Annie, and the bewildered girl was soon disposing the contents of a large trunk in the spacious wardrobe.

How like a dream did it all seem! She could half believe that her own dear parents were with her as they had indeed been only three years before, at this very place. But no; that mother slept in a distant grave; her father was far away; but God had watched over the orphan, and had given her friends and plenty. She shuddered when she thought of the danger of the last few weeks, and, kneeling, she offered up to the throne of heavenly light a fervent prayer of thankfulness and love.

CHAPTER VIII.

The spacious ball-room was ablaze with light and diamonds; silks and laces floated wave-like in the dance; the air was filled with music, and laden with the perfume of flowers. Fairest in all that assemblage of beauty was the queenly Gertrude Elerton. The delicate silken robe was covered by an over dress of softest tulle; the dark heavy braids were wound around the shapely head, and the diamonds sparkling among them gave them the effect of a regal crown. A knot of flowers upon her bosom confined the bertha of rich lace, a chain of pearls circled the neck, and the delicate, ungloved hands sparkled with jewels.

"Beautiful, glorious creature!" was the verdict passed by every one upon the "peerless Southern beauty." Women, it was true, shrank from her as violets shrink from the sunlight, but there were at least a score of admirers languishing for a smile.

"Gilbert will be here to-night," she said to herself, "and shall see me in my glory. He will create a sensation here, and it will be delightful to claim him as my most favored suitor."

There was a pause in the music, and the dancers began to seek for seats. Suddenly a murmur of surprise and pleasure arose, and all eyes were directed toward the entrance. The Hon. Mr. Church had just come in, leading Annie Munroe. Mrs. Church and Gilbert were behind them. It was evident to the pleasure-seekers at Newport that there was a new arrival; but who could the strangers be? There was but one person who knew who they were, and that one was Gertrude Elerton. Her eyes were riveted on Annie Munroe as upon one who had risen from the dead to curse her. All around her there were murmurs of "how lovely!" And Annie was, indeed, lovely that night.

The New York modiste who had been directed to prepare Annie for "coming out" at Newport, regardless of expense, had done her work well. Every grace of form and feature was shown to the best advantage. The white hair of Mr. Church contrasted well with the fair curling tresses of his companion. It was youth and age in most beautiful tableaux. Gilbert and his mother attracted scarcely less attention, for Mrs. Church was a noble-looking woman, and there was not so handsome a man at Newport as Gilbert.

The four paused for a moment, as if looking for some one; then walked leisurely up the hall, and stopped before Gertrude Elerton and her group of worshipers.

"Good evening, Miss Elerton," said Mr. Church; "permit me to introduce to you my *protegé*, Miss Annie Munroe."

"Oh! Miss Gertrude," said Annie, in a low voice, and extending her hand, "say that you did not—did not——"

"Register yourself as Miss Anderson, of Chicago," said Mr. Church, finishing the sentence for Annie, but not in the way she had intended.

Gertrude Elerton was speechless; the color faded from cheek and lip, and, turning to a mustached cavalier at her side, she said, feebly:

"Will you take me from the room?"

"By Jove! that young lady must be the angel of retribution or something else; she has annihilated our 'queen of beauty' with a single look," said a young man, placing his hand upon the shoulder of a gentleman who stood by his side, but who was conversing so earnestly with a friend that he had not noticed the interesting group.

The stranger, who was a man some forty years of age, but whose fine features bore the impress of suffering and care, looked around.

"Good Heavens!" he exclaimed, "has my wife arisen from the dead to stand before me in the glory of her bridal morn, or is it my daughter grown into her mother's likeness?"

At this moment Annie's eyes fell upon the stranger's face.

"Father! father!" she cried, and in a moment she was in his arms.

Mr. Church, comprehending the state of affairs, said: "Let us retire to the parlor."

And there Annie introduced her father and uncle to her present protectors, for the young man who had called the attention of Mr. Munroe to Annie in the ball-room was no other than the brother-in-law who had accompanied him to California.

Mr. Munroe's emotions were too deep and joyful at this unexpected meeting with his daughter to admit of his relating the chain of circumstances which had finally brought him to Newport. So Annie's uncle proceeded to tell them how they had reached California in safety, and had purchased a small tract of land for mining purposes. Their investment proved a fortunate one, and they toiled courageously, cheered by the prospect of immediate success. Mr. Munroe sent letters to his wife by every mail, directing them to Boston; but, receiving no intelligence from her, had determined, after being but a few months in the mines, to sell his claim and return home. Arrived in Boston, what was his surprise to find no trace of his wife or daughter. He hastened to St. Louis, and soon ascertained that Mrs. Munroe had died soon after he left her; but he could learn nothing satisfactory as to the fate of Annie. A servant at the hotel had told him that a young lady answering the description of his daughter had died in the house soon after Mrs. Munroe, but as it had changed proprietors, nothing positive could be ascertained. Mr. Munroe had reasoned that if Annie was alive she would somehow have found her way back to Boston, and so he mourned her too as dead. Bereft of all that had rendered life valuable, he had been wandering aimlessly for weeks; had visited all the principal Eastern cities, and had left New York for Newport only two days before, little dreaming that he left the city that contained his daughter or that a rich store of pleasure awaited him at his present destination.

Annie, with her hand in that of her father, now told him of all that had befallen her, and closed by saying that to Mr. and Mrs. Church she owed every thing.

"And what good angel prompted you thus to befriend my child?" said Mr. Munroe.

"It is our duty," replied Mr. Church, "to do good unto all, and especially to the household of the faithful."

Those words struck a responsive chord in the heart of the father, and, grasping Mr. Church's hand, he said fervently, and with deep emotion:

"May God bless you, my *brother*."

The next day Gilbert Church sought out Mr. Munroe, and a long conversation ensued, which ended by Mr. Munroe saying:

"Well, sir, I must have Annie a year or two in her old home; then, if you both remain unchanged, she shall be yours."

The two did remain unchanged, and when Gilbert Church visited Boston for the purpose of taking his beautiful and accomplished bride to his elegant Southern home, and Mr. Monroe pleasantly remonstrated with her for leaving him, Annie, with an arch smile, told him that he might blame Masonry for the whole matter—"For," said she, "if you had never learned me to make a square and compass in evergreen, I should probably never have known Gilbert Church."

The Masonic Breastpin: A Tale of Indian Times.

IN TWO CHAPTERS.

> "The Moor, the Hindoo, the wandering Ishmaelite, nay, even the *Red man* of the forest, has knelt humbly at our altars, and acknowledged the humanizing influence of Freemasonry."—*Extract from a Masonic Address.*

CHAPTER FIRST.

There were hurry and disorder in the public square of Catesby, confusion and terror in its dwellings. The morning meal was either unprepared, in the confusion of the hour, or, if spread, was untasted by those who had mingled with the multitude around the court house. Women, with disheveled hair and garments all disarranged, men half clad, barefoot and laden heavily with the weight of children, children snatched from their little beds and screaming at the top of their voices at the unaccustomed bustle—such were the objects that filled the western roads to Catesby, and spread consternation right and left as they came. Every few minutes some horseman would dash furiously by, scattering the mud in the faces of pedestrians, and almost breaking his heart with shouts of *Indians! Indians!* as he came to the suburbs of the town. The great bell in the Presbyterian church was rolling and plunging and rocking about in a most unheard-of manner, confounding all its voices into one stunning din of alarm. The old sexton, Waifer, whose soul had been buried for many long years in the concavity of that bell, and whose boast it was that it made no signals without a rational explanation (he the Tyler of the Masons' Lodge in Catesby, which fully accounts for his stubbornness in this particular), had just been carried home a cripple for life, from a fall got by holding on spasmodically to the big rope as the heavy bell made a sudden gyration. Evidences of terror and the effects of fright, in many instances ludicrous enough, were visible all round. The bank clerk, Mr. Shaw, had left his desk with untold bills lying within the vault, and the vault unlocked. The county recorder, Esq. Williams, whose book-cases contained the land titles of the whole county, and whose boast it was that he lived, ate, slept and would die in the apartment which contained them, ran thoughtlessly out, the room all unfastened, and the records exposed. Boyett, whose livery stable was the pride of the place, permitted his horses to gnaw the manger, unprecedented neglect, and to whinney unnoticed for better food, while he, the negligent, stood with open mouth drinking in the frightful news as water.

And truly the news were frightful, sufficiently so to justify any amount of consternation. For the Indians, who were in pay of those liberal employers, the British, had made a sudden foray across the river the night before, and not only captured much valuable property and destroyed much more, but left fearful evidences of their blood-thirst in the show of eleven corpses—parents, grand parents and seven children of the Colter family—all slain and scalped by their infernal hands. And all this had happened since the going down of yesterday's sun, and within five miles of the town of Catesby!

Various reports, some of them highly exaggerated and absurd, were brought in by the country people. Those who lived farthest from the scene of action, and consequently knew the least of the matter, made up in ingenuity what they wanted in fact. The most reliable information was from old Widow Bruson (commonly called Granny Grunt), who, living near neighbor to the Colters, was the first to discover the savages, and to look at this display of their ferocity. She described it as a piteous spectacle. "The allduman (old woman) had never crawled out of her bed for seven long year with the roomatty (rheumatism)," she said, "and the tarnal fants (phantoms) had skulped her as she lay, arter they'd knocked the leetle sense the poor creature had all outener (out of her). Miss (Mrs.) Coulter had fout the devils like a she painter (panther) twell (until) all the meat was hacked offen her arms. The broom she'd cotched up was chopped in two with their cussed tomahawks. The old man lay outen (outside) the door with his head clean off. They'd called him outen his bed, seems like, and when he poked his head out to see who was there, they tuck it smack off at the neck. But the most dismallest thing ever you seen, since the Lord made you, was the childer (children). Seven sweet, precious——" Here the old lady's withered cheeks were bathed in a torrent of tears, answered by hundreds of those who stood around. "Seven sweet, precious babies, who'd come to my cabin only yesterday, to bring poor old granny a gourd of milk—all of 'em dead in a row—close by the fire-place, scalped—little Mary's arms round her twin brother's neck."

Such a tale as this, told in the public square of Catesby to five hundred people, was no everyday affair.

But now a more cheerful cry was heard; "Major Hodges is coming!" and upon the back of it, the noise of bugle and drum and the clattering of a troop of horse gave stirring tokens that something beyond groans and tears might be anticipated.

The doughty Major had received intelligence of the massacre a little after sunrise, and so quick were his movements that within two hours he had collected about thirty of his neighbors, mounted them, called out the drummer and bugler of his regiment and was here at Catesby, equipped and provisioned for marching against the savages. A tremendous shout from the crowd acknowledged his alacrity, and his zeal that morning was remembered afterward at the polls when the Major changed the color of his feather and donned a general's uniform.

In war time, and especially upon the frontier, no man waits for orders or a commission. A very short period sufficed for the Major to open a rendezvous for volunteers, and to arrange a plan by which four scouting parties of twenty-five men each should follow up the Indian trail. The Major himself headed one of the parties, and the number of *his* mess was soon filled up.

Archimedes Dobrot, the town tailor, a famous Indian fighter, who had been at the River Raisin, and nearly lost his scalp with the rest, headed the second; and he, too, was fortunate enough to fill the ranks without difficulty. The third and fourth companies were not so successful, although an abundance of patriotic speeches were made, enough one would have thought to have put the war spirit into a snail.

Kruptos, the attorney, a splendid speaker, a ten hour man, mounted the stump in person, and was fast inclining public opinion toward the volunteering point, when his eloquence was suddenly checked by the proposition of an impertinent fellow in the crowd, an enemy of his, who offered to go as volunteer and take his three sons with him if he (Kruptos) would go too. This disgusting proposal was unworthy of reply, and Kruptos retired amidst the jeers, it must be confessed, of the whole square.

The first and second parties got off shortly after noon. The third contrived to fill its ranks by help of certain spirituous stimuli well known to all recruiting sergeants, and that also dashed off in the direction of the river, anxious to compensate for the delay. The fourth company had scarcely half a dozen members by sundown, and so much coolness in volunteering was evident, that there was even a talk of desisting from further trial. But this was not so to be. The cowardly determination was changed by the timely arrival of Robert Carnarson, who had heard, late in the day, of the danger, and hastened to town on the wings of the intelligence.

This young gentleman was familiar with every body in Catesby, as appeared by his shaking hands with one half the crowd, and calling the others by name. He was a stout, well built individual, of some five and twenty years of age, possessing a bland look and one of those fortunate voices that, without being absolutely musical, pleases every ear, and makes its possessor popular, if only for his tongue's sake.

He was well-bred, and moved amongst the crowd as first among his equals, using such language as betokened a polished education, although not untinctured with the localisms of the borders. His dress, like his manners, was gentlemanly, but not finical—the material being costly, while the make was countryfied and plain. He was furnished with an elegant sword, holster pistols and gun, and rode the best horse—so said Boyett, and he ought to know, for he had owned him three times—the best horse in the country, by twenty dollars.

That he had come fully bent upon volunteering could be known by his preparations, and the first words he uttered, "Keep a vacancy for me, Captain Webster, for I am going with you, if you will take me."

Accompanying him were two others, Mr. Socrates Ely and Tim, whose surname no mortal being knew.

The former had graduated at the same college class with Robert Carnarson, and being disposed to literary pursuits had gone west and offered his services in various quarters as a school teacher. Strange to say, he had failed in every application, and always on account of the same cause, his *hand-writing*. It must be confessed that his pen-marks were mysterious ones, and might, some of them, have puzzled Champollion himself, had it been in his day, to solve them. But it certainly argued a poor appreciation of literary valor, on the part of school trustees, to reject a polished scholar (a curiously wrought stone) and an estimable gentleman, merely on account of his penmanship. But so they did, and Socrates Ely, A. M., after spending all his loose change in a vain search for employment, gladly accepted Robert's invitation to come and live with him, and there he had remained ever since, studying Euclid by day and Homer by night, and laying a thousand plans for immortality.

Mr. Ely had volunteered merely to accompany his college chum, and knowing so little of sword and gun, he might as well have brought a deacon's rod from the Lodge-room as the old Queen's arm musket that he had balanced painfully upon his shoulder, to the great detriment of his overcoat.

Tim, the nameless, was a block altogether of a different pattern, being to trades and callings wha Socrates Ely, A. M., was to science—a universal adept. It was said that he became a Freemason to find out something about Hiram, the widow's son, who, the Bible inform us, was a goldsmith, silversmith, iron founder, brass founder, stone mason, carpenter, spinner, weaver, dyer, tailor, and, last of all, engraver. Tim was born with a jack-knife in his hand. He had served apprentice to nine trades (three months to each), and in every instance excelled his master in practical skill before his time was out. He had made a fiddle at twelve years old; a copper bugle at fifteen; a wagon, out and out, wood and iron, at twenty; taken out eleven patents; dug wells; built chimneys; erected houses; soldered tin ware; shod horses; mended clocks; painted signs, and baked confectionery. He had shaped a perfect model of King Solomon's Temple, according to the best authorities, and presented it to De Witt Clinton, who pronounced it the most ingenius work of art he had ever seen.

Tim had enlisted in the present call for volunteers merely because he had never helped to kill a man, and he felt that his education would not be complete until he did.

The accession of these three, and the spirit-stirring oration made by Mr. Carnarson, from the court-house steps, soon revived the spirit of patriotism, and filled up the quarter hundred by dusk. As it had become so late in the day, it was agreed upon by all hands that the company should now separate, to meet again promptly at sunrise, armed and equipped for marching; and so the multitude broke up, exhausted by the day's excitement.

Let us follow Robert Carnarson, whom we have installed as the hero of our tale.

After a supper, hastily eaten at the public inn, he might have been seen immediately afterward wending his way to the well known residence of Mr. Baldridge, father of Miss Josephine Baldridge, whose hand Robert had bespoken for the dance of life some months before. This announcement will convince our readers at the very outset that we have no love tale for their amusement; the love scenes, the tender question, the blushing reply, the ecstatic thanks, the sighs, the smiles and the grips—all these time-honored landmarks in love's Freemasonry, has been carefully preserved, and the parties had made suitable proficiency in this first degree of the mysteries preparatory to that of the second, or *the marrying degree.* Among that cool and deliberate port on of our population that live nearest the North Pole, it is maintained that at least six months ought to elapse between these two degrees; nature herself has pointed out the interval to the third.

The love affair, then, between Robert and Josephine will not detain us long in the recital.

The former, after a rapid walk to Mr. Baldridge's dwelling—if the reader ever visits Catesby he will recognize it by the green posts in the portico—rapped at the door with love's own signal, the latter kindly acting as his conductor, answered it, and admitted him; a certain ceremony of reception was gone through with, only understood by the initiated, and they *never* reveal it; and then the applicant was led to the very sanctum of the dwelling—the parlor—and into the presence of the family.

When Mr. Carnarson stated the object of his visit to Catesby, there was at first a profound silence. Josephine turned pale, and looked as though she would like to dissuade her lover from his warlike purpose. If this were her intention, however, it was forestalled by an encouraging remark from her father, who congratulated Robert on his intention.

"It was the duty of every young man," he said, "to come forward at such a crisis as this. Had his knee suffered him to mount a horse, the cowardly youngsters who filled the square to-day might have clung to their mothers' petticoats, and he would have volunteered himself. He would have been half way to the river with that brave Major Hodges. The trashy boys, the chuckle-headed babies"—and here a sudden cough intervened to close the sentence.

Much judicious advice was then added as to the best course for a scouting party to pursue; for the old gentleman had been a volunteer under Mad Anthony Wayne, and he knew all about it; and then the family retired, leaving Josephine and her lover to the uninterrupted use of the parlor. A lover's lodge in the first degree was opened forthwith. But it is improper to make a written record of the proceedings. It is enough for the reader to know that these two lovers had been well instructed to keep the work of each degree to itself, and they governed themselves accordingly.

Being about to part, the young lady, with many a sigh and tear, presented a token to her lover, and bade him wear it for her sake. She said:

"It was the property of poor Aleck (her deceased brother), and was taken from his body after that horrid accident. I know that you were members of the same Lodge, and I feel that this circumstance will impart to it a double value in your eyes. You are going upon a dangerous service, dear Robert, and must take good care of yourself on my account. Remember you are not your own, for I have accepted you—a poor bargain, I am sure"—the young lady was making a hysteric attempt at wit—"a poor bargain—and—and—but never mind my nonsense, dear Robert, only take good care of yourself, for you are all—all"—here the prepositions and conjunctions were strangely neglected. "I shall expect to see you back in a week or two; and whenever you look at poor Aleck's breastpin think of—think of—no matter for the rest."

The breastpin was simply a golden square and compass, manufactured by that Tubal Cain of a fellow, Tim, who had made it for Alexander Baldridge, while the latter was Worshipful Master of the Catesby Lodge.

To his hotel Robert now returned, to find Mr. Socrates Ely still sitting up, poring over his Homer, although the hour was the very earliest in the morning, and Tim, who had just finished a handsome lion-headed riding whip expressly for the campaign.

Promptly at sunrise the cavalcade assembled and set forth. The day's hard riding took them more than forty miles from Catesby, and to the camp of Major Hodges' party, who had preceded them on the march the day before. Here they learned that the Indians, under a noted chief, had crossed the river in much greater force than had been at first supposed, and had done immense mischief in various settlements on the route. Many parties of the whites had been formed to reconnoiter, and, if prudent, to attack them; and nearly half the regiment of the Blues was out endeavoring to intercept them in their return route. The news were stirring, indeed, and the Catesby companies joined camps together that night, fully anticipating before another to meet the savages in battle.

It is a thrilling scene—one of these military encampments. The large fires, whose scarlet hue contrasts forcibly with the thick shade of the forest, rendering it even more profoundly black in the comparison, presents one of the most brilliant displays of coloring imaginable. The cheerful jest, unrestrained by the presence of stranger or woman; the broad opening of heart to heart by the social influences of the occasion; the symbolic groupings of stars overhead; the mysterious voices of the night around—nothing in life's memory dwells longer on the mind of a child than an encampment scene; nothing is so pleasantly recalled to memory by the retired soldier as his bivouac in the forest, when comrades were cheerful and good cheer abundant.

The mess which Robert Carnarson had formed for his own special accommodation consisted of Tim, the artificer, Ely, his old college comrade, and the two brothers Ellison, his neighbors, sons of a widow woman—widowed by the pestilence of intemperance. These five had built a fire at a little distance from the rest, or rather Tim had built it, while the others looked on his handy way with stares of admiration; had cooked a bountiful supper, or rather Tim had cooked it, while they assisted him with epithets commendatory; and they were now cosily sitting upon some seats that ingenious Tim had fabricated out of the limbs of the oaks that were melting into ashes before them.

The conversation started with a jocular remark from one of the Ellisons, who had observed the square and compass on Robert's bosom. He thought that Bob was *determined* that folks should know *he* was a Mason anyhow, for he carried his jewel on his breast.

"And where else would you have a jewel worn?" responded the indefatigable Tim, who was fitting a spare spring into the lock of Ely's musket—that essential portion of the mechanism having been abstracted from it years before. "Where else but on his breast *should* a Freemason wear his jewel? Next to the heart is the place, and if I ain't mistaken, that's the very jewel that Aleck Baldridge had in his shirt bosom at the time the coach load of passengers was drowned in Secon's river. I ought to know that jewel, seeing as how I made it; and if you'll press the lower part of the square hard, you'll learn something about it, Bob, that Josephine herself didn't know of when she gave it to you."

His directions were followed by Robert, the others crowding around to see the result; and, to the astonishment of every body, the square flew apart, and was transformed into a perfect double triangle, on one side of which was engraved, in microscopic characters, the name, age and Masonic standing of the owner, and and this passage of Scripture from 2 Chronicles ii. 14: "*To find out every device which shall be put to him.*" On the other side a number of Masonic symbols, exquisitely executed; the most prominent of which was the Mark Master's mark of the fabricator.

"Yes," pursued Tim, when the murmurs of surprise were hushed, "I made that breastpin and intended it for De Witt Clinton, but when Aleck waited on me day and night, the time I broke my arm, I gave it to him and fixed one up afterward for Clinton of another pattern. Aleck never knew of the secret spring at all, for I meant to have my own fun out of him some day about it. But, poor fellow! he was hurried away to his last account without a moment's warning. We discovered the bodies of the seven passengers in a drift below the ford, more than two weeks after the accident. You couldn't have told your father from your mother, the bodies were so decayed. But I pointed out Aleck's from the rest, for on his breast was this jewel, and I knew it to be the jewel which I had given him as a token of gratitude."

"Tell us, Bob," cried one of the Ellisons, "what's the rule for trying men who want to be Masons? Father used to say, before he took to drink, that the Masons rejected him because he was one-legged."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tim, "a one-legged man a Mason! why, how on earth could he—ha, ha, ha!—how could such a man—that's too good a joke! ha, ha, ha! I think I see him ——"

"Every person desiring admission," said Ely, quoting from memory out of the ancient Constitution of Masonry, "Every person desiring admission must be upright in body, not deformed or dismembered at the time of making, but of hale and entire limbs, as a man ought to be."

"If you really wish to know our rule," replied Robert, "our published books give it clearly enough. The ancient writer who spoke of a sound mind in a sound body gave our Masonic model with great exactness. Many a fine house has a despicable tenant, while many a noble soul dwells in a hovel. Now, while Masonry is too much of the building art to endure the shabby cabin for the dwelling, she is quite too nice to accept the finest temple unless the god therein dwell."

"Fact," pursued Tim, speaking with his mouth full of gun screws, "fact; I knowed a man once down on the Olean who was said to have been rejected nine times because he had such a d—l of a temper. The Masons didn't believe they could control him, and yet he was the richest man in the place. I'm told he swore he'd get up a political party some day a purpose to break down Masonry and have his revenge; but he can no more injure it than this rotten old lock can injure my new spring."

At the word snap went the steel, affording a most unfortunate point to his illustration and occupying all his attention for the remainder of the sitting to remedy it.[*]

In another hour all was still in the soldiers' camp. The sentinels walked drowsily to and fro in the paths or paused to lean against some favoring tree, and snatched a hasty doze. The sky began to change. Mutterings of distant thunder might have been heard in the region of the south. The wind arose. The voices of the night were all absorbed in the roarings of the blast that portended a storm. The sentinels, widely wakened by the disagreeable prospect, roused up the whole camp to prepare for it. There were no tents, it being a cavalry scout, and the only thing that could be done was to stake down the blankets in the best position to afford a shelter, heap heavy wood on the fires, and await the result. But this preparation was in vain. The gusts increased in violence, tearing away the frail shelters and bearing them far above the tree-tops, and scattering the firebrands as chaff. Then the heavy fall of decaying trunks shook the ground, and the volunteers felt that a hurricane was approaching them dry shod. All around was as the darkness of the land of Egypt, a thick darkness that might be felt.

The pitying stars had withdrawn their rays, unwilling to look down upon such a scene of devastation. The weaker branches from the forest trees fell thickly on every side, threatening both limb and life. A minute longer, and the tempest broke in its fury. Fortunately for the safety of the encampment, the centre of the gale passed a few hundred yards below them, but the elemental force on the edge of the current was a fearful index to the whole. Those who had not taken the precaution to shelter themselves behind the larger trees were dashed violently to the ground and grievously stunned. The horses suffered severely from the fall of the boughs, and several were so mangled that their owners in mercy dispatched them. Major Hodges had a leg broken; others were hurt, but in a lesser degree.

The duration of a hurricane on land is rarely long. In another hour the frightened party had collected again to compare their losses, and as far as possible repair damages.

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[*] This anecdote and Tim's prophetic omen will recall to the mind of the informed reader the circumstances that led to the anti-masonic warfare of 1826–33. Many a threat of extermination preceded the baleful attack.

Tim, who, amidst his other amusements, had practiced surgery, proceeded briskly to set the broken bones, and then manufactured for himself a blanket cap in place of a hat blown clear away. Fires were rekindled, wet garments dried, and by daylight the encampment was again lost in sleep.

(To be continued.)

Family Circle.

MY MOTHER.

Long years have passed of toil and strife,
And darker grows the path of life,
As up the rugged steep I climb,
And pause to hear the ling'ring chime,
Of mem'ries from the olden time,
My mother, my sweet mother!

Thou told'st me how my Saviour died,
On bloody Calvary crucified,
How Mary wept his cross beside,
As agonizingly he cried,
And darkly flowed the crimsoned tide,
My mother, oh, my mother!

Thy lessons were not taught in vain,
Their sacred seed I still retain,
That in my heart will germinate;
And though the harvest be but late,
'Twill bless me in my last estate,
My mother, my dear mother!

Once more, once more, I crave to rest
A child upon thy faithful breast,
And at thy feet in prayer to bow,
And feel thy hand upon my brow,
With many deep lines furrowed now,
My mother, oh, my mother!

Long years have passed, alas! what years,
Of blighted hopes and blinding tears,
And on his lonely wandering way
Thine absent son doth nightly pray,
God's blessings on thee far away,
My mother, my sweet mother!

MY SISTER.

A mother's love has been described
As unsurpassed by others!
"For deep, undying love," 'tis said,
"None's like unto a mother's."
I felt 'twas true when mine had died—
Long afterward I missed her;
But nobly is her place supplied
By one still left—a sister.

A sister! holy is the name!
Pronounce it with emotion!
And ne'er think lightly, brothers, of
A sister's true devotion.
It ends with death—repay it well,
And make her life a pleasure;
And sweet attachment let exist
Between thee and thy treasure.

Who clings to thee through good and ill,
Through health and sickness dreary—
Who takes delight to do thy will,
And nurse thy head when weary?
Who like thy sister doth these things;
I ask of thee, kind brothers?
I know your answer ere you speak—
None—next to loving mothers.

And so, when that good mother's gone
To her reward in heaven,
Turn thou to a remaining one
By that kind heaven given;
And may thy love for her increase—
With watchful care attend her;
While dwelling in sweet blissful peace,
Her staunch, her brave defender.

BABY ON THE PORCH.

Out on the porch, by the open door,
Sweet with roses and cool with shade,
Baby is creeping over the floor—
Dear little winsome blue-eyed maid.

All about her the shadows dance,
All above her the roses swing,
Sunbeams in the lattice glance,
Robins up in the branches sing.

Up at the blossoms her fingers reach,
Lisping her pleading in broken words,
Cooing away in her tender speech
Songs like the twitter of nestling birds.
Creeping, creeping over the floor
Soon my birdie will find her wings,
Fluttering out at the open door
Into the wonderful world of things.

Prayer must one day cease; but praise will continue to be offered forever.

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The rain, which distills into a rose, is returned in a sweet perfume, but that which drops into a nettle is returned in an ill savor.

∴

The tongue is inclosed by the teeth as with a wall, and guarded by the lips as with sentinels, so that it be not suffered to run wild.

∴

Looking to others for our standard of happiness is the sure way to be miserable. Our business is with our own hearts and with our own motives.

∴

Authority of the Bible.—"The mother of a family," says Rev. Adolph Monod, "was married to an infidel, who made jest of religion in the presence of his own children, yet she succeeded in bringing them all up in the fear of the Lord. I asked her one day how she preserved them from the influence of a father whose sentiments were so opposed to her own. This was her answer: 'Because to the authority of a father I do not oppose the authority of a mother, but that of God. From their earliest years my children have seen the Bible on my table. This holy book has constituted the whole of their religious instruction. I was silent that I might allow it to speak. Did they propose a question, did they commit a fault, did they perform a good action, I opened the Bible, and the Bible answered, reproved or encouraged them. The constant reading of the Scriptures has wrought the prodigy which surprises you.'"

∴

The Golden Motto.—A good old man, when he heard of a neighbor's misfortune, would say: "He fell to-day; I may fall to-morrow." This is the purely golden motto for every neighborhood; it reaches to the perfection of Christian charity and manly kindness; it places us all along the way of mutual moral dangers; it levels us all to the possibility of immediate wrong; it gives us all a defense in forgiveness and liability; it teaches us all against hasty judgments, and shows to all that offense is a common inheritance which cannot be pushed from out of our ready reach. "He fell to-day; I may fall to-morrow." Let this solemn confession be always echoing from the voice of conscience; let it be impressed on the tablets of honor; let it be the first recollection, the constant influence, the guiding spirit of the day and the prompter of the nightly prayer.

∴

Little Things.—The preciousness of little things was never more beautifully expressed than in the following morceau by B. F. Taylor:

Little martin boxes of homes are generally the most happy and cozy; little villages are nearer to being atoms of shattered paradise than anything we know of; and little fortunes bring the most content, and little hopes the least disappointments.

Little words are the sweetest to hear; little charities fly furthest and stay longest on the wing; little lakes are stillest, and little farms the best tilled. Little books are the most read, and little songs most loved. And when nature would make anything especially rare and beautiful, she makes it little—little pearls, and little diamonds, little dews.

Everybody calls that little that they love best. We once heard a good sort of man speak of his wife, and we fancied that she must be a bijou of a wife. We saw her, and she weighed 210; we were surprised. But then it was no joke; he meant it. He could put his wife in his heart and have room for other things beside; and what was she but precious, and what was she but little?—*Multum in Parvo*—much in little—is the great beauty of all we love best, hope for most, and remember the longest.

∴

Good and Bad Luck.—Henry Ward Beecher once remarked: "When I see a tatterdemalion creeping out of a grocery late in the afternoon, with his hands stuck in his pockets, the rim of his hat turned up, and the crown knocked in, I know he has had bad luck—for the worst of all luck is to be a sluggard and a tippler." In that remark he struck the key-note of all the croaking about bad luck. The bad luck men meet with is a consequence of their own acts and mismanagement. Who ever heard of an early-rising, hard-working, honest, prudent man complain of bad luck? A good character, good habits, and iron industry, are impregnable to the assaults of all the ill luck that fools ever dreamed of.

We once knew a man who lost his luck in the river, where he idled away his time in fishing, when he should have been in his office. Another, with a lucrative business, lost his luck by amazing diligence in the affairs of other people instead of his own. Another, who was honest and constant at his work, erred by misjudgment; he lacked discretion. Hundreds lose their luck by indorsing, by sanguine speculations, by trusting fraudulent men, by dishonest gains.

A man never has good luck who has a bad wife. The lives and successes of such men as Stewart and Peabody were not governed by any such a thing as "good or bad luck." They rose to their positions of power and affluence by pluck instead of luck; indomitable perseverance, continuity of purpose, honesty of intention, integrity of character, were the stepping stones, the Jacob's ladder of their success.

∴

"I Thank Thee, Jew."—The following admirable anecdote is from Breslau, and is of recent date. Not long since an elderly man, with bare head, stood in an eating house, surrounded by a crowd of people. The landlord held the man's hat and cane in his hands, and an impudent waiter stood between the guest and the door. The confusion of the old man was indescribable. He seemed to be for the first time in his life in such a scrape—said nothing, looked down on the ground and with difficulty restrained his tears, while all around mocked and jeered at him. Just then a poorly dressed Jew, with a long white beard, entered, and inquired what it all meant, and with an expression of almost feminine curiosity. He was told that the man had eaten and drunk, and, now that he must pay, he searched his pockets in vain for money. "Well," exclaimed the Jew, "I see the old man for the first time, but I'll be bound he did not come hear to cheat. And landlord, suppose he had no money to forget, couldn't you for once give a poor man something to eat, for God's sake? How much does he owe, any how?" The debt was eight silver groschen, and the Jew, paying this, took the poor old man by the hand and led him to the door. Those present did not seem to enjoy the reproof which their brutality had received, and one insolent fellow cried out: "Hey! Jew, what have you done?—this is the Sabbath, and you have touched money?" [This is forbidden to the Israelites.] "You are right," answered the Jew. "Just now I forgot that I was a Jew, just as you forgot that you were Christians. But you may rest easy on my account; I understand my commandment, which says, 'Honor the Sabbath day and keep it holy.' Just get some schoolmaster to explain it to you, and if he is a reasonable man, he will agree with me. Good deeds have no Sabbath." And with these words the good man left the room.

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The Old Woman.—Once she was "Mother," and it was "Mother, I am hungry," "Mother, mend my jacket," and "Mother, put up my dinner," and "Mother," with her loving hands, would spread the bread and butter, and stow away the luncheon, and sow on the great patch, her heart brimming with affection for the little curly pate that made her so many steps, and nearly distracted her with his boisterous mirth.

Now she is the "old woman;" but she didn't think then that it would ever come to that. She looked on through the future years and saw her boy to manhood grown; and he stood transfigured in the light of her own beautiful love. Never was there a more noble son than he—honored of the world, and the staff of her declining years.

Aye, he was her support even then, but she did not know it. She never realized that it was her little boy that gave her strength for daily toil—that his slender form was all that upheld her over the brink of a dark despair. She only knew how she loved the child, and felt that amid the mists of age his love would bear her gently through its infirmities to the dark hall leading to the life beyond.

But the son has forgotten the mother's tender ministrations now. Adrift from the moorings of home, he is cold, selfish, heartless, and "Mother" has no sacred meaning to the prodigal. She is "The old woman," wrinkled, gray, lame and blind. Pity her, O grave, and dry those tears that run down her furrowed cheeks! Have compassion on her sensitive heart, and offer it thy quiet rest, that it may forget how much it longed to be "dear mother" to the boy it nourished through a careless childhood, but in return for all its wealth of tenderness was only given back reproach.

To the Ladies!—A New Idea.

Did you ever dream that the drudgery of sewing would one day become the cheerfulest pastime? Did you ever believe that a little polished seamstress would step into your sewing room, and with scarcely a breath of noise make up your entire wardrobe! Did you ever think that a sewing machine could do all your work, even in the hands of your servant girl without the complaint of—"out of order"—"useless"—which is so often and too justly made of sewing machines generally? Any one who will watch the operation of the Willcox & Gibbs Machine for ten minutes, while, in the hands of a little girl, it throws off the most delicate hems and fells in absolute perfection—cuts its triumphs in beautiful letters, figures and wreaths, in rich embroidery and fashionable braid—now sewing in a sleeve or sewing on a skirt of your dress, and now flashing over yards of seam with but the flutter of a swallow's wing—will certainly get a new idea of the practicability and real benefit of a family sewing machine.—*Chicago Tribune.*

The National Freemason,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S., Editor.

John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

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All wishing to form clubs can send on two or three names at a time, giving us notice that they are part of the lists, to be completed subsequently. Money must accompany the names sent.

Premiums.

The great and unprecedented success of the National Freemason induces its publishers to offer the following, or an equivalent, not designed to interfere, however, with terms above; but some prefer this method of being compensated for their labor. Lodges thus have an opportunity to furnish their officers and rooms:

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For 3 subscribers, Oliver's Dictionary and Cyclopædia of Freemasonry, $3.

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In this proportion for any Masonic work in the New York market.

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For 50 subscribers, at $4 each, 10 Velvet Collars, properly trimmed, for either Lodge or Chapter, worth $50.

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For 12 subscribers, a Gold Pen; for 50 subscribers, a Gold Watch and Chain, for lady or gentleman.

We will deliver the articles at our rooms or send the books by mail, stamps having been furnished. If the article is to be boxed, the expense must be prepaid by the person sending for it.

One copy will be sent free also to each person making up a club of seven or more.

The Poetry of Freemasonry.

Good poetry is in every way the choicest arrangement of words; it demands, therefore, and rewards the nicest elocution. Poetry preserves, upholds and improves language. It chooses the most clear, vivid and exact forms of speech, and supports the purest methods of pronunciation. Poetry is the chief storehouse of authority on these matters. Changes must gradually come in every language; but poetry opposes itself to carelessness, conventionality, vulgarism, corruption of whatever kind—all those deteriorations to which ordinary speaking and writing are so subject. And remember that when language decays, not merely good taste, but thought and reason also decay. One cannot rate highly the *just et norma loquendi* of our own day, but doubtless it would be many degrees worse but for the poets. The diction of social life is at present for the most part vague, unpoetic and corrupt; so also in the general run of our public writing and public oratory—both of which indeed being addressed to the hour use—naturally the phraseology of the hour; but it is proper for men of literature, and it is their duty, to uphold our noble tongue out of these debasements. This, though a subordinate, is an important function of literature, and especially of the flower of literature, poetry—namely, to preserve, and if possible, enhance language (which is thought's body) in health and beauty.

It must be admitted that this department of Masonic literature has been thus far but poorly cultivated. An examination of a late Masonic ode-book, of which specimens have been given in our columns, will prove this, the words chosen as the *media* of music being for the most part singularly poor and inexpressive. It might be worth inquiry who wrote such such trash as filled the Masonic song-books of the last generation. We trust the "coming poet" of Freemasonry will not too long delay his advent

Another Proverb of King Solomon, our Ancient Grand Master.

"*A good man shall be satisfied of himself.*"—Prov. xiv. 14.

Every brother is in the pursuit of happiness. If he finds it not from one expedient and resource, he resorts to another. If he finds it not in the great truths of our institution, in their propagation and personal realization, he looks for it in sensual enjoyment. If he finds none, he is in despair. The inordinate lover of the world finds his pleasure either in the self-gratification of irregular pleasure or from the world without. But the wise proverb tells us that the good man is satisfied from *himself.* Here is his chief joy. He has peace and joy within himself. He can not prevent such a perennial flow from this well-spring of life within, no more than a good tree can bring forth evil fruit. For to do good is to be good, and to be good is to be happy. All this marks the good man and Mason.

A Mason in the Fifteenth Century.

1439, the Abbot St. Edmundsbury contracted with Bro. John Wood, a Master Mason, to repair and restore the great bell tower. He bound himself "in all manere of thynges that longe to Freemasonry; and to have borde for himselfe *as a gentleman,* and his servant as a yeoman, and thereto two robys, one for himselfe after a gentilmany's livery."

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Prof. and Bro. Southgate is authorized to act as agent for the National Freemason in the Southern States.

The American Baptist—Freemasonry—Jefferson Davis—Andrew Johnson—John Surratt.

[From the American Baptist.]

To many it is a mystery why the great leader of the great American rebellion should escape the punishment which his notorious crimes have richly merited; and why he should receive the tender sympathies of some who have manifested the most stern loyalty to the Government which he has labored and fought to overthrow. To me there is no mystery, and never has been. It is just what I have predicted even since his capture.

This thing is the legitimate fruit of Freemasonry. Jeff. Davis is a Mason. Andrew Johnson, President of the United States, is a Mason. Pretty much all of our leading men, in Congress and out of it, our Generals, our leading politicians, North and South, I am told, are Masons. And if they adhere to their Masonic obligations, Mr. Davis cannot be treated otherwise than he is; he cannot be brought to justice. No Mason—no matter how great the offense may be against the laws of God or of his country—can be dealt with according to his deserts, if he shall appeal to his Masonic brethren for help, and it shall be in their power to shield him. They must do it, and will do it, "whether he be right or wrong," or repudiate their Masonic oaths. This Masonic principle was thoroughly developed and clearly demonstrated in the Morgan affair, as well as in a great many other cases.

In the Morgan affair, every possible method was resorted to by the fraternity to defeat the ends of law and justice, and to screen the guilty. Witnesses were sometimes sent out of the country, or concealed, and could not be brought into court. Men who participated in that outrage, and who consulted together as to the final disposition of their victim, swore before a grand jury and in open court that they knew nothing about the affair. Fugitives, when pursued by the officer of justice, would in instances receive timely notice by Masonic brethren of "approaching danger," and make their escape. Funds were furnished the kidnappers by the fraternity, to aid in defraying their expenses while resisting the civil authorities. One of the murderers acknowledged in open Lodge, in the city of New York, that he helped put Morgan to death; and he appealed to them for protection. They protected and secreted him, and finally helped him to flee his country. These things are matters of history.

Now, if a person of as high distinction in the Masonic brotherhood as we suppose Mr. Davis to be shall appeal to them for protection in this hour of need, will he not receive it? Can they turn away from him and disregard his cries of distress? They cannot, without violating their Masonic oaths and exposing themselves to death penalties.

Read the following clause in the oath of a Master Mason: "Furthermore do I promise and swear that I will not give the grand hailing sign of distress except I am in real distress, or for the benefit of the Craft when at work; *and should I ever see that sign given, or the word accompanying it, and the person giving it appearing to be in distress, I will fly to his relief at the risk of my life, should there be a greater probability of saving his life than of losing my own.*" Is not Jeff. Davis in distress? And may he not convey that sign of distress, or the word accompanying it, to every Lodge throughout the United States? Then are they solemnly bound by this oath TO FLY TO HIS RELIEF. Will they not do it? They will. The oath is not a sham. It is a solemn reality in the view of all adhering Masons.

Now read the following clause from the Royal Arch Mason's oath: "Furthermore do I promise and swear that I will aid and assist a Companion Royal Arch Mason when engaged in any difficulty, *and espouse his cause so far as to extricate him from the same, if in my power, whether he be right or wrong.*" A writer, in commenting on this clause of the oath, long before the civil war broke out, said: "Suppose the difficulty to be, that the Companion has betrayed his country?" This is just Mr. Davis's case. This is his "*difficulty.*" He has betrayed his country, And every Royal Arch Chapter throughout the United States is bound to *espouse his cause,* so far as to extricate him from his difficulty, though they may believe him to be wrong. And *this no doubt they have done. This is the reason why Mr. Greeley and others fly to his relief, and espouse his cause so far as to extricate him from his difficulty.* This is the reason why the laws of his abused, insulted and outraged country have not long ago been executed upon him as one of the vilest traitors.

Soon after the capture of Mr. Davis, I read in some of our public journals of a great gathering of Masons of the highest degrees, from all parts of the United States, especially from the South, held in the city of Washington. This was just as something was being said about his trial. What was the object of that gathering? I have no knowledge that it has ever been made public. But there has never been a doubt in my mind but that it was to enter upon some plan for the relief of their Royal Arch Companion, Jeff. Davis, so far as to extricate him from his difficulty. The result of that great Masonic council is, no doubt, before us in the release of the traitor. Where is justice? It has fallen in our streets! It is set at defiance by an *imperium in imperio!*

Will Surratt receive the punishment due to the crime of which he is no doubt guilty? Why is it that not one of all those Southern rebels whose hands are reeking with the blood of our fallen sons and brothers, has been made to feel that "treason is odious and traitors are to be punished?" Why is it that so many of them have been pardoned by our Chief Magistrate? *He is a Freemason and they are Freemasons.* And the tremendous power of that institution is being felt throughout the land. J. G. S.

Clinton, N. Y.

(1.) We find no fault with any gentleman preferring to have no connection with the Masonic institution. He has the right to be an anti-Mason, to sustain his sentiments by proper arguments, and to expose whatever in his opinion is wrong in Freemasonry and Freemasons. We ask no exemption for ourselves or for our institution from a just public criticism. But we do insist that men shall not cease to be gentlemen when they discuss Freemasonry; that they shall not utter falsehoods to sustain their positions; that they shall not slander an entire community with impunity; and as Christians that they shall not ignore the teachings of Christ and the Bible, the great Book of the Law, common alike to Christians and Freemasons.

The *American Baptist*, published in this city, in its issue of July 16 (sent us by a brother of Western New York), printed in its first column of its outside page the foregoing article. Do Bros. Brown and Duer, the editors, wish to know the facts? Do they conceive that truth can be promoted by falsehood? Do they believe that the end justifies means which are wrong? Or in any successful opposition made to what is even wrong by untruth and unfairness? And will they be sufficiently candid to let their readers see what we write in reply to this gross and mendacious attack?

(2.) The entire superstructure of the article is based upon the considerations—(First) that Jefferson Davis is a Freemason; (secondly) that Horace Greeley is a Freemason; (thirdly) that John Surratt is a Freemason. Does the *American Baptist* know that these three persons are Freemasons? What is the proof? Surely such a grave assertion in a religious weekly—an assertion of complicity in great crimes—would not be made without irrefragable proof. Will this proof be furnished?

(3.) But, again, if all these persons were Freemasons, would this prove the Masonic institution guilty of high crime? If so, then is the Baptist Church in the United States verily guilty of the assassination of Abraham Lincoln and Wm. H. Seward. For who was Payne? A Baptist and the son of a Baptist clergyman; and did not a Baptist clergyman accompany him to the scaffold?

(4.) But to the facts. Mr. Jefferson Davis is not now and never was a Freemason.

In our issue of May, 1866, we published: "We set on foot inquiries, and state that Mr. Davis is not a Mason; and this *information is derived from himself.* He regrets not having availed himself of the opportunity early in life."

(4.) Horace Greeley is not now, and never was, a Freemason.

(5.) John Surratt is not now, and never was, a Freemason, and is attached to a communion which, like some Baptist churches, excommunicates Freemasons. The Pope and some Baptists at least have herein a common bond of union.

(6.) Now, mark another fact, and the iniquity of this article from the Baptist will become more apparent.

Judge Fisher, who presided at the late trial of Surratt, is a high Mason, and so also the majority of the military court that convicted the conspirators.

(7.) What are we to think of a Christian man who, under the garb of superior virtue and excellence, will boldly state and widely disseminate such glaring falsehood? Will such Christians save a soul or bless the world? Would you trust persons so reckless of the truth with your most ordinary business?

(8.) We venture the opinion, if the truth can be ascertained, that the writer in the "Baptist" is gratifying a pitiful revenge for some imagined personal affront upon the part of the Masons.

(9.) Our readers will recollect how perfectly this trash respecting Morgan was exposed in our columns months ago. We do not care to recur to it at present. They who read our paper would not desire this work of supererogation. Others will recollect the maxim, "Falsus in uno, falsus in omnibus." A writer who states but one truth in a long article, which is that President Johnson is a Freemason, must expect to wear the brand so justly deserved.

(10) The great gathering of Masons in Washington referred to in this article was the ordinary meeting of not more than thirty brethren of the Scottish Rite—an official meeting—the whole proceedings of which were published. Of this meeting Dr. Mackay, who sympathizes with the writer in the "Baptist" in his political views, was a member. This slanderer ought also to know that the proceedings of all Masonic official bodies are made public.

When will religious bodies learn the charity of the Gospel, and judge men by their manifest fruits?

God grant to the writer of the article in the "Baptist" that sort of religion which Coleridge says is "the most gentlemanly thing in the world," which "will *alone* gentilize, if unmixed with cant;" that, if he will not be a good Christian, that he may become a good man (or as good as a Freemason), which, South says, "is three-quarters of his way towards being a good Christian."

Let this "Baptist" brother learn that there can be no Christianity where there is no charity, and that he should not cultivate the *forms of religion* that he may freely indulge in what appears to be the pleasure of his life—calumny.

Our brother appears not to understand religion any better than Freemasonry.

We commend to him the following:

WHAT IS RELIGION?

Is it to go to church to-day,
To look devout and seem to pray,
And ere to-morrow's sun goes down
Be dealing slander through the town?

Does every sanctimonious face
Denote the certain reign of grace?
Does not a phiz that scowls at sin
Oft veil hypocrisy within?

Is it to take our daily walk,
And of our own good deeds to talk,
Yet often practice secret crime,
And thus misspend our precious time?

Is it for sect and creed to fight,
To call our zeal the rule of right,
When what we wish is, at the best,
To see our church excel the rest?

Is it to wear the Christian dress,
And love to all mankind profess,
To treat with scorn the humble poor,
And bar against them every door?

Oh, no! religion means not this,
Its fruit more sweet and fairer is;
Its precepts this—to-others do
As you would have them do to you.

It grieves to hear an ill report,
And scorns with human woes to sport,
Of others' deeds it speaks no ill,
But tells of good, or else keeps still.

And does religion this impart?
Then may its influence fill my heart!
Oh! haste the blissful, joyful day,
When all the world may join its sway.

* * *

Bro. J. B. Chaffee has fullest credit to represent, in all respects, the NATIONAL FREEMASON.

Republishing the Transactions.

There has been for some years past a desire to procure a complete copy of the published transactions of New York, but, so far as we know, there is no complete set in existence. We have copies as far back as 1816, and with two or three exceptions a complete file from that time to the present, but our utmost exertions have failed in enabling us to fill up the blanks. It is not probable that there are many copies as complete as our own, although we take it for granted that many would gladly purchase a set at a reasonable price.

The transactions of the Grand Lodge as published, from the beginning up to 1836, would scarcely equal in bulk of matter the phamphlet of the present year, From that time up to 1852, they would make a sizeable volume. The whole would make two fair volumes at a cost of about five dollars each. It is thought that the work can be accomplished for $2,000, and therefore two hundred subscribers at ten dollars each would secure the republication. In order to test the matter we propose to receive subscriptions at the above named rate, and in the mean time to procure exact estimates for the publication. Those who desire to possess a copy may send their names and addresses to this office.

* * *

Poets will take license, and they are welcome to it in the columns of the NATIONAL FREEMASON, when good-naturedly done.

The Eastern Star Degree; or, a New Fangled Fancy of Folly.

Let woman leave her work at home,
And 'mid new scenes in fancy roam,
And gaze at Eastern Star:
Too long in darkness she has dwelt,
To let her influence be felt
And place herself at par.

To manage home with all its cares
Is drudgery that no man shares,
Although he foots the bill.
To cook and wash, to sew and knit
May suit a slave, but 'tis not fit
For woman to fulfill!

To tend the cradle, where the babe
In sweet simplicity is laid
Is not a woman's part.
To teach the children older grown
To bend the knee before the throne
Goes 'gainst the female heart.

So let her gaze at Eastern Star
Until she blinks, 'tis better far
Than to adorn her home.
For has she not a sign and word
That makes her equal to her lord,
And sets her on his throne?

All of which is respectfully submitted, "over the left," by

DAVID CAVAN.

* * *

Extracts—Letters.

PITTSBURGH, PA.

I find the brethren here are commencing to see and feel it a duty to have so excellent a medium of light in their households as the NATIONAL FREEMASON, to be perused not only by themselves but by their families. I was amused the other day at an old lady inquiring for it, and remarked she was not getting it for herself but for her son; but really, says she, I am just as fond of reading it as he is.

* * *

Rockingham Register and Virginia Advertiser says of the NATIONAL FREEMASON:

This is certainly a very valuable paper and one that every Mason should have. Its subscription price is not high, considering its size and style and the character of the matter it contains. Next to the Va. Text Book nothing can be of more value to Masons.

The Alabama *Beacon*, says:

The NATIONAL FREEMASON is much the best Masonic paper with which we are acquainted. It is devoted strictly, and almost exclusively, to matters connected with Freemasonry, and is edited with marked ability, whilst its mechanical execution is equal to that of any paper published in the United States.

The *Herald*, Alabama, says:

NATIONAL FREEMASON.—We call attention of the Masonic fraternity to this excellent journal, as it contains not only matter of interest to every Mason, but is an interesting paper for the family circle.

Answers to Correspondents.

Delaware.—The ancient landmarks cannot be violated with impunity. No man or set of men can alter the established customs of the fraternity.

* * * * * *

We ask our brethren of all parties within this jurisdiction, as they cannot satisfactorily settle their differences, to submit them to such arbitration of Grand Lodges or their officers, or Freemasons without the jurisdiction of Delaware, as may be thought competent and desirable. What say you, brethren of Delaware?

∴

M. W.—The Master is absolute in his decisions, but he is amenable for their correctness to the Grand Lodge and the Grand Master in the *interim*. One of the vows of the Master of every Lodge is that of *courtesy*. If a Master violates fraternity and courtesy he is subject to the discipline of the Grand Lodge.

∴

New Haven.—See the brother and represent your views, and the sentiments of the fraternity respecting the advertisement, and we doubt not that it will be corrected at once. It is a mere inadvertence, we feel assured. For no brother intentionally would so classify even advertisements as to throw his influence over a clandestine body.

∴

St. John's Day at Sea—was original to our paper. It was copied by several papers without credit.

∴

It was Sir James Franklin—and not Benjamin, who published the *New England Courant* in 1721. When *James* was forbidden to publish it, by reason of legal censure, he substituted *Benjamin's* name.

The second paper in Philadelphia, and the fourth in America, the *Pennsylvania Gazette*, was edited and published in 1729 by Dr. Franklin. In the prospectus Franklin announced his intention to make a good and readable journal. This paper consisted of four small pages, and the subscription was ten shillings a year.

∴

The Lion—occupied in coats of armor the highest rank as the emblem of "command and monarchical dominion, as well as of the magnanimity of majesty, subduing those that resist, and sparing those that humble themselves." He is the personification of courage, generosity and gentleness, and all histories and legends represent him as yielding at once to the power of innocence, purity and gentleness. Sir Iwain de Galles, one of the heroes of chivalric romances, was attended, like St. Jerome, by a lion, which, in gratitude to the knight, who had delivered him from a serpent with which he was engaged in a deadly contest, offered ever afterward to be his faithful servant, approaching the knight, as he did so, with tears in his eyes, and rising softly on his hind feet in token of submission. The lion of Sir Geoffrey de Latour also aided his master against the Saracens, and was drowned in attempting to follow the vessel in which the knight had embarked on his departure from the Holy Land; and Spenser describes the heavenly Una as attended by a lion, which, rushing out upon her at first in fury, presently

> "Kissed her weary feet,
> And licked her lily hands with fawning tongue,
> As he her wronged innocence did weet."

The lion is thus described by Philippe de Thaun, in his curious Bestiary: "What is in Greek leun has in French the name king. The lion in many ways rules over many beasts, therefore is the lion king; now you shall hear how. He has a frightful face, the neck great and hairy; he has the breast before square, hardy and pugnacious; his tail is of large fashion, and he has flat legs constrained down to the feet; he has the feet large and cloven, the claws long and curved; when he is hungry or ill disposed, he devours animals without discrimination, as he does the ass which resists and brays."

∴

When the Order—of the Knights Templars was suppressed as a political power, it was merged into the Knights of Malta, excepting the few who kept up the Order in Scotland.

∴

Hastings.—"Please give me your opinion of the following points:

"1. Where a member of a Lodge, having acted with a Lodge U. D. as one of its petitioning members and continuing to act with it under Warrant, refuses to pay the amount of dues accrued against him up to the time of granting the new Warrant, what is to be done?"

Answer.—In the first place, reduce your claim to the amount due from him up to the time the Dispensation issued, give him ten days' notice in writing to pay that amount, and then, if he refuse or neglect the payment, strike his name from the roll, and notify the other Lodge, and he will thus lose his membership in both. See decision of Grand Master Holmes, Trans. 1867.

∴

Hieronymus.—You will find it in the Apocrypha.

∴

G. Hadwick.—Honorary membership, as commonly understood, confers no rights not before possessed by the individual honored. It is in fact a compliment offered in evidence of appreciation of services rendered or of great personal regard, which being the case we know of no reason why any other formality should be required than the unanimous consent of the brethren at a stated communication. Honorary membership as described in Section 50 is quite another matter, and requires even greater delay than the making of a profane. If, then, the person whom you propose to make an honorary member is a poor brother who wishes to affiliate without fee and remain a member without paying dues, he must be regularly proposed, wait a month, and receive unanimous consent, otherwise you may elect him at any stated communication without previous notice.

∴

J. C. R.—Failing to receive your paper, you should send word to the office. The fault is generally with the Post-Office officials, but we will investigate and set the matter straight somehow. Don't wait too long, however, as our rapidly increasing list makes it difficult to supply back numbers.

∴

T. J. B.—Write freely. We are always glad to receive intelligence from the craft wherever dispersed, and desire to be their organ, without regard to city, state or continent. Whatever interests Masonry will interest some of our readers, if not all, for we trust there are none who will not rejoice to hear of the prosperity of their brethren. Your Lodge, working, as you say, "in a remote village," is a part of the great family, and the story of its trials and triumphs will find an echo in the Masonic heart none the less promptly for its appearance in these columns. Personal matters, like dirty linen, had better be ventilated at home.

∴

Regalia.—"Judging by the liberality with which our Northern brethren have responded to the wants of the needy in this part of the country, would it be out of order if I, in behalf of a Lodge stripped of every thing, should ask some of the Lodges having duplicate sets of collars to either loan or give us the ones not in use that we may be properly clothed?"

Answer.—We very cheerfully publish your request, and trust that some of our Lodges will be able to satisfy your need without material injury to themselves. As a general rule, Lodges here are averse to giving money for the purpose of building Lodge-rooms or refitting Lodges; but where an intention of going manfully to work, as in your case, is declared, we think you will be certain of such assistance as you ask for. Will some of our brethren overhaul their closets and see what can be done in the way of unused clothing to assist these struggling brethren? If sent to us we will see that the articles reach their destination.

∴

Abel.—"A member of my Lodge, who appears to have taken to heart the failure of some of his candidates for office last year, is trying to get square on the incumbents by rejecting all candidates, so that they shall have no work to do during their term of office. Indeed, he has publicly declared as much, and we infer from his declarations that he is the man who constantly deposits the rejecting ballots. Have we no remedy for this state of affairs?"

Answer.—Yes. If you can prove the declarations which you say this misguided brother has made, you can prefer charges, and, after trial, administer such discipline as will effectually cure his taste for preventing officers from exercising the legitimate functions of their offices.

∴

Mc.B.—"A person living in another State sent his petition to a Lodge and was rejected. Two years afterward he came to New York, and, after living here two years, he now petitions my Lodge for initiation. Being now a resident of the State of New York, is there any reason why we should not proceed to initiate him, provided the ballot is favorable?"

Answer.—The law in this State is that a profane having been rejected in one Lodge, cannot be initiated in another without the consent of the Lodge first petitioned. You will therefore have to obtain consent before proceeding to the initiation.

∴

Blue Nose.—We are unable to give any specific information as to the mode adopted by the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia in their formation; but the neighboring Grand Lodges, and especially that of Canada, having declared them legal and entitled to recognition, we have no desire to present any difficulty, or, indeed, to ask any questions. We are satisfied that the Grand Lodge of Nova Scotia is a just and duly constituted body, and entertain no doubt but that in time they will convert the parent Grand Lodge to their way of thinking.

∴

Past Master.—In old times the Stewards were officers of considerable importance, seeing that each monthly communication involved a dinner, which the Stewards were expected to provide, and the pay for which it was their duty to collect. Now-a-days they are generally superseded by Masters of Ceremonies, whose duties are in keeping with their title. All officers ranking after the Secretary ought to be appointed by the Master.

∴

Collector.—See article in another column in relation to the republication. If you want a complete copy, the better way will be to subscribe, and get your friends to do likewise.

The Two Masonic Candle Curtain Lectures,

By our late eminent Bro. Douglas Jerrold, were published in the National Freemason three years ago. The following shows that curtain lectures were "an institution" before the days of Jerrold:

A nice little story is told of Gen. Washington, which will be fresh to many of our readers, and will embalm him in the memory of all good wives as a model husband:

"The General—says the biographer—and his wife lived happily together, but it is evident that, like most heiresses, she was a little exacting, and it is highly probable that the great Washington was sometimes favored with a curtain lecture. The celebrated authoress, Miss Bremen, relates that a gentleman once slept at Mt. Vernon, in the room next to that occupied by the master and mistress of the mansion; and when all the inmates were in bed, and the house was still, he overheard, through the thin partition, the voice of Mrs. Washington. He could not but listen, and it was a curtain lecture which she was giving her lord. He had done something during the day which she thought ought to have been done differently, and she was giving him her opinions in somewhat animated and quite decided tones. The great man listened in silence till she had done, and then, without a remark upon the subject in hand, said:

"Now good sleep to you, my dear."

"It is plain that the General believed that 'it takes two to make a quarrel.'"

◆

George III., the Royal Freemason, spent his last years in the dark chamber of his palace, old, sightless, and with just enough reason left to know the normal eclipse of his mind. One day the Prince of Wales coming to the room in which his father was confined, stood at the door and, listening, overheard the old man declaiming the plaintive lines of Milton:

> "Oh dark, dark, dark! Amid the blaze of noon—
> Irrevocably dark! Total eclipse
> Without all hope of day!
> O first created beam! and Thou Great word
> 'Let there be light' and light was over all,
> Why am I thus bereaved thy prime decree?"

This Masonic sovereign ended his life with more profound sympathy and with more loyal love than were ever earned by any English monarch, except Elizabeth alone.

◆

We call attention to the advertisement of Carhart & Needham of organs and melodeons. The instruments of this firm give great satisfaction to such Lodges as have used them. Bro. Needham will cheerfully wait upon any person calling at his establishment.

◆

Transactions.—We desire to obtain a duplicate copy of the Transactions Grand Lodge, New York, for 1846, and will pay a reasonable sum therefor. Any brother having a copy and being willing to part with it, will please send it to us, with price marked, at No. 30 Catherine street.

The Three Ancient and Original Orders in Architecture.

First, unadorned,
And nobly plain, the manly Doric rose;
The Ionic, then, with decent matron grace
Her airy pillar heaved; luxuriant, last,
The rich Corinthian spread her leafy wreath.

Trial of the Grand Master.

We notice in the Cincinnati *Review* a discussion of the question, "How is the Grand Master to be tried?"

The mooted point is, a motion having been made and seconded to put the Grand Master on trial for abuse of power, he refuses to put the question. How is it to be adopted? To which a correspondent of the *Square and Compass* offers the following:

1st. By the last Past Grand Master, in conjunction with the Grand Senior and Grand Junior Warden calling a council of the Grand Masters of the other Jurisdictions together.

2d. Prefer charges before that council against the delinquent Grand Master for unmasonic conduct.

3d. If, after a due trial by the council, the Grand Master is found guilty, the president of the council will declare the delinquent as having forfeited all the rights and privileges of being a peer among them, and unworthy to be ranked as a Grand Master.

4th. On the finding of the council being promulgated, the Grand Lodge will, according to General Regulation XXI., call on the last Past Grand Master to resume his office for the balance of the delinquent's term. And under his rule the new regulation can be adopted.

REASONS FOR THE ABOVE.

In Masonry, as in common law, one must be tried by his peers. A Lodge cannot try its Master, as he is, for the time being, their superior; they can prefer charges against him before the Grand Lodge, which can appoint a council from their own body to try him. So a Grand Lodge cannot try its Master, as he is their superior; he has no peer or equals, except those occupying a similar position, viz., the Grand Masters of other States or countries. Therefore there is no competent tribunal to try charges or pass judgments on an unworthy Grand Master, except a council composed as above.

This is one of the finest points ever raised in Masonic Jurisprudence, and although I hope there will never be an occasion to test the point, I should like to see it argued by some of our able jurists. Where are Bros. Mackay, Moore, Simons, Chase and others?

This is plausible, but will not hold water, for the reason that the last Past Grand Master has no power to call such a convention, out of his own jurisdiction nor in it, nor to do any other act of executive authority without the special sanction of the Grand Master. The convention, if called and in session, could not enforce the attendance of the Grand Master, nor prevent him by his innate and legitimate authority from forbidding their sessions within the limits of his jurisdiction. He would likewise and of his own authority at once remove the Grand Wardens who should attempt any such high-handed measure. Finally, in case the council should persist in going through the form of a trial, and should promulgate their finding, it would have no binding force whatever, and the Grand Master would continue to hold his office in spite of it, and on precisely the ground contained in the first supposition—"if he refuse to put the question, how are you going to adopt it?" In like manner, if being regularly elected and installed Grand Master, he refuse to recognize or permit the council, what are you going to do about it?

The result is that during the term of office of a Grand Master he cannot be tried without his consent, because there is no power to constitute the tribunal, nor yet any competent to summon him to answer before it if constituted. The true way is, where it is supposed that the Grand Master will be likely to abuse his power, or otherwise act in a manner to degrade himself and his high office, to prepare in advance of his election a "new regulation" to meet the case, should it arise, or else to quietly abide the "regular time of choosing," select a better man and then try the Past Grand Master for his official delinquencies. We should be sorry to have our Grand Lodge adopt a regulation looking to the trial of the actual Grand Master, because it would be a confession in advance that our membership had fallen from its high estate, and that of all the brethren we could find none worthy to be trusted with the prerogatives of the Grand Mastership without an agreement to submit to trial in case he should not behave himself. In a somewhat lengthy experience we have known but one case, occurring in a sister jurisdiction, and so far as we are able to judge, that would have been vastly better had the dilinquent been allowed to execute the balance of his term without hindrance, and been made to respond afterwards.

◆

High Degrees.—It is a curious commentary on the idea entertained by some of the brethren of reforming Masonry by suppressing the high degrees, that, never within the memory of man, has there been such a desire to obtain them. Chapters, Commanderies, Councils and Consistories are overrun with applicants, and the wheel of initiation is revolving with steadily increasing velocity. The hope of persuading men that this thing ought to stop must be dim indeed.

◆

Qualifications for Office.—Amongst the qualifications for office, often overlooked or disregarded in the election of Master, are—1. An aptness to learn. 2. An aptness to teach. The former is highly essential, because the peculiar method of instruction, inherent to the Masonic philosophy, is, by oral communication, the most difficult method of all. The latter is equally important, because the East is the only acknowledged source of light, and the Master is, by a necessity of his position, a teacher.

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW YORK CITY.

Base Ball.—There is to be a match between picked nines at the Union grounds, Williamsburgh, on Tuesday next, the proceeds to be given to the Masonic Board of Relief. The skill of the players will make the game interesting and exciting, and the object for which the money is to be given will commend itself to all. Under these circumstances we hope to see the grounds crowded.

∴

The New York Era, which has had several Masonic columns, has changed its ownership, management and objects.

It is henceforth to be the special advocate of the School and Asylum movement. After the picnic it will be removed to Havana. It is stirring up the community for the Great picnic at Jones' Woods, September 11. We wish it all success as the advocate of a specific charity.

The new management declares its purpose in the following salutatory, which we give place to:

A Change has occurred in the ownership, management and objects of the New York Era.

Its property has passed into the hands of an association of gentlemen, who buy it and hold it for the Masonic School and Asylum.

Each of these persons contributes a certain sum of money for use till the resources of the paper shall be equal to its needs, and when that point shall be reached, and when the money so obtained is no longer needed, but can be spared from its assets, it will be replaced, without interest or profit, and the entire property and profits of the paper turned over to the Trustees of the People's College as part of the assets of that institution.

No salary or any allowance or interest whatever will be paid to or taken by any member of the association; each one puts in his money for use to its extent, and if lost it is the loss of each, but if there be gain that shall be to the Asylum.

The paper will be published in aid of the Asylum movement without any pecuniary responsibility for its publication resting either upon the Trustees of the College, or upon the Executive Committee having in charge the Great Picnic at Jones' Woods, September 11th, and the only responsibility, so far as the Association is concerned, is the cash on hand.

No person has authority to contract any debt as against this paper, or the Association, and any credit given to or on account of it must be given to the person asking it, and him alone.

The paper will for the present, and at least till after the Picnic, be published at No. 9 Spruce Street, New York. At the proper time it will be removed to Havana, where the labor of the Asylum people can be used upon it, and a large saving made at the same time, in rent and other expenses, and there edited by those in charge of and become the permanent organ of the School.

It is not expected that it can or will supersede any paper now in existence; but it is hoped that the Era can be made to reach and benefit thousands who do not now receive a Masonic paper.

It is meant for the masses.

In order to reach the masses, it is proposed to put its price at a *mass* figure, THREE CENTS A SINGLE COPY, and ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR.

At this price, if any one takes either or all of the Masonic papers, he can take this too; if he cannot afford to take either of the great papers because of the price, then he can take this.

It need give no alarm that the price is too low, because the following are the facts regarding its expense.

The weekly expenses of the type-setting and office is one hundred and twenty-five dollars only.

For this we look to the receipts from advertising.

The cost of the paper and press-work is covered by, and a profit of thirty cents on each hundred copies sold is received from its sale, even at three cents a copy.

The advertising earnings, at its present issue, are considerable, as reference to the advertising columns will show. Should its issue become enormous, as it surely will, then all the additional value which that will give to the advertising space will be clear profit; i. e., all above the one hundred and twenty-five dollars weekly.

So that one way to help the School and Asylum movement is to give the Era a circulation of one hundred thousand, if you please. This accomplishes two results:

1st. It gives the advocates of the movement a weekly auditory of 100,000.

2d. It makes the advertising space worth and will make it yield *one thousand dollars weekly*.

Whether it shall have this success, we are aware, depends upon two things: the good will of the public and the worth of the paper.

We hope for this good will, and will work to make the paper worthy of it.

The editorial labor is performed by those who will be engaged as instructors in the School, and who make no charge for services in connection with the paper.

It is a usual habit to proclaim great intentions and to make great promises regarding the course and character of a paper when new hands take hold of the "bellows," but nine times out of ten, the word to use when speaking of the result is—*flummux*.

The true way is this, buy the paper if you like it. And if everybody likes and buys it, we will know that it is a success; if nobody or but very few bodies buy it, of course we'll know "what's the matter."

A good article at a reasonable rate always finds a market; a poor article is a drug at any price.

We ask the earnest co-operation of the friends of the Asylum movement to make the paper an interesting one. To do this, please send us any items of Masonic news which may be in your way, send us all the advertising you can, and let every man who buys a paper for himself buy one to give his neighbor, and then let the neighbor go and do likewise.

NEW YORK.

Grand Lodge—How Touching!—Bro. Lewis thus prefaces his report as Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence:

"It is painful to linger on the sorrows of the bitter past, and the Chairman feels that he has no right to obtrude himself upon his brethren; he also feels that the noble Fraternity, which has dealt with him so kindly and confidingly in by-gone years, will again extend to him the charity of forgiveness. A few brief words will suffice for explanation—for apology, if need be, although he scarcely considers himself in fault. At the last annual June communication the report of the Committee was presented in part, and the material for the remainder was all gathered, requiring but a few days of manual labor for its completion, and so that the publication of the Transactions would be at the usual time. But the pressing calls of business, in which the duties which he owed to others, to his family, and himself—duties which, in the course of his Masonic history, he had sometimes sacrificed to the Fraternity—required him to be diligent and faithful, delayed the execution of this sincere intention. And then came sickness; the object of his most cherished hopes and solicitude fading and failing day by day; and before the snows came, came death, and he was childless, and his home desolate forever. If there be any who do not hold him forgiven for past omissions and seeming neglect, he can but point them to the lowly graves upon the hill-side in yonder cemetery, and be silent. He only craves forgiveness, if his narrative shall have distilled one drop from his own cup of bitterness into the hearts of his brethren. It is for the last time; for the occasion can come no more—none are left to him."

VIRGINIA.

Bridgewater.—The corner-stone of the Temple was laid August 21, under direction of Bro. O'Ferrall as Chief Marshal; Rev. Samuel Kepler acted as chaplain. Bro. Logan, D. D. G. Master, Masonically adjusted the stone. The addresses were by Bros. O'Ferrall and and Kepler. $500 was realized from the Fair.

IOWA.

Grand Lodge.—Bro. P. M. Dr. Guilbert thus opens his report as chairman of the committee on foreign correspondence:

Fraters of the South, our hand!
Mindful of the stern command—
Act thou upon the square;
"Happy to meet," we blend once more,
Upon the olden checkered floor,
And together labor there.

Fraters of the South, good cheer!
Now around our altar dear,
Let us our vows renew;
Let us, resolved, for e'er and aye,
Be one in heart and one in way,
And to Mason love be true.

Fraters of the South, your woes,
Offspring of the Nation's throes,
Have many been and sore;
As your dear Lodge homes desolate,
Where rapine erewhile stalked elate,
Have attested o'er and o'er.

But the long dark night is past,
And the dawn has come at last,
And working tools resumed;
Awake once more the echoes clear,
Familiar erst to frater's ear,
And your Lodge fires now relumed.

Announce the advent of the end
Of woes we felt but could not mend,
Yet ceased not to deplore;
And so upon the Temple's wall,
Where sounds of war did once appal,
Peace is regnant now once more.

Fraters of the South, "Waas Hale!"
We greet thee "within the vail,"
And knowing we testify,
That war may wound but cannot kill
The hopes which actuate and thrill
Brethren of the "Mystic Tie."

Fragments from Bro. Guilbert's Report:

Never kick a prostrate Mason because profanes have him down; but try him and prove him, and, if he is guiltless, sustain him by kind words and cheerful acts; and above all make it a business to defend him "against all the assaults of the world, the flesh and the devil."

* * * * * * * *

Illinois! how I love the mellifluous sound of that well voweled word! Illinois was for nineteen years the home of my adoption. I first beheld its now magnificent, public-spirited, and, in many respects, unequaled chief city, when but a boy of eleven years, early in the year 1837. I saw it grow from a small hamlet of 3000 people to the dimensions of a metropolis, whose iron arms embrace the country in which we live, and whose commerce, under the fostering care of men of business whose genius is proverbial, has become of mammoth proportions. In that State, in early manhood, my eyes first beheld Masonic light, which was bestowed at the command of that master workman, the venerable, learned and able P. G. Chaplain, Salmon P. Stebbins, of old Union Lodge, No. 78. In that State I passed, by the several gradations, from the Senior Deacon's place, into which the venerable Master inducted me ere the honeymoon of my marriage with the Order was ended, to the East of a Lodge, thence on by the "river route" through the vails into the inner penetralia of the Tabernacle. I love the State, because there, besides, is the dear old homestead which sheltered me in my nonage, which death has never yet invaded, and where for the long absent son is ever a place reserved by the ingle-side, and such a greeting, too, from his Mason sire and the dear ones there as brightens beyond expression a labor-filled existence. I love not Illinois the less because, Masonically speaking, I love Iowa *more!* And now, since her noble Grand Lodge has abandoned the "war-path," and has become loyal to the good goddess of charity, "whose ways *are* ways of pleasantness, and whose paths *are* paths of *peace*," I find my respect for her Masons and her Masonic legislature, restored to all its aforetime fervency. * * * *

All the members of this splendid Masonic charity (Louisiana Relief Lodge) are reported to be

"Up and doing
Night and day."

And the benefits these "good Samaritans" confer on suffering Masons and their widows and orphans, cannot be all represented in the bald exhibit of the gross amount of the disbursements of the Lodge. Verily, they shall have their reward in the supreme day, when the Master shall call to him all those who, when on earth, saw him hungry and gave him to eat, thirsty and gave him to drink, naked and clothed him, sick and in prison and ministered unto him! Among those who were relieved, and whose places of residence are given, I notice none from Iowa. * * * * *

In the Masonic days of Bro. Cass, *his* activity did not consist in wearing white gloves and aprons, "stove-pipe" hat and black broadcloth, on some public occasion, when to be seen among the craft would enhance one's political interests, and make even a graceless political trickster respectable for the nonce. In those better days, it was never the fashion for Knights Templar, even *though* they were employees of the government, to afford Masonic escort to men in public life, who have no Masonic reputation, and who remain connected with the order simply because they desire to use it to further their own selfish ends. It is reserved for our day to see Masonry thus humiliated. It is reserved for our day to see Seward, the arch-anti-Mason of the aforetime, who availed himself of the opportune flitting of Wm. Morgan to create a political party hostile to the order, and thus blossomed from a village pettifogger into a Governor, and thence became a Senator, and finally a weathercock, otherwise a Secretary of State—it is reserved for our day to see this man, guarded by Knights Templar, travel with his chief to answer in person Masonic invitations, receive Masonic courtesies, and eat Masonic salt. No matter who among the craft may be offended, I for one shall never hesitate frankly to contemn all such attempts to degrade our Order into a sort of decorated setting for some paste diamond imitation of a "son of light;" nor shall I fail to deride the utter folly of extending Masonic courtesy to profanes, who, in the troubles long ago, maligned our Order, persecuted its members, and thus achieved political prominence. Others may have Masonic humility enough to kiss the rod which smote our Masonic ancestry. I confess I have not. * * *

The Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania seems to legislate but little, and would appear to be a "close corporation," whose interests are local and Philadelphian, instead of general and Pennsylvanian.

The following were the three positions taken by the Grand Lodge and the resolution adopted:

1st. This question, if introduced into the Masonic body, would be the entering wedge to rend asunder, beyond the power of recovery, the Masonic love and harmony that now does and always should exist among us.

2d. The ancient Constitutions declare that a candidate for Masonic honors "must be free-born, of good report," &c. This alone is of sufficient importance to cause us to reflect and be cautious.

3d. We should, as a Grand body, by such a movement, subject ourselves (and that justly) to the most severe and indefensible criticism from our sister Grand Lodges that can be readily conceived; and instead of our Masonic thermometer standing at a temperate and healthy degree, as it now does, we should, in a short time, fall below zero.

In view of the foregoing, we would recommend the adoption of the following resolution:

Resolved, By this Grand Lodge, that in consideration of the dignity that she is in duty bound to maintain towards herself, and the respect she has for her subordinates and individual Masons within her jurisdiction, we deem it unwise and imprudent to entertain any action in relation to the recognition, *as regular*, either negro Lodges or negro Masons.

Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

SCOTLAND.

The Earl of Dalhousie has being laying the cornerstone of a new poor house for the city of Edinburg and the foundation stone of a new drill hall, at Dundee.

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The Grand Master of Scotland has been laying the foundation stone of a new Episcopal Church, at St. Andrews, Fife; and the Prov. G. M. one of a new Church in Dumfriesshire.

∴

The Provincial G.·. M.·., Lord DeTabley laid the foundation stone of St. Thomas's Church, at Hyde, the 22d of August, at 11 o'clock, and at 2 o'clock, P. M., he consecrated Clarendon Lodge, No. 1166, at the Queen's Hotel, Hyde.

Religious Orders of Knighthood.

The consideration of knighthood and knightly Orders carries us back at once to the time of the Crusades as the period when the earliest of which we have any authentic accounts were founded. The first regular Orders being those semi-religious, semi-military fraternities which were instituted for the defense of the Holy Sepulchre, and the charitable care of the sick and wounded, whether Pilgrims or Crusaders.

Such were the motives and objects of the noble Order of Knights of S. John of Jerusalem, called also Knights Hospitallers, and owing their origin to the benevolent piety of certain merchants of Amalfi, who, in the year 1048, obtained permission from the infidels to erect at Jerusalem three religious edifices—a church, a convent, and a hospital for pilgrims—dedicated to S. John the Baptist.

During the first Crusade, which lasted no less than seven years, the brethren of the hospital were most zealous in the performance of their duties, and so deeply sensible were the Crusaders of the gratitude they owed to these good men for their charitable offices and pious aid, that many European princes endowed the Order with munificent grants of land in their respective territories. About the year 1118, the brethren, by the advice of Gerard, their first superior, resolved to take upon themselves vows of obedience, poverty and chastity, still preserving the original intention of their founders, by making attendance on the sick their chief duty, but subsequently combining with it that of fighting against the Saracens. They wore a long black mantle,* with a cross of white cloth, of the form since called Maltese, on the left breast; and they were no less distinguished by bravery in the fight than by tenderness and zeal in their ministrations to the sick and dying.

Compelled to quit Jerusalem after the city had been conquered by Saladin, in 1187, they retired first to Margat, in Phœnicia, and afterward to Acre, which they, in conjunction with the Knights Templars, defended gallantly for upward of three years. The long protracted struggle proving unsuccessful, they again retreated to Cyprus, where they obtained a temporary asylum in the port of Limisso, in that island.

In the year 1310, Foulkes de Villaret being Grand Master at the time, they besieged and conquered Rhodes, with seven adjacent islands; but their dauntless courage and enthusiastic devotion to the cause of Christianity rendered them objects of fear and jealousy to the Turks, who attacked them in the Island of Rhodes. On this occasion, however, the Knights of S. John proved victorious, being effectually aided by Amadeus V., Earl of Savoy.

In commemoration of this victory, Amedius founded the Order of the Annunciation, and, at the same time, assumed a cross in augmentation of his arms.

The motto of Savoy, F. E. R. T., is also said to contain an allusion to this defense of Rhodes. "Fortitudo ejus Rhodem tenuit." In 1480, Pierre d'Aubusson being Grand Master, these intrepid knights sustained another attack from the Turks, under Mohammed II.; but, although conqueror of Constantinople, he was repulsed by the invincible courage of the Knights of S. John.

Solyman the Magnificent, in 1503, brought a powerful army to the attack of Rhodes, and, after a severe siege of six months, succeeded in obtaining possession of the island. The knights, under their noble Grand Master, L'Isle Adam, made an heroic resistance, and were vanquished at last, less by the arms of Solyman than by the treachery of a Spanish knight, and the tardy aid afforded them by Charles V. The Emperor, prompted possibly by the wish to make some compensation for the injury they had sustained in consequence of his neglect, ceded to the Order the sovereignty of the Island of Malta, on condition that the Grand Master should annually present a falcon to the king or viceroy of Sicily; and of this island they took possession in 1533, seven years after their expulsion from Rhodes, a period which they had passed chiefly at Viterbo, where Pope Adrian VI. offered them an asylum.

Still they were pursued by the invincible enmity of the Turks, to whom their bold defense of the Holy Land had rendered them objects of hatred and terror; so fully did these heathens realize the heathen poet's declaration, "He who fears the gods terrifies men;" but the knights had fewer disadvantages to contend with, and the Turks were repulsed with tremendous slaughter, the Grand Master at the time being Parisot de la Valette, from whom the town of Valetta, founded in the following year, takes its name.

From this time (1565) to 1798, the knights continued in undisturbed possession of their island, adhering to the rule framed by Raymond du Puy at their first establishment. The Order is divided into three classes, Knights, Chaplains and Serving Brethren, or Sergeants-at-Arms. Every candidate for admission into the class of Knights was required to prove himself to be of noble descent; Chaplains, the second class, were also to be noble, but they were sometimes assisted in the performance of their duties by clergy of inferior rank, called Priests of Obedience.

As the knights composing this Order were natives of every country in Europe, they were divided into eight classes, and arranged in divisions called Languages, Provence, Auvergne, France, Italy, Arragon, England, Germany, Castile, and Portugal, and to each language a separate residence was assigned. Some of these are still distinguished by the names of the several languages, Hôtel d'Arragon, d'Italie, etc.; and modern visitors of Malta may dwell under the same roof which once sheltered the chivalrous Knights of S. John. These different languages had priories in their own countries, with a number of subordiante commanderies or preceptories.

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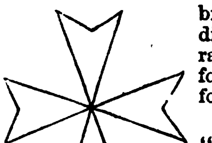
* But in fight red surcoats, with the white cross before and behind.

The church at Tonbridge, called originally Tonebrugge, in Kent, was given by the lord of the castle, Gilbert de Tonebrugge, to the Knights Hospitallers, and the neighboring churches of Hadloe, Capel, and Tudely belonged to the same Order.

The old gate of S. John of Jerusalem, at Clerkenwell, is the last remaining relic of the magnificent hospital of the Order, founded there by Jordan Briset, about 1110. True to the monastic vows which they had taken and maintained with such desperate and heroic fidelity against the Saracens, the Knights of S. John, at Clerkenwell, vainly resisted the despotic commands of Henry VIII., who, in 1540, dissolved their establishment by act of Parliament. They had a brief revival of prosperity under Mary; but Elizabeth, requiring them to take oaths of supremacy to her, they, feeling doubtless that the vows they had already spoken could not without guilt be set aside, resigned themselves to the spoiling of their goods, and she joyfully enriched her own coffers with the treasures that had been accumulated for the relief of the poor and destitute, while the despised brethren took refuge in other countries, not, we may well believe, unregretted; for the religious houses of the Knights Hospitallers, to use the forcible words of the late Professor Blunt, of Cambridge, had been almshouses and dispensaries, and foundling asylums, relieving the state of many orphan and outcast children, and ministering to their necessities, God's ravens in the wilderness, bread and flesh in the morning, bread and flesh in the evening. They had been inns to the wayfaring man, who heard from afar the sound of the vesper-bell, at once inviting him to repose and devotion, and who might sing his matins with the morning star and go on his way rejoicing.

The last scene in the history of the Knights of Malta, as they were called from their residence in that island, is the saddest of all. Twice they had been the victims of internal treachery in their struggle against the Turks, but the power of the crescent had long been declining, and for two hundred and thirty-three years the strongly fortified island of Malta had afforded them an almost impregnable retreat. In the year 1798, the French, who had furnished so many illustrious names to the records of the Order—Foulkes de Villaret, d'Aubusson, L'Isle Adam, and la Valette, being all, it is said, of French extraction — eternally sullied that bright page in their national history, and some knights of their language, taking advantage of the pusillanimity of the then Grand Master, Ferdinand d'Hompesch, procured the surrender of the island to Bonaparte without even striking a blow. When the peace of Europe was restored by the abdication of Napoleon, Malta was ceded to England, the claims of the Knights having apparently been ignored; indeed, the Order was now virtually at an end; a few knights retired to Trieste, Messina and Catania, and the poor remains of this once noble and beneficent society are now at Ferrara, in the States of the Church, under the protection of the Pope.

The ensign of the Order of S. John is *gules*, a cross *argent*. The Grand Masters quartered it with their own arms in the first and fourth. Knights bore it in *chief*, that is, on the upper division of the shield, their own arms being placed below. A shield thus emblazoned may still be seen, though terribly dilapidated, upon the gateway already mentioned at Clerkenwell. It bears the arms of the last prior but one, Sir Thomas Docwra.



The badge of the order is a Maltese cross, of white enamel, edged with gold. The Knights Grand Cross wear each a white cross on the breast of their habit, which is of different colors, according to their rank; red for the General, violet for Bishops and Priors, and black for all others.

The Grand Master is styled, "Master of the Hospital of S. John of Jerusalem, and Guardian of the Poor of Our Lord Jesus Christ," and addressed by his subjects as "your Eminence." A convent dedicated to S. Mary Magdalene had been founded at Jerusalem, at the same time with the Hospital of S. John; and shortly after the brethren, under their superior, Gerard de Didier, became a religious fraternity, Agnes, abbess of the convent, with her nuns, embraced the same rule (that of S. Augustin), took the same habit, and bound themselves by similar vows. A preceptory of sisters of this Order was established at Buckland, in Somersetshire, by Henry II., in 1180.

The Order of Knights Templars, also partly military and partly monastic, was instituted about the same time as that of the Hospitallers; and like them they embraced the rule of S. Augustin — their military vows binding them especially to protect the Holy Sepulchre, and to defend from injury all pilgrims who resorted thither. The knights were originally only nine in number, Hugo de Pergamo and Godofredus de Sancto Amore being at the head of the noble band. All were required to be noble by birth, and to show a certain number of quarterings. In Italy only the sons of merchants were allowed to enter the religious Orders.

They took upon themselves vows of chastity, poverty and obedience; and Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, appreciating their noble courage and self-denial, assigned them a portion of his own palace for their abode. So great was their poverty, that the first founders of the Order are said to have had but one war-horse between them; and, in remembrance of this circumstance, the first seal of the Order bore two knights mounted on one horse; this was replaced subsequently by an *Agnus Dei*, which was doubtless intended to convey similar lessons of humility and self-denial.

S. Bernard, the Abott of Clairvaulx, speaks in high terms of the zeal, humility and charity which distinguished these holy knights at the time of their first institution: "At the approach of the enemy," says he, "they armed themselves with faith within and iron without. They seek no adornment of gold, choosing rather to inspire the enemy with terror than to excite the desire of booty. They are in union strange, gentler than lambs, yet fiercer than lions, so that one knows not whether to call them monks or knights." The Knights Templars, like those of S. John, were divided into three classes, Knights Chaplains and Serving Brethren; and every candidate for admission was required to be of unsullied name and noble birth, neither married nor in debt. He was led into the presence of the assembled chapter, and, prostrating himself at the feet of the Grand Master, humbly requested to be admitted. The Grand Master, before administering the vows, warned the candidate not to be induced to enter the Order by a vain hope of enjoying earthly pomp and splendor; he told him that he would have to endure many things, sorely against his inclinations; that he would be compelled to give up his own will, and submit entirely to that of his superior. Finally, he asked certain questions, to which the intended knight was required to return true answers, on pain of being expelled the society as a perjured man and false knight. Similar ceremonies were observed at the admission of the serving brethren. These last, when the Order was first instituted, were clad only in cast-off garments; but afterward wore black robes and brown tunics, marked with a red cross. The Grand Master was bound to reside always in the East: his office was held for life, and many solemn ceremonies, fasting, prayer and the administration of the Holy Eucharist, attended his consecration.

Driven from Jerusalem by the Saracens, at the same time with the Knights of S. John, after Peter de Beaujeau, Grand Master of the Templars, had defended Acre against the attack of two hundred thousand Mameluke Tartars, and, with all the noblest followers of his standard, died within its walls, both Orders found a refuge in the Island of Cyprus, which belonged to Henry de Lusignan, who claimed the crown of Jerusalem. The Knights of S. John afterward conquered Malta; but those of the Temple, increasing rapidly in numbers as in wealth, soon established preceptories in almost every country in Europe. The round churches of England, built in imitation of the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem, which the Knights Templars were especially bound to guard, owe their origin to that Order. Four only of these are now standing: at Cambridge, Northampton, Little Maplestead in Essex, and the magnificent Temple Church in London, which, as well as the temple itself, belonged originally to the Templars.

Their riches, indeed, became the cause of their destruction. Forgetting that it was theirs to blend

> "The fine vocation of the sword and lance
> With the gross aims and body-bending toil
> Of a poor brotherhood, who walk the earth
> Pitied,"

they may have suffered pride, luxury and indulgence, the vices of overmuch prosperity, to sully the purity of their first professions; yet many of the charges brought against them, and on the strength of which they were destroyed and their property confiscated, are too obviously malicious and absurd to need refutation.

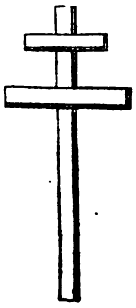
Philippe le Bel, King of France, was needy and avaricious; he coveted the wealth of the Templars, and at his request, and by his representations, Pope Clement V. was induced to sanction their dissolution. Nor could this alone content Philippe. Some pretext was necessary to enable him to take possession of their wealth; and the Grand Master and no less than sixty of his knights were accused of the wildest and most improbable crimes, and executed at the same time, all with their dying breath proclaiming themselves innocent, and refusing with heroic scorn to make one admission which might tend to criminate either themselves or their brethren.

That some among them were false to their vows, avaricious, cruel and revengeful is doubtless but too true; yet nothing can justify either the cruelty of Philippe or the base compliance of the Pope. It is to this crime that Dante alludes in a burst of his splendid indignation—*

> "To hide with direr guilt
> Past ill, and future, lo, the Flower-de-luce
> Enters Anagni, ...
> Lo, the new Pilate, of whose cruelty
> Such violence cannot fill the measure up;
> With no degree to sanction, pushes on,
> Into the Temple his yet eager sails."

In fact, the arrest and murder of the sixty knights took place five years before the decree passed by the Pope, in 1312, by which the Order of the Knights Templars was abolished throughout Christendom. Edward the Second, of England, made a similar seizure of their property, on the Wednesday after Epiphany, 1308; and it was transferred by act of Parliament to the Order of S. John, in 1323. According to Mills, however, the history of the Templars does not end here; and the order of succession of Grand Masters is perfect, as he asserts, from the time of Jaques de Molai down to the present. Johannes Marcus Larmenius of Jerusalem was appointed by the noble old man before his martyrdom, for such it may justly be called; and the charter of transmission is preserved at Paris, with the ancient statutes of the Order, "the records, seals, ritual, records, standards and other memorials of the early Templars."

Bertrand du Guesclin was Grand Master from 1357 until his death, 1380. The office has been held since then by many noble knights; and from 1734 to 1736 by three princes of the Royal Bourbon family—Louis Augustus Bourbon, Duke of Maine; Louis Henry Bourbon Condé; and Louis Francis Bourbon Conty. Louis Herculus Timoleon, Duke of Cossé Bressac, accepted the office in 1776, and died in the cause of royalty at the beginning of the French Revolution. The present Grand Master is Bernard Raymond Fabré Palaprat; and colleges, it is said, exist in England and many of the chief cities of Europe.



The habit of the Knights Templars consisted of a long white tunic, marked with a red cross on the back and front, and over this a mantle of the same. The priests or chaplains were required to wear gloves. Their banner, called *Beauséant*, was per *fess*, *sable* and *argent;* the fess, being in heraldry a bar, drawn across the escutcheon, and containing about one-third of its height; this device was supposed to signify war to the enemies of Christianity, and peace to its friends. The badge of the Order was a patriarchial Cross *gules*, bordered with gold. It derives its name from the fact that a cross of that form is always borne by a patriarch; that carried before the Pope having a triple transverse bar, while an archbishop's is simple.

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* Pope Boniface was, by command of Philippe, taken prisoner at Anagni, and died in frenzy shortly after. It was his successor, Clement, who dissolved the Order of Templars, in compliance with a secret promise made by him to Philippe, through whose influence Clement obtained the Popedom.

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The Cholera.

A Masonic item in the following horrible sketch will catch the eye:

LAWRENCE, KANSAS, July 27.

The cars are bringing down each day from five to six bodies of men who have died of cholera at Fort Harker. Correspondence has been held between the Mayor and Superintendent of the road, relating to the transfer of bodies. The city authorities contemplate establishing a quarantine if any more bodies are brought down, especially without being closed in coffins or boxes. It has been almost impossible to get coffins at Fort Harker or at Ellsworth.

A letter from Ellsworth says:

"We know of no less than eight fatal cases on Wednesday. Among them Mr. Drayfrees, Mr. Slemens, well known in Leavenworth, Mr. Schuyler, an old Michigan Central Railroad man from Detroit, and the notorious Buffalo Bill, who has long been known on the frontier as a gambler and stock pilot for Indians. The scenes which met my eyes on every side were of the most distressing character. Men were dying in the streets of the town, lying on the ground outside their tents, with nothing save a single blanket to protect them from the weather. Buffalo Bill, of whom I have spoken above, was one of those who breathed his last in this way, without so much as a strip of blanket to lie on. Mr. Schuyler, mentioned above, was a Sir Knight in Masonry, and nothing that was within the reach of his brethren of the order was omitted to make him as comfortable as possible.

"Graves have been in such demand for a few days past that men have been getting eight dollars for digging one. Not only this, but so fearful has been the mortality that it has actually happened that a grave has been stolen. One case I know of. A number of men had been employed to dig a last resting-place for a man who died during the night, when, just as the grave had been completed, and before the corpse had arrived, a party came up having a fresh victim, and positively jayhawked the grave. They insisted upon burying their friend, notwithstanding the fact that those who had dug it characterized the act as a 'Yankee trick.'"

The Church Trial; or Jynin' the Masons.

The Rev. Baruch Heidleberger was arraigned before the Effete congregation *for gynin' the Freemasons.* People *cum fur and neere* to see him tried. It was better nor a horse race to the folks in *them diggins,* and most as good as a hanging.

The members of the church, many of them, brought their families in wagons *detarmed to see it out,* cost what it *mout.*

Old Miss Slowup, the cake *ooman,* brought her whole stock along; so did Free Josh, who makes temperance beer out of whisky and molasses; so did Sock Freelynghysen, who peddles cowbells of his own manufacture. Candidates were there, agents were there, the devil (printer's) was there. The Masons, of whom there are not many among those desolate hills, mustered in full strength. Finally, there was a general turn-out, and to conclude, we were there ourself.

Parson Heidleberger's wife, who had gone sick when she *heern tell* that her beloved Baruch had pitched headforemost into *Masontry,* got well again when she found he was likely to be expelled from the church on account of it, and *tuck* her lord's part with infinite vivacity. She had *sarched* in vain for *the brand;* it couldn't be found.

It was the Saturday before the third Sabbath in May. Effete church was early crowded, *chockfull.* Its seats, made of rails, whose sharp edges would have aroused the sympathy of a rooster, were crowded thickly on their points of gravity by human beings painfully balanced. The pulpit was but a pen closed on three sides, but it was crowded by five and one-half preachers, come to help the *breethrin* to try the case and degrade the criminal. The reverend monster himself was on the spot. He was an old man, with thin gray hairs, tall in stature, but with a downcast look like an omphalopsychite; meek in countenance, gentle of speech, benevolent in visage—who would have thought to see him sitting there, gazing calmly around him, that he, Baruch Heidleberger, for twenty years a zealous minister, who had stemmed the torrent of religious innovations, could so grieviously have overstepped church rules and *jyned the Masons.* But he had, and here was the result. What's the world coming to? who knows?

Effete church was not at all like the temple of Luxor, either in shape or magnificence, still less did it resemble King Solomon's Temple. On the contrary, it was a low, dirt-daubbed log cabin of a thing, 40 by 30, plain as linsey and cold as a Quaker. As Rev. Mr. Heidleberger arose in it to answer the charges read by the moderator and to plead to the merits of the case, his bald top just reached the crossbeams that bound the *eends* of the building together.

The charges were specific; the plea was *guilty.*

A hurried consultation in a hoarse whisper, heard to the horse-block, and then the moderator, in a confused manner, *begged leave to axe the congurgashun ef he should deklar the guilty brother expended or suspelled.*

Another hurried consultation—during which *eleving* old *oomen,* who wore black bonnets and no shoes, loudly clamored *suspel him—suspel him*—after which the moderator prudently expressed the idea that had been hinted to him by one of the older members, and told Parson Heidleberger "ef he'd any thing to norate in the way of vindicshun, he mout."

The criminal acknowledged the courtesy by a low bow, and went on in his meek, quite way to *norate:*

"I feel to admit, breethren beloved (the old man differed from Webster in his ortheopy, as the reader will perceive)—I feel to admit that, cordin to church rules, I done wrong. Yes, I done wrong. Masontry is a seacurt instushun, and you all done gin in your testimonies gin seacurt instushuns long ago."

A fat sort of a groan from the old ladies, and a general expression of *yes, praise the Lord!*

"I know that when Bob Clink got drunk and set my bakky barn to fire, you suspelled him, and when you tuck him back, and he quit drink and jyned the Sons, you suspelled him again."

An asservation, contradictory to the intention of the second commandment from the aforesaid Bob, who was present, and the chorus from the aforesaid antiquaries, *yes, praise the Lord!*

"But, breethren, I want you to zamin this matter ticklurly by the light of scriptur."

An interruption from the moderator, who informed the bad man with great correctness, "that scriptur had nothin' to do with this matter, and eff he'd anything to norate *why* he jyned the Masons he'd better do it to wonste."

"I ollers thought, breethren beloved," pursued the criminal, with some hesitation, "I ollers thought that our church rules was the same as scriptur. Leastways that's how I ollers construed the matter for twenty year, that I've been trying to preach the gospel and you never set me to rights afore. Well, breethren beloved, I *have* jyned the Masons, and I'll tell you *why*—I did it soze to understand scriptur better, and bekase I thought I mout be more useful. I hain't found nothing wrong in it so fur. It's a good thing. It's a blessed thing, breethren beloved. You'd all of you say 'twas good if you had it. There's mysteries in it that makes a man think better of hisself, his God and humans. There's mysteries in it * * * *
Now, how many breethren and sisters is there of you here who'd like to know the mysteries of Masontry? Let 'em rise at wonste to their feet!"

Up, by a common impulse, flew the crowd. Up, in spite of rheumatics and old age, the very foremost of all, flew the old women, with a *praise the Lord* half out of their throats. Up hopped the moderator, his mouth flung open gate-like from ear to ear. Up bounced Bob Clink with an oath. Up popped the Masons with surprise. Up sprung the rosy-cheeked maidens, with cheeks rendered yet more rosy by mysterious conjectures and imaginations. Up hitched the young men who hoped now to get out all the kernel of *Masontry* without having to break the shell.

All were on the perpendicular before the echo of Parson Heidelberger's proposition had ceased to vibrate along the dusty roof.

The old gentleman glanced benevolently around the church, looked over the pulpit, scanned the moderator's countenance with a half smile, and went on with his exposition.

"Your curiosity, breethren beloved, is just like mine was before I jyned the Masons. Now, the Lodge ain't full yet, and if you'll do like I did, the Masons will maybe let you in."

The hit was too good to be overlooked. A general roar from the crowd acknowledged it. Bob Clink took a duck-fit and was carried out in spasms. The Masons clapped with their hands and stamped with their feet. The maidens giggled. The five preachers and a half (the fraction represents the moderator) and the old women were the only serious faces.

For half an hour it seemed as if the meeting would break up without further discussion.

Silence was at length restored, and old Parson Heidelberger continued his remarks, as he took a spider out of his hair that had been shaken down from the roof.

"I didn't try this plan, breethren beloved, to pick you up—not by no means. I only did it to see whether I stood alone in curiosity to learn the secrets of Masontry. I am proud to find all the breethren and sisters in the same fix. Then I think, breethren beloved, you ought to bear with me, beloved."

A tear from the old man.

"I have been in and out before you for many a year, and it's in my heart to live and die with you."

A low shout from Mrs. Heidelberger, and weeping among the women generally, all but the aforesaid antiquated.

"I promise you, breethren beloved, on the word of a Mas——, of a Christian I mean, that my Masontry shall only make me more industrious and praying. I'll love you better, if possible, than ever I did before, beloved. And I pray the Lord to put it in your hearts to deal justly with me, breethren beloved."

* * * * * *

But the church expelled him forthwith without a dissenting voice, and we came away.

BOOK NOTICES.

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF FREEMASONRY. Consisting of Masonic Tales, Songs and Sketches, never before published. By ROBERT MORRIS, K. T., Lecturer on the Landmarks of Freemasonry, author of the Code of Masonic Law, Life in the Triangle, Two Saints John, etc. Tenth edition. New York. Masonic Publishing and Manufacturing Co., 430 Broome Street, 1865.

The following is the Index:

All Hail to the Morning, Androgynous Masonry, Birth, Life and Death of Stone-squarers' Lodge, Broken Tessera, Burns' Farewell to Masonry, Catharine Williams, Cedar of the Temple, Cheerful Hours at the Grand Lodge, Church Trial, Cut Diamond, Death on the Sierra Nevada, Desecration of Mount Moriah, Eastern Star Degrees, Echo and Flute, Faithful Unto Death, Females, their connection with Masonry, Four Masonic Values, Geoffrey Weld, Gold, Silver, Brass, Iron; How will our bodies be found, Husband and Wife, John Callis, Jinin' the Masons, Lebanon, Liberality of the Jews, Masonic Breastpin, Masonic Lyrics: The Contributing Mason, The Universality of Masonry, Masonic Funeral Song, The Antimason, Jephthah's Daughter, Ruth, Esther, Martha, Dirge of the Mason's Daughter, Light from the East, America's Masons to Robert Burns, Duties of the Craft, Brotherly Love, A Thought of Death, Old William Wallace Lodge, Masonic Olla-podrida, Military Chest, Mysterious Abduction, Narrow Escape, Palimpsests, Peeping Cowan, Revolutionary Incident, Shorter Catechism of Masonry, Stone-squarers' Lodge, Symbolic Lessons, The Reason, Three Buds of the Sweetbriar, Turning the Scale, Vehicle with three passengers, Washington—a Poem, We are Brothers all.

The article styled "The Church Trial," and the story, "The Masonic Breastpin," in other columns of the NATIONAL FREEMASON, are samples of the contents of "Lights and Shadows."

A STORY OF DOOM, AND OTHER POEMS. By JEAN INGELOW. Boston: Roberts Brothers. 1867.

This deodecimo of poems, of 350 pp., of Miss Ingelow, is very neatly put together on fine paper, and may be employed as an ornament to the centre-table or a beautiful present to a friend. Among its poems are "The Dreams that came True," "Sea Mews in Winter-time," "Songs of the Night Watchers," "A Story of Doom," "Contrasted Songs," "Wedlock," and "Winstanley."

Miss Ingelow shows a true feeling for nature and a knowledge of humanity as a true woman sees it.

"Apprenticed" is a beautiful song, full of that feeling and tenderness belonging to all times.

Thus concludes "Wedlock:"

> "But now it is a year ago,
> But now possession crowns endeavor;
> I took her in my heart to grow,
> And fill the hollow place forever."

Thus begins Miss Ingelow the "Song for the Night of Christ's Resurrection:"

> "It is the noon of night,
> And the world's Great Light
> Gone out, she widow-like doth carry her!"

MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE.

NEW YORK

Grand Lodge.—Bro. Gibson presented the following, at the late session, from the Committee on Appeals, which was adopted:

The Standing Committee on Appeals, to which it was referred to hear and determine the appeal of —— —— from the action of Parish Lodge, No. 292, whereby he was expelled from said Lodge, respectfully report: That your Committee have examined the case, and find that the appellant was charged with being intoxicated during a communication of the Lodge, and while there in that condition using threatening language as to his intended action in balloting for candidates. The Lodge appointed a Commission, and on his trial evidence was given proving his guilt of both the offenses charged. The Commission reported a finding of guilty, and recommended his suspension from the Lodge for three years. The Lodge agreed with the Commission in their finding of guilty, but adopted a substitute for the resolution recommending his suspension, by which he was expelled from the Lodge. From the action of the Lodge and Commission, the accused has appealed to this Grand Body.

The appellant claims that the charges were for a violation of the moral law, and required, before he could be put on his trial, that he should be thrice admonished.

Your Committee think the offenses did not either of them fall within this rule. No doubt his conduct in both respects was a violation of the moral law, but so is stealing, perjury and murder. Yet no doubt exists that one guilty of either of these offenses could be put on trial without being thrice admonished. It is futile to claim that this rule applies to substantive offenses, which may be committed by a single act. The rule only applies to continuous or habitual violations of the moral law. Here, the accused was guilty of a violation of the dignity of the Lodge—an insult to the Body of the Lodge in open communication. It was a contempt of the Lodge, and if suffered to go unpunished would tend to destroy the harmony and usefulness of the Body. In addition to this, he threatened in open Lodge to commit an act subversive of the welfare of the Lodge, and a plain violation of his duty as one of its members. This was not only an offense in itself, but aggravated his previous guilt. The Commission. therefore, committed no error in finding him guilty. The Lodge erred in not adopting the suspension recommended by the Committee. It was for three years, certainly long enough punishment and time enough for repentance. They ended in expelling him for the offenses charged. It was administering the *highest* penalty in Masonic law for the *lowest* class of offenses. This was a violation of that order which is not only the fruit of Masonic, but also of heaven's laws. Lodges in passing sentence on offenders should ever remember to "temper justice with mercy." The great dramatist has beautifully said:

> "The quality of mercy is not strained;
> It droppeth as the gentle rain from heaven
> Upon the place beneath; it is twice blessed—
> It blesseth him that gives, and him that takes:
> 'Tis mightiest in the mightiest; it becomes
> The throned monarch better than his crown;
> It is an attribute to God himself;
> And earthly power doth then show likest God's
> When mercy seasons justice."

The Commission, in giving their judgment, dealt mercifully by the accused; but the Lodge either forgot that it possessed the power of being merciful, or willfully failed to exercise it. The Commission acted with moderation and temperance; the Lodge executed their justice in vengeance; for a venial sin they took the Masonic life of their brother. If asked, in the language of the ancient prophet, Zachariah, "What are those marks on thy hands? And he shall say: Those with which I have been stricken in the house of my friends," and may he not add, *non hec in federa veni?*

Your Committee have often hitherto called the attention of Lodges and this Grand Body to the extreme severity frequently exercised by Lodges in their punishments, often wholly disproportioned to the offense. The evil still continues, and the case under discussion is a proper one to apply the judicial authority of this Grand Body, and reduce the penalty imposed by the Lodge. Your Committee recommend that the proceedings appealed from be so far modified as to adopt the action of the Commission instead of the penalty imposed by the Lodge, and they have appended a resolution accordingly:

Resolved, That the action of —— ——, on charges against Bro. —— ——, be, and the same is hereby, so far modified as to reverse the sentence of expulsion inflicted by the Lodge, and adopt that of a suspension for three years, reported by the Commission.

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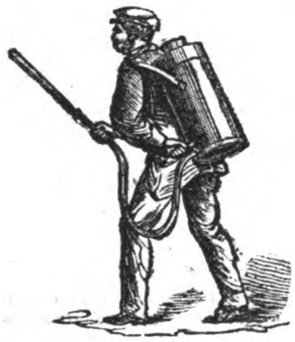

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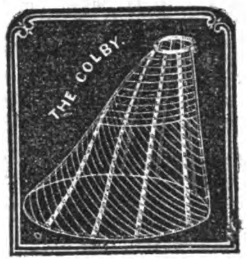

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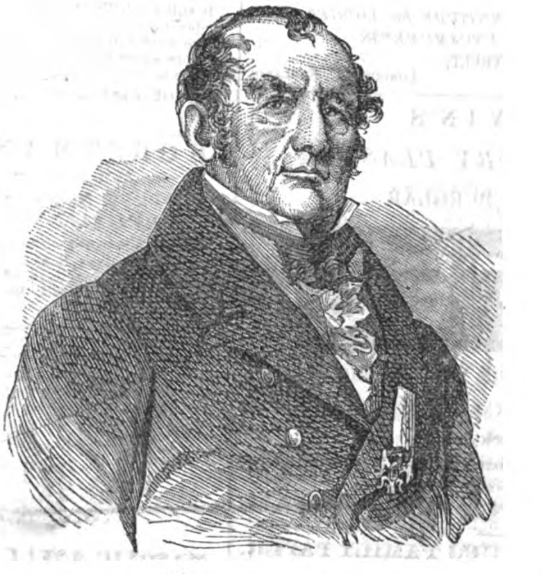

Aaron Ogden

AARON OGDEN, Governor of New Jersey, and President of Society of Cincinnati.

AARON OGDEN was born December 3, 1756, at Elizabethtown, New Jersey, graduated at Princeton Sept., 1773, and was for many years one of its trustees. He was Vice-President of the Alumni of Nassau Hall when James Madison was President. This institution conferred upon him the degree of Doctor of Laws.

Bro. Ogden enrolled himself very early in the militia of his native State.

In the winter of 1775–6 he was one of a party who boarded and captured a vessel lying off Sandy Hook, named "Blue Mountain Valley," and carried her safely into Elizabethport. Mr. Ogden received an appointment in the first New Jersey regiment in the spring of 1777, and continued in the service until the close of the war. He was in the battle of Brandywine in the autumn of 1777; was brigade major in a portion of the advanced corps of General Lee at Monmouth in the summer of 1778, and served as assistant aid-de-camp to Lord Stirling during that memorable day—the 28th of June, 1778. The battle of Monmouth was fought in the immediate vicinity of the present village of Freehold, New Jersey, chiefly within the space of two miles northwest of the town. It was the Christian Sabbath. The sky was cloudless over the plains of Monmouth when the morning dawned, and the sun came up with all the fervor of the summer solstice. It was the sultriest day of the year—one of the warmest ever known.

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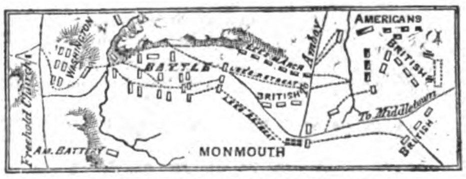


PLAN OF BATTLE OF MONMOUTH.

The two armies began to prepare for action at about one o'clock in the morning, and at daybreak they were in motion. Before nine, detachments met in deadly conflict, and from that hour until dark, on that long summer day, the terrible contest raged. It was commenced by the advanced division of the American army, under Gen. Charles Lee. His apparent want of skill or courage, and a misunderstanding of orders on the part of some of his officers, produced a general and tumultuous retreat of his division. The fugitives were met by the approaching main body, under Washington, and being speedily checked and restored to order by the chief, they were led to action, and the battle became general.

The enemy advanced to a ravine lying in front of the line of the American army, when there ensued a heavy and destructive cannonade from each side for a long time.

The enemy at length advanced over the ravine to the attack of our batteries in the line.

On perceiving this, Washington inquired of Major Ogden whether his horse still held out (for the day was intensely hot), and on being answered in the affirmative, he ordered him to reconnoiter a wood, which lay at some distance to the left, with as much speed as possible.

This was done accordingly; and, upon his reporting that the enemy had lately been in the occupation of that wood, but had retired, leaving many dead and many dying with the heat, the commander-in-chief immediately said, in a loud voice, "We will advance in our turn."

He gave his orders accordingly, and the British soldiers were driven back by the points of the Americans' bayonets, which turned the fate of the day.

The firing soon after ceased, and both armies lay near each other on the ground they had respectively occupied.

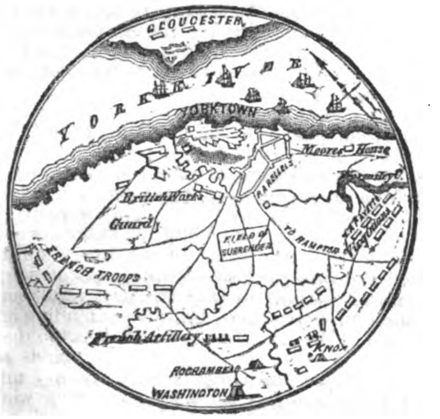
He was aid-de-camp to Gen. Maxwell in the expedition of Sullivan against the Indians in 1779, and was in the battle at Springfield, in New Jersey, 1780, where he had a horse shot under him. On the resignation of Maxwell, Ogden was appointed to a captaincy of light infantry under Lafayette, and was serving in that capacity when called upon to perform the delicate service mentioned in the text. He afterwards accompanied Lafayette in his memorable campaign in Virginia, in 1781.

Captain Ogden was entrusted with one of the most delicate missions.

There was a general desire on the part of the Americans to save Andrè's life. Washington was deeply impressed with this feeling, and was ready to employ any measure to effect it, consistent with his public duty. The only mode to save Andrè was to exchange him for Arnold, and hold him responsible for all the acts of his victim. This could hardly be expected, for Sir Henry Clinton was a man of nice honor, nor would the American commander make a formal proposition of this kind. It was, however, determined that an opportunity for such an arrangement should be offered, and a plan for that purpose was conceived. Washington placed a packet of papers, directed to Sir Henry Clinton, in the hands of a trusty officer of the New Jersey line, Captain Aaron Ogden, containing an official account of the trial of Andrè, the decision of the Board of Inquiry, and the letter written by Andrè to his general. Ogden was directed to go to Lafayette for further instructions, after he should arrange his escort of men, known for their tried fidelity. Lafayette was in command of the light infantry, stationed nearest the British lines. He instructed Ogden to travel so slowly, that when he should reach Paulus's Hook (now Jersey City) it might be so late that he would be invited to stay all night. He was then to communicate to the commandant at the post, as if incidentally, the idea of an exchange of Andrè for Arnold. Every thing occurred as was anticipated. The commandant received Ogden courteously, sent the packet across the river, asked him to stay all night, and in the course of the evening Andrè became the subject of conversation. Ogden, in reply to the commandant's question, "Is there no way to spare Andrè's life?" assured him that, if Sir Henry Clinton would give up Arnold, Andrè might be saved.

He informed him, however, that he had no assurance to that effect from Washington, but that he had reason to know that such an arrangement might be effected. The commandant immediately left the company, crossed the river, and had an interview with Clinton. Sir Henry promptly refused compliance, for honor would not allow the surrender of a man who had deserted from the Americans and openly espoused the cause of the king. This decision was communicated to Ogden, and he prepared to return to the camp. At dawn, on mustering his men, a sergeant was missing—he had deserted to the enemy during the night. No time could be lost in searching for the deserter, and Ogden returned to Tappan without him.

At the siege of Yorktown, Captain Ogden and his company gallantly stormed the left redoubt of the enemy, for which he was "honored with the peculiar approbation of Washington."



SIEGE OF YORKTOWN.

At a given signal, the troops rushed furiously to the charge without firing a gun, the van being led by Capt. Aaron Ogden. Over the *abatis* and palisades they leaped, and with such vehemence and rapidity assaulted and entered the works, that their loss was inconsiderable.

He applied himself to the study of the law after the war, and rose rapidly in his profession. He was appointed one of the electors of President and Vice-President in 1800, a State Senator in 1801, and in 1812 he was elected Governor of New Jersey.

He was President-General of the Society of Cincinnati. This society was organized at *Verplanck House*, near Fiskill Landing, 1783.

General Washington was the first President-General, and continued in office until his death, in Dec., 1799. In May, 1800, General Alexander Hamilton was elected as his successor. He was killed in a duel with Aaron Burr in 1804, and, at the next general meeting, General Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of South Carolina, was elected as his successor. He died in August, 1825. At a special meeting of the society, held at Philadelphia in November, 1826, Major-Gen. Thomas Pinckney was elected President-General. At his death, Colonel Aaron Ogden, of New Jersey, was elected to fill his place. He held the office until his decease.

He was appointed a Major-General in the Army of the United States, then at war with Great Britain, but as Commander of the Forces of New Jersey he thought he could be more useful.

The officers and soldiers of the army selected Col. Ogden as one of the committee of three to memorialize Congress upon their grievances.

Governor Ogden appeared before the Legislature of the State of New York, about the year 1815, and personally, in argument before Committee of the Whole of both Houses, made the first attempt to prove that the statute of New York, granting to Mr. Fulton a monopoly of steamboat navigation on all the waters within the jurisdiction of the State, was unconstitutional. This argument was had in support of a petition from him to repeal the law of the State of New York, on the ground that it was contrary to the Constitution of the United States. In this argument he was opposed by highly eminent counsel. The bill offered by him passed the House of Assembly by a large majority, but was lost in the Senate by one vote. Although this bill was lost, it may be ascribed to this first effort ever made against that monopoly, that it was finally *crushed* by judgment of the Supreme Court of the United States, on the ground advocated by Governor Ogden at Albany.

He died in April, 1839, at the age of 83 years.

Bro. Ogden became a Freemason when 22 or 23 years of age. There appears to be no record of the time or place.

The records of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania of September 2, 1782, say: "A petition, signed by 20 brethren, officers in the Jersey Line, was read, praying for a Warrant to hold a Traveling Military Lodge, to be attached to same line.

"The same was unanimously granted. The proposed officers were the Rev. Andrew Hunter, for Master; Joseph J. Anderson, Senior Warden; and Captain Aaron Ogden, Junior Warden—to be numbered 36."

This same Bro. Hunter died at Washington, Feb., 1823, as chaplain in the Navy.

THE WIDOW AND THE ORPHANS—THE COMPASS AND THE SQUARE.

BY S. C. COFFINBERRY (GRAND MASTER OF MICHIGAN).

[Bro. Coffinberry's poetry is always welcome to the readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON.]

The heart-sick widow sat and only mourned,
Her soul was wrapp'd in sadness all the day,
And ever, as her mournful eye she turned
Towards her little orphan ones at play,
It filled with tears, and then she turned away;
For not a meagre morsel now was left
To feed her hungry offspring; day by day
It disappear'd, and now she was bereft.

Oh, how the trembling heart doth bleeding turn!
God help the hungry children of the poor!
And, oh! how weeping Mercy's soul doth burn,
As low she bows her head at Plenty's door,
And sues for morsels from her bounteous store
To feed the helpless and their hearts to cheer,
Until the hunger pang shall gnaw no more,
And from the widow's eye to wipe the tear!

And still the widow wept—her cheek was pale—
Her bloodshot eye was dimmed with burning tears,
For now went up her starving children's wail,
Nor past, nor present, nor the coming years
Had aught of promise for her; cares and fears
Dried up the fountains of her soul; life's storm,
The sapping anguish and the thought that sears,
Had left her but the shadow of a form.

A gray old man hath heard the orphan's 'plaint,
His ear hath caught the weeping widow's sigh,
And, like a messenger from heaven sent,
He cannot brook the starving orphans' cry;
A great bright tear-drop from his deep sunk eye
Steals down upon his beard of iron gray,
And stars shine brighter in the midnight sky,
As food upon the threshold he doth lay.

The widow long hath ceased to suffer now,
For plenty daily smiles within her door,
And cheerfulness doth crown the faded brow,
An unseen hand supplies her daily store;
When all is gone, at night is added more,
A tear still bathes that beard of iron gray,
As nightly still the old man seeks the door,
An angel stoops to kiss that tear away.

'Tis strange that in this world of vice and pride
The good Samaritan can thus be found,
With oil and wine to nightly turn aside,
With heart that doth with charity abound,
Dispensing to the hungry poor around;
But on his bosom glistening brightly there,
As nightly he doth come, there may be found
By bright starlight the Compass and the Square.

AUGUST 25, 1867.

T I M E.

BY THE DEPUTY GRAND MASTER OF GEORGIA.

Old Time, why lookest thou so wan?
Why leanest on thy burnished blade?
Ah! burnished bright from service long—
Say, hast thy deadly course been stayed?
Or plottest thou some scheme more great,
More deep thy vengeful ire to sate?

Though long thou'st held ungoverned sway
O'er things terrestrial far and nigh,
Thy kingdom vast shall pass away—
Yes, hoary monster, thou shalt die;
And hewn thy monument shall be
From the quarries of eternity.

THE MASON'S JEWELS.

Music—*Autumn.*

Dedicated to LEWIS HURST, Esq., Past Master of Central Lodge, 361, F. & A. M., by Central.

Ere Masonry first came from Heaven,
A lovely trinity was given
To be her rule and guide:
Then FAITH, sweet child of Heaven, was born,
And HOPE and LOVE, our life t' adorn,
And with each one abide.

HOPE, precious pearl, in wisdom sent,
Illumes each heart that's Heavenward bent,
While pressing for the prize.
Sweet Hope shall chase each cloud away,
And hail the splendors of that day
That greets our longing eyes.

Next CHARITY, fair plant divine,
Whose magic influence thrills the mind,
And soothes the troubled breast.
Faith shall light up Death's dreary shade,
And wave Love's pinions round the head,
And waft us to our rest.

Three peerless graces, Heaven-born boon,
That must each Mason's life illume,
And never from him roam.
Faith's mighty wings shall bid him rise,
Hope shall conduct him to the skies,
And Heaven shall be his home.

WORD AND DEED.

The world is rife with nobler thought
Than trembles on the tongue;
The world is full of melody,
Unwritten and unsung.
The music of a march is sweet—
But action is sublime;
And each may live a nobler verse
Than e'er was told in rhyme.

Sweep from my sight these foolish books
That vex my weary brain,
And I will sit at Nature's feet—
Her open page the plain—
And read a pleasant roundelay
In every blade that grows;
A lyric in the lily's leaf,
An epic in the rose!

Let tinklings of the tongue or pen
To love-sick girls belong—
The music of a well spent life
Is sweeter far than song.
It likes me not, this waste of words—
Our world were not so dead,
If maids and men would cease to write,
And live their verse instead!

LINES COMMEMORATIVE OF A WEEK'S JOURNEY.

Inscribed to Dr. JAMES CROOKS, A.M., of Bridgeton, Indiana, by
ROB. MORRIS, LL.D.

Now 'tis past, our journey run,
All the week's delights are done;
Every mystic task is o'er,
And our songs will ring no more;
But their memory we will keep
Till in death we calmly sleep.

How the pleasant hours come back!
O'er the hills again we track;
Scan the bounteous golden grain,
Cross the cooling streams again;
Join our voices through the wood,
'Wake the leafy solitude.

Every loving word and kind
Brings a joy unto the mind;
Every cheerful jest will be
Pleasant food for memory;
Every truth sublime will last
Till our earthly day is past.

Surely He who made us friends
All our future steps attends;
Keeps for us a golden crown
When we lay our life-cross down;
And by heavenly streams will cheer
Those who loved each other here.

The Masonic Breastpin: A Tale of Indian Times.

CHAPTER SECOND.

A camp of volunteers presents many queer scenes, and they have been worthily described by various pens.[*] There is a bouyancy of spirits that exhibits itself when the restraints of society are first taken off, that runs out into pranks and humors of all sorts. Nowhere is the gift of a jester so well appreciated as in a camp. Nowhere do broad jokes meet such immediate and ample reward. Although in the process of time this becomes sufficiently wearisome, and camp life tedious and even disgusting, yet it must be confessed that at the outset there is a sparkle in the cup enchanting to the novice.

A few days brought together the four scouting parties that had gone out from Catesby, together with many other companies of volunteers, and a regular officer to command them in the person of Colonel Allings. A skirmish or two had occurred in which the savages had been defeated, and so completely were they interrupted on their return route as to lose all their plunder and turn them near a hundred miles down the river in their endeavors to cross.

The plan of campaign announced by Col. Allings was a bold one, and like that of Jephthah, Judge of Israel, against the Ephraimites, contemplated the extermination of the maurauding party. Boats had been procured in abundance which he had loaded with the best of his men, and sent down to guard the more usual crossing places (as *the fords* on the river Jordan were guarded by Jephthah's picked men), and one party of the most experienced volunteers was now to be stationed on the opposite side in the enemy's country. In this latter enterprise, by far the most dangerous, our five friends were placed. Col. Allings had been a staunch friend of Mr. Carnarson, the father of Robert, and being rejoiced to see his promising son in the campaign, at once made him commander of this detachment. Being authorized to select his own men, out of the whole body of volunteers, now increased to a thousand, Robert invited all the members of his own mess, and such others of his acquaintance as he thought best qualified for the duty. It must be acknowledged, however, that such a man as Socrates Ely, A. M., who had never fired a gun in his life, was not the most judicious selection for Indian fighting, and so Col. Allings observed when introduced to him; but Robert felt unwilling to leave him among strangers, especially as he had deserted his books and volunteered at the first purely for old friendship's sake. So he took him along, Homer, Euclid and all.

A safe and speedy run down the current brought the detachment to the place designated. Here they carefully scrutinized the banks on their own side of the river, searching for any trails that would indicate that the savages had already crossed, but they found none. In a little creek, a few hundred yards from the main stream, they discovered a large number of Indian canoes, carefully concealed, to be ready no doubt against the arrival of the marauders. These Captain Carnarson ordered to be left untouched, and then his party crossed to the enemy's side, hid their own boats and awaited the coming of the foe.

The solitude around them was perfect, save when broken by the wing of some stray bird, or by an occasional step from a deer that, stealing out of the adjacent thickets, would walk timidly to the water's edge to drink. The position occupied by the rangers was on a group of small hills that overlooked the river for several miles in either direction. Down one of the slopes to the river ran a war-trail well marked, that struck out towards the body of Indian settlements and gave evidences of active use in the present campaign.

Opposite, on the southern side of the river, was a peninsula around which the river curved in one of those graceful figures which might have given rise to the first Masonic idea of the arch: it was on the upper side of this peninsula that the small creek emptied, amidst whose long flags were concealed the canoes for the war party.

For several hours the eyes of the most experienced borderers failed to detect any signals that would imply the presence of man; but a few minutes before sunset a smoke was observed on an eminence nearly opposite (Jeremiah iv.), and one of the party, old Mike Havers, instantly declared, "they'se comin', boys—we'll have 'em here afore midnight!" As there was doubtless some communication by means of the signal between the warriors opposite, and their friends at home, prudence dictated that the rear of the volunteers should be guarded, lest an attack from that quarter should confuse all their own plans and the spider be caught in his own toils. This duty was committed to old Mike, who, with some ten others, was ordered to station himself at such points on the hills around, that no savage could possibly approach the main body without being discovered. We shall presently see how this important duty was performed.

Provisions were now paraded, which the party ate cold and hastily. The boats that had brought the whites down the river, while they were now still more carefully concealed, were likewise placed under vigilant guard.

As soon as it was dusk, the whole company, save the two detached parties already mentioned, came down to the bank and stationing themselves, some behind trees, some flat upon the ground, they awaited the coming of the foe.

They were not long held in suspense. About nine at night a plashing of paddles was heard from the middle of the river, and then, as if by enchantment, the whole fleet of canoes, some ten in number, came out into the soft starlight about fifty yards from shore. The plan of surprise developed by Captain Carnarson was simple, yet promised success. The whole party of savages was to be permitted to land and draw up their canoes on shore, before a movement was to be made on the part of the whites. Then a general volley, announced by the firing of his own pistol, was to be the signal for a chosen party of twenty to rush upon their canoes and secure them.

Another party would likewise be in readiness to spring down at the same moment, and attack the Indians with tomahawks, in the use of which they were equally expert with the savages themselves, while the remainder continued on the bank to prevent the enemy from passing into the interior. All this was to prove the shibboleth of their destruction.

The fleet, laden heavily with the Indians, had got within a short distance of the shore, so near that the forms of the men who wielded the paddles could be distinguished, when suddenly a pause was made, and at one impulse every canoe shot back into the darkness.

It appeared that some alarm was suddenly conceived by the savages, and they halted in the river and consulted together in low tones as to the cause. At this moment one of Carnarson's party, without any orders from his superior, made a loud noise imitating the snort of a buck when suddenly disturbed. The Indians were reassured by this expedient, and a general laugh went through the canoes, excited as much at the comicality of their fright as at the near prospect of a return to home and safety. Nothing further occurred to alarm them, for they landed, drew their canoes upon the bank as had been anticipated, and began to mount the acclivity. But now the deadly signal was given by Captain Carnarson, and answered with a roar of firearms. More than fifty guns were discharged as a single piece.

In the height of this consternation the poor savages found a score of white men amongst them, hacking them down on every side without mercy, while others jumped into their canoes and paddled them off, thus destroying every chance of escape. Vainly they endeavored to defend themselves. Too greatly outmatched by numbers, even had they not been worn down by the fatigues of the campaign, and their nerves unstrung by surprise, they melted away as snow. Vainly they endeavored to ascend the bank and escape. Showers of balls were rained upon them from above, swords and hatchets clove asunder the skulls of those who succeeded in mounting up the first bank, while loud cries of scorn and hatred from the whites showed them that their enemies were numerous and unrelenting. The party, which at the landing consisted of seventy or more, was fast falling, and yet no serious loss had occurred to the whites, when suddenly the tables were turned and a new feature added to the bloody picture. Old Mike Havers, who, as the reader has already learned, had been ordered to guard against an attack from the rear, had posted his men most judiciously, and for several hours had remained, according to orders, silently listening for tokens of the Indians' approach. Becoming weary of such dull work at last, he had borrowed a canteen from one of his detachment, and, the old man having a confirmed appetite for strong drink, and having never learned the speculative use of the compasses (although he was a carpenter by trade), had indulged quite too freely in the ardent draught.

The effect of this had been to put him first into a drowsy fit, which caused a shameful intermission of his vigilance, then into profound sleep. The party seeing nothing of their commander, who had laid down under a thick bush, supposed he was gone in towards the river, and when the firing commenced, having no person to restrain them, each left his post and hurried to the scene of action. This disobedience of orders proved highly disastrous.

A large party of Indians, answering the signal of smoke from the other side, had left their village to meet their returning comrades and welcome them home. They had discovered the scouts under charge of Mike Havers, and as it were intuitively comprehended the whole plan of ambuscade. It was too late for them to remedy it, for just as the chiefs were consulting how they should warn their comrades of the impending danger, the noises at the river side announced that the attack had been made. But now the faithless scouts ran in to share the battle, and the whole Indian party followed close behind. So it happened in the very height of the confusion, while the attention of the whites was turned towards the river, more than two hundred Indians charged upon them in the rear.

An attack of this sort is doubly dangerous to the attacked party. None are so overwhelmingly surprised as those who are engaged in surprising others. Therefore when the savages, with yells infernal as those of fiends, and with all the desperation of vengeance hurled themselves into the strife, the first impulse of the rangers was to rush to the boats, regardless of honor or commands. The company sent to secure the Indian canoes behaved manfully enough. They had not shared the consternation of their friends upon the shore, and they busied themselves in picking up those who had jumped into the river and saved many from drowning. But of the larger number who ran like cowards to the boats, many were overtaken and killed; the rest pushed off from shore nor stopped to inquire as to the issue of the battle until they reached the opposite side. Captain Carnarson, who had exerted himself to stay the dastards, remained with three or four others, bravely contending against a hundred of the foe. But the strife was too unequal. Their weapons were dashed from their hands and all of them made prisoners. Within twenty minutes after this catastrophe, all was over. The wounded whites had been killed and scalped, and their corpses thrown into the river. The bodies of the Indians, both living and dead, were placed upon litters made of sapling trees and carried inland. A faint sound from the other side met the ears of the despairing captives as they were driven along that war-path with their arms bound painfully behind them, to meet a certain death.

* * * * * * * *

The various scenes connected with Indian life have been too frequently described in history and fiction to call for the aid of our pen. It is known that only one door of escape was ever opened to a prisoner, that was the possibility of his being selected by some parent who had lost a son in battle and who claimed to adopt him in the place of the dead. But no such door was opened to any one of the four who stood bound to stakes at sunrise the next morning, awaiting the signal to die.

In the centre stood Robert Carnarson. The loss of blood from severe cuts, the loss of sleep, and the inexpressible horrors of his condition had made deep marks upon his youthful countenance through the lingering hours of the past night; but his heart was yet strong, and he felt that he could even die as became a man who professed fortitude to be one of his cardinal virtues.

His thoughts were not there in that Indian village, though hundreds yelled around him, and burned to feast their eyes with his dying agonies. They were with her whose soft hand had thrilled in his; whose pure kiss of betrothal had blessed his lips; who was even then anticipating his speedy return. Then they comprehended her, the aged mother—for he was the only son of his mother and she a widow—and he felt as he recollected her motherly trust that her pillar of strength was about to be broken, and that her gray hairs would soon go down with sorrow to the grave.

On his right hand stood the unwearied, faithful, ingenious Tim. He had lost his good right arm, skilled in all the mechanism of man's hand, by the stroke of the tomahawk, and the great flow of blood therefrom had enfeebled him and left his countenance pale as the lamb-skin; but his spirits were buoyant, his voice was steady, and he made his remarks upon the scenes and circumstances around him with as much unconcern as though he was but a visitor to the awful drama about to be acted. The manner in which the Indians kindled their fire by rubbing pieces of wood together; the complicated knots tied in the hickory bark that fastened him to the stake; the symbolic representations made by paint streaks on their naked bodies; the songs—these and many other things aroused his curiosity and afforded him a fund of improvement.

The other two captives were strong men, and had been engaged in many a dangerous combat, but they were totally unmanned now. They could have met death at the rifle's mouth unflinchingly; nay even the disgraceful cord would not have presented overwhelming terrors to them, but the burning, *the burning alive*, and the untold tortues that were to precede even the first application of fire—these were the things that shook them, and big tears fell upon the ground at their feet as they shudderingly contemplated their fate.

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[*] By none more worthily than by Bro. George C. Furber, late of Germantown, Tenn., now of California, in his excellent work, "The Twelve Months' Volunteer."

The large number of scalps gained in the campaign and those won on the preceding night, were now brought forward suspended upon *cedar boughs*, and were shaken triumphantly in the faces of the prisoners. They were of all sizes, of both sexes, of all hues, from the scanty golden hairs of the precious one torn from its mother's breast, to the frosty locks that had flowed honorably over the brows of age. This cruel act elicited fresh groans from the two mourners, a severe look from Robert, and a remark from Tim that "the bloody things were villainously mangled in the scalping."

A dance was now performed, such as might fitly have accompanied the vile orgies of Baal Peor, during which every sentiment of native ferocity, obscenity, and hatred that the heart of man can express by words and gestures, was introduced.

And now the tortures commenced. We will not harrow up sensitive feelings by relating them. When a mere boy we expressed our opinion that such details are only calculated to harden readers' hearts, and the observation of maturer years but confirms us in the belief. Let it suffice to say that the two strong men whose tears and terrors pointed them out to the delighted savages as proper objects for an ingenuity of torture, *died at last*. They died, after every imagined means of inflicting pain had been exhausted; after the sensitiveness of human nerves had been so blunted by knife, pincers, and fire, that the victim could stand up and look calmly on and see his own frame dissected limb by limb, as a piece of machinery in which he felt no longer an interest. They died; and now the unwearied savages turned to the other two.

"Sure enough, Bob, it's our turn now, and no mistake," observed Tim, to his companion. "Now's the time to brace up, for the storm's coming. This fire is like to be as bad on us as the Great Limekiln* was to the Jews. You see a man can bear any thing when he has got to. Them fellows who took it so hard at first found they could stand it. Let's take it, Bob, just like a dose of medicine. Death has been grappled with before, and you and I know that we must all die some time."

"Yes, my dear brother," responded his friend, this is no new lesson to us, but don't forget, Tim, the assurances we also have, that these bodies shall live again. The savages may torture us and they may dismember us as they have done these poor fellows, and our ashes may be scattered to the four winds, but the All-Seeing Eye shall behold them, the power of God shall collect them together again, and the Lion of the tribe of Judah shall prevail to raise them from the dead in a more perfect pattern than now."

"Bob." inquired Tim, with an anxious look, "do you really think those painted devils have the same expectations of a future state that we have? Can it be that the great Architect of the Universe, whose workmanship is here displaying such miserable evidences of an immortal soul within them, can it be that he will admit them into the Grand Lodge above? Where and when are they to be prepared in heart? Fact is, Bob, I am getting dismal. My arm pains me so that I can hardly stand. I shall turn coward if I don't do something to strengthen my nerves. Let's sing a funeral song, such as we last chimed around poor Aleck Baldridge. These Indians will give us some credit for it at all events. Join me, Bob," and then the brave fellow led off in a bold manly voice, the funeral hymn so often sung by the Masons at Catesby, and Robert Carnarson added a cheerful voice to the words.

MASONIC FUNERAL SONG.

AIR, "*Pleyel's Hymn.*"

Wreathe the mourning badge around—
Brothers, pause! a funeral sound!
Where the parted had his home,
Meet and bear him to the tomb.

While *they* journey, weeping, slow,
Silent, thoughtful let *us* go;
Silent—life to him is sealed:
Thoughtful—death to him's revealed.

How his life-path has been trod,
Brothers, leave we unto God!
Friendship's mantle, love and faith,
Lend sweet fragrance e'en to death.

Here amidst the things that sleep,
Let him rest—his grave is deep;
Death has triumphed; loving bands
Cannot raise him from his bands.

But the emblems that we shower,
Tell us there's a mightier power,
O'er the strength of death and hell,
Judah's Lion shall prevail.

Dust to dust, the dark decree—
Soul to God, the soul is free:
Leave him with the lowly slain—
Brothers, we shall meet again!

While these notes of mortality were ringing through the forests and comforting the death-doomed by their symbolic cheer, the Indians stood by in profound silence, neither interrupting or seemingly impatient for the end. On the contrary their ferocious looks assumed an expression of delighted astonishment, and when the song was finished a murmur of approval went through the crowd. The white man's death-song, albeit the words were not understood, was supposed by the savages to contain a synopsis of the events of his life and the hopes connected with his future state. Such are the leading sentiments in the death-song of an Indian warrior.

One of the tormentors, the burly savage who had been the most active in torturing the two prisoners just deceased, now stepped up to Tim, laid his tomahawk on the top of his head, shook him warmly by his remaining hand, uttered some words that seemed to express approbation of his heroism, and then *brained him at single blow*. The act, though unexpected and horrible in itself, was nevertheless done in kindness as a mark of the popular sentiment in his favor.

A short time was spent in mangling the remains of the poor fellow, and then the whole group closed around Robert Carnarson, the last of the doomed.

One silent prayer for strength; one sigh for the absent, a pledge of love and duty; one hopeful thought of sins forgiven and a better world soon to be opened to him by faith in the Redeemer, and Robert resigned himself to death.

It had been resolved upon by his tormentors that he should suffer only by fire. Large piles of brushwood, both green and dry, were therefore collected and heaped around him. The ends of dry stakes were sharpened and thrust among the coals to be used as brands for the burning.

The clothing was torn off from his lower limbs, that his flesh might be exposed to every degree of heat, and the last act of the drama commenced.

Already the flames were scorching his feet; his breath was already drawing fast and hard in the rarified atmosphere; a roaring sound produced by a flow of blood to the head was in his ears, and like the Saviour amidst the fever of the Cross, the poor captive moaned, *I thirst*. Death impended, and the soul was pluming itself to wing its flight amidst savage yells and crackling flames, when a loud shout from the whole body of Indians and the removal of the burning brushwood, announced some change of plan on the part of the foe.

The rush of cooler air revived Robert; he breathed more freely and opened his eyes. Before him stood an Indian chief. He was dressed in all the gaudy tinselry of barbarian taste, while streaks of paint, inelegantly arranged, made his countenance both hideous and ludicrous. Upon his broad chest was suspended, by a leather thong, a massive gold medal, from which gazed out the gross unmeaning features of one of the Georges, King of England.

There was an expression in his eye and a dignity in his bearing and royal voice that spoke of a man born to rule. The chief gazed into the eye of Robert Carnarson, and as the pinioned white man returned him unflinchingly glance for glance, he nodded kindly to him, and called out in broken English, "Good, good, white man brave—white man burn!"

Then turning off, he signed to the tormentors to proceed with their task. But ere he had withdrawn, the light of the blazing furze which had been brought up to rekindle the pile, glanced full upon *the breastpin* before spoken of, which Robert had worn in his bosom.

The jewel had been hidden in the arrangement of his garments until that instant, so that the savages had altogether overlooked it. But as soon as the chief beheld it he turned back with an air of curiosity and laid his hand on it. What was the surprise of Robert to see him as he beheld the symbolic square and compass, suddenly change his proud, fierce look to that of a gentle smile; and then, strangest of all, to make a sign known only to those who have received the intellectual treasures of Freemasonry.* Fettered as he was by his bonds, Robert could only respond to his fraternal salutation by words, —by words well understood, however, to him who heard them.

Ordering the other savages to a respectful distance, the chief then proceeded to unclasp the breastpin and examine it more closely. New hopes of life now filled the heart of the doomed man, and reaching out his hand as well as his condition permitted him, he took the jewel from the savage, pressed the concealed spring, and exhibited *the double triangle*, emblem of the Royal Arch degree. *That also was understood* and a new tie was established between the parties.

It was but the work of a moment now to cut the green withes that had bound Robert to the stake, and then right through the centre of the tribe passed the chieftain with his brother Mason, while a low murmur of *broder, broder*, was heard from the crowd. This release, however it might have disappointed the savages, was received with perfect deference to the will of their chief, and so the life of Robert Carnarson was preserved.

In a retired wigwam the two Masons sat, unable to speak the language of each other, but each expert in that universal language which clearly conveys the sentiments of *Brotherly Love, Relief and Truth*, and teaches the primary virtues of Temperance, Fortitude, Prudence and Justice; and there they remained together without intrusion until the sun went down. But what was said, and what was promised, and what was done, is it not recorded on the pages of Masons' hearts?

The last rays of the setting luminary glittered on that Masonic breastpin, as Robert clasped it in the chieftain's mantle, and left it there as a pledge to be redeemed some future day.

About dusk a tremendous shout was heard in the camp, a rush was made by old and young to the torturing post, and another prisoner was announced. This was no other than Socrates Ely, A. M., who had escaped the night before by creeping into a hollow log, where he might easily have remained undiscovered, but for want of discretion in concealing his legs, and in controlling a remarkably loud snore which he indulged in while asleep. Around his neck the savages had tied his beloved Homer, companion in all his misfortunes.

Ely was bound hurriedly to the stake, and the pincers, and the sharp instruments, and the blistering flames were all made ready for his torture, when a communication between those Mason brothers led to his release. Then the rude wigwam witnessed a reunion between friends and an acknowledgment of favors received that angels might have beheld with delight.

* * * * * * * *

We will not weary our readers with further accounts of brotherly kindness; their speedy restoration to their friends may be conjectured. Then followed the happiness of many parties at the unexpected return; weeds of mourning were thrown off, and the fatted calf was killed. The union between Robert and Josephine was not long delayed, and thus the second degree of Love's mysteries was happily consummated amidst the heartiest good wishes of all who knew them. In due time the third was announced in the birth of a lovely child, and when last we visited Catesby we heard General Carnarson, now an old gentleman of sixty-five years, declaring to his wife Josephine, a silver-haired lady only six years younger than himself, that Tim, the rogue, their grandchild, had been putting snuff in Mr. Ely's coffee, and he was afraid he should be compelled to give the darling a gentle castigation.

In the graveyard, amongst old dilapidated monuments and neglected tombs is one, always in good repair, a path deeply marked around it by visitors' feet, in the pattern of a broken column on the shaft of which lies an open book. Poor Tim! your body may be scattered amongst the unnamed ashes of that sacrificial spot, your spirit may have soared aloft on the sentiments of that hopeful hymn, but your virtues and your genius are indelibly written upon our memories. Peace to your ashes! May this feeble effort to delineate your character not fail of its reward.

One incident further we will add. About five years after the rescue we have recorded, a strong and noble looking Indian entered the settlements, now at peace, inquiring for Robert Carnarson. It was the Mason chief who had come to restore to his brother the breastpin, the pledge of that fearful day. Much fraternal attention was paid him both within and out of the Lodge, and when he retraced his path to Canada, a large gold medal was presented him on behalf of the Masonic body, inscribed with befitting symbols, and with these appropriate words:

BROTHERLY LOVE, RELIEF AND TRUTH.

Statutes of the Craft in the Time of Mary Queen of Scots.

BY D. MURRAY LYON, IN "FREEMASON'S MAGAZINE."

By the charter alleged to have been granted by Malcolm III. in 1057, to the Lodge of Glasgow, St. John (now No. 3-2 on Grand Lodge Roll), provision is made for a certain proportion of the entry-moneys paid to that Incorporation, as well as fines imposed for breaches of Masonic law, being devoted to the support of the altar dedicated to St. Thomas, and erected in the Kirk of Glasgow. * * * *

From the extracts which follow it will be observed that the Ayr Squaremen were, in their corporate ca pacity, taken bound not only themselves to contribute to the uphold of one of the eight altarages that in Queen Mary's time existed in the parish church of Ayr, but to aid also in the collection of the said altar's general revenue. To the service of the Kirk were dedicated all the fees exigible from entered apprentices; between the purchase of "gud aill" for the refreshment of the fraternity, and "walx" for the uphald of the "halie altar," the greater part of the "unlaws" was spent; and the banquet or "dener," over and above a money payment, was the never-failing adjunct to the formal reception of "maisters."

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* *The Great Limekiln* refers to the conflagration of King Solomon's Temple, which was composed in part of marble or limestone.

* It is well known that many of the Indian chiefs in the pay of Great Britain were made Masons in the military Lodges connected with the English regiments.

The Reformation having overturned the Popish altars, each fresh entry brought good cheer to the brethren, who could then quaff their ale with all the more zest from the knowledge that no priest stood between them and the common purse of the Incorporation. They were not disposed, however, selfishly to appropriate to their own uses the whole of the moneys thus acquired, but seem to have considered that, while their obligation to aid in upholding the outward fabric of religion was annulled, the duty of manifesting the Christian virtue of charity still remained—a feeling which led to the formation, in 1597, of a fund "for the supplie of thair falziet brethren of Craft." But with the introduction of the Protestant faith and consequent demolition of the altar dedicated to their patron saint, the Squaremen's interest in the support of religious ordinances does not seem to have altogether ceased; for upon St. John's Kirk being, in 1652, seized by Oliver Cromwell, and converted into an armory and guard-room for his soldiers, the craftsmen erected for their own use one of the galleries of the church, which was built in lieu of that appropriated by the usurper. The pitcher of ale had a place in the Squaremen's Court till 1616, and the intrants' dinner continued to be an institution of the craft until, in 1722, it was permitted to be compounded for by the payment, on the part of the newly admitted master, of ten merks.

Extract No. I. is composed of the original Statutes of the Ayr Squaremen Incorporation. No. II. appears to be a record (April, 1556) of the formal submission of the brethren to the conditions upon which they held their charter. No. III. comprises excerpts of minutes (1569–82) bearing upon the ratification of the "auld" and the adoption of certain new "actis."

No. I.

THE STATUTIS OF THE WRICHTIS AND SQUAIRMEN OF THE BURT OF AIR—VIZ., MASOUNIS, SEAFFEWRICHTIS, CUPERIS, AND SKLAITERIS.

Prentes.

Item. It is statut and ordanit be the Wrichtis, Masounis, Seaffewrichtis, Cuperis, and Sklaiteris of the said Bur^{t} of Air, that na Prentes be tane in tyme cuming to learn the saidis craftis without the maisterman that taks the prentes ansers for him to the craft. Gif the prentes be ane friemanis sone in the said Bur^{t} he sall pay entres silur fyve schillingis; and gif he be not ane Friemanis sone he sall pay ten schillingis money of this realme—to the uphald of the altar callit Sanct Ninianes altar, situat within the peroche kirk of the said bur^{t} of Air.

Upsett.

Item. It is statut and ordanit be the said craftismen that na man be ressavit ane brether of the saidis craftis without he be ane gude workman of ony of the saidis craftis, and abill to serve our Sovreane Ladeis lieges—and sall pay or he sett up bruith within the said bur^{t}, gif he be ane Friemanis sone of the said bur^{t} ten schillingis and ane dener to the brethrene of the saidis craftis; and gif he be not ane Friemanis sone he sall pay ane dener to the saidis craftismen and threttie schillingis money abovwritten.

Unlaws.

Item. It is statut and ordanit be the saidis craftis that quhat persoun disobeyis to the maisterman and visiter of the saidis craftis sall pay ane pitcher of gud aill of unlaw the fyrst falt, and ane uther the secunde falt, and the third falt ane pund of walx to the uphald of the said altar.

Item. It is statut that na maister of the saidis craftis tak ane uther maisteris servand, nor caus him cum fra his maister quhille he be ane prentes or feit servand, nor giv him na work, under the pane, the first falt of ane unlaw, the nixt falt ane unlaw and ane half pund of waix to the uphald of the said altar. Ilk unlaw x s.

Item. It is statut be the foirsaidis craftismen that na M^{r} nor brother of the saidis craftis tak ane man to serve him without he be ane feallow, or work task work, or be ane prentes; and that he tak na prentes within the prenteschip tane be him of befoir (till) all the zeres of the prentes tane be him of befoir be worne out, under the pane foirsaid.

No. II.

Die septimo mensis Aprilis, Anno Domino, &c. [In the seventh day of the month of April, one thousand five hundred and fifty-six, during the pontifical government of Paul (by divine providence, Pope) Fourth, in the first year of my notary-publicship, as witness my signature:]

John Nicholl, wricht; James Masoun, Mur. Masoun, Thomas Esdaill, sklaiter; Jon. Lowrie, sklaiter; Robert Quhyte, masoun; Jon. Cunningham, cuper; Jon. Roger, wricht; Johnne Brysoun, masoun; Wa. Nesbit, masoun; Adam Cunningham, wricht; Thomas Millar, cuper; Thomas Andersoun, masoun; Laurence M'-Quhaill, wricht; John Liddell, seaffwricht.

Quo die all the personis abovewritten of the Craftisaiirsads wer oblist and sworne be the great bokke ofthis of thair awn frie motune-will uncoertit or compellit, at the halie Evangel reverentlie touchie, To be obedient to or Sovrane Lady the Quenis Grace, to the Provest, Baillies, and Orisman of the Burt of Air present and to cum, and to the Maisterman and Visiteris of the saidis Craftis, viz., writchtis, masounis, seaffwrichtis, cuperis, and sklaiteris, In all honest and lesun maters; and sall maintene, obey, and defend the saidis actis befoirwritten, priviledges, and friedomes of the saidis craftis, zealie and trewlie [in time] to cum, with the support and help of the saidis Provest, baillies, and oversman of the said bur^{t}—and sall pay their dewties zealie and trewlie to the uphald of the altar callit St. Ninianes altar situat within the paroche kirk of the said Bur^{t} of Air; and sall help to inbring all utheris dewties zealie and trewlie aucht to the uphald of the said altar of all zeris and times to cum, ffor the honour of God and halie kirk and commonweill of the said burt, and utheris our Sovrane Ladies lieges reparand to the said burgh, lelielie and trewlie without fraude or guile. . . . Quebus testibus, etc. [To which were witnesses, these, John Lokhart, cutter of beard; W. Nicholl, John Wilsoun, and George Schawe, who as witnesses present, are therefore subscribed. As also Stephanus Prestoun, notary public, necessary to the compact, testified by seal and subscribed by his hands.]

No. III.

Anno lxix (1569). The qlk day the deakonis and craftismens foirsaidis hes statut and ordanit that na maisterman of thair craft resaifs ane prentes without he pay ten s. for his entres silur and ane pitcher of aill.—Item, the haill brethrene of craft abovewritten hes actit and ordanit that nane of thame sall tak apoun hand to tak ony labor in hand bot that labor that he can mak gud and sufficient work, qlt work sall be visetit be honest men of craft. And quha that failzes heirof sall pay, the first unlaw iiij s., the nixt falt viij s., and the third falt to be dischargit of his labor within this bur^{t}. Sic subscribitim Johannes M'Knedar, not. pub.

The xvj of Apryle, 1582: The qlk day the deakin with his brethren of the craft convenit within the Kirk of Air, and ratifet and apprevit all the auld actis maid of befoir for the libertie and privileges of the craftis; And ordanit that quhat person of the saidis craftis beis disobedient to the deakin of the craft present and to cum, or to ony point of the craft, sall pay ane pitcher of gude aill of unlaw the first falt, ane uther for the second, and the third falt x s. money to be put in the commoun purse and to be distribut be the deakin.

Fleurs de Lis—Napoleon—Clotilda—Interesting Legends.

France is without an escutcheon. The fleurs de lis, the lilies, those flowers of truth, emblem flowers of purity and religion, that had witnessed so many noble deeds of the great and good, by the popular voice of the Revolution of 1830 were effaced from the shield and from the ancient monuments of France.

Napoleon the Great did not sympathize with this sentiment.

At Auch, seeing the windows of the Cathedral partially concealed with paper, he inquired the reason, and was told, "People feared lest he should be offended at the sight of certain ancient emblems."

"What!" he exclaimed, "the fleur de lis? Uncover them this moment. During eight centuries they guided the French to glory, as my eagles do now, and they must always be dear to France, and held in reverence by her true children."

I scarcely need remind my readers that the coronation mantle of Buonaparte was semé with *bees*, an idea borrowed from the mantle "Fleurdelisé" of Childeric, discovered among the rifled tombs of St. Denis, and, by some French antiquaries, pronounced to be bees.

The following legends or versions may prove interesting.

The legend opens with a long and interesting account of the marriage of Clovis, then unconverted, to the Christian Princess Clotilda, and his conversion, baptism, and subsequent coronation and consecration at Rheims, together with the wonderful story of the Sainte Ampoule, which is too well known to need repetition here. In other versions the baptism of Clovis is said to have been deferred until after the events related in the legend. All, however, agree that Clovis had been converted, and was outwardly professing Christianity, when, as we read in an old French manuscript chronicle, he was compelled to take the field against a certain Roman duke, who held possession of the counties of Picardy, Vermandois, and others lying near Cologne.

"And the said king had for his device three toads, *or*, which were emblazoned on all his banners and pennons. And when he saw that they began to draw near the place where the enemy lay, the blessed Saint Remy, who had accompanied his sovereign to the field, knelt down and humbly prayed that victory might attend his arms, while Clovis and all his people waited reverentially beneath their ensigns. And, suddenly, as the king looked up towards heaven, he beheld his banner, with the arms emblazoned thereon, miraculously altered and transformed; for the whole banner, while he looked, became *azure*, and upon it were seen three fleurs de lis *or*, similar to those now borne by the kings of France. Then Clovis, confirmed by this miracle in his allegiance to the true faith, commanded his soldiers to take his '*liflambe*,' that is, the standard which had been thus miraculously transformed, and to carry it before him, which was so done. And before long he came in sight of his enemies; and, behold, they were all fighting one against another, and already on the field there lay so many dead that the ground was covered with the slain; and in the end they were all destroyed, yet knew not by whom. So the king, with St. Remy, returned in great joy to Rheims, and was there immediately baptized."

Such is one version of the legend. Another, more commonly received, and which is most frequently depicted on tapestries, paintings, and in old illuminated manuscripts, is as follows:

"Clovis going forth to battle against the Saracens (some say the Goths*), and their king, Candat, who had assembled a vast army, hoping to overturn the Christian faith, and destroy the first Christian king of France, was divinely appointed champion of Christianity, and the conqueror of the heathen." To quote the words of an old French poem:

"Pour plus tenir foy cristienne estable,
  Et des pervers dampner [dompter] l'iniquité
Fu roy Clovis eslu connestable
  Au hault conseil du saint Trinité."

(The better to establish the Christian faith,
  And to quell the iniquity of the ungodly,
King Clovis was chosen Constable
  By the high Council of the Holy Trinity.)

But while King Clovis was thus absorbed in thoughts of war and schemes of victory, his fair queen Clotilda spent her time in acts of piety and devotion.

"Beside a fountain in the forest of Joye-en-valle, just where now stands the abbey of that name, there dwelt at that time an aged hermit, whose life was passed in almsdeeds and pious orisons; and the fair Clotilda, tired of the gay scenes and noisy revels of her husband's court, often sought retirement in the forest of Laye, and visited the holy hermit in his cell. One night, therefore, when the hermit, as was his custom, had risen early to make his matin prayer, and was kneeling, absorbed in devotion in his dimly lighted cell, a stream of many-colored light suddenly shone upon every object around, and he beheld an angel with gentle countenance, and wings of glorious colors and ineffable perfume, hovering by his side. In his hand the angel held a shield, or banner, of wonderful beauty; its color was the deep blue of the sky at midnight, and upon that azure field were emblazoned three fleurs de lis of gold, that shone like stars when there is no moon in heaven. Awe-struck and wondering, the hermit waited reverentially to hear the angel's mission, and he was commanded to deliver the glorious banner which the angel held into the hand of Clotilda, and to tell her that, under that banner, her husband should fight and conquer in the name of the Holy Trinity. 'The same device,' continued the angel, 'shall from henceforth adorn the royal escutcheon of the sovereigns of France, and never shall victory desert their standard, unless it be turned in pride or anger against their brethren in the faith.' The angel vanished, but the holy man knelt still, absorbed in the remembrance of the beatific vision, and in happy anticipation of the future glory of France, till Clotilda came, as was her wont, into his cell, to pray with him for the success of her husband's arms. He communicated to her the message of the angel, and full of gratitude and joy she hastened to fulfill the divine command. The three crescents (toads†) which Clovis is said to have borne upon his shield until that day, were everywhere effaced, and three fleurs de lis emblazoned in their stead, in imitation of the angelic banner, which Clotilda reverently presented to her husband, revealing to him at the same time the angel's message, and bidding him march boldly against the infidels, in perfect confidence of victory. The precious gift was joyfully received, and hailed as the omen of future greatness. The Saracens and their king, Candat, were completely routed; and in thankful remembrance of that angelic mission and the pledge of divine favor which it conveyed, a religious house was founded near the fountain beside which the hermit dwelt, and long known as the Abbey of Joye-en-valle. The banner presented by the angel was there reverentially preserved; and the fountain near which the angel descended was long afterwards to be seen within the sacred precincts of the abbey."

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* The Goths, being Arians, were confounded with the Saracens by the old French chroniclers.

† Crescents, toads, spear-heads, etc., etc., have all in turn been described as forming the original arms of Clovis.

The same story is given, upon the authority of Gaguin, by an old English writer, the author of "Fabyan's Chronicle." Referring to the alteration made in the royal escutcheon of France, he tells us, in his quaint old English, that:

"It is wytnessyd of maister Robert Gagwyne yt, before thyse dayes, all French kynges used to bere in their Armes iii Todys, but after this Clodoveus had recognized Cristes Relygyon iii Floure de lys were sent to hym by diuyne power, sette in a shylde of azure, the whiche syns that been borne of all French kynges."

It may have been intended rather to express some symbolic meaning than to be an exact representation of any natural flower. Its triple petals, like the leaves of the shamrock, or trefoil, consecrated long since by the teaching of St. Patrick, may well have suggested the idea of the Holy Trinity; and this conjecture is still further supported by the fact that the number of flowers, although at one time undetermined, was early restricted to three, in "honor of the blessed Trinity," as Raoul de Prèsles distinctly states in his curious old book of chronicles, addressed to Charles V. A similar interpretation of the number of the lilies is given by Charles V. himself, in the title deeds of the Convent of the Celestines, or order of the Holy Trinity, at Nantes. "The lilies," it is there said, "are not two, but three, in memory of the uncreated Trinity."

As to the banner of toads, which is almost always mentioned in connection with the woudrous gift of the golden lilies, it seems not unlikely that it was intended to symbolize the state of Clovis previous to his conversion and baptism. What emblem, indeed, could have been more fitly chosen to typify the gross errors, the impure worship of Paganism than the foul and loathsome toad? "*Cet ord animal*," as an old French writer calls it; "for, being compared together, some beasts are worse than others; neither are they beautiful so much as to be desired in respect of beasts, but they went without the praise of God and His blessing."—Wisd. xv. 18, 19. And how could the purity, majesty and dignity of the true faith be more powerfully shown than by choosing for its symbol the pure and spotless lily, and contrasting it with the toad? Viewed in this light, the prevalence of a tradition so little gratifying to national pride becomes less unaccountable, and the interpretation is at least supported, if not justified by the fact that the legend of the toads is almost invariably found in conjunction with that of the heaven-descended lilies.

Eugene Aram.

E. B. Lytton (Bulwer) is so identified with Freemasonry in the East, and his reputation has so become Masonic property, that the Masonic as well as profane readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON will be interested in the following:

Seldom has there been a robber and murderer in the middle station of society, unconnected with great political movements, whose life has become the theme both of a novel and a poem. Eugene Aram is among these few. His case has attracted the attention of writers of fiction, both from the extraordinary circumstances connected with it and the cultivated mind of the man himself.

Eugene Aram was born in Yorkshire. He received a fair school education; then became clerk in a London counting-house; then returned to his native place, set up a school, and married unfortunately. He next lived at Knaresborough, where, by great application, he obtained an extensive knowledge of the Greek, Hebrew and Latin languages and literature. All this took place before 1744. In that year he came again to London, and was engaged as usher at a school in Piccadilly. Here he worked laboriously, and added a considerable knowledge of Chaldee and Arabic to his previous store of information, intending to apply it to the production of a lexicon. During his subsequent engagement at various other schools, he studied Celtic, and also acquired a very extensive knowledge of botany.

Such a man appeared to be among the last who would commit a robbery and a murder; and hence the intense surprise and pain that followed certain disclosures. In 1758, some workmen digging about St. Robert's Cave, near Knaresborough, found the remains of a man who appeared to have been murdered. Fourteen years before, a shoemaker, named Daniel Clark, had mysteriously disappeared from Knaresborough, and had not since been seen or heard of. It was recollected that one Richard Housman was the last person seen in his company; and the finding of the dead body (which was believed to be that of Clark) led to the apprehension of Housman. On his examination, Housman stated that the body was not Clark's, but that Clark's body, nevertheless, lay buried at a spot which he named. This admission led to further inquiries, which implicated Eugene Aram; and about the middle of August Housman and Aram were committed for trial. The trial, which did not take place till the following year, disclosed a strange history. Clark married in 1744. Aram was living at Knaresborough at the time, poor, and united to a wife with whom he appears to have lived very unhappily. Three needy men—Clark, Aram and Housman—entered into a conspiracy for borrowing as much valuable property as possible, as if for Clark's wedding, and then dividing the spoil among them. Clark was soon afterward missing, and suspicion fell upon the other two, but nothing definite was found out. Aram deserted his wife, who had some suspicion of what he had done. Housman, at the inquest, stated that Aram murdered Clark, to conceal the evidence about the robbery; but Aram (who owned to the fraud) denied all knowledge of the murder. At the trial Housman was acquitted of murder, and was admitted as king's evidence against Aram. Every thing told heavily against the unhappy usher. He made a most elaborate defense, which could only have proceeded from an educated man; it was delivered extempore, but was evidently got by heart; and in it he endeavored to show that all the facts against him had the usual defect of mere circumstantial evidence. He was found guilty, and condemned to death; he made a partial confession, then attempted to end his existence with a razor, and was finally brought to London and hanged at Tyburn (August 16, 1750).

This almost inexplicable history has attracted many pens, as we have said. In 1828, the late Thomas Hood wrote "The Dream of Eugene Aram," a poem of thirty-six stanzas. In a preface to the poem, Hood described how the subject was suggested to his mind by a horrible dream. "A lifeless body, in love and relationship the nearest and dearest, was imposed upon my back, with an overwhelming sense of obligation, not of filial piety merely, but some awful responsibility, equally vague and intense, and involving, as it seemed, inexpiable sin, horrors unutterable, torments intolerable—to bury my dead, like Abraham, out of my sight. In vain I attempted, again and again, to obey the mysterious mandate; by some dreadful process the burden was replaced with a more stupendous weight of imagination, and an appalling conviction of the impossibility of its fulfillment. My mental anguish was indescribable; the mighty agonies of souls tortured on the supernatural racks of sleep are not to be penned." Eugene Aram, it was known, when an usher in a school at Lynn, was accustomed to talk to the boys frequently on the subject of murder—for a reason which they could not understand, but which was probably the result of remorse in his own heart. Hood's horrible dream and this fact together suggested the idea of the poem. School boys are represented at sport in the evening. Near them was the usher, "a melancholy man," alternately reading and brooding. He sees a gentle lad reading a book, and asks what it is. "The Death of Abel." The usher started, and then said that he himself had dreamed, on the preceding night, that he had committed a murder. He narrated the dream, and a terrible one it is. Once in the course of his narration he felt that his manner was too intensely earnest, and said—

"My gentle boy, remember this
Is nothing but a dream!"

And again he said—

"Oh, God! that horrid, horrid dream
  Besets me now awake!
Again, again, with busy brain,
  The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
  Like Cranmer's at the stake."

Sir E. B. Lytton (when Mr. Bulwer) published his romance of "Eugene Aram" in 1831, and dedicated it to Sir Walter Scott. In his preface he said: "During Aram's residence at Lynn his reputation for learning had attracted the notice of my grandfather, a country gentleman living in the same county, and of more intelligence and accomplishments than, at that day, usually characterized his class. Aram frequently visited at Heydon, my grandfather's house, and gave lessons, probably in no very elevated branches of erudition, to the younger members of the family."

Anecdotes and Sayings of Masons.

GEORGE III.—When George III. was repairing his palace at Kew, one of the workmen was peculiarly noticed by his Majesty. On Monday morning the king went as usual to watch the progress of the work, and not seeing the man in his usual place, he inquired the reason of his absence. He was at first answered evasively by the workmen; at last, however, they acknowledged that not having been able to complete a particular job on the Saturday night, they had returned to finish it on the Sunday morning, which this man refusing to do, he had been dismissed from the employment. "Send him back immediately," said the king; the man who refuses to do his ordinary work on the Lord's Day, is the man for me."

⁂

ROBERT BURNS.—Burns, at a public entertainment, was seated opposite a young foppish nobleman, who, to evince his contempt for one whom he regarded as a literary upstart, filliped some of his wine in the direction of the poet. "We do much better in our country," said the bard, as he raised his glass, and threw the entire contents in the face of the aggressor.

⁂

RUFUS CHOATE.—Mr. Choate once had a poet for a client, and he glowered upon him. "Mr. Choate," Chief Justice Shaw broke out, "this is a dry question of law, and you mistake if you suppose the Supreme Court is to be influenced by any such considerations as you appear to be suggesting." Choate paused a little—fussed with his papers—then murmured out audibly enough for the tittering Bar to hear him, "The Chief Justice isn't much of a lawyer, but what a polite and amiable man he is!"

On another occasion, when the Chief growled at him rather savagely, he turned his head back to the Bar, gathered behind him—for he would not say a sharp thing directly to a Judge—and muttered slowly and soliloquizingly, "We venerate the Chief Justice, not for any beauty of form or feature; but for the supposed hidden intelligence within." To appreciate this, one should have known Choate, and imagine him uttering this audibly to himself, as if he was trying to account to himself for the respect he felt for the grim Chief, notwithstanding his savageness. For we know he did truly honor, appreciate, and admire Chief Justice Shaw.

For a long time the story ran current that at a law club Choate gave as a sentiment, "The Chief Justice! We contemplate him as the East Indian does his wooden-headed idol—he knows that he is ugly, but he feels that he is great."

In the famous Methodist Church case, argued at New York within a few years, he made a memorable and dazzling argument. On leaving town next day, his clients' agent gave him $2000, and told him never to abandon the case while a Court remained to which it could be carried. "Well," said he to a friend who stood by, "I declare these religious people fight harder and pay better than any clients I ever knew."

In a trial for divorce, in Dedham, a leading character in the case, one of the parties to it, was a queer sort of half-cracked, hair-brained individual; and during the trial Choate stopped, in his musing walk up and down the court-room more than once to observe him, saying to his associate, "I don't quite make out whether this man is fool or knave—he seems a sort of *miscellaneous* person." When he came to comment on him in the argument, he said, "This man seems to me, your Honor, to have a sort of—*incipient—intermittent—fly-madness.*" The way he brought out these successive qualifying adjectives produced great hilarity in all who had watched the progress of the case.

Every one at the Suffolk Bar knows his famous description of the "second hand harness" which was the subject of suit. Holding up in his hand a part of the harness, Mr. Choate said, "To be sure, gentlemen, this harness hasn't upon it all that gloss and glitter which takes the eye of the vulgar crowd; but I put it to you, as intelligent jurors, acquainted with the ordinary affairs of life, whether it isn't a safe, sound, substantial, suitable, second rate, second hand harness."

A friend speaking to him of Macready's art in acting, said that a person once heard a man crying "murder," for two hours in succession, in the room under his own at a hotel. On inquiry he found it was Mr. Macready practicing on the word, to get the right agonized tone. "If a man," said Choate, "should cry murder for two hours under my window, I would commit it!"

An anecdote of a constable's return, and his comment upon it, has been told before. It was an action of replevin, and the constable was ordered to attach certain goods according to the schedule furnished him. He returned the writ into court, with the schedule attached and the goods. The return was after this fashion: "On this day, *having* attached this, *having* taken that, *having* done the other thing," etc. Choate objected to this return of service, on the ground, first, generally, that it was bad. The Judge remarked that, though inelegant and ungrammatical in its structure, the paper still seemed to be good in a legal sense. "It may be so, your Honor," replied Mr. Choate, "but it must be confessed that he has greatly *overworked* the participle."

When the laugh which greeted this sally had subsided a little, he took the second objection; which was, that the officer had not returned the same goods as those in his schedule. His schedule, for example, said ginghams; he returned cassimeres, etc. The old Chief took up his copy, and read along, comparing in his copy the schedule and the return. At last he came to one item which was right in his copy; and the copy before him was the original. Choate had in his hands a transcript of the original. "Very well, Mr. Choate," said he, "if he has taken one article according to the schedule, it will support the writ." "Yes, your Honor, but he has not one." "Certainly he has; here is one. He is ordered to attach shirtings, and he returns that he *has* attached shirtings." "No!" replied Choate, respectfully, but firmly; "he is ordered to attach shirtings, and and he returns *sheetings; a very, very* different thing." "No, Mr. Choate; look at your paper and I will look at mine." So the old Chief buried his great head in the papers a moment, and Choate spelled out his again. A pause ensued. "Well, Mr. Choate, you see you are wrong," was the next remark of the Bench, somewhat testily. "No, sir," persisted Choate, "I see I am right." The Chief, by this time quite indignant, took the paper in his hand, and looking on it, and standing up, roared out each letter in portentous tones, "S-h-i-r-t spells shirt —does it not, Mr. Choate?" Choate saw at once that the mistake must have arisen from an error in copying his transcript from the judge's original. "Well, your Honor," said he, with a look of great gravity, "I should have supposed it did spell shirt, without an express *decision* of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts upon it."

Kind Words, Good Deeds, and Evidences of Progress.

JOHN AND MARY.

A LYRIC OF THE HEARTH.

"A soft answer turneth away wrath."—Prov. xv. 1.

Neighbors, I'll tell you of a plan
I've found to manage my good man;
And I advise you all to try it,
For, be assured, you'll profit by it.
One night, when he came from the store,
Vexed, as he oft had been before,
With some mischance in daily trade,
Lost may-be where he should have made,
Some little thing he chanced to spy
Sufficed to put him all awry.
He spake quite sharp—so I replied,
For angry words my temper tries,
And all our household peace that night
From such a trifle took its flight.
I was unhappy; so was he;
The children lost their wonted glee;
He sulked, I moped, and so to bed
With heavy heart and aching head,
That night as sleepless still I laid,
Lamenting strife thus often made,
It darted straight into my mind,
"Suppose, henceforth, I'm always kind,
Instead of answering sharply back!
A good resolve! I'll try that track!
'If a soft answer turns away
Wrath' from my dear John, I'll win the day."
At breakfast John was still austere,
The children quiet, awed by fear,
But ere he left the good man spoke,
And thus the gloomy silence broke:
"Mary, I tell you I was right,
And you was in the wrong last night;"
And then he paused, prepared for war.
So I replied: "I'm very sure
I should more patiently endure
These little crosses of our life,
And always be a loving wife,
If anything should put me out
It is not well to fret and pout;
And when you speak a hasty word,
Let all debating be deferred
'Till both are cool, and each can see
How better far 'tis to agree.
Forgive me, John, for all the past,
And last night's storm shall be the last!
When young, we started life together
For summer's sun or rougher weather:
'Tis a pity if we cannot bear
A hasty word dropped here and there.
But from this day let all strife cease,
And naught be known but love and peace."
Poor John had listened with surprise;
He spoke not, but tears filled his eyes,
He kissed me twice, then went his way;
And since that happy, happy day,
When aught occurs to vex our quiet,
We try FORBEARANCE—do *you* try it?

⁂

Be Kind.—How desirable is the presence of one who has ever hanging on his lips, ready for utterance, a word of love! His entrance into any place is like a bright, dancing sunbeam, warming the hearts and reviving the spirits of all. Eyes sparkle with joy when he approaches, and shadows flee away. When death snatches one from our household, and when we gaze upon the rigid features of our departed dear one, then we will never regret the gentle words spoken and the kind acts done, but we will regret every unkind sentence that has ever issued from our lips.

⁂

Save a Mother's Tear.—Not long ago, two friends were sitting together engaged in letter-writing. One was a young man from India. The other, a female friend, part of whose family resides in the far off land. The former was writing to his mother in India. When his letter was finished, his friend offered to inclose it in hers, to save postage. "If sent separately it will reach her *sooner* than if sent through a friend, and *perhaps it may save her a tear.*" His friend was touched with his tender regard for his mother's feeling, and felt with him that it was worth paying the postage to save his mother a tear!

Would that every boy and girl, every young man and every young woman, were equally saving of a mother's tear.

Family Circle.

HAND IN HAND WITH ANGELS.

Hand in hand with angels
Through the world we go,
Brighter eyes are on us
Than we blind ones know;
Tenderer voices cheer us
Than we, deaf, will own:
Never, walking heavenward,
Can we walk alone.

Hand in hand with angels:
Some are out of sight,
Leading us, unknowing,
Into paths of light;
Some soft hands are covered
From our mortal clasp,
Soul in soul to hold us
With a firmer grasp.

Hand in hand with angels:
Some, alas! are prone;
Snowy wings, in falling,
All earth-stained have grown.
Help them, though polluted
And despised they lie:
Weaker is your soaring
When they cease to fly.

Hand in hand with angels,
Oft in menial guise,
By the same straight pathway
High and low must rise:
If we drop the fingers,
Toil-imbrowned and worn,
Then one link from heaven
From our life is torn.

Hand in hand with angels,
In the busy street,
By the winter hearth-fires,
Everywhere we meet;
Though unfledged and songless,
Birds of Paradise,
Heaven looks on us daily
Out of human eyes.

Hand in hand with angels,
Walking every day,
How the chain may brighten,
None of us can say;
Yet it doubtless reaches
From earth's lowest one
To the loftiest seraph
Standing near the throne.

Hand in hand with angels:
'Tis a twisted chain,
Winding heavenward, earthward,
Up and down again.
There's a painful jarring,
There's a clank of doubt,
If a heart grows heavy,
Or a heart's left out.

Hand in hand with angels:
Blessed so to be;
Helped are all the helpers;
Who give light shall see:
He who aids another
Blesses more than one;
Linking earth, he grapples
To the great white throne.

Hand in hand with angels
Ever let us go;
Clinging to the strong ones,
Drawing up the slow:
One electric love-stone,
Thrilling all with fire,
Soar we through vast ages,
Higher; ever higher.

Spare Moments.—A lean, awkward boy came, one morning, to the door of the principal of a celebrated school, and asked to see him.

The servant eyed his mean clothes, and thinking he looked more like a beggar than any thing else, told him to go round to the kitchen.

The boy did as he was bidden, and soon appeared at the back door.

"You want a breakfast, more like," said the servant girl, "and I can give you that without troubling him."

"Thank you," said the boy, "I should have no objection to a bit of bread; but I should like to see Mr. ———, if he can see me."

"Some old clothes, maybe, you want," remarked the servant, again eyeing the boy's patched trousers. "I guess he has none to spare. He gives away a sight;" and without minding the boy's request, she was away about her work.

"Can I see Mr. ———?" again asked the boy, after finishing his bread and butter.

"Well, he's in the library. If he must be disturbed, he must; but he does like to be alone some times," said the girl, in a peevish tone.

She seemed to think it very foolish to admit such an ill looking fellow into her master's presence. However, she wiped her hands and bade him follow. Opening the library door, she said,

"Here is somebody, sir, who is dreadfully anxious to see you, and so I let him in."

I do not know how the boy introduced himself, or how he opened business, but I know that, after talking awhile, the principal put aside the volume which he was studying, and took up some Greek books and began to examine the new-comer.

The examination lasted some time.

Every question which the principal asked the boy answered as readily as could be.

"Upon my word," exclaimed the principal, "you certainly do well," looking at the boy from head to foot over his spectacles. "Why, my boy, where did you pick up so much?"

"*In my spare moments,*" answered the boy.

Here he was, poor, hard-working, with but few opportunities for schooling, yet almost fitted for college, by simply improving his *spare moments.* Truly, are not spare moments the "golden dust of time?" And how precious they should be! What account can you show for them? Look and see. This boy can tell you how very much can be laid up by improving them; and there are many, *many* other boys, I am afraid, in jail, in the house of correction, in the forecastle of a whale-ship, in the tippling-shop, who, if you should ask them where they began their sinful course, might answer, "In my *spare moments.*"

"In my spare moments I gambled for marbles."

"In my spare moments I began to smoke and drink. It was in my spare moments that I began to steal chestnuts from the old woman's stand. It was in my spare moments that I gathered wicked associates."

Oh, be very careful how you spend your spare moments! Temptations always haunt you in small seasons like these, when you are not busy. He gets into your hearts, if he possibly can, in just such gaps. There he hides himself, planning all sorts of mischief.

Take care of your spare moments.

Never known to Miss a Stitch.

I have had one of your machines in my family for two years, during which time it has been thoroughly tested at every description of plain sewing—from the finest cambric to the heaviest Canada tweed—and in every case with entire satisfaction. *It has never been known to miss a stitch,* nor has it been in the slightest degree out of repair. For extreme simplicity, ease of management, and excellence of work, it stands without a rival. My wife, though of delicate health, works it with perfect ease.—*J. H. Smith, Freleighsburg, C. E., to Willcox & Gibbs S. M. Co.*

The National Freemason,

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R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S., Editor.

John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

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◆

All wishing to form clubs can send on two or three names at a time, giving us notice that they are part of the lists, to be completed subsequently. Money must accompany the names sent.

Premiums.

The great and unprecedented success of the National Freemason induces its publishers to offer the following, or an equivalent, not designed to interfere, however, with terms above; but some prefer this method of being compensated for their labor. Lodges thus have an opportunity to furnish their officers and rooms:

Parlor and Lodge Organs and Melodeons.

For 50 subscribers, at $4 each, an organ of Carhart & Needham or any N. York manufacturer, worth	$ 50
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" 150 " " Piano Style, "	150
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For 50 subscribers, at $4 each, we will give a Willcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine, ornamental iron stand, with drawer and lock, Hemmer, Feller and Braider, at manufacturers' price, or one of any New York manufacture (boxed and ready for shipping), worth	$56
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For 100 subscribers, full cabinet, walnut or mahogany, Hemmer and Feller, silver plated, .	100

Books.

For five subscribers, at $4, Oliver's Landmarks, 2 vols., octavo, $5.

For 3 subscribers, Oliver's Dictionary and Cyclopædia of Freemasonry, $3.

For 2 subscribers, Revelations of a Square, $1.50.

For 15 subscribers, Oliver's Works, 10 vols., $15.

In this proportion for any Masonic work in the New York market.

Regalia.

For 50 subscribers, at $4 each, 10 Velvet Collars, properly trimmed, for either Lodge or Chapter, worth $50.

For 45 subscribers, 10 Masonic Ribbon Collars and 10 Lodge Jewels, heavily plated, engraved in same style as pure silver, worth $45.

For 30 subscribers, 10 Lodge Jewels, heavily plated, worth $30.

For 50 subscribers, 10 Officers' Aprons, stamped in gold, with jewel of office, trimmed with silk, $50.

For 6 subscribers, 1 M. Mason Dress Apron, ornamented with Masonic devices in blue and gold, with silver Masonic tassels, worth $6.

For 12 subscribers, a Gold Pen; for 50 subscribers, a Gold Watch and Chain, for lady or gentleman.

We will deliver the articles at our rooms or send the books by mail, stamps having been furnished. If the article is to be boxed, the expense must be prepaid by the person sending for it.

One copy will be sent free also to each person making up a club of seven or more.

◆

Masonic History—Its Properties—Qualifications of the Historian.

A Masonic history we should define to be a clear and faithful narrative of the external condition and of the internal state of Freemasonry, and in which Masonic events should be so traced to their causes that the benefits of Freemasonry should be seen in its establishment and preservation, and the spirit of Freemasonry in the craftsman, no less than his intelligence, be advanced by the perusal.

It should have its *external* and its *internal* history, the former embracing all the occurrences and changes which have befallen Freemasonry, whether prosperous or adverse. The prosperous have proceeded either from the heads and leaders, or from the subordinate members of the fraternity. Its heads were either *public* characters, as kings and magistrates, or *private* individuals, learned and influential men. The *calamitous* events which have befallen Freemasonry have arisen either from the fault of Freemasons or from the malice of their enemies.

The *internal* history should treat of the changes Freemasonry has undergone.

Then there is the history of Masonic rulers, the history of Masonic laws, of Masonic rites, of Masonic heresies, and of Masonic schisms.

Events must be traced to their causes. The fraternity must be told not only *what* happened, but likewise *how* and *why*.

The requisites of the historian for this work are access to *ancient testimony*, a knowledge of *the history of the times* of Freemasonry, and a good knowledge of human nature. The historian must understand the human character, thus the more readily discerning the causes of many things. He should be acquainted with the *opinions* of the persons treated of. Civil and religious history should be well understood and the history of opinions. He should be a man of learning, extensive mind, sagacious, and accustomed to reason, judgment sound and matured by long exercise, patient of labor, persevering, inflexible in his love of truth and justice, and free from every prejudice of times, persons and opinions.

◆

Synagogue, Church and Lodge teach great truths by symbols. The rite of circumcision, the sacrificial lamb, the water of baptism, and the sacrament of the Lord's Supper are significant of great doctrines. God himself established the beautiful rainbow as a symbol to the eye of peace and union.

The Bible, square and compass are the Masonic symbols of instruction and duty for this world and the world to come—symbolizing Moses' teaching: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God, and thy neighbor as thyself"—teaching the unity, greatness and majesty of God, personal rectitude and virtue, looking upon the body as a temple of the living God, and watching it carefully that it be kept free from pollution, and embracing all mankind as his brethren.

The parable of the Good Samaritan is a beautiful illustration of the square.

◆

Robert Burns, Scotland's Masonic poet, in the 29th year of his age, in a letter dated Nov. 8th, 1788, after saying a friendly word for the unfortunate house of Stuart, thus prophetically, with his Masonic heart beating in sympathy with popular liberty, alludes to American independence:

"I will not, I cannot enter into the merits of the cause, but I dare say the American Congress of 1776 will be allowed to be as able and as enlightened as the English Convention was in 1688; and *that their posterity will celebrate the centenary of their deliverance from us as duly and sincerely as we do ours from the oppressive measures of the house of Stuart.*"

Soon will Burn's prophecy prove true.

◆

Why do not Freemasons exert an Influence Proportionate to their Number?

The number of the fraternity is such in the United States that they ought, if faithful to their teachings and principles, to exert a power that would be seen and felt all over the land.

Why has Freemasonry so little influence?

Is it not because men are made Masons without regard to their moral nature—men who do not possess the proper qualifications of heart and mind, who are neither good nor true men?

How many Masons will go the length of their cable to serve a brother if they are inconvenienced by it?

How often do Masons speak the kind word of the absent?

How often are the principles of our fraternity carried out towards the brethren and towards all mankind?

Is it not also because of the ambition and aspiration for distinction, for office, for power, and of the resort to every possible means to secure the end wished for?

There are other causes.

◆

The following is a specimen of the ancient Slavic and the modern Bulgarian languages, in which languages the New Testament is now being electrotyped at the Bible House by the American Bible Society. It will be published in both languages on parallel pages. The Bulgarian language is the one spoken by a large portion of the population of European Turkey. The Slavic (of which the Bulgarian is a dialect) is their ecclesiastical language, and the ecclesiastical language of Russia also.

SLAVIC.

Проси́те, и҆ да́стсѧ ва́мъ: и҆щи́те, и҆ ѡ҆бра́щете: толцы́те, и҆ ѿве́рзетсѧ ва́мъ.

BULGARIAN.

Просѣте и ще ви ся даде; търсѣте и ще намѣрите; хлопайте и ще ви ся отвори.

The electrotype plates are being prepared at the Bible House under the supervision of Rev. A L. Long, D. D., who has for several years been laboring in Turkey as a missionary under the auspices of the Missionary Society of the Methodist Episcopal Church, and who came back to this country at the request of the American Bible Society expressly for this work. He hopes in a few weeks to complete the work and to return to Constantinople to resume his missionary labors. Our reverend brother is a frequent and welcome visitor at the office of the National Freemason, and occupies a high position in our Masonic fraternity, both here and in Turkey. Our brother publishes in the Bulgarian language a paper called *Fornitza*, or "The Day Star."

The specimen verse is the seventh verse of the seventh chapter of St. Matthew: "Ask and it shall be given you; seek and ye shall find; knock and it shall be opened unto you."

As at home the leading and laborious clergy are generally Freemasons, so our enterprising and successful missionaries abroad are members of the mystic tie.

◆

Bro. Southgate, President of Olin College, North Carolina, is authorized to act as agent for the National Freemason.

Rights of Entered Apprentices.

We have recently listened to an animated discussion of this topic without perceiving that any thing was added to the stock of knowledge already in our possession. The argument is, that an Entered Apprentice, being a Mason as the result of initiation, has some rights as such, and may exercise them to promote his advancement, or, at all events, to know the reason why such advancement is refused. The law is, that an Entered Apprentice is but an inchoate Mason on his way to the full privileges of the craft only possessed by Masons of the third degree, each one one of whom possesses an unquestioned and unquestionable right to veto the progress of an Entered Apprentice, for reasons which he may choose to keep to himself.

The innate spirit of fair play, common to the general run of men, revolts at the idea of refusing the honorary degrees to a person who has been found worthy of initiation; but we are apt to forget that many reasons might be given for the exercise of the veto power which, under the law, are withheld, and that we have no right to measure the conclusions of others by our own convictions. Bro. Smith, who presents the petition of Mr. Jones, may deem him one of the purest and best men he he has ever known; but Bro. Brown may not entertain similar opinions, while, in fact, he may know of something which, if generally known, would prevent the said Jones from advancement. He is not bound to make his reasons known, but, acting on the suggestions of his own conscience, he prevents Jones from receiving the second and third degrees.

Instead of setting up our opinion against his, and demanding that charges should be preferred against Jones, or else that he be allowed to proceed, we are bound to accept the act of Brown as one intended for the best interest of all concerned, and wait paitently until he changes his front.

The act of initiation is not, as many suppose, a contract to confer the remaining degrees; on the contrary, it is complete in itself, and it depends altogether on circumstances whether the brethren will consent to raise the wages of the apprentice, or, in other words, advance him to the privileges of a Master Mason.

If this fact were more generally understood we should have less clamor over the advancement of candidates, and less trouble resulting from the occasional refusal of a brother to allow that progress to be made.

The rights of an Entered Apprentice are to visit the Lodge when open on the first degree, and to apply for advancement to the next. The right of the Lodge is, when such application is made, to accord or refuse it as the case may be. Every man applying for admission to the craft should apply with this understanding, and also that the two superior degrees are conferred as the reward of merit, and not as a right which the candidate may enforce.

Softly.—We notice in the advertisements of the Picnic in aid of the School and Asylum, at Havana, an appeal in behalf of that enterprise on the ground that, by its success, the craft will secure an asylum at once and not have to wait a hundred years. We respectfully submit that this slur on the regular Hall and Asylum is not calculated to enlist the sympathies of those who have given their best years and most earnest zeal to the promotion of the original enterprise. Get up your school and asylum, and God be with you; but don't attempt to climb there by putting your feet on the earnest labors of twenty-five years.

Some brethren send money by mail from points where postal orders, bank checks or registration of letters can be obtained. This is wrong, especially in the prevalent frauds upon the mail.

Dundee (N. Y.) *Herald* says:

National Freemason.—The above paper is one of the most valued of our exchanges.

It is a large sixteen page, neatly printed paper, and its name expresses its sentiments.

Answers to Correspondents.

The Fraternity of Moravian Brothers of the Order of Religious Freemasons—sometimes termed *the Order of the Grain of Mustard Seed*, "Order de la graine de Sénéve," was one of the first innovations introduced into German Freemasonry, and was instituted 1739. Its mysteries were based on the 4th chapter of St. Mark, in which our Saviour compares the Kingdom of Heaven to a mustard seed. Among the jewels of the Order was a cross of gold, suspended from a green ribbon and surmounted by a mustard plant. It bore the inscription, "What was it before? Nothing."

∴

The Master of a Lodge—has no more right than any other brother to question about the secret ballot or to ask an explanation.

∴

The Master—should refuse to entertain an appeal.

∴

A Past Master—is not an officer of the Lodge. He cannot open a Lodge; but either the S. W. or J. W. being present (the Master being absent), may request him to preside.

∴

The Master—is not answerable to the Lodge, but to the Grand Master and the Grand Lodge.

∴

"Encampment"—is a modern word. "*Preceptory*" was the name for the home of the Templars, or "Temple," with the local name, as "Temple Thorpe."

∴

Ladies—were admitted into many of the Knightly Orders, and especially into that of the Knights of St. John. The Spanish Order of St. James of the Sword had a corresponding institution for ladies, who wore a black habit, with the badge a cross fleury, flitchy, embroidered *gules*, charged with an escallop *or* on the left breast. There was also an Order of Mercy for ladies. The Order of the Cordelière was founded by Anne of Bretagne, after the death of her husband, Charles VIII., for ladies only, who were required to be widows, and of noble descent. The Order of the Celestial Collar of the Holy Rosary consisted of fifty young ladies of the noblest houses of France. They wore a collar formed of a "blue ribbon, enriched with white, red and maiden's-blush roses, interlaced with the cipher A. V. Attached to it, by a silken cordon, was a cross of eight points, pometty (with a circular projection in the centre of each arm), and in each angle a *Fleur de lis*. On the centre the image of the Virgin Mary, and on the reverse a figure of St. Dominic, enameled. The Order of Ladies, Slaves to Virtue, was instituted in 1662, for thirty ladies of noble birth. The badge was worn at the breast, pendant from a small chain of gold. It consisted of the sun in splendor, within a chaplet of laurel enameled *vert;* over it this motto, 'Sola ubique triumphat.'" The Order of the Starry Cross was founded about the same time, also for ladies, the Empress Eleanor being foundress and patroness of both. The ensign of this Order is "a medal of gold, chased and pierced; in the centre the imperial eagle, over all a cross surmounted by the letters I H S and the motto 'Salus et Gloria.'"

The Bee, a French Order, is of later date, and so also is that of St. Katharine in Russia, founded by the Czar Peter in 1714. The ensign is a medal of gold enriched with diamonds; on one side a cross patonce enameled; on the other a figure of St. Katharine. It is worn pendant from a broad white ribbon, which rests on the right shoulder, and crosses under the left arm. Ladies belonging to this Order wear also on the left breast of their upper vestment a star, embroidered with a cross in the centre, and encircled by the following motto, "Par l'amour et la fidélité envers la patrie."

These stars, ensigns and collars must have formed a beautiful addition to feminine costume, and one almost wishes a few such decorations could now be occasionally introduced, to vary the monotony of the unmeaning ornaments worn in the present day. They are not, however, quite discarded; for the Princess Royal, now Princess Frederick of Prussia, was described as wearing the ribbon of the Order of the Swan, en Sautoir, at a ball given on the occasion of her marriage, at Cologne.

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Balloting—in our present mode is comparatively modern. The VI. General Regulation reads:

But no man can be entered a brother in any particular Lodge, or admitted to be a member thereof, without the unanimous consent of all the members of that Lodge then present when the candidate is proposed, and their consent is formally asked by the Master; and they are to *signify their consent or dissent in their own prudent way, either virtually or in form, but with unanimity;* nor is this inherent privilege subject to a dispensation; because the members of a particular Lodge are the best judges of it; and if a fractious member should be imposed on them, it might spoil their harmony, or hinder their freedom; or even break and disperse the Lodge, which ought to be avoided by all good and true brethren.

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Trial of a Grand Master.—The XIX. Regulation reads:

If the Grand Master should abuse his power, and render himself unworthy of the obedience and subjection of the Lodges, he shall be treated in a way and manner to be agreed upon in a new regulation; because hitherto the ancient fraternity have had no occasion for it, their former Grand Masters having all behaved themselves worthy of that honorable office.

When our fraternity becomes so degenerate as to demand a trial of a Grand Master, let such regulation be made as comports with our system. (1) If possible by a court of Past Grand Masters, or (2) by a court of three Grand Masters of contiguous jurisdictions.

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The Fish.—Probably no single branch of natural history has furnished heraldry with so many charges as the fish; indeed, its very name, *ΙΧΘΥΣ*, identified as it is with the memory of our blessed Redeemer, is so closely connected with the early symbolism of the Christian faith, that we cannot wonder that it became a favorite bearing with our ancestors of the Middle Ages. It is unnecessary to do more than mention, in passing, the constant reference made, both in the liturgies and writings generally of the ancient church, to the symbolic teaching involved in the fact that the waters were the first source of life (Gen. i. 20), and that the things which, accordingly, were thus born of water first received the Divine blessing. Mystic fish, either singly or in triple union, as emblematic of the Holy Trinity, are engraven on the sarcophagi of the early Christians as well as on the baptismal fonts of later times. The classic myth of Arion, like many other old pagan fictions, was invested by the earliest Christian converts with a deeper, holier meaning; and the dolphin, so constantly recognized in sculptures and frescoes, points, not to the deliverer of Arion, but to Him who, through the waters of baptism, opens to mankind the path of deliverance, causing them to "so pass the waves of this troublesome world that finally they may come to the land of everlasting life."

The dolphin, in heraldry, seems originally to have conveyed an idea of sovereignty. Brydson mentions that the first of the Troubadours was called the Dauphin, or Knight of the Dolphin, from bearing that figure on his shield, adding that the name, in the person of his successors, became a title of sovereign dignity.

The dolphin certainly formed the insignia of the empire of Constantinople; Sir William Courtnay, of Powderham Castle, Devon, in the reign of Edward IV., bore on his emblazoned standard three dolphins, in reference to the purple of three emperors; and the present descendants of that illustrious house still bear a dolphin for their crest and badge. The arms of Peter Courtenay, Bishop of Exeter, in 1478, are to be seen in one of the compartments of the mantelpiece of the episcopal palace, environed with the dolphins of Constantinople.

A golden dolphin in an *azure* field was borne by Andrew, the Count Dauphin of Viennois, patriarch of the Dauphins of the houses of Burgundy and La Tour. It belonged also to the Dauphins, lords of Auvergne. Humbert, the last count of Vienne, when he bequeathed his seignory to Philip of Valois, in 1349, stipulated that the eldest son of the king should be styled also Dauphin of Viennois, and bear the arms of that province, which he accordingly did, and the title of dauphin and dauphiness, or, as they are called by old English writers, dolphin and dolphiness, have ever since distinguished the eldest son of France. Mary Queen of Scots bore this title on her marriage; and Shakspeare, by an anachronism of a hundred years, introduced into King John—

> "Lewis, the Dauphin and the heir of France."

It is difficult to account for the adoption of the dauphin by the lords of Vienne. It appears to have been employed on the early Greek coins as an emblem of the sea. Ulysses is said to have borne a dolphin on his shield, as well as in his ring, in memory of the extraordinary escape of his son Telemachus, thus recorded by Amylot.

"Telémaque qui estoit alors bien jeune tomba en un endroict de la mer ou l'eau estoit fort profonde, et feut saulué par le moyen de quelques dauphins, qui le receurent en tombant et le porteunt hors de l'eau, parquoi le père depuis pour en rendre grace et honorer cet animal fait graver l'image d'un dauphin dedans le Chaton de l'anneau dont il scelloit, et il le porta pour ornement à son ècu!"

apasian had medals struck with a dolphin entwin- n anchor, in token of the naval superiority of Rome; and it was the immense abundance of delicate fish in the Propontis, which led to the engraving of a dolphin and trident on the ancient medals of Byzantium. The dauphin's badge is certainly more ancient, although not so gloriously won as that of our own Prince of Wales; unless as true Englishmen we shelter our claim for priority of time and rank together in the answer once given to an inquiry whether the eldest son of France or England bore the higher title:

"Quantum delphinis Balæna Britannica major."

The English families of Dolfin and Dolfinton bear "*az.* three dolphins naiant *or*;" and the Godolphins of Helston, Cornwall, who held estates in that part of England at the time of the conquest, bore "*ar.* three dolphins embowed *sa.*"

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Brown & Duer—We do not know. Of course they cannot be Freemasons. We called them brothers as professing a common religious faith with ourselves.

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Obtuse Angle.—"An oblong square is frequently spoken of in the teachings of Masonry. If it exists, what is it? If it don't, why is it alluded to?"

Answer.—The figure spoken of as an oblong square is in reality a parallelogram, that is, a figure with right angles, but having the sides longer than the ends; but, as we understand it, a square is a figure having equal sides and right angles.

It is obvious that such a figure cannot be oblong, and we presume that the term "oblong square" is but one of the many perversions that have crept into the ritual in its progress through the mouths of illiterate men, just as many speak of the theological ladder *ascending* from earth to heaven, and as a well known craftsman persists in saying, "When all was in *chaso* and confusion."

As long as facility in remembering and glibness in repeating certain phrases is made the stepping-stone to advancement, it can hardly be expected that grammatical or even tolerable accuracy should be the rule in delivering the ritual.

When Masonry gets over the present hurry, and has time to select men duly qualified to hold the gavel of command, these inaccuracies will disappear.

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Hugh de Payens.—The Grand Commandery of this State meets at Saratoga Springs on Tuesday, October 1, at 10 A.M.

All Knights Templar in good standing will be admitted, and we hope to see the largest gathering of the Order ever convened in this country, or, for the matter of that, in any other.

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Joshua.—"I understand that, when a Chapter member has been expelled by his Lodge, that action takes away his Chapter status.

"Now, suppose the Lodge should think proper to reinstate him, would that action put him back in the Chapter?"

Answer.—Clearly it would, unless the Chapter before such reinstatement should act upon the charges preferred in the Lodge, and, after trial, expel him on its own account. Then the subsequent action of the Lodge would not affect his relations to the Chapter. But where no action is had by the Chapter, the original cause ceasing to act, its effects would cease, and the Companion resume his original standing.

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Latomus.—"1. Is it Masonic to levy a fine for non-attendance at a funeral, or for any other failure connected with Lodge duties?

"2. Has the Master, or a Warden acting for him, a right to confer the degrees of Masonry at a called meeting, the summons for which states its object to be to act upon a proposed amendment to the by-laws?

"3. Has a Lodge a right by a clause in its by-laws or by a resolution to adopt a rule setting apart certain nights for debate to the exclusion of all other business?"

Answer.—1. Fines are not recognized in Masonry as a means of enforcing its covenants.

2. No business can be transacted at a called communication, save that for which the meeting was called, and which should appear in the summons, and neither the Master nor a brother acting for him can override the law by conferring degrees at a meeting specially called for another purpose.

3. A Lodge may make a by-law or pass a resolution to the effect mentioned, but cannot enforce it unless the Master, who is the boss of the job, is agreeable. He draws designs upon the trestle-board, and the Lodge must work accordingly.

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Hiram, Jr.—It does not follow that because a Lodge refuses to affiliate a Master Mason that his character is forever "blasted." It merely signifies that there is some member of the Lodge who would rather not fellowship with him—that's all. There is nothing in the Constitution to prevent you from applying to and being received in some other Lodge. Try again.

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Spiro.—Yes. There is too much propensity to talk over Lodge matters in outside places, and, as you say, it is a pity that some of those who appear to have their tongues greased at both ends should not hold periodical conclaves in some well tyled crypt, and there talk themselves out, *usque ad nauseam*. If your Lodge concludes to try the experiment of which you speak, we should be glad to hear the result.

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Spodgers.—Picture received, but it is far from a good likeness; not that we wish to look a gift horse in the mouth, you know, but we don't like a poor picture of so good-looking a chap as you are. No charge.

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Aqua Para.—It may be true that it is a crime against all law to make and vend ardent spirits; but if true, then it must also be a crime to consume them; and if the vendor is to be ostracised, the consumer ought to receive the same punishment, for, as we see it, there would be no vendors if there were no consumers. It is not so much the use as the abuse of alcoholic liquors that plays the mischief. Some, nay, many persons eat themselves into apoplexy, but it does not follow that on that account we are all to quit eating, neither is it logical to say that every man who takes a drink of strong waters is on the way to fill a drunkard's grave. Let us be temperate in all things.

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW YORK CITY.

The Eastern Star Degree was conferred at the rooms of Constitution Lodge, No. 241, on Tuesday evening, upon a large company.

Prayer and an address by Bro. Beebe opened the exercises. The degree was conferred by Bro. Woodruff, in a very impressive manner. Choice solos and duetts enlivened the occasion. Bro. Parke, Sec. of the Lodge, and in its behalf, presented Bro. Devins, Master of the Lodge, with a beautifully engrossed copy of resolutions and a magnificent silver pitcher, goblets and salver, reflecting great credit upon Bro. Cook, their manufacturer.

The following are the resolutions:

At a stated Communication of Constitution Lodge, No. 241, Free and Accepted Masons, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas the Supreme Architect of the Universe, in laying the foundations of the earth and giving their places to the stars, placed before the wondering eyes of man an enduring monument of wisdom, strength and beauty, from which the earnest Mason should draw designs for his trestle-board; *and whereas* our Worshipful Brother, William H. Devins, by his earnest and unwearied labors in disseminating light and imparting instruction in the standard work of Freemasonry, by his adherence to its great principles, by his energy and zeal in promoting the welfare of the Lodge, has merited a recognition of faithful service; therefore,

Resolved, That Constitution Lodge, No. 241, appreciating the valuable services rendered by its Master, Worshipful Bro. Wm. H. Devins, does hereby tender him heartfelt thanks for the untiring efforts which have placed the Lodge in the foremost rank of the Craft, and express the wish that his future may be marked with success and happiness to himself and family.

Resolved, That an official copy of these resolutions be presented to Worshipful Bro. Devins, in token of our brotherly regard and appreciation.

G. Russ, A. Kennis, H. C. Parke, W. J. Close, J. H. Snyder, Committee.

In Bro. Parke's admirable address of presentation in behalf of the Committee we find the following:

The three vessels are emblematical of the three vessels containing corn, wine and oil, but at the present time they approximate three lights containing none of the aforesaid essentials; they are to remind you that so long as you continue to pour out streams of pure Masonic knowledge as you have done in the past, you will receive as your reward the cup of bliss; and be assured that it is the earnest desire of Constitution Lodge that you may long preside in the East, to dispense knowledge drawn from the fountain of light.

To your indomitable energy and zeal this Lodge continues the prosperous career which commenced again under its former name, while being presided over by our much esteemed P.·. M.·. W.·. J. H. Bunting, of whom you are a worthy successor.

From Bro. Devin's reply we extract the following:

An accident, the removal of my superior to a sister State, made me chief officer of this Lodge when less than six months a Mason—a time when it could not be expected that I possessed the necessary qualifications or necessary experience for the discharge of the duties of a position made vacant by one of the most popular of Masters and best of men, ever zealous, painstaking and faithful in his efforts to advance the interests of this Lodge. At this juncture I threw myself upon the fraternal love of the brethren more experienced than myself, my then associate officers. Forbearance and forgiveness they had to extend to my shortcomings and blunders. This was generously and magnanimously accorded, and under the guidance of our then and still able and accomplished Secretary, Bro. Henry C. Parke, a host in himself, and the faithful and indefatigable labors and co-operation of Bros. Farquhar, McRae, Benj. S. Hill and Cornelius S. Quimby, we had the proud satisfaction of ending the year and our term by the most successful year in the history of the Lodge. The brethren, appreciating our efforts, did me the honor of electing me to the highest office at the ensuing election, and paid me the further compliment of electing Bro. McRae to the next office, the position he filled by my appointment the preceding year, Bro. Quimby being advanced to Senior Deacon; Bro. John D. Welch, Jr., a talented and accomplished young brother, who had become associated with us during my accidental Mastership, was made Junior Deacon, and Bro. Geo. W. Day, a man of high social standing, of the most exalted qualities of head and heart, became our Treasurer. Through them, through the brethren introduced to our membership by their influence, and the hearty and faithful co-operation of all, we had the satisfaction of recording the second best year in our history.

Again the brethren did me the honor of re-electing me, this time unanimously, Bro. McRae peremptorily declining re-election, being a candidate for higher honors. Bro. Quimby, who has in all this time filled every position in the Lodge with marked ability, truthfulness and fidelity, became our second officer. Bro. Welch, being advanced to Senior Deacon, Bro. John Hyslop, a man of great worth, polished education, and universally popular among us, became Jun. Deacon; other brethren, whom I have not mentioned by name, some of whom fill the minor positions in the Lodge, and the true Masonic spirit pervading the membership generally—to these causes, and not to any superior qualifications possessed by the humble individual whom you made Master, our great success is due.

We are still prosperous; let us continue to deserve it. Let us persevere in well-doing. Let our efforts be to make our Lodge second to none. Let us cultivate with assiduity the great principles of our profession, brotherly love, relief and truth. Let the teachings of this fraternity and the great moral principles inculcated in them be not lost upon us.

NEW YORK STATE.

The corner-stone of the New Court-House of Cattaraugus County, at Little Valley, was laid with our usual ceremonies, August 23d; 5,000 people were present.

The following acted as officers of the Grand Lodge, viz.: J. T. Henry as G.·. M.·.; Jno. B. Shaw, as D.·. G.·. M.·.; A. E. Willard, as Sen. G.·. W.·.; D. M. Brooks as J.·. G.·. W.·.; R. Dewey, as G.·. Treas.; W. Dow as G. Sec.; J. H. Farquharson and C. H. Emerson as S. and J. G. Deacons; Revs. Dodds and Potter as Grand Chaplains; P.·. M.·. Salisbury bore the Holy Writings; P.·. M.·. Mead bore the Book of Constitutions; P.·. M.·. Elias Hill as G.·. St.·. B.·.; R. H. Renwick as G.·. Sd.·. B.·.; R. R. Crowley as G.·. F.·., and M. B. Fobes as G.·. M.·.

From Bro. Dr. Henry's prefatory address we select the following fragments:

From the period that our Craft ceased to be wholly operative in its purpose, it has become a custom in those communities in which Masonic practices are known and appreciated, to invite the performance, at the commencement of all important public buildings, of those solemn and impressive ceremonies which have from time immemorial distinguished the fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons from all other associations of men. * * * The antiquity of Masonry, whose origin is vailed in the gloom of the past, its history through the centuries of its existence as a society of architects and builders, and its later development as a speculative science in which the rules and principles, technical language and implements and materials of operative Masonry are consecrated to the worship of God as the Grand Architect of the universe, as well as the entire freedom from sectarian and political theories, all combine to render it eminently proper that Freemasonry alone, of all other societies, should inaugurate with its ancient forms and ceremonies all institutions that tend to advance and elevate mankind. The custodian of noble truths gathered in rich profusion from the experience of past ages, and illuminated by the glimmerings of light which are permitted to reach us through the dim and shadowy clouds that darken our future, she delights to honor the examples of him whom the traditions of the craft point out as the founder of its mysteries, and who desired neither riches, that corrupt the heart, nor power, that corrodes the mind, but light and truth, the essential attributes of Wisdom. The fraternal light which animates from her altars, is potent; in the dread presence of war mitigating its horrors, and alleviating its sufferings, and in the pleasant walks of peace, her influence, noiselessly but effectively softens the asperities of life, and brotherly love that will endure till death sunders the ties that binds us together in a common bond. Her mission is to teach

> "How brethren shall be conjoined
> So that no hardship, nor lust of life,
> Nor disappointments, nor darkening tomb,
> May rend the bolts that weld them into one."

Not confined by the contracted limits of a narrow creed, Masonry extends her ardent sympathies to all efforts which have for their object the advancement of civilization and the improvement of the condition of the human race; and we have come to rejoice with this people, and to add our felicitations to theirs on the successful termination of their endeavors to secure among them an institution whose influence for good will live when all who now feel an interest in its welfare shall have passed away.

NEW JERSEY.

We had the pleasure of assisting at an interesting meeting of Cesarea Lodge, No. 64, Keyport, N. J., Wor. John Britton, Master, on Wednesday evening last. The occasion was the visit of a committee from Zerubbabel Chapter, No. 147, New York, to present a series of resolutions to the Lodge, in acknowledgment of their great kindness in caring for Comp. Thomas Moon, during his fatal illness at that place. The presentation was made by Comp. Peckham, and the gift suitably acknowledged by W. Bro. Britton. After the close of labor a modest collation was tendered the visiting brethren. The whole proceeding seemed to us in good taste, free from ostentation, and eminently becoming the occasion which called it forth.

RHODE ISLAND.

Grand Lodge.—Office of the Grand Secretary, Providence, Aug. 24, A. L. 5867.—W. Bro.: I am directed by the M. W. Grand Master to caution the Lodges and members of the Craft of this jurisdiction not to aid or assist Masonically one Whitley E. Moore, hailing from Guayaquill Lodge, No. 1, of South America, as from his conduct in this city he is believed to be unworthy of assistance, notwithstanding his numerous credentials and avouchals by Masons and Lodges of other jurisdictions. Yours fraternally,

Chas. D. Greene, Grand Sec.

KENTUCKY.

Grand Commandery.—The following are the officers for the current year:

Sir Charles R. Woodruff, G. C.; Sir Rev. J. M. Worrall, D. G. C.; Sir John Clark, G. G.; Sir Wm. A. Warner, G. C. G.; Sir Rev. John W. Venable, G. P.; Sir Rev. Henry R. Blaisdell, G. S. W.; Sir D. Y. Craig, G. J. W.; Sir David P. Robb, G. T.; Sir Wm. C. Munger, G. R.; Sir Richard G. Hawkins, G. S. B.; Sir J. G. Morrison, G. S. B.; Sir Henry Bostwick, G. W.; Sir H. B. Franklin, G. C. of the G.

We are pleased to report that the Grand Commandery of Kentucky have returned to the custom of former days in repairing in a body to the church at the annual gathering. We need more of religion at our public gatherings, if not less feasting.

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

Bro. Chas. W. Moore thus discourses:

Suspension of the New Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia.—The Grand High Priest of the General Grand Chapter of the United States has felt himself called upon to suspend the newly formed Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia. The reason assigned for the suspension is irregularity in its organization. We have not seen an entire copy of the edict of the General Grand High Priest, but understand that he predicates his action on the ninth section of the second article of the General Grand Constitution, which provides that "whenever there shall have been three Chapters regularly instituted and consecrated in any State, Country, Republic, or Territory, *by virtue of authority derived from this Constitution*, a Grand Chapter shall be established, provided that the approbation of one of the first four officers of the General Grand Chapter be first obtained." This approbation was not asked for, and of course not obtained. The reason given for not asking it is, that three of the four Chapters in the District received their charters from the Grand Chapter of Maryland, and were not in any legal sense subject to the above provision of the Constitution of the General Grand Chapter. This, on the face of it, would seem to be clear enough. There may, nevertheless, be facts and conditions bearing on the question that are but partially known to us, which might change its entire aspect. In 1816 the Grand Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia was recognized as a lawful body holding jurisdiction over both the State and District. In 1822, a division of the jurisdiction took place, and an independent Grand Chapter was organized for the latter, and in 1824 this body was also recognized by the General Grand Chapter; but in 1833, it became dormant—virtually extinct—and the jurisdiction then lawfully fell under the General Grand Chapter, as unoccupied territory. It should have been so declared and held by that body, but it was not; and this was the first mistake, unless it be that a greater one was committed in allowing the Grand Chapter of Maryland to occupy the District after its first affiliation with the national body, though we believe such an arrangement was made one of the conditions of the union, as in the case of the Grand Encampment of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. Both were the result of compromises, and compromises are not always founded in wisdom. But be this as it may, in 1838 the Grand Chapter of Maryland reassumed jurisdiction over the District, and organized a Chapter in the vacant territory, to the exclusion, and, as we think, in derogation of the rights of the General Grand Chapter. And what, in a strictly legal point of view, would seem to be not a little remarkable, that body, at its ensuing triennial communication in 1841, gave its official sanction to the assumption, or perhaps we should say invasion, of its territory. This was the second mistake, and to it the present difficulty is to be referred. For it, however, the Grand Chapter of Maryland is not responsible, though a party to it. It claimed what it doubtless believed to be its own by right of pre-occupancy, and the General Grand Chapter, in its good nature, conceded the claim. Thus the matter continued until 1866, when three of the four Chapters in the District applied to the Grand Chapter of Maryland for permission to dissolve their connection with that body, and to form an independent Grand Chapter. The permission was granted. And here comes up the question in issue. Was it lawfully granted, and by competent authority?

To this the General Grand High Priest puts in a negative answer, and suspends the new body so formed, as a clandestine organization.

We have not seen his reasons, but presume he regards the surrender of the jurisdiction by the Grand Chapter of Maryland as creating a new territory, left vacant by the dissolution of its Chapters there, "the warrants" of which, says Bro. Mackey, in an able article on the subject, "were surrendered, a Grand Chapter was organized, and its grand officers were elected and invested."*

It is possible also that he may entertain the opinion that the District has never been to the Grand Chapter of Maryland any thing more, since 1838, than an appendage, within which it might lawfully institute subordinate Chapters, and that the power to erect it into an independent State or jurisdiction resides, as in the case of territories, in the General Grand Chapter alone; or, in other words, he probably does not admit that it was competent for the Grand Chapter of Maryland to divide or surrender any part of its jurisdiction for the purpose of erecting an independent Masonic State; but if it should do so, then such a vacancy would thereby be created as is contemplated by the ninth section of the second article of the Constitution of the General Grand Chapter.

We have an analogous case in the proceedings of the General Grand Encampment.

Up to the year 1820 the District (now the State) of Maine was an appendage of the State of Massachusetts, when the former was set off and erected into a separate State.

Until about the year 1850 (we write from memory) the new State was Masonically occupied as the District had been, by the Grand Encampment of Massachusetts and Rhode Island.

There were then two Encampments in the State, and the Order was growing rapidly.

The Sir Knights there believed they could support a Grand Encampment, and accordingly applied to the general grand body for a dispensation for a third Encampment, the number necessary to enable them to accomplish their purpose.

This was granted, and in due time a Charter was issued.

A Grand Encampment for the State was soon after organized by these three subordinates, under the sanction of the General Grand Encampment, and the authority of the Grand Encampment of Massachusetts and Rhode Island in the territory was terminated, the latter body not believing that it possessed any rights or jurisdiction in the premises. The Encampments retained, and still hold, their original Charters, under the indorsement of the present State Grand Encampment.

How far this case is analogous to the present one we leave to the judgment of the reader.

If the objection of the General Grand High Priest shall be found to be a valid one, the remedy is easy.

The Chapters in the District, supposing they still retain their original Charters and a legal existence, have only to retrace their steps and comply with the requirements of the general grand body. If, on the contrary, they have surrendered their Charters, the Grand Chapter of Maryland would probably restore them on petition.

The General Grand High Priest concludes his edict of suspension in the following fraternal words:

"And in the meantime I would earnestly and fraternally exhort said Companion Royal Arch Masons to pause and deliberate, and to institute proper and legal measures for a regular organization as a Grand Chapter, pursuant to the General Grand Constitutions and the usages of Royal Arch Masonry, assuring them of the cordial sympathy and co-operation of the general grand officers in so doing."

MARYLAND.

Grand Stewards' Lodge, April 4, 1867, adopted the following proper resolutions:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Grand Stewards' Lodge, that the practice of the subordinate Lodges in the City of Baltimore of advertising their times and places of meeting is contrary to the old practice and custom of the Order, and is not in keeping with the character of the institution.

Resolved, That the Grand Secretary be directed to communicate this resolution to the several subordinate Lodges in the City of Baltimore.

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Grand Lodge.—From the Grand Master's address to the late Grand Lodge, we extract the following:

The benign influences of our institution are felt and acknowledged in all parts of the civilized world. Amid the wild upheavings of European policies and politics, Masonry maintains its conservative character; sublime is the contrast it presents with religious bigotry and political demagogism.

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A committee of four, comprised of the following named brethren, John Coates, G. M.; John S. Berry, P. G. M.; Lawrence Sangston, S. G. Warden, and Jacob H. Medairy, G. Secretary, repaired to Annapolis during the session of the Legislature and procured the passage of a bill entirely relieving the stock and property of the Grand Ladge of Maryland from all taxes—City and State; the vote being unanimous in the Senate, and but two in the negative in the House.

My attention has been called to the fact that during the last session of the Legislature of this State, several of the Lodges had made application to that body for the passage of acts incorporating said Lodges. These applications are made by the brethren, no doubt with the best intentions, but without proper reflection. I commend this whole matter to the careful and serious consideration of the Grand Lodge. I would recommend the passage of an order forbidding this course in future.

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For several long weary years fraternal communications were most seriously interrupted; during the gloomy period of compelled alienation, the circumstances of the times vindicated the claims of the Masonic Institution, and most fully established its distinguished moral and social usefulness, beyond all former demonstrations of its practical utility and efficiency.

The public mind was attracted to its fraternal operations. It was seen upon the battle-field when stern fight was over, in the hospital, in the prison, mitigating the horrors of the times by its sweet and gentle ministry of Friendship, Morality and Brotherly Love.

These illustrations of the benign character and influence of Masonry, attracted attention and excited an extensive desire to share its benefits; the result is, the avenues of approach to its temple are crowded by petitions for admission to its mysteries.

I need only to remind you that our true strength does not consist in numbers.

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Bro. Wroth makes an able and judicious report from the committee of correspondence.

The Journal is got up in good style.

The *Union*, Missouri, says: "The National Freemason, a weekly Masonic journal, contains many things all intelligent Masons like to know, and much good reading that all can enjoy."

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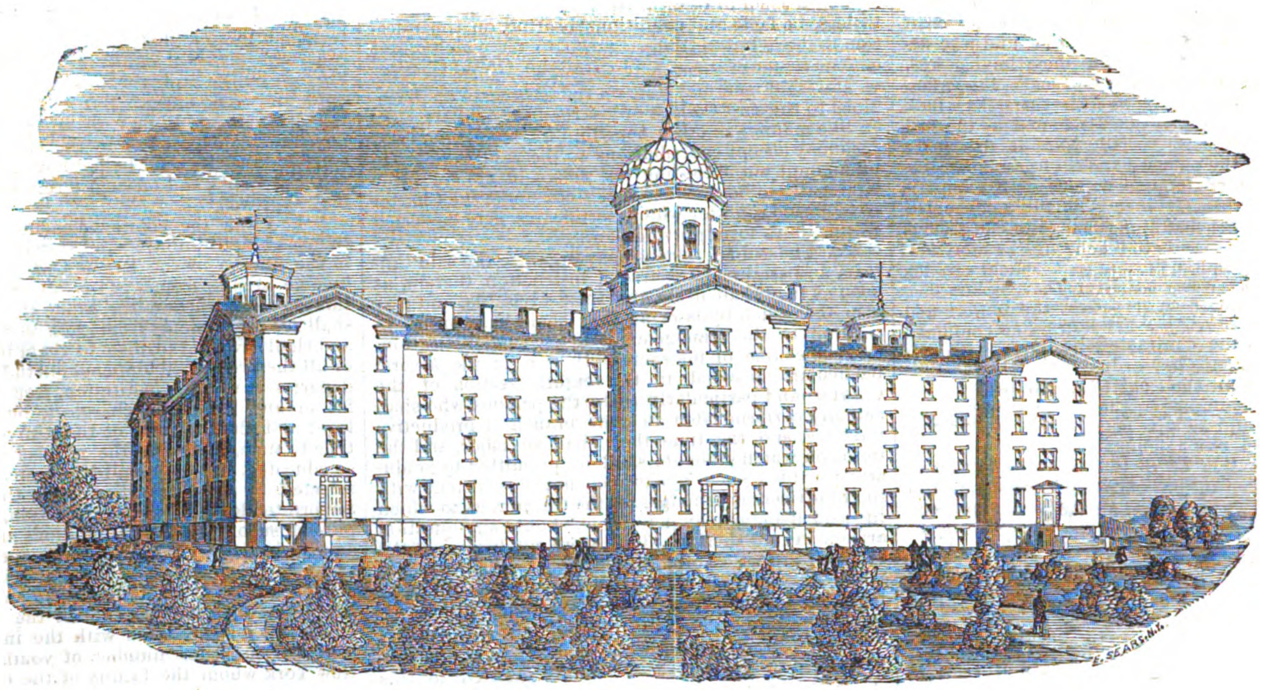
* If there be no mistake in the order of proceeding as here stated, then it is manifest that the warrants having been *first* surrendered, there were no legal bodies left to organize a Grand Chapter. But we presume there is an error in the order of business as given by our brother, though he was present and assisted in the organization, and ought therefore to be correctly informed in respect to all the minor business details.



HAVANA COLLEGE SCHOOL AND ASYLUM.

School and Asylum.

According to promise we present further facts about the School and Asylum. We give below the original act of incorporation of the People's College, and the amendments thereto by the Board of Regents.

The stockholders here spoken of, as will be seen, are simply the donators of the funds, having no interest as ministrators, and having, it will be seen, too, no control over the College.

A majority of the stock is controlled by the trustees.

The land on which the building is situated is held by deed of purchase from Charles Cook, and was paid for with money of *his own donating*, so that the title to the property is absolutely clear, and unincumbered in the present trustees.

CHAP. 193.

AN ACT *to incorporate the People's College.*

Passed April 12, 1853.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

§ 1. D. C. McCallum, Washington Hunt, George Pumpelly, J. R. Speed, S. S. Post, F. Price, David Reese, Horace Greeley, James H. Snell, A. W. Jackson, Harrison Howard, William Morgan, T. Lindsley, A. J. Wynkoop, W. C. Rhodes, H. W. Smuller, James M. Ellis, James R. Backus, William H. Banks, J. J. De Forest, J. G. Russell, Oliver G. Steele, Robert Green, M. H. Davis, and their associates, present or future, are hereby constituted a body corporate by the name of "The People's College," for the purpose of promoting literature, science, arts and agriculture.

§ 2. The said corporation shall have power to sue and be sued; to make and use a common seal, and alter the same at pleasure; to hold real and personal property, but it shall not at any one time own real estate yielding an annual income exceeding twenty-five thousand dollars; and make and alter by-laws for the government of the said college and its officers and students.

§ 3. The persons named in the first section of this act shall be the first trustees of the corporation, thirteen of whom shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of business, and they shall hold office for one year, and until others are appointed as hereinafter mentioned; and any vacancy which may occur in said board of trustees may be filled by them at any regular meeting of the said board. The president of the college for the time being shall be ex-officio a member of the board of trustees.

§ 4. The said board of trustees shall appoint the president, professors, and such other officers and instructors as they may deem necessary; but no president, professor or other officer of the college shall be appointed or removed, and no real estate bought or sold, except by a vote of two-thirds of the members of the board.

§ 5 The said corporation may grant to students under its charge diplomas and honorary testimonials, in such form as it may designate; but such diploma or honorary testimonial shall expressly specify the branches which the student has mastered, and those only. It may also confer such literary honors, degrees and diplomas as are usually conferred by any university, college or seminary of learning in the United States, which diplomas shall entitle the possessors thereof to the immunities and privileges allowed by usage or statute to the possessors of like diplomas from any university, college or seminary of learning in the State; provided, that no diploma shall be conferred but in conformity with the laws of the State in force at the time of conferring the same.

§ 6. The capital stock of said corporation shall consist of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, which may be increased by a majority of the trustees, from time to time, to five hundred thousand dollars; the said stock shall be in shares of one dollar each, and every stockholder shall be entitled to but one vote in the choice of trustees, or any other business which may be determined by the votes of the stockholders.

§ 7. Whenever the sum of fifty thousand dollars shall be subscribed and paid in to the trustees of the said corporation, it shall be the duty of the said trustees to call a meeting of the said stockholders at some convenient place in the central part of the State, by giving to each one a written or printed notice of the time and place of meeting, at least four weeks previous to said meeting, by mailing the same, directed to the recent post office residence of each stockholder; and said stockholders may vote at all times by proxy or in person at said meeting, or at any other meeting which may be called thereafter. It shall be the duty of the said stockholders, at the meeting so called as aforesaid, to elect by ballot three disinterested commissioners, whose duty it shall be to examine and select the most advantageous location for said college, and to report the result of their examination and selections to the said board of trustees within three months after their appointment; and it shall be the duty of said trustees to call a meeting of said stockholders, in the manner aforesaid, by giving the same notice both in time and manner as before expressed; and if the selection of said commissioners shall be approved by a majority of the said stockholders, then the said trustees shall proceed to purchase the necessary lands, and make the necessary buildings upon the site so selected; but if the majority of the said stockholders shall not ratify the selection of the said commissioners, then it shall be the duty of the said trustees, by a vote of at least three-fifths, to proceed and make such location, and to purchase lands and erect buildings as aforesaid.

§ 8. As soon as suitable accommodations are prepared for at least one hundred students, the said trustees shall organize the faculty of the said college by appointing a president, professors, teachers and other officers. It shall be the duty of the said trustees to so arrange the business and courses of instruction in said college as to accomplish in the best possible manner:

1. The dissemination of practical science, including chemistry, geology, mineralogy, and those sciences most immediately and vitally essential to agriculture and the useful arts, and to make ample provision for instruction in the classics.

2. To require that every pupil and teacher shall devote some hours, each of five days in each week (excluding Sunday for worship and Saturday for recreation), to bona fide useful labor in some branch of productive industry. The number of hours, however, which such student and teacher shall be required to labor in each week shall in no case exceed twenty nor fall below ten; and each student shall be credited with and ultimately paid for the product of his labor, less the cost of qualifying him to perform it effeotively.

3. To have agriculture, with the various branches of manufactures and the mechanic arts, systematically prosecuted within the bounds of the college and its grounds, and as a part of its regular course; and no student shall be permitted to graduate with honor until he pass a searching examination with regard to his proficiency in agriculture or some branch of manufacturing or mechanical industry; and every student shall be allowed (with the advice and consent of his parents and guardians, and the faculty) to pursue such branches of learning as he may select, but the faculty shall implicitly require from each student a thorough mastery of those he may choose to follow, which shall be expressed in his diploma; and any student under this condition may prosecute his studies for so many terms only as he, under parental guidance, may deem expedient.

4. These several foregoing subsections may be amended at all times by a majority vote of the stockholders, except that the fundamental principles of finding work for and requiring of each pupil and teacher at least ten hours' bona fide useful labor per week, and an earnest effort to master some industrial pursuit, shall be held irrevocable, except by a vote of all the stockholders, taken by ayes and nays, and the names of those voting duly recorded.

§ 9 On the second Wednesday of July, in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-four, the first annual election of trustees shall be held, at such convenient place as the trustees may designate, of which election and the time and place thereof the said stockholders shall have at least thirty days' notice. The said trustees shall appoint two inspectors of the said election, whose duty it shall be to preside thereat, and to receive and count the ballots and declare the result; and the poll of such election shall be held open from ten o'clock in the forenoon until four o'clock in the afternoon; and said trustees so elected as aforesaid shall meet on the second Wednesday of August, at the place of holding the annual meeting, and the president and secretary of said board shall divide the said trustees into six classes, and proceed to prepare the ballots corresponding to the said six classes, and the secretary shall place them, properly folded, into a box, and each trustee shall draw therefrom one ballot, and the ballot having upon it the one, shall designate the first class, whose term of service shall expire in one year; and these having upon it two, shall designate the second class, whose term of service shall expire in two years; and those having upon it three, shall be designated as the third class, whose term of service shall expire in three years; and those having upon them four, shall be designated as the fourth class, whose term of service shall expire in four years; and those having upon them five, shall be designated as the fifth class, whose term of service shall expire in five years; and those having upon them six, shall be designated as the sixth class, whose term of service shall expire in six years; and it shall be the duty of the stockholders annually thereafter to elect four trustees in the place of those whose term of service will so expire as aforesaid; and all vacancies shall be filled at such annual election in the several classes wherein they may have occurred.

§ 10. This corporation shall possess the powers and be subjected to the provisions and restrictions contained in the third title of the eighteenth chapter of the first part of the Revised Statutes.

§ 11. This act shall take effect immediately.

PORTIONS OF THE CHARTER AS AMENDED BY THE REGENTS OF THE UNIVERSITY.

SEC. 1. The Governor and Lieutenant-Governor of this State, the Speaker of the House of Assembly, and the Superintendent of Public Instruction, shall severally (in addition to the President of the said College, as already provided for) be *ex officio* members of the Board of Trustees of the said College. There shall be *twenty-four* Trustees of the said College, exclusive of the *ex officio* Trustees and the present Board of Trustees, with the *ex officio* Trustees above named, shall continue to be the Trustees of the said College without any further election. The said Board of Trustees and their successors are authorized to fill all vacancies which may from time to time occur in their number, by death, resignation, or otherwise.

SEC. 2. The fourth section[*] of the said charter is hereby amended by adding thereto as follows: "Nor shall any real estate of the College be leased for a term exceeding three years, nor shall any by-laws of the Board of Trustees be repealed or amended, or any new by-law be adopted, unless by the same vote."

SEC. 3. There shall be an annual meeting of the said Trustees, at the College, at such time as they may by their standing by-laws prescribe; on which day the persons who have contributed to the funds of the said College, and who are designated in the said Charter as stockholders, and who hold or are entitled to certificates of the character hereinafter mentioned, may also hold a meeting at the said College, and appoint a committee of their number, not exceeding five, who shall have power to examine into the condition of the said College, its course of instruction, its finances, and all other matters pertaining to its welfare, and to report on the same to the Trustees, with any recommendations they may deem proper. A copy of every such report shall be transmitted by the Trustees to the Regents of the University with their annual report to the Regents, and the said Trustees shall state what action, if any, has been had on the said report, and, in case they have declined to adopt the recommendations thereof, either wholly or in part, they shall state their reasons for so doing.

SEC. 4. The capital stock of the said corporation, as established by the sixth section of the Charter, shall hereafter be divided into shares of fifty dollars each; and every person who shall heretofore have contributed, or who may hereafter contribute, at least that amount to the funds of the institution, shall be entitled to receive a certificate therefor, substantially in the following form:

State of New York:

It is hereby certified that A. B. has contributed —— dollars to the funds of "The People's College," an institution chartered by the Legislature of the State of New York, on the twelfth day of April, 1853; in virtue of which contribution the said A. B. has become a stockholder in the said institution to that amount, representing —— shares of fifty dollars each, which will entitle the said stockholder to one vote on each of the said shares actually held by him, at all meetings of the said stockholders. The said stock is transferable on the books of the said corporation in such manner as may be provided by its by-laws.

In witness whereof the President and Treasurer (or other proper officers) of the said College have hereunto subscribed their names this —— day of ——.

No person, unless he holds or is entitled to a certificate of the character aforesaid, shall be entitled to vote at the annual meeting of the contributors hereinbefore provided for; and every person shall be entitled at any such meeting to one vote for every fifty dollars contributed by him. The four *ex officio* Trustees, hereinbefore appointed, shall be the representatives of all persons who have contributed to the said College smaller amounts than fifty dollars each; and they, or any or either of them, may attend any such meeting as aforesaid, and may vote on the aggregate contributions to the said College of less than fifty dollars, each in like manner as other contributors. The said Trustees may accept contributions to the said College, to an amount not exceeding *one million* of dollars in the aggregate, to be considered as stock under the Charter as aforesaid, and for which certificates may be issued in the above form provided for.

§ 5. The said Trustees may organize the said College, and establish a course of instruction therein, as soon as they shall deem the same advisable, and may also make such by-laws as they shall deem proper in relation to the management of the said institution, and the course of instruction therein, in the several particulars specified in the eighth section of the Charter, and particularly as to the persons who shall actually perform labor in some branch of productive industry, and the time they shall so labor, and the terms on which students shall be permitted to graduate; provided such by-laws be not inconsistent with the fundamental principles of the Charter, as to which the said Regents may determine, should any question arise in regard thereto. The fourth subdivision of the said eighth section of the Charter is hereby repealed.

§ 6. The Regents may, at any time, alter, amend or repeal this ordinance.

AN ACT to appropriate the income and revenue which may be received from the investment of the proceeds of the sale of the lands granted to this State by the act of Congress entitled, "An act donating public lands to the several States and Territories which may provide colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts," approved July second, eighteen hundred and sixty-two.

Passed May 14, 1863; three-fifths being present.

The People of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

§ 1. The income and revenue which may be received from the investment of the proceeds of the sale of the lands, or any part of them, granted to this State by the act of Congress entitled, "An act donating public lands to the several States and Territories which may provide colleges for the benefit of agriculture and the mechanic arts," approved July second, eighteen hundred and sixty-two, shall be disposed of, as hereinafter directed.

§ 2. The said interest, income and avails of the said investment are hereby appropriated to, and shall from time to time, as the same shall be received, be paid over to the Trustees of the People's College, located at Havana, in the county of Schuyler, for its use and behoof, in the mode and for the purposes in said act of Congress defined; provided, however, such payments shall not be made unless the said Trustees shall show to the satisfaction of the Regents of the University of this State, and so to be certified by them, within three years from the passage of this act, that the said Trustees are prepared with at least ten competent professors to give instructions in such branches of learning as are related to agriculture and the mechanic arts, including military tactics, as required by the said act of Congress, and that they, the said Trustees, own and are possessed of suitable college grounds and buildings, properly arranged and furnished, for the care and accommodation of at least two hundred and fifty students, with a suitable library, philosophical and chemical apparatus, and cabinets of natural history, and also a suitable farm for the practical teaching of agriculture, of at least two hundred acres, with suitable farm buildings, farming implements and stock; and also suitable shops, tools, machinery, and other arrangements for teaching the mechanic arts; all of which property must be held by the said Trustees absolutely, and be fully paid for; *and provided further*, that the said college shall be subject to the visitation of the said Regents; *and provided further*, that the said payment shall cease whenever, in the opinion of the said Regents, the said college shall neglect to fulfill the conditions of this appropriation; and that whenever the proceeds of the investment or investments aforesaid shall be in excess of the needs of said college, the Regents of the University, who shall have power to determine the amount of such excess, shall notify the comptroller, and he shall thereafter withold the same from said college; *and provided further*, that the said People's College shall conform to the act of Congress aforesaid in making an annual report, and transmitting copies thereof to the Secretary of the Interior at Washington, and to other colleges.

§ 3. From and after the time the said Trustees of the said college shall have become entitled to the benefits of this act as aforesaid, the said college grounds, farm, workshops, fixtures, machinery, apparatus, cabinets and library, shall not be incumbered, aliened or otherwise disposed of by the said Trustees; and any attempt by the said Trustees so to do shall be utterly void, and of no effect. But such machinery, apparatus, cabinets and library, or any part thereof, may at any time be disposed of by the said Trustees, on reasonable cause therefor being shown, to the satisfaction of the Regents, and on such terms as the said Regents may approve.

§ 4. From the commencement of the year one thousand eight hundred and sixty-eight, or whenever, in the opinion of the Regents of the University, the income arising from the investments provided for in this act shall warrant the same, the People's College shall receive students from each county in this State, and shall give and furnish to them instruction in any or all the prescribed branches of study pursued in any department of said institution, free from any tuition fee or any incidental charges to be paid to said college; and the Regents of the University shall, from time to time, designate the number of students to be so educated, but they shall be selected, or caused to be selected, by the Chancellor of the University and the Superintendent of Public Instruction, who shall jointly publish such rules and regulations in regard thereto as will, in their opinion, secure proper selections, and stimulate competition in the academies, public and other schools in this State. From and after the same time, also, the said Regents of the University shall each year, in accordance with the income of the college, determine the number of youth of the State of New York whom the faculty of the college, after due examination, and with the approbation of the Trustees thereof, shall admit as properly qualified students, who shall be exempt from any payment for board, tuition or room-rent; but in the selection of students preference shall be given to the sons of those who shall have died in the military or naval service of the United States.

§ 5. The remainder of the income and revenues mentioned in the first section of this act, not appropriated to the People's College, as aforesaid, shall be paid over from time to time, in such manner and proportions as the said Regents shall determine, to such of the colleges of this State as shall be willing to conform in their arrangements and instruction to the requisitions of the act of Congress aforesaid, and in such manner as, in the judgment of the said Regents, shall best carry out the true intent and meaning of the said act, having reference in such selection and division to the existing arrangements of such colleges respectively, for instruction in agriculture and the mechanic arts, and giving preference, so far as may be, to such institution as shall receive endowments after the passage of this act, for the purpose of advancing instruction in agriculture and the mechanic arts. The provisions of the third section of this act shall apply to the institutions so selected as aforesaid.

§ 6. All payments to be made under this act shall be made by the Treasurer, on the warrant of the Comptroller, out of the special or trust fund on deposit with the Treasurer, arising from the receipt of the income and revenue mentioned in the first section of this act.

§ 7. The Legislature may, at any time, alter, amend or repeal this act.

§ 8. This act shall take effect immediately.

Masonry Again.

The *American Baptist* is responsible for the following:

A year ago I saw in the *Baptist* several reasons why I, as a Christian, cannot become a Mason. Those reasons are good now, and others are fast multiplying. I would, however, never give myself any special trouble about this institution if it were confined in its influence and membership to worldly men alone; but when so many ministers and members of churches are drawn into its folds, I cannot be silent. Last week I attended the funeral of a Mason. He was buried with all the honors of the Order. Both the officiating clergymen were Masons; one acted as Master of the Lodge. I am happy to say that in this case neither of them were orthodox, yet some of the members of the Lodge were members of evangelical churches.

The character of the man who was the subject of these obsequies gave them a peculiar significance. He was a *rum-seller*. He was an habitual drinker of ardent spirits, and, from every appearance, his death was caused by poisonous drugs, mingled with the whisky he drank, as much or more than by the spirit itself. I need not enumerate the vices which report attached to him; they are dark enough. Yet he was a *good Mason*. So he was declared at the funeral. "A member of the mystic brotherhood." In the address to the Fraternity the following language was used, as nearly as I can remember, and its import cannot, I think, be mistaken: "Brethren of the Masonic Fraternity, our Bro. ——— has laid down the *emblems* of Masonry on earth, to take the *reality* in heaven. He has left the Lodge here to join the Grand Lodge above. He has done with all the pains, sorrows, and trials of earth. His spirit, purified and cleansed from the imperfections of earth, is now and forever blessed. It may be that he will be permitted to act as a guide to some of you to that better shore. Brethren, be true and faithful to your high calling, and so live that we shall meet and greet our brother gone before in the Lodge above," &c. I could not understand how a minister of the Gospel of Christ could have made such an address. Perhaps it was consistent with the liberal views of this man. But who among our Baptist brethren could have stood there as a representative of the Gospel of Christ, and responded, "So mote it be?"

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[*] The said Board of Trustees shall appoint the President, Professors, and such other officers and instructors as they deem necessary; but no President, Professor or other officer of the College shall be appointed or removed, and no real estate bought or sold, except by a vote of two-thirds of the members of the Board.

Yet there are those who do join affinity with just such men—men who have been ordained as embassadors for Christ, "yoked together" with sons of Belial in this "mystic brotherhood," in direct disobedience of the requirements of the Gospel: "Come out from among them and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing." And again: "Have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, but rather reprove them." I cannot see how it is possible for a man to become a Mason without violating the plainest precepts of the Gospel.

It is objected to this, but with what consistency any one acquainted with the pretensions of Masonry to divine origin can easily see that Masonry does not interfere in any sense with a man's religion, and that such an address as above was not at all in harmony with the requirements of Masonry.

In answer to this I quote from the first lecture to an entered apprentice: "Should interest, honor, prejudice, or human depravity ever influence you to violate any part of the sacred trust we now repose in you, let these two important words, at the earliest insinuation, teach you to put on the check-line of truth, which will infallibly direct you to pursue that straight and narrow path which ends in the full enjoyment of the GrandLodge above, *where we shall all meet as Masons* and members of one family—where all discord on account of religion, politics or private opinion shall be unknown and forever banished from our walls."

Any one who is acquainted with the Masonic ritual must see everywhere taught this idea, that if men are only good Masons and follow out its precepts, they are certain to enjoy eternal felicity. Now, if Masonry is the road to heaven, the Bible is certainly deficient; for where, in all the word of God, is there any allusion to it as such a means of life and salvation. We are told in the word of God, "Neither is there salvation in any other; for there is none other name under heaven given among men whereby we must be saved." Does Masonry ever make men better? Is it calculated to promote heavenly-mindedness?

Look at the mass of its adherents. Worldly, scheming men are as often found there as in any other class. Then what a brotherhood! It reminds one of Shakspeare's spirits. How unlike the rule by which Christ tries us: "He that doeth the will of my Father, the same is my brother, my sister and mother." But in Masonry all are brethren by the strong ties of a solemn oath; a stronger one could not be framed in words, and this with no regard to character other than the prejudices that may chance to rule in the particular Lodge that elects the candidate to membership.

Now I solemnly protest against any brother in Christ entering into such a relation. It seems to me very much like treason against Christ to do it. "What communion hath light with darkness? What concord hath Christ with Belial? What part hath he that believeth with an infidel?"

He who joins a Masonic Lodge after having joined the Church of Christ virtually says to the world that he fails to find in Christianity that which satisfies the wants of his nature. But to such we say: "Beware lest any man spoil you through philosophy or vain deceit, after the traditions of men, after the rudiments of the world, and not after Christ." C. W. B.

There is some truth in the foregoing, and "*it is lawful to be taught even by an enemy.*"

But should an institution be condemned by reason of its unworthy members? Must Freemasons hang their heads for shame, and renounce their institution because there are inconsistent professors of Freemasonry? Does C. W. B. forget that Simon Magus, the sorcerer and the vilest of his day, was admitted to the Church by the very Apostles themselves? That Philip admitted Simon to baptism, when he probably had as little of true devotion in his heart as any one that ever received the Sacrament? Does C. W. B. set up a higher standard than the Apostles, and refuse to lean largely to the side of charity? Was Simon really a scandal to the Church?

Is it a matter of objection to the Baptist denomination that Payne, the assassin, was a Baptist and the son of a Baptist clergyman? that Baptists North and South have been convicted of high crimes? that some Baptists are "worldly, scheming men," and some Baptist churches remind one "*of Shakspeare's spirits?*" But on this account must every Baptist hang his head with shame as an accomplice, and men shun the fellowship of the Baptists, because they have unworthy members? When religious anti-Masons and anti-Masonic Baptists deal so with each other, we will acquiesce in the justice of the measure to ourselves as Freemasons, but until then we will feel as innocent of the sins of unworthy Freemasons as Peter and John did of those of Simon Magus, or our Baptists do of those of Payne, the assassin.

That the early Church had a Judas, an Ananias, a Sapphira, a Simon Magus, and a Demas, shows that no care can exclude the unworthy, and that to refuse to do our duty in the Church or the Lodge on this account would be to condemn Christ and the Apostles, and would be contrary to common justice.

Let this rebuke, however, of the *American Baptist* lead our brethren to increased watchfulness.

(2.) The suicide and the murderer even should be decently buried; but neither Christians nor Freemasons are justified in deciding upon the future state of any one, and no courtesy should make strong language idle words as applied to the "notorious evil liver." Freemasonry should decline to honor those who do not honor its principles. But a clergyman and a brother who may have had intimate intercourse with a sufferer—who may have known all his struggles in the way of virtue, may have an opinion of a brother, whose name may have been cast out as evil by the community, much more correct, and may heroically do justice to his memory at the grave, in the face of a cruel and uncharitable public sentiment. We honor him for it.

(3.) Masonry is divine only as its principles are divine. It is not contended that its organization or its regimen is divine. The principle of temperance is divine, but surely not the temperance society. The Church has not only divine principles, but has an organization also divine.

(4.) If an individual believes and practices the Bible, acknowledges the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man, and acts correspondingly, what think you? Where will be his future home, my Baptist brother?

(5.) This is what the Masonic service says: "He who joins a Masonic Lodge after having joined the Church of Christ virtually" and sensibly says that as a Christian the Church fully meets his wants, and if all men were Christians, or believers in the Christian religion, no other association would be necessary; but, with heart enlarged by Christian benevolence, he desires to know and aid all men, and he can only have access to all men in the Lodge or under the operations of Masonic principles.

Our object not being that of abuse or victory, but usefulness, as we have printed every word of the communication of the *American Baptist*, will it candidly and in the love of the truth publish this reply?

* * *

NATIONAL FREEMASON: I am sure that Bro. Cavan is fearfully and wonderfully stricken with the New Fangled Folly; therefore give him the following dose of his own physic:

BY H. MC KAY.

O Brother Cavan, how inhuman
Thus to sneer at sister woman!
Does it do her harm?
If she doth gaze upon the star,
Or mingle with us on a par,
Doth woman cease to charm?

Or do you think the budding rose,
Though left at home in sweet repose,
Doth cease to fill her heart—
Because with Martha or with Ruth
She learns with trusting faith and truth
Here to fulfill her part?

Or even if no truths were learn'd,
And only pleasure's lamps were burn'd,
Doth lovely woman need
No recreation, like her man,
Who takes it just whene'er he can,
And takes it when—indeed?

The money's wanted to fulfill
The payment of some little bill
He ought so much to pay.
Fie! Brother Cavan, how inhuman
Thus to sneer at lovely woman
For a little play!

* * *

Extracts—Letters.

MONTROSE, PA.

Please don't let me lose an issue, as my wife classes the NATIONAL FREEMASON with her Bible, and would as soon miss one as the other.

[Will our sister see her Masonic friends, and largely increase our list in Montrose?]

RECORDER'S OFFICE, CALVARY COMMANDERY,
PROVIDENCE, R. I.

The NATIONAL FREEMASON is decidedly the best Masonic institution yet out.

* * *

BOOK NOTICES.

THE CONSTITUTIONS OF THE FREEMASONS. Containing the History, Charges, Regulations, &c., of that most Ancient and Right Worshipful Fraternity. For the use of the Lodges. London: Printed by William Hunter, for JOHN SENEX at the Globe, and JOHN HOOKE at the Flower-de-luce over-against St. Dunstan's Church, in Fleet street. In the year of Masonry 5723; Anno Domini 1723. New York: Masonic Publishing and Manufacturing Company, 430 Broome st. 1866.

This is a very neat and perfect edition, of 112 pages (for $1), of the celebrated Anderson's Ancient Constitutions. The Analytical Index is very convenient. The charges from the records beyond the sea and the old songs are also given.

CORINTHIAN CHAPTER, No. 159, meets at Odd Fellow's Hall, on the 2d and 4th Thursdays.

METROPOLITAN CHAPTER, No. 140, meets on the 1st and 3d Fridays, at Masonic Hall, 114 and 116 East 13th Street.

PURITAN LODGE, No. 339, meets at No. 8 Union Square, on the 1st and 3d Wednesdays.

Some of our Cetemporaries
seem to think that the triumph of their cause depended, like the fate of Jericho, upon the amount of noise made. In these days of refinement and luxury, an article of real intrinsic merit is soon appreciated; hence the unbounded and unparalleled success of
PLANTATION BITTERS.
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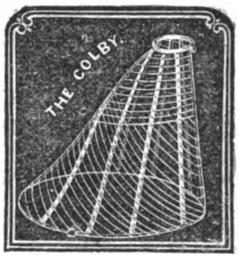

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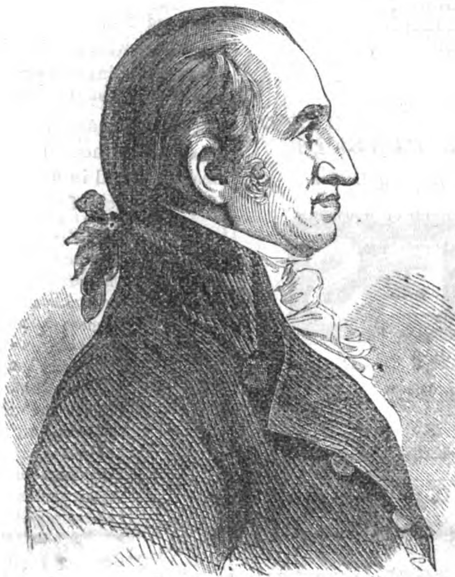

Jas Jackson

Major-General JAMES JACKSON, Governor and Grand Master of Georgia and the Upright Mason.

When the British army was about to leave Savannah, in July, 1782, General Wayne, then in command in Georgia, chose an accomplished young man of twenty-five, whose valor was the theme for praise in the Southern army, to receive the keys of the city from a committee of British officers. That young officer was Major James Jackson, a native of Devonshire, England, where he was born on the 21st of September, 1757. He came to America with his father in 1772, and studied law in Savannah. He loved his adopted country, and, in 1776, one of the first lads of his age who shouldered his musket, was active in repelling an invading force that menaced Savannah.

He first distinguished himself in this repulse, being one of a party of nine who, under Captain Bowen, after the detention of a flag sent by the patriots and the discharge of a volley by the enemy, boarded and set fire to a merchant vessel that drifted against and caused the precipitate abandonment of others held by British troops in the river immediately opposite the town. In the same year he was a volunteer in an attack, conducted by Col. Baker, upon Tybee Island, where some houses were occupied by armed men from hostile vessels of war that lay in the river and drew fresh supplies from herds of cattle upon it. The buildings were destroyed, and the enemy driven to their ships. For gallant conduct on this occasion he was honored with the thanks of Gov. Bullock. Public regard was now so strongly attracted to the youthful soldier that a company of light infantry was organized and placed under his orders. He continued to direct it until the fatal Florida expedition, under General Howe, when he resigned.

In 1778 he was appointed brigade major of the Georgia militia, and was wounded in a skirmish on the Ogeechee, in which General Scriven was killed. At the close of that year he participated in the unsuccessful defense of Savannah; and when it fell into the hands of Colonel Campbell, he was among those who fled into South Carolina and joined Moultrie's brigade. His appearance was so wretched and suspicious during that flight, barefoot, penniless and friendless, that he was arrested by some Whigs, and tried and condemed as a spy. They were about to hang him, when a gentleman of reputation from Georgia recognized him, and saved his life. He marched as a common soldier. He was active in the siege of Savannah by Lincoln and D'Estaing, in October, 1779, and in 1780 he was in the battle at Blackstocks, under Colonel Elijah Clarke, of Georgia.

When the gallant General Sumter was wounded the command devolved upon Colonel Twiggs, of Georgia, the senior officer present. At the close of the encounter, Jackson was dispatched with a body of cavalry in pursuit of Col. Tarleton, whom he vigorously pressed, and from whom he captured and brought off thirty horses. Such was the confidence reposed in Major Jackson at this time that, after the battle of Long Cane, in which Col. Clarke was disabled, the Major more than once saved his command from total dispersion. Of impassioned eloquence and the highest powers for declamation, he frequently addressed the troops, setting before them in glowing terms the wrongs of their country, and arousing them to acts of patriotic effort. The affection of the Georgians for his person was also felt by the Carolinians, who were well pleased when he was in charge of parties or acted, as he often did, as officer to the united combatants of the two States.

General Andrew Pickens made him his brigade major, in 1781, and his fluent speech expressing his ardent patriotism infused new zeal into that corps. He was at the siege of Augusta, in June, 1781, and when the Americans took possession, Jackson was left in command of the garrison. Subsequently he performed more active and arduous services as commander of a legionary corps; and at Ebenezer, on the Savannah, he joined General Wayne, and was the right arm of his force until the evacuation of the Georgia capital, in 1782. As some reward for his patriotic services during the war, the Legislature gave him a house and lot in Savannah.

The profession to which Col. Jackson's early studies had been directed, demanded his unremitting attention. Assisted by the advice of George Walton, famous as one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence, he was soon admitted to its honors and emoluments. He married in 1785, Mary Charlotte Young, daughter of William Young, a deceased patriot, who had been among the formest to raise the standard of freedom, and the next year was commissioned a brigadier-general of the State militia and an honorary member of the Society of Cincinnati. In 1778 he was elected Governor of Georgia, but modestly declined the honor on account of his youth and inexperience, being then only little more than thirty years of age. He was one of the first representatives of Georgia in Congress after the organization of the Federal Government; and from 1792 to 1795, was a member of the United States Senate.

In many of the most important debates, now referred to as exhibiting an authoritative exposition by that body of the principles of the Constitution, General James Jackson engaged. General Wayne, who had been his opponent, was returned to Congress. His seat was contested by General Jackson. General Wayne was declared unanimously as not entitled to the seat. The House refused, by the casting vote of the Speaker, to declare General Jackson elected. This is the concluding part of the speech of General Jackson, a display of brilliant oratory, followed by long continued applause:

"With these sentiments, Mr. Speaker, I submit the facts I have brought forward to the House; and with them I commit the rights of myself, the rights of the State of Georgia, and, I had almost said, the rights of the United States, to their decision; and I beg leave to repeat that a *free representation* was what we fought for, a *free representation* was what we obtained, a *free representation* is what our children should be taught to *lisp*, and our *youths* to relinquish only with their *lives.*"

General Jackson was sustained in his contest by subsequent judicial investigation.

He was the chief cause of procuring the eleventh amendment to the Federal Constitution.

In the meanwhile he was promoted to major-general, and never failed in the faithful performance of his duties, civil and military. The State Constitution of Georgia, framed in 1798, was chiefly the work of his brain and hand. From that year until 1801 he was Governor of the State, when he was again chosen United States Senator. He held that office until his death, which occurred at Washington city, on the 19th of March, 1806, at the age of forty-nine years. His mortal remains lie beneath a neat monument in the Congressional burying ground; upon which is an inscription, written by his personal friend and admirer, John Randolph, of Roanoke. Governor Jackson made many powerful enemies in the South, because of his successful exposures of stupendous land frauds, but his course increased the zeal and number of his friends. There never lived a truer patriot or more honest man than General James Jackson.

Bro. Hayden, of his Masonic life, says:

It was in 1785 that we find our first records of his Masonic history. King Solomon's Lodge at Savannah, which had commenced its work under an old oak-tree, in 1733, when the first settlement in Georgia began, had belonged to the branch of Masons denominated *Moderns;* but in February, 1785, it was proposed by Major Jackson, who was then one of its members, that they form themselves into a Lodge of *Ancients.* The proposition was referred to a committee, and was subsequently agreed to, and the brethren were duly constituted by the usual ceremonies a Lodge of Ancient York Masons.

In 1786 an independent Grand Lodge was formed in Georgia by the former Provincial Grand Master, Governor Samuel Elbert relinquishing all authority as such; and of the new Grand Lodge thus formed, Gen. William Stephens was Grand Master, and General James Jackson was his Deputy. The following year he was elected Grand Master, and held the office by re-election until the close of 1789. During the first year that he served as Grand Master he was elected Governor of his State.

The record of his life is deeply engraven on the Masonic as well as general history of our country. It was during his Grand Mastership, and under his direction, that the Grand Lodge of Georgia made strong efforts to unite all the Grand Lodges in America under one general head; and his correspondence on this subject is still to be found in the archives and on the record books of most of the then existing Grand Lodges. The project, however, failed, and though at various times during the present century it has been publicly recommended by distinguished Masons, it has never yet been accomplished.

There have been other distinguished American Masons by the name of Jackson, whose identity has sometimes been confounded with his, where the name has been found in old Lodge records and documents. One of these was Dr. James Jackson, of Massachusetts, who was Junior Grand Warden of the Grand Lodge of Ancients in that State in 1780. Another was General Andrew Jackson, late President of the United States, who was, in 1822–3, Grand Master of Masons in Tennessee. Dr. Hall Jackson was the second Grand Master of New Hampshire.

THE LORD'S DAY.

BY SIR AND BRO. L. BULWER LYTTON.

Fresh glides the brook and blows the gale,
  Yet yonder halts the quiet mill!
The whirling wheel, the rushing sail,
  How motionless and still!

Six days of toil, poor child of Cain,
  Thy strength the slave of want may be;
The seventh thy limbs escape the chain—
  A God hath made them free!

Ah, tender was the Law that gave
  This holy respite to the breast,
To breathe the gale, to watch the wave,
  And know—the wheel may rest!

But when the waves, the gentlest, glide,
  What image charms to lift thine eyes?
The spire reflected on the tide
  Invites thee to the skies.

To teach the soul its nobler worth
  This rest from mortal toil is given;
Go, snatch the brief reprieve from earth,
  And pass a guest to heaven.

They tell thee in their dreaming school,
  Of Power from old dominion hurled,
When rich and poor, with juster rule,
  Shall share the altered world.

Alas! since time itself began,
  That fable hath but fooled the hour;
Each age that ripens Power in Man,
  But subjects Man to Power.

Yet every day in seven, at least
  One bright republic shall be known;
Man's world awhile has surely ceased,
  When God proclaims His own!

Six days may Rank divide the poor,
  O Dives, from thy banquet hall;
The seventh the Father opes the door,
  And holds His feast for all!

LUTHER WATCHING BY THE DEAD BODY OF HIS DAUGHTER MAGDALENE.

Paraphrased from portions of the Life of Luther.

BY THE AUTHOR OF THE "HOUSEHOLD OF BOUVERIE."

Thou art gone before, my Magdalene,
  To keep the gate for me,
Until my feet shall tread the path
  That skirts the eternal sea—
And I, my earthly labors done,
  Stand fast in heaven by thee.

Thou wert, indeed, my Magdalene,
  The truest, fondest child
That ever blest a father's heart
  Or by his hearthstone smiled—
Thy sleep is very stern to-night,
  My duteous one, and mild.

I knew not, O my Magdalene!
  That God had made so nigh
Their children to the hearts of men,
  Until I saw thee die—
Until I watched thy marble brow
  And closed thy glazing eye.

I dreamed not, precious Magdalene,
  What anguish lay in life,
Until our Father called thee home,
  And left to me the strife—
Such parting is a deadlier pang
  Than stab of foeman's knife.

The spirit bears, my Magdalene,
  But the flesh is frail and weak;
Would that the forfeit of my life
  Could light thy marble cheek!
Would that my lips were hushed to stone,
  So thine again might speak!

Alone with thee, my Magdalene,
  My spirit pours its grief,
And God forgives the burning words
  That gives the soul relief;
To-morrow life begins again—
  This respite is but brief.

And we must part, my Magdalene,
  If only for a day—
I to go forth upon my path
  And thread the thorny way;
Thou—to lie down among the tombs,
  A frozen thing of clay.

Not there, not there, my Magdalene!
  I know thou art with Him,
Who called thee from thy happy home
  To join the seraphim—
And I shall follow thee, my lamb,
  When earthly life is dim.

MORTALITY.

BY THE DEPUTY GRAND MASTER OF GEORGIA.

How brief mortality appears!
  How transient is the state of man,
  His earthly stay how short the span,
How fleeting are the years!

Helpless he's drifted to the shore
  Of time, life's stage his service calls,
  A few brief acts, the curtain falls,
And he is seen no more!

[Written for the NATIONAL FREEMASON.]

AN INCIDENT OF MY SAILOR LIFE.

BY BRO. CAPT. SAM'L WHITING.

[Some of the readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON will recollect Bro. Whiting as the popular lecturer. He has for thirty years traveled over the most interesting parts of the globe. He was an officer in the United States Arctic Expedition of 1855, which rescued his and our brother, Dr. Kane. He was the gallant commander of the steamship Marion.]

While running to the southward, off the mouth of the Rio de la Plata, we met with a severe loss, one of our best seamen being hurled from the yard while reefing the mizen-topsail, into the yawning gulf one hundred feet below him. No cry was heard of the "strong swimmer in his agony," and all our attempts to rescue him were vain. The cry of "a man overboard!" rings through a ship on a drear and stormy night with fearful, thrilling effect, and I have never heard it without an indescribable sensation at my heart. I find in my daily journal of that date the following notice of the sad event:

"A MAN OVERBOARD!"

Terrific squalls have closed the day,
And our bright prospects flown away.
By double-reefs we shorten sail,
To meet the fury of the gale,
And weary, wet, with aching head,
At twelve I sought my lonely bed.
And soon, how changed to me the scene!
Far o'er the waves that intervene,
In dreams my fancy wandered back
Across the ocean's dismal track,
And sweet communion held with those
Whose smiles could solace all my woes.
Sudden my blissful vision fled—
Hark! to that sad cry overhead,
Breaking upon my slumbers soft—
"A man has fallen from aloft!"
All hands were mustered on the deck—
'Twas moonlight, and a darksome speck
Swept by upon the rolling surge,
While the fierce tempest sung his dirge.
The yards were laid aback, a boat
With six good men was soon afloat;
But mortal strength and human skill
Are valueless without His will,
Whose mandate rules the stormy sea—
At whose command griefs, sorrows flee.
He saw not fit our toils to bless;
The boat returned without success.

Ah! who the agony can know
Of that sad hour, so full of woe,
When the poor sailor saw his bark
Sweep from him o'er the billows dark!
Alas! no hope of help for him—
Soon must his eyes in death grow dim.
No more he'll press home's downy pillow—
The seaman sleeps beneath the billow.
No more shall wife or children greet
The old man, with their welcome sweet.
They'll watch, with hearts all fondly yearning,
The sailor's home-bound bark returning.
But all their joy will turn to woe
When all is known, which they must know.
Oh! God of Heaven, forever save
Me from the dreary ocean wave!
I care not how I fare through life—
Content am I to meet with strife;
I'll murmur not, though forced to roam
From kindred, country, friends and home,
So that wild flowers their fragrance shed
Above my grave when I am dead,
And friends that love may gather near
To drop upon that grave a tear—
And burying in oblivion's tide
How oft from right I've stepped aside—
How madly erring I have been
While acting in life's varied scene,
Think only of my better parts,
And hold me kindly in their hearts.

CLEVELAND, *Sept.*, 1867.

MASONIC HYMN.

BY CENTRAL.

Tune—Beyond where Cedron—P. M.

When Masonry came from above,
She took the downy wings of Love
To God and fallen man.
A world of dark despair was found,
Where suffering sons of want abound,
Pale, haggard, care-worn, wan.

Favored with heaven's peculiar smile,
She poured the corn, the wine, the oil
Into each troubled breast;
Bade circling clouds of incense rise,
Sent grateful offerings to the skies,
The Mason's haven of rest.

Wisdom Divine! angelic choice!
Wisdom her pearl of untold price,
While o'er green earth she roved.
Strong in her Great Grand Master's strength,
This world her field in breadth and length,
All, all mankind was loved.

To soothe each troubled, care-worn mind,
Faith, Hope and Love sweetly combined,
The precious jewels given!
The work in Lodge below begun,
In Lodge above pronounced well done,
Secures the rest of heaven!

* * *

The *Banner of Light* publishes the following, said to have been improvised under the influence of spiritual agencies, a portion of which reveals Mr. Brigham's Masonic relations (Bro. Josiah Brigham died July 24, at Quincy, Mass.), as follows:

Through death's Royal Arch my spirit
Passed, an endless life to live,
Richest blessings to inherit,
Such as only Heaven can give.

Angels, with sweet diapason,
Greeted me to mansions bright,
Where presides the Master Mason,
Author of all life and light.

I my first degree have taken,
In the beauteous summer-land,
Hands of brothers I have shaken,
Members of our mystic band.

Brother Masons, in your meetings
You my earth-form may not see,
You may not extend the greetings
Of the Brotherhood to me;

Still there is no life-link broken,
Death has not dissolved life's ties;
You may yet receive some token
From me you will recognize.

I would have you live most holy,
Doing right for sake of right,
Ever meek and ever lowly,
Ever first to spread the light.

THE ORPHANS.

"We ask your aid—not to restore
Our wealth or goods again;
We ask thee not to build our homes
Upon the smoking plain;
But for the child of want and woe,
Bereft of home and food,
We ask thee only to bestow
Thy 'mite' in doing good."

THE CAPTIVE'S FLIGHT.

A TEMPLAR STORY.

It was midday in Syria. The air was sultry and oppressive. Not a breath of wind moved along the sandy solitude, where no tree offered a welcome shade. The sterile and barren desert spread around on every side—all desolate, all burning in the hot rays of the sun. There were no fountains, no trees, nothing to be seen but the plain of sand, save where in the distance a long line of gloomy and rugged rocks arose.

Through this frightful desert traveled a Christian knight. All day he had gone on, the sun sending down fiercest rays upon his helmed head and glittering and polished armor. Faint and weary he went on, and as he neared the gloomy but grateful rocks a thrill of joy passed through his bosom.

"Ha!" he exclaimed, as towards evening he entered the shadow of a lofty, precipitous height. "Here is a grateful place to rest. Here I may dismount and refresh myself and weary steed. But first let me find some spring where my horse and I may obtain a draught of water."

So saying, he went on more slowly than before. It was well that he had reached this place of rest. His horse trembled with utter fatigue, and seemed scarce able to walk.

The knight himself felt exhausted, and his iron frame was almost broken down by the labors of the day.

At length he found a spring which gushed musically from one of the rocks into a pool below. Here he dismounted, and rider and horse both rushed eagerly to the water. The knight drank long and heavily.

"Praised be the Holy Virgin!" he exclaimed, brushing away the drops of water which clung to his mustache, "Praised and for ever blessed be St. ——"

"Ho! Christian?" suddenly exclaimed a voice behind him in Arabic, "surrender!"

The knight turned swiftly around, drawing his sword as he did so.

Before him was a Saracen knight, dressed in chain armor, mounted on a light Arabic steed.

"Surrender, Sir Christian!"

"Who art thou who darest call on me to surrender?"

"I—I am Hamet, the Governor of Arc, well known in the camp of Saladin."

"And I, Count Roland de Courcy, despise thee for an infidel and base heathen!" cried the Christian, lifting his sword; "so come on, thou on horse and I on foot. I will fight thee; God judge the right!"

"Fool!" cried the Saracen. "Dost thou think that I am alone as thou art? See!"

He blew a silver trumpet which hung by his side. At the sound a number of followers came riding one after another from the clefts and defiles of the surrounding rocks.

"Will thou fight now? Yield, Christian!"

De Courcy stood for a moment and looked around. As many as a hundred men were there before him. How could he fight against such fearful odds!

He flung down his sword.

"I am your prisoner; but, Hamet, if thou durst, I will fight you for my freedom."

The Saracen smiled sarcastically.

"No, no, Sir Christian. I wish not to kill thee. Soldiers, give him another horse, for his is weary. Form around and let us go."

His followers obeyed. With the captive knight in their midst they departed.

"Where art thou taking me?" said De Courcy to Hamet.

"Where? To Arc. That will thenceforth be thy home."

"Boast not thyself too greatly. I may be freed from thy hand."

The palace of Hamet lay a little way out of town, upon a gentle eminence, facing the sea. It was a magnificent edifice, built in the luxurious style of the Saracens. Among the many places around it was a tilting yard, built for the purpose of enjoying that chivalrous sport which the Moslem loved as well as a Christian.

De Courcy was made a slave. He was allowed the freedom of the house and grounds, but it was impossible for him to escape—for wherever he went he was watched. Yet his situation was not so miserable as might be conceived. Among the maidens who dwelt in Hamet's palace the most beautiful was his peerless daughter, Donnah. She it was who, on his arrival, pitied him, and saved him from a dungeon. She it was whose dark eye would sometimes rest upon him with an expression which made his youthful heart throb with unaccustomed violence.

"Oh! had I but my freedom, and my gallant men behind me, how eagerly I would force my way even into the middle of Hamet's hold to win the lovely Donnah!"

A tournament! The proclamation went round and the tidings spread far and wide that Hamet was going to prepare a tournament, which for splendor and magnificence could not be surpassed.

"My father," said Donnah, "where will your knights come from?"

"Where? From my own brave troop, and from Arc, where some of the bravest of all the faithful dwell."

"And wilt thou have Moslems only?"

"Yes. Would I venture to let the faithless Christian approach here? No, by Allah!"

"But there are Christian captives who were once soldiers."

"Well."

"They can wield the sword and take a part in the tournament."

"Well said."

"If they are killed, let them die—they are only Christians; but if they are victorious let them be free."

"I will do so. 'Tis a glorious thought, my daughter. I haye here a Christian knight; he shall fight for his freedom."

"Who is he?"

"Who? The famous knight De Courcy."

Hamet saw not the flush which mantled the fair cheek of Donnah, as she turned away, nor did he see her as she spoke low words of encouragement to De Courcy.

She gave him a small piece of parchment and in it the enraptured youth read:

"When the tournament is won, Donnah will be ahead—on her way to the Christian camp."

"Brave girl! Oh! thank heaven, I can yet be free. The morrow will give me happiness and liberty."

The morning for which he so earnestly longed dawned at length, and even at an early hour the ground was thronged with eager visitors, who came to witness the spectacle. About three hours before midday the trumpets sounded, and the knights who were destined to fight slowly gathered together. Three sides were inclosed by raised seats for spectators. The fourth was open. At the upper end sat Hamet on a sort of throne, which he occupied by virtue of his lofty rank. From his seat he could observe all that happened. Around him were many of the most beautiful ladies in the city, whose bright eyes sparkled with eager interest.

"Where is Donnah?" said Hamet, to an attendant.

"Donnah? She said she was ill."

"Ill! How so? Yesterday she was very well."

"I know it. She said so."

Hamet looked uneasy, but the sudden peal of signal trumpet drove away all thoughts, save those of intense eagerness and excitement.

First two Saracens engaged, and were followed by others. Few were injured greatly. Thus far it was merely sport. The spectators waited patiently for the more bloody contests which were to follow. They did not wait long, for after about an hour a Christian knight stepped forward to encounter a Saracen, whose prowess had elicited most of the applause of the admiring gazers. New interest was excited by the contest, for there was something more than emulation to give strength to the combatants. In the one it was fierce fanaticism and deadly hatred to the Christian; in the other determined resolution, mingled with the inspiring hope of liberty and all that can make life happy.

"Who is this Christian?" said all who saw him.

And, indeed, in his appearance there was something which might well excite the curiosity of the beholders. He was tall, and all his limbs were strongly knit together. His armor was of heavy plate, and glistened dazzingly in the rays of the sun. In his hand he held lightly the ponderous tilting spear, while his horse was managed with admirable grace.

"Who is he?"

"The Christian knight De Courcy."

The answer came from Hamet, and passed among the surrounding crowds.

The two knights were stationed. Each made ready. The signal was given, and in a cloud of dust each rode toward the other. There was a shock, a rattling of armor, a crash of arms, a dark form fell headlong to the earth. The cloud rolled away.

The Christian knight sat calm as a statue upon his horse, holding a broken spear, while at his feet lay a horse and warrior in the agonies of death.

A fierce yell broke from the excited throng. The knight rode slowly to Hamet.

"Am I free?"

"Free! Dog of a Christian! Wilt thou claim freedom after killing so brave a warrior as he? No, thou shalt not yet be free. Other and harder work is before thee."

De Courcy retired, and with another spear awaited the approach of a new antagonist. He did not wait long. Amid loud cries and the sound of trumpets and drums, came another Saracen warrior. His form was almost gigantic. His armor was thick and heavy, while the horse which he rode was one of the heavy and fiery steeds used by the Crusaders.

Again the two knights took their stations. Again the signal was given and they rushed together. The spear of the Saracen was avoided by De Courcy, and striking slantingly upon his shield, it glanced from him. Holding his own weapon with an iron grasp, he directed it full against the breast of his foe. As the Saracen's spear glanced, De Courcy struck him with irresistible force. The horse was thrown back upon his haunches. The heavy form of the rider was hurled upon the ground.

"Vengeance! vengeance! Death to the Christian!" yelled the infuriated crowd.

De Courcy shook his spear in defiance of all around him.

"Come on, bring hither your bravest!"

"Seize him!" shouted Hamet.

"Never!" cried De Courcy. He turned his horse and struck his spurs deep into his flanks. The steed sprang forward. A score of men-at-arms stood opposite him; the spear of the flying knight scattered them all. Away—away he went over hill, over plain, away, and his horse's hoofs thundered along the rocky road as he fled, leaving his astonished foes far behind him. When about ten miles from the city he saw before him a youth dressed in a light chain armor, and mounted upon a horse.

"Who art thou?" he cried, as he came up.

"Your deliverer!" said a voice which thrilled through him, and lifting up the helmet which covered his head, a mass of dark luxuriant hair fell down.

"Donnah!"

De Courcy pressed her to his heart.

"Fly, Donnah, fly! The foe is behind us."

And the Christian knight and his brave lady pushed swiftly toward the Christian camp.

A week after there was a great festival in the camp of the Crusaders. The sound of the harp, the merry peals of laughter. songs and music resounded from every side. In the air flaunted gorgeous banners of many nations, and beneath them the festivities were carried on.

All was joy, for there the famous knight De Courcy married the lovely Donnah, Richard the Lion-hearted giving away the bride.

The Friendship of Brothers and Sisters.

BY REV. W. R. ALGER.

[The readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON will be interested in the following, especially the portion referring to the great Masonic poet and brother Goethe:]

There was a friendship of great strength between Goethe and his sister Cornelia. She was only a year younger than her brother, his companion in plays, lessons and trials, bound to him by the closest ties and associations. While she was yet in the cradle he prepared dolls and amusements for her, and was very jealous of all who came between them. They grew up in such union that, as he afterwards said, they might have been taken for twins. The sternness of their father drove them into the more confiding sympathy. When he had become a young man and was accustomed to make frequent excursions, he says, "I was again drawn toward home, and that by a magnet which attracted me strongly at all times; it was my sister." Cornelia had superior endowments of mind, great force and truth of character, but she keenly felt her want of beauty, "a want richly compensated by the unbounded confidence and love borne to her by all her female friends." And yet, Goethe says, "When my connection with Gretchen was torn asunder my sister consoled me the more warmly because she felt the secret satisfaction of having got rid of a rival; and I, too, could not but feel a great pleasure when she did me the justice to assure me that I was the only one who truly loved, understood and esteemed her." At twenty Cornelia was married to one of Goethe's intimate friends, Schlosser, and in four years she died. In one of her brother's frequent allusions to her, this striking trait is recorded: "Her eyes were not the finest I have ever seen, but the deepest, behind which you expected the most meaning, and when they expressed any affection, any love, their glance was without its equal." In his autobiography, written long after her death, he says: "As I lost this beloved, incomprehensible being but too early, I felt inducement enough to picture her excellence to myself, and so there arose within me the conception of a poetic whole in which it might have been possible to exhibit her individuality; no other form could be thought of for it than that of the Richardsonian romance. But the tumult of the world called me away from this beautiful and pious design, as it has from so many others, and nothing now remains for me but to call up for a moment that blessed spirit, as if by the aid of a magic mirror."

Two of the most distinguished in the long roll of eminent astronomers are a brother and sister, Sir William and Caroline Herschel. The story of their united labors, how, for thousands of nights, side by side they sat, and watched, and calculated, and wrote, one sweeping the telescopic heavens, the other assisting and noting down the results; how with one spirit and one interest they grew old together, and illustrious together; their several achievements both at home and in observatories on strange shores to which they voyaged, always associated; with what affectionate care she trained the favorite nephew who was to burnish into still more effulgent brightness the star-linked name of Herschel; the story of all this is full of attractiveness, and forms one of the warm and poetic episodes in the high old annals of science.

The union of John Aiken and his sister Lætitia, afterward Mrs Barbauld, in life, tastes, labors, was uncommonly close and complete. The narrative of it, so warm, substantial and healthy was it, leaves a pleasing and invigorating influence on the sympathies of those who read it. While Mrs. Barbauld was tarrying at Geneva, her brother addressed a letter in verse to her:

> "Yet one dear wish still struggles in my breast,
> And paints one darling object unpossessed.
> How many years have whirled their rapid course
> Since we, sole streamlets from one honored source,
> In fond affection as in blood allied,
> Have wandered devious from each other's side,
> Allowed to catch alone some transient view,
> Scarce long enough to think the vision true!
> Oh, then, while yet some rest of life remains,
> While transport yet can swell the beating veins,
> While sweet remembrance keeps her wonted zeal,
> And fancy still retains some genial heat,
> When evening bids each busy task be o'er,
> Once let us meet again to part no more."

That evening came. In the village of Stoke Newington they spent the last twenty years of their lives, in that close neighborhood which admitted of the daily, almost hourly, interchanges of heart and hand.

A relation of a more absorbing character than the foregoing existed between Jacobi and his sister Lena. "For a long series of years," Steffens writes, "she lived one life with her brother, even ennobling and exalting him by her presence. She took part in all his studies, all his controversies, and changed the still self-communion of the lonely man into a long conversation." There are many accounts of her minute carefulness for him and unwearied devotion to him, given by contemporaries. Some make the picture a little comic from the excess of coddling, but all agree as to the unfailing and affectionate sincerity of their attachment.

There was an uncommon friendship between Chateaubriand and his younger sister Lucille, a girl of extreme beauty, genius, spirituality and melancholy. He says of those years, "I grew up with my sister Lucille; our friendship constituted the whole of our lives." Her thoughts were all sentiments. Her elegance, sweetness, imaginativeness and impassioned sensibility presented a combination of Greek and German genius." "Our principal recreation consisted in walking, side by side, on the great Mall, in the spring on a carpet of primroses, in autumn on beds of withered foliage, in winter on a covering of snow. Young like the primrose, sad like the dry leaves, and pure as the new fallen snow, there was a harmony between our recreations and ourselves." Lucille first persuaded her brother to write. After, he says, "We undertook works in common; we passed days in mutual consultation in communicating to each other what we had done, and what we proposed to do." The lamentation he breathes over her grave when she died is one of the most affecting passages in his long autobiography.

Ernst and Charlotte Schleiermacher were a choice and ever faithful pair of friends. The life and letters of the great preacher, recently published, reveal the full beauty and importance of this relation. Their correspondence is equally filled with the manifestations of varied intelligence and of congenial feeling. Sharing all their experience in affectionate intercourse, or in full and cordial letters, they appeared thus to find their pleasures heightened, their perplexities cleared, their trials alleviated. To this noble divine, so celebrated for his profound scholarship, his enthusiastic piety, his exalted, almost romantic, sensibility, and his heroic aims, Charlotte was knit by affinities of character and life even more closely than by those of blood and name.

A Remarkable Tree.

Dr. Stanley L. Haynes, in a short pamphlet entitled "A Ramble in the New Zealand Bush," tells the following remarkable tree story:

The pata tree is said to have a most remarkable mode of commencing its existence. The young plant takes root in the head of a caterpillar, which buries itself before it dies (or is killed by its strange parasite), and so enables the young plant to obtain a legitimate and radical nourishment from the soil. Dr. Haynes possesses four specimens of this *lusus naturæ;* in three of them the stem grows from the top of the caterpillar's head; in the other it grew straight forward between the eyes; on one of them two stems arise from the head. The caterpillars are three inches long and half an inch in diameter, and are quite dry and brown, without indications of having been at all decomposed On the contrary, the true and false feet and the eyes and mouth are well preserved.

Walks About Jerusalem—Valley of Jehoshaphat.

Let us obey the injunction of the Psalmist to "Walk about Zion and go round about her; to tell the towers thereof. To mark well her bulwarks, and to consider her palaces."

In the time of our Saviour the wall which inclosed Jerusalem was not less than 3 1–3 miles in extent. Now it is 2½ miles. Formerly there were at least ten gates in use; there are now but four that are public, though three others are opened upon remarkable occasions. The four are *St. Stephen's Gate*, near the northeast; the *Damascus Gate* in the north; the *Joppa Gate* near the northwest, and *Sion Gate* in the South.

For convenience, our journey shall commence here at the junction of the two valleys, this on the right being the valley of *Jehoshaphat*, through which the brook Kedron flows; this on the left the deep and gloomy gorge of Hinnom. This place is probably the spot known as the valley of Shaveh, or the King's Dale, where Melchisedek met Abraham returning from the slaughter of the Kings. Here is the well called En Rogel, the same which 3,500 years ago was designated to mark the boundary line between Judah and Benjamin. Here, too, Adonijah was clandestinely crowned King in the last days of David. Other interesting events have occurred here which time forbids us to mention. This well is 125 feet deep, and contains a great supply of water.

You will first go up by the valley of Jehoshaphat, and follow the city walls around to its N. W. corner; then return here and go up by the valley of Hinnom to the same place.

Setting out for this journey of 2 or 3 miles, we see upon our right, more than 400 feet above us, the *Hill of Corruption*, so called because here King Solomon erected temples to heathen Deities, and corrupted the pure worship in whose honor he had built the splendid temple upon yonder hill. On our left is Mt. Sion, more than 500 feet high.

Going forward through a series of lovely gardens and groves of fig trees and olives, our attention is attracted by a fountain of water, a rare thing in this dry and barren land. Inquiring its name, we learn that it is the far famed *Pool of Siloam.* It still *flows softly*, as in the days of Isaiah, and affords ample supplies of water for the village of Siloam, a collection tion of 75 or 100 families across the valley on the eastern side. Looking around us here, we find that we have gone about 80 yards up the valley between Mt Sion on the left and Ophel on the right. You will not forget that it was here our Saviour sent the blind man to wash his eyes after he had anointed them with clay. This *Pool of Siloam*, constructed of large stones, is 50 feet long, 15 broad, and 19 deep.

Turning back around the point of Mt. Ophel, which we find to be terraced and covered with beautiful orchards, we pass forward about a quarter of a mile, and come to a second fountain. This is the *Upper Pool of Siloam*, or the *King's Pool.* Upon inquiry, we learn that there is an underground channel, 550 yards in length, chiseled through the solid rock, by which the water flows from this upper pool under Mt. Ophel, and supplies the lower one. This is another proof of the inexhaustible resources of money and ingenuity by which these rocky hills were made the comfortable abodes of men. The upper pool is 25 feet deep, 15 in length, and 8 in breadth. The source from which it is supplied with water is as yet unknown. Some have conjectured that in the heart of the hills above there is an immense reservoir, supplied from underground sources.

At this point the valley of Jehoshaphat is about a hundred yards wide.

Going forward we come to the southeast corner of the huge wall that surrounds the temple inclosure, and which rises above us to the hight of nearly 400 feet. Opposite to us, on the right, is the ancient Jewish cemetery, containing the tombs of the prophets. "Here for thousands of years the dust of the children has been mingled with the ashes of the fathers." It is still one of the greatest privileges claimed by the dying Jew to have his remains repose with his kindred in this *Valley of Jehoshaphat.* The most noted among these tombs are those called after Jehoshaphat, St. James Zehariah, and the Pillar of Absalom.

Going forward about 500 yards further, with the frowning walls of the temple inclosure above us, we reach its N. E. corner. Opposite is the Mount of Olives, at its foot the Garden of Gethsemane. The hill upon our left is crowded with Mohammedan graves.

Going forward we reach St. Stephen's Gate, one of the principal entrances to the city. It was this through which our Saviour passed and repassed as he visited Bethany and the Garden of Gethsemane, and here he made his triumphal entry into Jerusalem, perhaps over the same little stone bridge which spans the channel of Kidron to this day.

Going forward we come to the N. E. corner of the city, and turn sharp to the left. Before taking leave of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, we see that it now bends around to the west, becomes more and more shallow, and is finally lost in the hilly ground about two miles northwest of Jerusalem. This makes the whole length of the valley 2⅜ miles. Through this valley flows, in the wet season, the brook Kidron, of which we read so much in Scripture. For eight months in the year, however, the stream is dry, or flows below the rocks, out of sight.

The only objects of interest along this wall are the Pool of Bethesda and the immense ditch quarried from the rock as a defense to this wall. The Pool is a great reservoir 360 feet long and 131 broad, supposed to be the place where lay a great multitude of diseased people, of whom our Saviour healed one, who had been bedridden for many years.

We shall present to the readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON additional articles under the caption "Walks about Jerusalem."

Fatality of Numbers.—(No. 2.)

The following are other curious calculations made respecting certain French kings.

Add the ciphers composing the year of the birth or of the death of some of the kings of the third race, and the result of each sum is the titular number of each prince. Thus:

Louis IX. was born in 1215; add the four ciphers of this date, and you have IX.

Charles VII. was born in 1402; the sum of 1 + 4 + 2 gives VII.

Louis XII. was born in 1461; and 1 + 4 + 6 + 1 = XII.

Henry IV. died in 1610; and 1 + 6 + 1 = twice IV.

Louis XIV. was crowned in 1643; and these four ciphers give XIV. The same king died in 1715; and this date gives also XIV. He was aged 77 years, and again 7 + 7 = 14.

Louis XVIII. was born in 1755; add the digits, and you have XVIII.

What is remarkable is that this number 18 is double the number of the king to whom the law first applies, and is triple the number of the kings to whom it has applied.

Here is another curious calculation:

Robespierre fell in 1794;

Napoleon in 1815, and Charles X. in 1830.

Now, the remarkable fact in connection with these dates is that the sum of the digits composing them, added to the dates, gives the date of the fall of the successor. Robespierre fell in 1794; 1 + 7 + 9 + 4 = 21, 1794 + 21 = 1815, the date of the fall of Napoleon; 1 + 8 + 1 + 5 = 15, and 1815 + 15 = 1830, the date of the fall of Charles X.

There is a singular rule which has been supposed to determine the length of the reigning Pope's life, in the earlier half of a century. Add his number to that of his predecessor, to that add ten, and the result gives the year of his death.

Pius VII. succeeded Pius VI.; 6 + 7 = 13; add ten, and the sum is 23. Pius VII. died in 1823.

Leo XII. succeeded Pius VII.; 12 + 7 + 10 = 29; and Leo XII. died in 1829.

Pius VIII. succeeded Leo XII.; 8 + 12 + 10 = 30; and Pius VIII. died in 1830.

However, this calculation does not always apply.

Gregory XVI. ought to have died in 1834, but he did not actually vacate his see till 1846.

It is also well known that an ancient tradition forbids the hope of any of St. Peter's successors, *pervenire ad annos Petri;* i. e., to reign 25 years.

Those who sat longest are:

		Years.	Months.	Days.
Pius VI.,	who reigned	24	6	14
Hadrian I.,	"	23	10	17
Pius VII.,	"	23	5	6
Alexander III.,	"	21	11	23
St. Silvester I.,	"	21	0	4

There is one numerical curiosity of a very remarkable character, which I must not omit.

The ancient Chamber of Deputies, such as it existed in 1830, was composed of 402 members, and was divided into two parties. The one, numbering 221 members, declared itself strongly for the revolution of July; the other party, numbering 181, did not favor a change. The result was the constitutional monarchy, which re-established order after the three memorable days of July.

The parties were known by the following nicknames.

The larger was commonly called *La queue de Robespierre*, and the smaller, *Les honnêtes gens*.

Now, the remarkable fact is that, if we give to the letters of the alphabet their numerical values as they stand in their order, as 1 for A, 2 for B, 3 for C, and so on to Z, which is valued at 25, and then write vertically on the left hand the words, *La queue de Robespierre*, with the number equivalent to each letter opposite to it, and on the right hand, in like manner, *Les honnêtes gens*, if each column of numbers be summed up, the result is the number of members who formed each party.

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14
A	B	C	D	E	F	G	H	I	J	K	L	M	N
15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22	23	24	25			
O	P	Q	R	S	T	U	V	X	Y	Z			

L — 12
A — 1

Q — 17
U — 21
E — 5
U — 21
E — 5

D — 4
E — 5

R — 18
O — 15
B — 2
E — 5
S — 19
P — 16
I — 9
E — 5
R — 18
R — 18
E — 5

221

L — 12
E — 5
S — 19

H — 8
O — 15
N — 14
N — 14
E — 5
T — 20
E — 5
S — 19

G — 7
E — 5
N — 14
S — 19

181

Majority . . .	221
Minority . . .	181
Total	402

Some coincidences of dates are very remarkable.

On the 25th August, 1569, the Calvinists massacred the Catholic nobles and priests at Béarn and Navarre.

On the same day of the same month, in 1572, the Calvinists were massacred in Paris and elsewhere.

On the 25th October, 1615, Louis XIII. married Anne of Austria, infanta of Spain, whereupon we may remark the following coincidences:

The name Loys* de Bourbon contains 13 letters; so does the name Anne d'Austriche.

Louis was 13 years old when this marriage was decided on; Anne was the same age.

He was the thirteenth king of France bearing the name of Louis, and she was the thirteenth infanta of the name of Anne of Austria.

On the 23d April, 1616, died Shakspeare; on the same day of the same month, in the same year, died the great poet Cervantes.

On the 29th May, 1630, King Charles II. was born.

On the 29th May, 1660, he was restored.

On the 29th May, 1672, the fleet was beaten by the Dutch.

On the 29th May, 1679, the rebellion of the Covenanters broke out in Scotland.

The Emperor Charles V. was born on February 24, 1500; on that day he won the battle of Pavia, in 1525, and on the same day was crowned in 1530.

On the 29th January, 1697, M. de Broquemar, president of the parliament of Paris, died suddenly in that city; next day his brother, an officer, died suddenly at Bergue, where he was governor.

The lives of these brothers present remarkable coincidences.

One day the officer, being engaged in battle, was wounded in his leg by a sword blow. On the same day, at the same moment, the president was afflicted with acute pain, which attacked him suddenly in the same leg as that of his brother which had been injured.

John Aubrey mentions the case of a friend of his who was born on the 15th November; his eldest son was born on the 15th November; and his second son's first son on the same day of the same month.

At the hour of prime, April 6, 1327, Petrarch first saw his mistress Laura, in the Church of St. Clara in Avignon. In the same city, same month, same hour, 1348, she died.

The deputation charged with offering the crown of Greece to Prince Otho, arrived in Munich on the 13th October, 1832; and it was on the 13th October, 1862, that King Otho left Athens, to return to it no more.

On the 21st April, 1770, Louis XVI. was married at Vienna, by the sending of the ring.

On the 21st June, in the same year, took place the fatal festivities of his marriage.

On the 21st January, 1781, was the *fête* at the Hôtel de Ville, for the birth of the Dauphin.

On the 21st June, 1791, took place the flight to Varennes.

On the 21st January, 1793, he died on the scaffold.

There is said to be a tradition of Norman-monkish origin that the number 3 is stamped on the royal line of England, so that there shall not be more than three princes in succession without a revolution.

William I., William II., Henry I.; then followed the revolution of Stephen.

Henry II., Richard I., John; invasion of Louis, Dauphin of France, who claimed the throne.

Henry III., Edward I., Edward II., who was dethroned and put to death.

Edward III., Richard II., who was dethroned.

Henry IV., Henry V., Henry VI.; the crown passed to the house of York.

Edward IV., Edward V., Richard III.; the crown claimed and won by Henry Tudor.

Henry VII., Henry VIII., Edward VI.; usurpation of Lady Jane Grey.

Mary I., Elizabeth, the crown passed to the house of Stuart.

James I., Charles I.; Revolution.

Charles II., James II.; invasion of William of Orange.

William of Orange and Mary II., Anne; arrival of the house of Brunswick.

George I., George II., George III., George IV., William IV., Victoria.

The law has proved faulty in the last case; but certainly there was a crisis in the reign of George IV.

As I am on the subject of the English princes, I will add another singular coincidence, though it has nothing to do with the fatality of numbers.

It is that Saturday has been a day of ill omen to the later kings.

William of Orange died Saturday, 18th March, 1702.

Anne died Saturday, 1st August, 1704.

George I. died Saturday, 10th June, 1727.

George II. died Saturday, 25th October, 1760.

George III. died Saturday, 30th January, 1820.

George IV. died Saturday, 26th June, 1830.

Local Oddities.

Brethren who travel much are frequently struck with the tenacity with which Lodges adhere to local peculiarities, acquired nobody can say how or why. It has indeed appeared to the present writer that the less reason there is "for the faith that is in them," the more firmly brethren hold fast to the traditions they have acquired. "An opinion that has been *argued into a man,*" observes that acute metaphysician, Coleridge, "may possibly be *argued out of him;*" but where a person has received a doctrine without inquiry, all the logic from Socrates to Cousin will fail to dislodge it. And so in our observations of Freemasons we have found it.

In the present article we shall allude to a few of the unexplainable and unfounded usages that have fallen under our own observation in somewhat extended tours among Freemasons' Lodges in the various States and Canada. Young brethren are not unfrequently perplexed with these local oddities. Some have actually been refused admission into Lodges owing to their ignorance of them! The columns of the NATIONAL FREEMASON will be a proper depository of information under this head. For convenience we divide them into States.

CONNECTICUT.

The work and general customs in this old Commonwealth are first-rate. The visiting brother, informed upon a large scale of national and cosmopolitan usages, will find nothing in the Connecticut Lodges but what will please him; nor is there any jewel or rod but what he could handle, and take part, without confusion, in the work. The only peculiarity that will strike his attention is that in the polity of the Lodges *no dues are charged to members.* This explains why many Lodges have two hundred and three hundred members each, and why so many Masons remain affiliated in the Lodges of their initiation until the day of their death.

RHODE ISLAND.

The work of this State is good. The most striking peculiarity noticed by the writer is that of installing a brother as Worshipful Master of his Lodge who had not received the degree of Past Master. This, however, may not be a general usage in Rhode Island.

MASSACHUSETTS.

The rituals practiced in the older Lodges of the "Bay State" are those that were in use prior to 1826, and are excellent. The local peculiarity most striking here is *the want of numbers* in designating the Lodges. A Massachusetts Lodge is known simply by its name;

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* Up to Louis XIII. all the kings of this name spelled Louis as Loys.

it has no number. Hence a brother made in this State traveling into another jurisdiction, and being asked for the number of his Lodge, will be confused and may possibly excite suspicion in the minds of his examiners. We have known parties rejected upon this very ground that they could not tell *the number of their Lodge*, and had not been informed of the local usage, so different from any other jurisdiction.

Another peculiarity in Massachusetts is that the Lodges will initiate, pass and raise persons, *without making them members thereby!* This local custom has no analogy elsewhere upon the broad earth, so far as the present writer is informed.

VERMONT.

The practice here that most attracts and startles the strange visitor is an omission *to make the tie obligatory upon a candidate.* It would be obviously improper to speak more plainly in these columns, but the enlightened reader will easily gather our meaning. It is true that so palpable a violation of ancient landmarks (made to correspond with anti-Masonic legislation in 1830–6) should be corrected, and that a body of Masons whose rituals are so ancient and conformable to reason, should be cemented together by something better than a modern organization.

NEW YORK.

The modernisms in New York Masonry growing out of the Grand Lodge legislation of 1857–9 are numerous; but that which most startles the visitor is a manner of communication between the officers of the Lodge so singular, so different from ancient usage, or indeed any usage save this. To explain: in all other countries, when the Worshipful Master gives an order to a subordinate officer, he addresses him by his title, and proceeds, amidst respectful silence, to express the command. Not so in the "standard work" of New York. There the Master calls out the name of the subordinate officer, and then pauses *to give time for that subordinate to call out the Master's name.* How ludicrous this "jawing back" appears to a stranger we need not say; but as nothing can be more completely opposed to the true theory of Lodge subordination, we mention it with pain. Happily the practice has not yet crossed over the border of "the Empire State."

KENTUCKY.

In the old Lodges of Kentucky, the work is generally good, most nearly resembling that of 1812–25. The only practice that would unfavorably impress a visitor there is that of balloting and keeping the records *in the Entered Apprentices' Lodge*, a custom which is prevalent in perhaps half the Lodges of Kentucky. This practice is local, and with few exceptions peculiar to Kentucky. Following upon it, as a natural consequence, is the odd custom of charging dues to entered Apprentices and Fellow-Crafts.

WISCONSIN.

In the "Badger State" we have found but one local usage that is objectionable on the score of non-universality, viz., that of requiring persons entering the Lodge to salute not only the Worshipful Master, as in all other jurisdictions, but also the Senior Warden and then the Junior Warden! The same custom may be seen in a New York City Lodge, some of the Baltimore Lodges, and one in Tallahassee, Florida.

OHIO.

The Lodges practicing the rituals that were in use here prior to 1856, do good work, such as all visiting brethren are constrained to admire. The only local usage that will strike one unfavorably in Ohio is that of forming the parallel lines at opening and closing Lodges, and with much expenditure of time and nervous energy "passing the word," as it is termed. This is strictly "Ohioish," and never found outside the "Buckeye State," unless transplanted by some over-zealous emigrant from that ilk. Whenever we have seen it we have been struck by the uselessness of the practice, teaching nothing, but consuming infinite time and patience.

PENNSYLVANIA.

In the Keystone State the brethren pride themselves upon a system of Rituals essentially different from those of any other jurisdiction. This is a pity, seeing that there is no better set of fellows in all the scope of Masonry than in Pennsylvania. It often happens that a brother traveling thence is denied admission to Lodges in other States whose members are ignorant of the queer catechisms and usages so familiar to him, We regret that the full explanation of this is esoteric; else we would show it up here.

In reviewing what we have written above we feel called upon to add a few thoughts in the way of moral.

First. A young brother, unaccustomed to the oddities of other jurisdictions, must not allow himself to be confused by them. If, while under examination, questions are propounded which are unfamiliar to him, let him boldly say: "They do not use them in my Lodge." If well posted in his own Lodge-work (and a traveling brother is foolish to offer himself for examination unless he is), he need not fear rejection on the score of his ignorance of local peculiarities.

Second. A Lodge or Grand Lodge finding itself in the practice of ceremonies and customs unknown elsewhere, may draw the unerring conclusion that such customs and ceremonies are innovations, and consequently wrong and unmasonic, and to be promptly changed and corrected.

Third. A lecturer or visitor coming with Masonic novelties in regular degree-work should be looked upon with suspicion. There is no room for novelties here. They are destructive of the best interests, yes, to the very life of Freemasonry. He who succeeds in interpolating a single ceremony in the *work*, or a single query in the *lecture*, is by that much a murderer of the institution; had he the power he would destroy it all, for the sake of the notoriety given to his name.

JOSEPHUS.

Mozart a Freemason—His First Royal Kiss.

Mozart, the child of song and the immortal composer, was a Freemason, and among his best pieces is one written for a Masonic occasion.

Lady Wallace's volume of Mozart's Letters contains the following:

"The short rest from his labors which Constanze effected invigorated so much the failing health of the invalid *maestro* that soon afterwards he again asked for his score, and, in addition, wrote at this very time a Masonic cantata, 'Das Lob der Freundschaft,' which he conducted himself, on the 15th of November, at a festival of the Masonic Lodge to which he belonged."

The last written words of Mozart were: "Adieu! The hour strikes. Farewell! We shall meet again."

The following must interest the readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON:

MOZART'S FIRST ROYAL KISS.

Mozart was scarcely three years old when he first placed his little hands upon the keys of the piano-forte, and endeavored to execute a succession of thirds, the only extension which could then be accomplished by his short and plump tiny fingers.

Whenever he succeeded in discovering some harmony his eyes became animated with delight. At the age of four he knew by heart the most prominent part of the concertos performed by his sister, and his father composed for him little pieces, which are still in existence.

It was thus that Mozart learned music as a childish pastime, or rather the divine inspiration of music revealed itself in his soul with the first perceptions of his infancy.

In 1762, Leopold Mozart, accompanied by his two children, began an artist's pilgrimage through Europe.

The travels of a whole family of musicians going to seek their fortunes in distant countries were then and are still to this day characteristic of the simple manners of the German nation.

Mozart was then hardly six years old. His execution on the piano was already marvelous, and his precocious genius, beaming through all he did, seemed to await with impatience the moment when nature would permit him to take possession of the vast empire of musical art.

Leopold Mozart and his two children went first to Munich, in the month of January, 1762. They returned in delight to Salzbourg, after having charmed, during three whole weeks, the court of the Elector of Bavaria —one of the most musical of Germany.

In the autumn of the same year they went to Vienna. This voyage was a real triumph for Wolfgang. He remained four days with the Bishop of Lieutz, who could hardly bear to part with so extraordinary a child.

The young Mozart played the organ in a convent of Franciscans, whose enthusiasm was wound up to the highest degree, and at the gates of Vienna he softened the rigor of the custom-house officers by playing a minuet on a little violin which had been presented to him.

Scarcely had they reached the capital of Austria, when every one flocked to hear the infant *virtuoso.* Invitations poured in on all sides, and the most splendid equipages succeeded one another at the poor traveler's door.

The noblest ladies, princes and noblemen disputed with each other the honor of having at their table Leopold Mozart's two clever children.

All three being admitted at court, the Emperor Francis the First came as far as the antechamber to receive them, and conducted them with kindness into the interior apartments occupied by Maria Theresa, surrounded by her fine and numerous family.

Wolfgang, whom nothing intimidated, was soon seated with infantine grace on the Emperor's knee, who ceased not to admire his engaging manners, as well as his extraordinary talent.

In running across the room his foot slipped on the highly polished *parquet* of the palace, and he fell. The Arch-Duchess, Marie Antoinette, hastened to help him up.

"You are so kind," said Wolfgang to her, "that I should like to marry you."

The princess having related this speech to her mother, Maria Theresa asked the talented child what could have caused him to desire to marry her daughter.

"Gratitude," answered he; "for she alone was kind to me, while her sisters looked on without moving."

A kiss, accompanied with a charming smile, was the reward of the young and lovely princess for the compliment paid her by the precocious child.

Who knows but this kiss, imprinted by the delicate lips of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette on the snowy forehead of the inspired Mozart, did not then deposit the germ of the beautiful "Donna Anna?" The virgin soul of a child of genius is a deep source, nourished by first impressions, from which spring the charming creations which people the world of fancy.

The Escallop.

The escallop, or scallop shell, first brought back from the East by those who, as true pilgrims, had visited the Holy Land, afterwards became the badge both of pilgrims and Crusaders. It was the especial cognizance of the Knights of Santiago, and is said to have decorated the housings of the horse on which S. James was mounted, at the battle of Clavigo, when, as on many other occasions, as Don Quixote assured Sancho, "he was personally seen cutting and slaying, overthrowing, trampling, and destroying the Moorish squadrons; of which," continues the Knight-errant, "I could give thee many examples derived from authentic Spanish histories."

The Order of S. James, in Holland, bore a badge and collar of escallop shells, and they are introduced also into the Collar of S. Michael, an Order of knighthood established by Louis XI. Buckenham Priory, Norfolk, founded by William de Albini and his wife, Queen Adeliza, the widow of Henry I., had for Arms "*Ar.* three escallops *sa.*" while, on the ancient seal, S. James himself is represented wearing in his pilgrim's hat an escallop shell. This shell belongs also to the Arms of the Abbey of Reading, dedicated to S. James. The famous Jacques Cœur bore two escallops, in allusion to his patron saint, with three hearts for his own name.

Escallop shells, palmers' scrips, and pilgrim staves, are borne sometimes as memorials of a pilgrimage performed by some former ancestor, but most frequently in canting allusion to the family name.

Anecdotes and Sayings of Masons.

RUFUS CHOATE.—The Whig Review of Jan., 1847, in an article adds an example from Mr. Choate's speeches which happily illustrates his humor and fun. After speaking of a grotesque image which Mr. Choate used in his speech on the Oregon question, of the Legislature putting its head out of the window, and, in a voice audible all over the world, speaking to the negotiators of the pending treaty, bidding them God speed, but insinuating that if they did not give up the whole subject in dispute it would be settled by main strength—it refers to his picture of a New England summer, introduced in his second speech on the tariff, to illustrate the idea that irregularity is not ruin.

"Take the New England climate, in summer; you would think the world was coming to an end. Certain recent heresies on that subject may have had a natural origin there. Cold to-day, hot to-morrow; mercury at eighty degrees in the morning, with wind at southwest; and in three hours more a sea-turn, wind at east, a thick fog from the very bottom of the ocean, and a fall of forty degrees of Fahrenheit; now so dry as to kill all the beans in New Hampshire; then floods carrying off the bridges of the Penobscot and Connecticut; snow in Portsmouth in July; and the next day a man and a yoke of oxen killed by lightning in Rhode Island. You would think the world was twenty times coming to an end! But I dont know how it is: we go along; the early and the latter rain falls, each in its season; seed-time and harvest do not fail; the sixty days of hot, corn weather are pretty sure to be measured out to us. The Indian Summer, with its bland southwest and mitigated sunshine, brings all up; and on the twenty-fifth of November, or thereabouts, being Thursday, three millions of grateful people, in meeting-houses, or around the family board, give thanks for a year of health, plenty, and happiness."

A few years ago, a Yankee "down-easter" tried his hand at describing Mr. Choate in his own down-east style. It is of course a caricature, but making due allowance for that it gives a notion of this marvelous man, as seen by one with an eye for the ludicrous.

Here is our greatest legal orator, as seen with a down-east eye: "Rufus Choate is a picture to look at, and a crowder to spout. He is about seven feet six, or six feet seven, in his socks, supple as an eel, and wiry as a cork-screw. His face is a compound of wrinkles, 'yaller janders,' and jurisprudence. He has small, keen, piercing black eyes, and a head shaped like a mammoth goose-egg, big end up; his hair black and curly, much resembling a bag of wool in 'admirable disorder,' or a brush heap in a gale of wind. His body has no particular shape, and his wit and legal 'dodges' have set many a judge in a snicker, and so confounded jurors as to make it almost impossible for them to speak plain English.

"Rufus is great on twisting and coiling himself up, squirming around, and prancing, jumping and kicking up the dust, when steam's up. His oratory is first-rate, and his arguments ingenious and forcible. He generally makes a ten-strike—judge and jury down at the end of every sentence. He is great on flowery expressions and highfalootin 'flub-dubs.' Strangers mostly think he is crazy, and the rest scarcely understand what it is about. He has been in the Senate, and maybe, if he has time to fish for it, President of the United States. He invoices his time and elocution four thousand per cent. over ordinary charges for having one's self put through a course of law. Rufus Choate is about fifty years of age, perhaps over. He is considered the ablest lawyer in New England, or perhaps in the United States."

Caricatured as this is, the down-easter evidently appreciates the greatness and originality of his power.

In a suit for wages by a young woman who worked in a milliner's shop, he concluded a powerful appeal by saying, "Was it not enough, gentlemen, that she should live in that atmosphere of silks, satins, ribbons and lavender water—without being cheated out of her wages?"

Speaking of the democratic administration in the days when the Whig party still lived, he said, "Well, it is as I expected. Put *you know who* on horseback, and he'll ride *you know where*."

When, in 1847, he argued for a proper license system of the sale of spirituous liquors, before a committee of the Boston Common Council, he was in the prime of his power. A satirical paper at that time gave the following description of him, which, in all its burlesque, is nevertheless highly panegyrical: "As he shot his piercing, resolute eyes hither and thither, drew on that solemn face, and poured out those deep tones of awful solemnity, rolled up those tremendous climaxes, raised his commanding form upon his toes, came down upon his heels like two pavers' rammers, and shook the whole firmament of the Council chamber like an earthquake, we could not but imagine what a sensation he would have produced as a revival preacher, or as Richard the Third on the stage."

This newspaper reference to Richard the Third is very apposite.

He might have been trained to triumph in tragedy. Dark faces are deficient in delicate expression, but for intensity of look, and great and distant effects, are far better than lighter or blonde faces. A poetic observer and critic of men says that two men only of his generation had ever been able to put fire into his brain—one was Edwin Booth, the other Rufus Choate, the Masonic actor and the Masonic orator.

Kind Words, Good Deeds and Evidences of Progress.

THE POWER OF KINDNESS.

It will make the eye grow brighter,
It will warm the dark, cold heart;
It will melt the icy fountain,
And the tear of feeling start.

Call thy erring brother near thee,
Kindness yet his heart may move;
You will see the giant yielding,
Fettered by the chain of love.

Proud and upright, conscious manhood,
Thrust the weaker from his way,
Chilled the spark of bitter feeling—
He has made a thief to-day.

Cold suspicion's icy finger
Pointed at the brow of care—
Marked with guilt the cloud of sorrow,
And it left a furrow there.

Warm, confiding, gentle kindness
Let its soothing, cheerful ray;
And that furrow caught the sunshine,
And the shadow fled away.

Heart desponding, sorrow brooding,
Leave your heavy load awhile;
See the sunny face of kindness—
How can you forbear to smile?

Where the storm of passion rages,
Where the worldly breezes chill,
Speak the potent word of kindness—
Heart's commotion, "peace, be still!"

⁂

THE ROMANCE OF LIFE.—A maiden lady, by the name of Klingling, who settled in Warren county, Ohio, many years ago, from Germany, was killed by being thrown out of her buggy last Thursday, about a mile west of Lebanon. She leaves an estate worth $20,000 or $40.000, which she bequeaths to Warren county, for the purpose of building and maintaining an orphan asylum, provided the county will raise a like sum for the same purpose. Should this county decline to comply with the conditions of the bequest, the estate goes to the German Orphan Asylum of Cincinnati, named in her will. There is a bit of romance connected with the history of Miss Klingling that may not be uninteresting. In her youth, in Germany, she had a lover to whom she pledged her troth, but the marriage being prevented by opposing relatives, she and her lover entered into pledges never to marry, and she came with a brother, since deceased, to this country. Years after, her lover died unmarried, leaving by will a large sum of money to found an orphan asylum at Frankfort. Subsequently Miss Klingling became entitled to an estate in Germany, and thereupon devoted a large portion of it to swell the fund bequeathed by her lover; and now her death reveals the fact that she has devoted the bulk of her property to found a similar institution at the home of her adoption.

Family Circle.

LET ME GO.

[The following is the composition of Miss Mary Pyper (a resident in one of "Closes" of Alleys in the old town of Edinburgh), who is in extreme old age, quite alone in the world, totally blind, and in deep poverty.]

Let me go! The day is breaking,
Morning bursts upon mine eye;
Death this mortal frame is shaking—
But the soul can never die!

Let me go! The Day Star beaming
Girds the radiant realms above;
Its full glory on me streaming,
Lights me to that land of love!

Let me go! My warfare's ended—
Night's dark shades have passed away;
All in view is glory splendid,
Boundless and eternal day!

Let me go! My Master's chariot
Waits in state to bear me home—;
Purchase of His grace and merit—
Alleluia! Lord I come!

Now I am Thine for ever,
While eternal ages roll;
Sense and sin no more shall sever
Thy blest Presence from my soul!

Now, amid the sacred splendor
Of the glorious hosts above,
Everlasting praise I'll render
To that God whose name is Love!

⁂

NOBODY.

If nobody's noticed you, you must be small;
If nobody's slighted you, you must be tall;
If nobody's bowed to you, you must be low;
If anybody's kissed you, you're ugly, we know.

If nobody's envied you, you're a poor elf;
If nobody's flattered you, you've flattered yourself;
If nobody's cheated you, you are a knave;
If nobody's hated you, you are a slave.

If nobody's called you a fool to your face,
Somebody's wished for your back in its place;
If nobody's called you a tyrant or scold,
Somebody thinks you of spiritless mould.

If nobody knows of your faults but a friend,
Nobody will miss them at the world's end;
If nobody clings to your purse like a fawn,
Nobody'll run like a hound when it's gone.

If nobody's eaten his bread from your store,
Nobody'll call you a miserly bore;
If nobody's slandered you—here is our pen,
Sign yourself "nobody," quick as you can.

⁂

TESTS OF CHARACTER.—A great many admirable actions are overlooked by us, because they are so little and common. Take, for instance, the mother, who has had broken slumber, if any at all, with the nursing babe whose wants must not be disregarded; she would fain sleep awhile when the breakfast hour comes, but patiently and uncomplaining she takes her timely seat at the table. Though exhausted and weary, she serves all with a refreshing cup of coffee or tea before she sips it herself, and often the cup is handed back to her to be refilled before she has time to taste her own. Do you hear her complain, this weary mother, that her breakfast is cold, before she has time to eat it? And this not for one, but for every morning, perhaps through the year. Do you call this a small thing? Try it and see. Oh! how does woman shame us by her forbearance and fortitude in what are called little things! Ah, it is these little things which are tests of character; it is by these "little" self-denials, borne with such self-forgotten gentleness, that the humblest home is made beautiful to the eyes of angels, though we fail to see it, alas! until the chair is vacant, and the hand which kept in motion all this domestic machinery is powerless and cold.

⁂

THE WOODPECKER'S FORESIGHT.—The woodpecker in California is a storer of acorns. The tree he selects is invariably of the pine tribe. He bores several holes, differing slightly in size, at the fall of the year, and then flies away, in many instances to a long distance, and returns with an acorn, which he immediately sets about adjusting to one of the holes prepared for its reception, which will hold it tightly in its position. But he does not eat the acorn; for, as a rule, he is not a vegetarian. His object in storing away the acorn exhibits acute foresight, and knowledge of results more akin to reason than to instinct. The succeeding winter the acorn remains intact, but becoming saturated with rain is predisposed to decay, when it is attacked by maggots, who seem to delight in this special food; it is then that the woodpecker reaps the harvest his wisdom has provided, at a time when, the ground being covered with snow, he would experience a difficulty otherwise in obtaining suitable or palatable food. It is a subject of speculation why the red-wood cedar or the sugar-pine is invariably selected; it is not probable that the insect, the most dainty to the woodpecker's taste, frequents only the outside of wet trees; but so it is, that in Calaveras Mariposa, and other districts of California, trees of this kind may be frequently seen covered all over their trunks with acorns when there is not an oak tree within several miles.

⁂

TEMPER.—Of all qualities, a sweet temper is perhaps the one least cultivated in the lower ranks of life. The peculiar disposition is not watched; care is not taken to distinguish between the passionate child, the sulky, the obstinate, and the timid. The children of the poor are allowed a latitude of speech unknown among the higher orders; and they are free from the salutary restraint imposed by what is termed "company." When in the enjoyment of full health and strength, the ungoverned temper of the poor is one of their most striking faults; while their resignation under affliction, whether mental or bodily, is the point, of all others, in which the rich might with advantage study to imitate them.

⁂

GOODNESS AND GENIUS.—Genius and goodness are inseparably connected in mental origin. Genius is essentially a moral—nay, a religious power. The difference between genius and talent is perhaps included in the necessary conscientiousness of the former. Talent *may* be conscientious—genius *must* be so. Nobility of purpose, the truest and most patient sympathies, must combine in a work that is to penetrate, elevate and subdue the hearts of mankind. If we rise from a book with no sacred and solemn emotions, no deep sense of human relationship and sympathy, we have not been in communion with genius.

⁂

RELY UPON YOURSELF.—Never ask a favor. It is bettor to suffer than to supplicate.

Which Seam does Rip Easiest?

THE WILLCOX & GIBBS OR THE LOCK STITCH?

While it is universally admitted that the Willcox & Gibbs Machine is the simplest and the least liable to get out of order; that it runs the easiest, stillest and fastest; that it requires the least skill to use it; that its needle, hemmer and feller are unrivaled; and the machine itself the best beyond comparison; it is nevertheless asserted, by parties interested in "double-thread" machines, that the "Willcox & Gibbs stitch is not reliable;" that "the seam will rip; that the work will come to pieces before the garment is worn out," etc. How these charges tally with the verdict of the jury at the "Grand Trial at Island Park," the following extract from the "Report" of that trial will show:

"Again, each party claims that his stitch is the least liable to rip, by the ordinary strain upon the seam of a garment in use. The test requires a row of parallel stitching to be made by each machine, lengthwise, across a narrow strip of two thicknesses of muslin; and this strip is then cut across at every half an inch, making it into smaller strips, each as long as the width of the original piece. Each judge takes one of these small strips, and opening the folds on the 'lock stitch' side, pulls on the ends in opposite directions, and the lock stitch seam rips out. The folds being thus opened to the Willcox & Gibbs seam, he continues pulling, but this seam refuses to rip. He pulls stronger, but this only tightens the stitch; the material gives way, but the seam holds fast." And the jury, in accordance with the facts, render the following verdict: "Its seam (the Willcox & Gibbs) has the peculiar advantage of being readily taken out when it is desirable; while it is less liable to rip, in use or wear, than the lock stich."

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We will deliver the articles at our rooms or send the books by mail, stamps having been furnished. If the article is to be boxed, the expense must be prepaid by the person sending for it.

One copy will be sent free also to each person making up a club of seven or more.

Earnest Freemasonry—the Great Masonic Idea.

Wherever *earnest Freemasonry* enters, the tendency, within and without, immediately is to affinity and unity. The high nature of a universal brotherhood is at once *felt* to be superior to technical differences and party disagreements.

Thus Freemasonry becomes a living thing, and, as the universal association of mankind, real.

But Freemasonry is not everywhere and always possessed of this spirit. She does not always see beyond her own organic and immediate welfare. She does not see that they who come afterward in the ever-widening world have an equal claim on her catholicity—that they are a part of this Masonic union, with the birthright to individual freedom and thought. Freemasonry is not up to her own idea—the universal catholic idea.

And what Church even is up to its idea? Does Protestantism still bear a spirit of protest?

Yet, though unrealized, there above us shines forever the GREAT CATHOLIC, UNIVERSAL, MASONIC IDEA, the vision of a united, powerful, world-embracing brotherhood, *that of the entire human family,* under the fatherhood of one God! There, on the pages of Masonic prophecy, gleam still the unfulfilled golden visions of our mystic brotherhood, prefaced by truth, love and charity. This idea will be always alive.

Each young craftsman, whose soul is dedicated to the highest purposes of life, feels the hope kindled within him; his instinct heralds universal unity and fraternity.

Alas! how often, under a physical, Lodge-room, office-seeking Freemasonry, he becomes querulous and bigoted; not through having surrendered his genial faith, but through having tried it and found it trampled under foot by the designing, the mercenary and the brutal.

The angel Peace, once driven by the thirst for conquest from the kingdoms of the world, had sought the holy altars of the Prince of Peace; but soon Constantine's sword put her to flight; and though all hear in dreams the rustle of her wing hovering near us, yet she abides not in those termed the churches on earth.

So too much of charity and catholic unity in our fraternity.

It is not because Lodges, Grand Lodges and brethren *really desire* to be at strife. It would seem that, though the whole body of Freemasonry is conscious of a great want, it is not so clear as to the real nature of that want, and so it can only grope for the remedy. It does not fully see that the catholic, the universal, not the American, nor the Anglican, nor the Gallican idea, is the only one for universal alliance.

The affectionate spirit of St. John, the Masonic patron, presented the type of the Masonic ideal, of whom the legend runs that, when he was too aged to enter the church and participate in the exercises, he was, at times, brought in his chair, in order that he might bless the brethren; and that his only expression then was, "*Children, love one another.*"

Who could so well see the true Masonic, universal unity as John, the loving and the beloved?

Now he saw the *differences* which will ever exist in religious faith and worship. The differences of civil governments lead to different occupations and tastes. He rebuked, as does a living and pure Freemasonry, that men bring ugly feelings into their differences and discussions, when every personal feeling in the sacred presence of Truth is an impertinence. In any controversy, as soon as personal feeling enters, it shows that truth is in that moment forgotten, and self, with its petty love of triumph, rises in her place. Why should I not be equally kind to a Romanist, or Calvinist, or Methodist, or Deist, or Jew, or Frenchman, or German, or Southerner or Northerner?

Historical Freemasonry establishes that, when the dogma was announced, it was a living truth to the heart which believed it, and, in higher translations and forms, the same truth shall ever be believed. Religious bitterness and intolerance shall certainly be proved one day to have been frequently a misunderstanding of one another. I would not abuse even the atheist. I would say to him, "Human brother, thou dost not yet see God; but the *pure must* see God at length." For each man purity is only to be found in his own steadfast devotion to what he believes true and right. No man is fit to enter the Masonic society who does not feel that all pure and earnest men, of all creeds and nations, are brothers. He will say to the Lodges and the craftsmen, "Brothers, so long as you demand of me purity of life, love to God and charity towards man, you do well; but your claims end here, for I am a "FREE" Mason, and in all other things, stand or fall before God alone."

Religious and political toleration may be the best phrase current, perhaps, to express our Masonic idea. And yet philosophy and Freemasonry teach us not to *tolerate* other men's honest differences, but to *rejoice* in the sincerity and purity of honest differences; that each man shall have his own creed and his own worship, claiming only that purity of purpose shall animate him, that he shall stand with the noble and true of all ages.

Men of earth have been too long estranged. God send us, preparatory to the reign of truth on earth, respect for the convictions and peculiarities of every earnest and pure mind, so that men, in order to keep from open war, need not conceal their differences of opinion!

Let our Masonic institution become the place where all true pilgrims may meet and rest together—a fountain, a shade where all are refreshed alike.

Made in the image of one Father, children of one hope, with eyes kindled at the same sun, in the strength of a common nature, the hope of a common destiny—join hands, knit hearts, and press on to a universal brotherhood, to the temple of truth and catholic fraternity, where we shall see eye to eye and love heart to heart.

Ex-Senator McDougal.

Comp. James A. McDougal, late U. S. Senator, from California, died at Albany, Sept. 3. He was a native of this city, and after having been admitted to practice, as a lawyer, he removed to Illinois when quite young. 1842 he was chosen Attorney General of Illinois, and was re-elected 1847. 1849 he settled in San Francisco, California, where his undoubted talent and energy won him position. He was actively engaged in organizing the State, and was a member of its first legislature. 1853 he was elected to the House of Representatives of U. S., and in 1861 he was elected to the U. S. Senate.

His talents were brilliant, and his eloquence was persuasive. We knew Senator and Bro. McDougal intimately. We were witnesses, during the late war, to his costly acts of Masonic charity to the soldier, the widow and the orphan. He died at the age of 50.

The history of Freemasonry is found, yet not exclusively, by any means, in the history of architecture, and this is the *history of the world, under a special aspect.* The essential affinities of style and their filiation make architecture an expedient for the discovery of race relations. This is a fresh resource for reading universal history, supplying indications useful to guide, control or confirm historical research.

We have received the photograph of our late friend and brother, George C. Whiting, Grand Master D. C., too late for engraving this week. His biography will appear at an early moment.

A Few Words about the Ballot.

We are among those who believe that the "secrecy" and "inviolability" of the ballot—words freely used by commentators on Masonic law, and found in some constitutions—simply mean such an inviolability as will protect a brother from being questioned as to how he voted, on the one hand, and to prevent any means on the other by which his vote can be ascertained. We believe also that the words which we have quoted, do, from the force of circumstances, necessarily prohibit any brother from disclosing the fact that he cast a white ball; for if one could be permitted to disclose that fact, all could be, and thus the person or persons who cast one black ball, or more, as the case might be, would surely be discovered. Let us illustrate. A Lodge has an attendance of fifty members, and a ballot is taken on the admission of a candidate, when forty-eight white balls appear and two black ones. This state of facts is necessarily known to those who inspect the ballot-box. One brother may rise and say, "I voted a white ball," and he be followed by the remaining forty-seven who make the same declaration, and thus the brethren who cast the two black balls become known beyond a question, unless they resort to a falsehood to screen themselves from the performance of an act which they have a perfect right to commit. Here a singular anomaly presents itself: that of a brother performing a just and proper act, one done under the dictates of duty, having either to become the object of resentment to some of the members of his Lodge, or to resort to a lie as a shield against it. Thus it will be seen that as great harm can result from permission to disclose the fact of the casting of a white ball as from the power to force a brother to disclose the manner in which he voted; a power, it is almost needless to say, that can never exist in Freemasonry without a violation of the most salutary and best settled laws of the Craft. On the other hand we contend that any brother who desires to state the fact that he cast a black ball, should be permitted to do so, and take the consequence of his act, if any consequences could be made to follow it. Now let us ask those who think to the contrary—and our columns are open to them—what harm could be the result of such a permission, or rather the exercise of an option in that respect? We have asked the question twice in Grand Lodge, and no answer have been returned save the stereotyped one that "the ballot is secret"—surely, none that proved that any positive, contingent, or even possible evil could accrue from such a course. The thinking reader will not ask us what good would accrue from the adoption of our construction; but inasmuch as the unthinking may do so, we will now consider that phase of the matter. Masons, like other men, are frail, and the victims of passions, prejudices and feelings; and though these qualities may be softened by the solemn teachings of the Lodge, still they exist to a greater or lesser extent in the mind of the best meaning and most conscientious craftsman; for the most impressive lessons, no matter from what source they may come, cannot so change the nature of man as to enfranchise him from all evil influences. A brother, we will assume, proposes a person for initiation into a Lodge, believing that the candidate possesses, in the highest degree, every moral and physical qualification demanded by the laws of Masonry. It may possibly be that the two are brothers. When the name of a candidate comes to be submitted to the ordeal of the ballot, he is found to have been rejected by a single black ball. Anger and a spirit of bitterness are immediately aroused in the mind of the proposer, and the first question that presents itself is as to who is he to suspect of having done the act. His belief at last settles on some one of the brethren—it may be the right or it may be the wrong one—and from that time forth a spirit of personal hostility is engendered, and trouble follows. In some Lodges, and it is shameful, all of the suspected brother's candidates are rejected out of malice and revenge, and in the face of a favorable report from the committee of investigation, and, probably, without the rejecting brother even knowing the rejected candidate or his character. We have known instances where Lodges have been divided into two parties from this very cause, and have become so demoralized as to be a stain upon the fraternity.

In two instances we have, during our official life, taken away the warrants of Lodges, for the reason that this evil paralyzed their usefulness—though this extreme disciplinary step was not resorted to until it became painfully apparent that feelings of hostility and rancor were so implacable and seated, that every hope of peace and reconciliation had to be abandoned. Now let us suppose that the brother who feels impelled from a sense of duty to cast a black ball, should be permitted to rise in open Lodge and state the fact that he had done so, and be permitted to give his reasons for doing it, what injury could possibly follow? On the contrary, might not the proposing brother, on being informed of the reasons that led to the casting of the rejecting ballot, be satisfied of the good faith of the brother who cast the cloudy ball, or be ready with an explanation with which to meet the objections of the party who had cast it? Thus all subsequent trouble would be avoided, and although the act of black-balling might sting the proposer, yet he would be satisfied that the act was honestly committed, and would not suffer himself to resort to the unmanly course of seeking a reprisal by placing a stain upon the fair fame of a candidate of whom he had no knowledge, simply because a suspected enemy had placed the name of that candidate before the Lodge.

We are satisfied that in every point of view in which this subject may be considered, the conclusion of every right minded brother will coincide with our ideas.

We court the views of the craft upon this important subject (*pro* and *con*), and hope, by agitating it, that the fraternity will be made to remedy a serious evil—one that is not connected with a landmark in any sense.

Our space is too limited to permit us to treat this subject at length, but we shall again recur to it, and comment upon phases of it to which we have not referred.

Remarks.—The foregoing article emanates from the pen of M. W. Robt. D. Holmes, and we give it the benefit of our circulation that the chance of calling out reply may be the greater.

Our own opinion of the matter, which has been frequently avowed, is that, while a brother cannot be lawfully questioned as to the manner of his ballot, neither can he be allowed to voluntarily expose it, because, in either case, the strict and inviolable secrecy of the ballot is invaded.

We are aware that many cases can be supposed within the actual limits of possibility which would justify, if any thing could, the voluntary exposure of a ballot; but such exposure must primarily be in the interest of a profane, who, at the worst, would only have to wait six months, and who would have no right to complain if it were six years.

We do not propose, however, to argue the case at present, preferring to wait the ventilation that may ensue from a general discussion with so able a brother as our P. G. M. on one side and the fraternity in general on the other; but we suggest that, taking Bro. Holmes' supposition, "That the brother who feels impelled, from a sense of duty, to cast a black ball should be permitted to rise in open Lodge and state the fact that he had done so, and be permitted to give his reasons for doing it," it would be better for the brother intending, as a matter of conscience and duty, to cast a black ball, to rise in his place before doing so and state his reasons.

One of two consequences might follow:

First, he might convince the friends of the candidate that he (the candidate) was not a proper person to be received into the Lodge; and, secondly, if acting under a misapprehension, his error might be corrected, and the candidate thus escape the humiliation of a contrary ballot.

We trust to hear from some of the experts on this question.

* * *

Is Masonry Fulfilling Her Mission?

Are its principles and object thoroughly understood? or, if understood, properly regarded? Do Masons reverence God's name, never repeating it idly or profanely? Is the mission of Freemasonry fulfilled in and by the profane craftsman?

What can the wife or sister think, when husband or brother returns home, ostensibly from the Lodge, the maudlin fool or disgusting brute? What said an intelligent profane? "I judge Masonry to be powerless as a teacher of true morality, for you have amongst you, in good and reputable standing, holding prominent positions on public occasions, those whom I know to be habitual drunkards and common blasphemers." How difficult to answer such searching remarks!

At his residence in Delhi, N. Y., on Tuesday, September 3d, 1867, R. W. Robert Parker, Past D. D. G. M. 8th Masonic District, New York.

Thanks are due to Miss Ruck, of Eastern Star Lodge, No. 227, for another Corwin number.

The Late Grand Master Whiting.

With a sad heart we chronicle, this week, the loss by death of M.·. W.·. Hon. George C. Whiting, Grand Master of the District of Columbia.

We knew our late brother intimately, and loved him dearly. He was our intimate, firm, and beloved personal friend; ever ready to aid in every good work—one on whom we relied. Bro. Whiting was no common man. Not only the craft, but the community of the District have met with a great loss.

Bro. Whiting was in bad health during the past summer. August 28, he took a trip to Cape May for relief but deriving no benefit, returned Sept. 2, to his home in Washington city. On returning he felt much better and fell asleep, and in this slumber gently passed to the spirit land.

Bro. Whiting was a native of Fauquier, Virginia, and went to Washington city when twenty years of age, where he continued until his death. He attracted the notice of that eminent Mason, General Jackson, who appointed him to a position which was speedily followed by preferment. He was Commissioner of Pensions and acting Secretary of the Interior.

He was a member of B. B. French Lodge, of Columbia Chapter and of Washington Commandery, and had filled nearly every station in each body, and for several successive terms was Grand Master of the District.

Bro. Whiting was a knight of courteous demeanor and generous bearing, full of charity, a genial and sincere friend, the wise adviser and the loving father and husband.

In Memoriam—By M. F. Clarke, Esq.

GEO. C. WHITING—Obit. Sept. 4, 1867.

It is not for man to murmur—
We can mourn, but not complain;
For the world's Grand Master tells us
That the good shall rise again.

* * * * *

"None knew him but to love him,"
As a man whose heart contained
The jewel rare of charity,
Whose works his word sustained.

Whose every thought and action
Were honorable and fair.
Whose record of a useful life
Was measured by the square.

He is gone from earthly labors,
Wafted on the wings of love
To the presence of the Architect,
Who shall say to him, above:

"Thou hast been a faithful craftsman,
Building up My temple walls;
And now thy work is ended,
Enter thou its glorious halls."

At the meeting of the officers of the Department of the Interior, Bro. and Hon. J. H. Barrett, Commissioner of Pensions, acting as temporary chairman, said that this was one of the most solemn occasions that had ever brought them together. Bro. J. B. Thompson was appointed secretary. Messrs. Parks, Falls and Curtis waited upon Hon. W. T. Otto to request him to act as permanent Chairman.

On motion of Bro. Alvord, Messrs. Mix, Sout, Hurell, Bloss and Morgan were appointed a committee on resolutions.

Hon. W. T. Otto, taking his place as chairman, said:

No one could be associated as he had been with the lamented gentleman whose loss we deplore, without entertaining a profound respect for his many public and private virtues. He had no acquaintance with Mr. Whiting until he (Mr. Otto) was invited by the lamented President Lincoln to take a position in this department, and from the moment he entered upon the duties of his office he had had the honor of being associated with Mr. Whiting in the discharge of the duties of this department. Mr. Whiting was called into the service of the Government many years ago. As a boy he attracted the notice of the late President Jackson, and so favorable an impression did he make upon the old hero that it was through his influence he was appointed to a clerkship in the Treasury Department. He discharged his duties there with so much zeal, faithfulness and integrity that he was retained in office under successive administrations until the Department of the Interior was formed. Mr. Secretary Stewart, who was then at the head of the department, though differing in political sentiment from Mr. Whiting, yet gave him an indorsement of his faithfulness by inviting him to the desk of the chief clerkship of the new department. He remained in this capacity in the department under successive administrations until President Pierce invited him to take charge of the Pension Bureau.

He remaind in that position some six or eight years, and discharged his duties with unsurpassed ability and success, and upon his withdrawal from the position was succeeded by the present worthy incumbent. He still retained, however, the closest relations with the head of the department, and the late lamented Secretary Smith assigned him to duty in an important position, which brought him into intimate relations with all the bureaus of the department. When he (Mr. Otto) first assumed his duties in the department, Mr. Usher was Secretary of the Interior, and Mr. Whiting remained in his position.

When Mr. Harlan came to the Interior Department he (Mr. Otto) was asked about Mr. Whiting, the new Secretary not being personally acquainted with him. It was his pleasure to say to Mr. Harlan that Mr. Whiting was a gentleman in the best sense of the word, and that a more willing, faithful or efficient public officer could not be found, and Mr. Whiting was retained in a responsible position. He remained here during that Secretary's administration, and when the present honored Secretary came in he was retained. But Mr. Whiting was not only retained in the common acceptation of that word; his valuable services were eagerly desired, and he knew that the deceased had discharged his duties not only with great credit to himself, but in such a manner as to command the confidence and win the cordial esteem of every officer in the department. When he (Mr. Otto) returned to the city a few days ago, he found Mr. Whiting at his post, and advised him to obtain a leave of absence. He did so, and the speaker heard no more of him until informed of his death yesterday morning. He would not attempt to portray his feelings upon receipt of the sad intelligence. So far as faithfulness to public duty was concerned, he knew of no better model for young men to follow than that furnished by the lamented deceased. To the older clerks and officers of the department it is idle to say much, and their solemn feelings upon this occasion are the best and noblest tribute they can pay to the deceased.

Bro. and Hon. B. B. French said he was not an officer of the Department, but, understanding that this meeting was to be held, he had taken the privilege to be present, because Mr. Whiting had been one of his nearest and dearest friends. He had heard of Mr. Whiting's death yesterday, while riding in a street car, and the sad intelligence so affected him that he was scarcely able to attend to his daily avocation. He had had opportunities to know Mr. Whiting as a public officer and as a member of the Masonic fraternity, and he knew his great worth. When Secretary Harlan was appointed to the charge of the Interior Department he (Mr. French), upon being asked about him, said much the same about Mr. Whiting as had been said by Judge Otto. Mr. Whiting was the most perfect and indomitable business man the speaker ever knew, and he would have filled with skill and ability any position under this Government in which he might have been placed. The speaker had been recently connected with the deceased in official business, but he should not have opened his mouth to speak upon this occasion if he had not been urged to do so by his friends present. There is not a man at this meeting who has not lost a personal friend in Mr. Whiting's death. His heart ever glowed with good feeling and kindness to all. He was a good, an upright, and an honest man, and such a one as a community might well weep over. He was a man of whom no one could say any thing except with the kindliest feelings.

Bro. and Hon. Joseph S. Wilson, Commissioner of the General Land Office, said he had the pleasure of knowing the deceased from the infancy of his official life, and it gave him a melancholy satisfaction to bear testimony to his superior intellectual power. Mr. Whiting was a man who rose from a minor official station, and attained one of eminence—a natural result of his incorruptible integrity and great ability. In his first association with the deceased the speaker discovered that he was a gentleman of rare powers, ready to grasp an idea in a moment. He was ever ready to attend to any matter brought before him, and was faithful, prompt and just in his business relations. His loss will long be felt here, and he may be held up as an examplar of purity of official life. His hands are pure and unstained, and his life was such a one as will secure the welcome plaudit, "Well done, good and faithful servant."

The committee appointed to draft resolutions reported the following, which were adopted:

Whereas the Supreme Ruler of the Universe has been pleased to take from our midst our beloved friend and official associate, George C. Whiting;

Resolved, therefore, That, in bowing with meekness to His chastening rod and acknowledging that "He doeth all things well," we can but deeply mourn the loss of one who was ever ready by word and deed to aid his fellow-men.

Resolved, That in his death the Department of the Interior has lost a valuable officer, whose experience and faithfulness for upwards of thirty years, in various official positions, had won the respect and esteem of all who have been associated with him.

Resolved, That we tender to the family of the deceased our heartfelt sympathies in this great bereavement.

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions, signed by the chairman and secretary of the meeting, be communicated to the family of the deceased, and that they be published in the newspapers of this city.

Bro. Jno. H. Hood, Grand Marshal of the G.·. L.·., was the Chief Marshal of the funeral procession. The following was the order: Citizens and Department Clerks, Odd Fellows, Marine Band, Columbia Commandery (marshaled by Sir S. A. Dole), and Washington Commandery (marshaled by Bro. Charles Allen); banners of both draped in mourning.

Master Masons' Lodges in the following order: Lebanon Lodge, No. 7; Hiram, No. 10; St. John's, No. 11; National, No. 12; Federal, No. 1; Acacia, No. 18; Dawson, No. 16; Harmony, No. 17; Lafayette, No. 19; Hope, No. 20; Columbia, No. 3; Potomac, No. 5 (of Georgetown); Naval, No. 4; Centennial, No. 14; New Jerusalem, No. 9.

Royal Arch Masons followed in the following order: Columbia, Washington, Mount Vernon, and Potomac Chapters.

Lodge of Perfection, 33d.

Consistory, 32d.

B. B. French Lodge, No. 15, as mourners, marshaled by V. N. Stiles.

Then the Grand Lodge.

THE MUSIC.

During the procession the Marine Band played the following music: From Don Sebastian, by Donizetti; Stabat Mater, by Rossini; Mose in Egitto; Lincoln's Funeral March, by General Barnard; March, by F. Scala; March, Nabucco; Gazza Ladora; and a selection from Anna Bolena. Heald's Band also performed a variety of appropriate pieces.

THE PALL-BEARERS.

The pall-bearers were:

Sir Knights Ireland and P. B. Brown.

Companions Essex and H. O. Hood.

C. Ingle, from the Consistory, and John J. Beall, from the Lodge of Perfection.

Past Grand Masters Holmead and Ellis, from the Grand Lodge of Masons.

Past Grand Master James D. Chedal and Grand Representative F. D. Stuart, of the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows.

THE COFFIN.

The remains were placed in a coffin covered with black broadcloth, with six heavy plated handles, Masonic emblems, square and compass, with the letter G. and the five-pointed star. The inside was tufted and lined with the finest all-wool merino. The coffin lid was lined with plaited silk. A large silver plate on the top of the lid bore the following inscription:

GEORGE C. WHITING.
Born December 29th, 1816.
Died September 4th, 1867.

The coffin was covered with wreaths of flowers and the Templar's sword and apron, and the emblematic lamb-skin was placed on the lid.

The late residence of the deceased was crowded with relatives and friends, all mourners at the sudden demise of so worthy a citizen.

As soon as the procession arrived, the religious services commenced.

Rev. Dr. Hall, his pastor and his friend, and who had been made a Freemason by Bro. Whiting, commenced the solemn service for the dead of the Episcopalian Church, commencing, "Lord, let me know mine end," &c., and "Now is Christ risen from the dead and made the first fruits of them that slept," &c., after reading which, the reverend preacher paid an eloquent tribute to the character and usefulness of the deceased, speaking of his eminent virtues, his kindly sympathies, and readings in the work of charity and mercy, and his activity in every cause whereby the exercise of human kindness and good will towards his fellow-creatures was called in requisition; and concluded by offering up the solemn prayers of the Episcopal Church for the dead.

As soon as the ceremonies at the house were concluded, the coffin was removed to the hearse, the family and relatives of the deceased were placed in carriages, and the procession proceeded to Oak Hill Cemetery.

At the grave the choir of the Grand Lodge, conducted by Bro. Jno. B. Dawson, sung the hymn, "Father, hear our prayer." The Templar burial service, as presented by the Grand Encampment of the U. S., was then performed.

[We trust, before long, to present a complete biography of our dear friend and brother, the late Grand Master of the District].

The Rite of Induction.

Light is one of the requirements of a candidate at his initiation; and the material light which is afforded him is succeeded by an intellectual illumination, which serves to enlighten his path on the journey from this world to the next.

The rite is intended, still further, to represent man in his primitive condition of helplessness, ignorance, and moral blindness, seeking after that mental and moral enlightenment which alone can deliver his mind from all thralldoms, and make him Master of the material world. The neophyte, in darkness and with tremblings, knocks at the portals of the Lodge, and demands admission, instruction and light. So man, born ignorant, and helpless, and blind, yet feeling stirring within him unappeasable longings for knowledge, knocks at the doors of the temple of science. He interrogates nature, demands her secrets, and at length becomes the proud possessor of her mysteries.

Finally, the Rite of Induction refers to the supreme hour of man's worldly life, when laying aside all earthly wealth, and pomp, and rank, and glory, and divested of of his mortal vesture, he passes alone through the grim darkness of the tomb, to stand before the Grand Orient of the immortal land.

> "Through death to life! and through this vale of tears,
> And thistle-world of mortal life, ascend
> To the great banquet, in that world whose years
> Of bliss unclouded, fadeless, know no end."

Poetical Reply to Bro. McKay.

BY DAVID CAVAN.

MR. EDITOR—I have tried Prof. McKay's physic; it don't work. Leaving a motion entirely out of the question, an amendment cannot be thought of! The Professor must either increase his dose or improve his medicine. Let me speak to him.

My dear McKay, how dare you say
That I e'er sneered at woman?
I who insist that, on the whole,
She's more divine than human!

I don't object if she elect
To learn from Ruth a lesson;
But can't the Bible be her guide
Far better than a Mason?

Nor do I think she ought to wink
Or sneer at harmless "play;"
But ain't her home the proper place
To laugh as well as pray?

Say what you may, my dear McKay,
The Eastern Star Degree,
When judged by pure Masonic law,
Is but a *travesty!*

* * *

DUTY OF THE MASTER.—It is the duty of the Master of the Lodge, as one of the precautionary measures of initiation, to explain to the candidate the nature and design of the institution; and while he informs him that it is founded on the purest principles of virtue; that it possesses great and invaluable privileges; and that, in order to secure those privileges to worthy men, and worthy men alone, voluntary pledges of fidelity are required, he will at the same time assure him that nothing will be expected of him incompatible with his civil, moral, or religious duties.

Disposition of Lodges.

Tostatus, speaking of the Tabernacle, from which the disposition of our Lodges took its rise, says: "The candlestick was set on the south side, and the table on the north; because the light of the celestial bodies comes from the south." Lyranus was of the same opinion; because the motion of the planets, which is from east to west in our hemisphere, declines from the equinoctial towards the south; and the table with bread was placed in the north, because in the north part of the world there is plenty of corn. Bede says the south side signified the ancient people of God, which first received the light of divine knowledge, and, therefore, the candlestick is placed on that side; the north part signified the church called from the Gentiles, which received last the light of truth.

Answers to Correspondents.

It was not—Mr. Raikes of Gloucester, who originated Sunday Schools. He only followed in the track of another, a woman, the daughter of a worthy Freemason, in the reign of the Royal Freemason, George III. We mean Miss Hannah Bell, of High Wycombe, England. She first gathered the children of the poor together, Sunday after Sunday. Bishop Porteus next, and then Robert Raikes.

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At one time—the Grand Master and Grand Warden of Scottish Freemasons had salaries from the crown.

∴

M. D.—1. Freemasons' Working Monitor, by Geo. W. Chase. 2. Yes. 3. Let it alone. It is of no value. The work of some jolly good fellow. The side degrees are based usually upon some specific allusion found in the regular degrees. They are mere developments. They may amount to thousands. 4. No one knows yet. Call at our office as you go to Europe.

∴

Making Masons at Sight—is a technical term, meaning the power to initiate, pass and raise candidates by the Grand Master, in "an occasional Lodge," especially convened by him, and consisting of such Master Masons as he may call together for the purpose—the Lodge ceasing to exist as soon as the will of the Grand Master in the case shall have been accomplished.

The prerogative has only been lately disputed.

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Charges—against a brother must be in writing.

∴

A Ballot and the Meeting Closed.—If a candidate who has been elected is found unworthy, objection should be made to the Master. If he refuses to listen, complain to the G∴ M∴, who deals with Masters till the meeting of the G∴ L∴.

∴

The Master of a Lodge—may refuse to admit to the Lodge-room a Master Mason in good standing, if he has good cause. He is responsible to the Grand Lodge, which, for an unwarranted exercise of power, would punish him.

The Great Light in Masonry.

[The numerous and valuable discoveries making in the topography and history of the Holy Land promise to verify many of the ancient traditions of Freemasonry, and to throw additional light upon the entire subject. To secure all the advantages that diligence in exploration and ripe learning and research can bestow upon Masonic literature is a prime duty in Masonic journalism. We have therefore secured the aid of a brother, known as a life-long student and lecturer in Biblical knowledge, in the preparation of a series of papers for the National Freemason, numbering some twenty in all, to be given under the general head of "The Great Light in Masonry." As a specimen of these, the following is offered. The series will cover nearly all topographical and other Scriptural questions, in which Biblical matters throw light upon Freemasonry.]

THE VALLEY OF JEHOSHAPHAT.

ARTICLE I.

In some forms of rituals in vogue in this country the term "Valley of Jehoshaphat" is introduced, though improperly, as a standard expression. This makes the Biblical reference under this head of considerable interest, and we find a place in the columns of the National Freemason for some remarks.

The only Scriptural quotation containing the expression "Valley of Jehoshaphat," is the following: "I will also gather all nations and will bring them down into the valley of Jehoshaphat, and will plead with them there for my people and for my heritage, Israel, whom they have scattered among the nations, and parted my land." This is found in the prophecy of Joel (iii. 2), written about B. C. 810, or nearly two hundred years after the traditional organizatron of the Masonic system by Solomon. The Book of Joel is simple in argument, but beautified and enriched with a great variety of ornament and pictorial description. The style is perspicuous and elegant, surpassing that of all other prophets, except Isaiah and Habakkuk, in sublimity. The predictions, which are numerous, are shadowed forth in dim outline.

The passage above given, alluding to the valley of Jehoshaphat (viz., that after the return of Judah from the Captivity, God would gather all the heathen there and judge them for their cruelties to his people), is one of great boldness, and contains a play upon the word "Jehoshaphat" (judgment of Jehovah), and the judgment predicted by him. This allusion many believe to be intended for that triumphant day, about 100 years before, when King Jehoshaphat, the greatest monarch the nation had seen since Solomon, led out his people to a valley a few miles south (perhaps a continuation of the same) and gained a splendid victory over the foe. (See 2 Chronicles, xx.)

Many commentators believe, however, that the place, "Valley of Jehoshaphat," existed nowhere save in the vision of the prophet, and that the whole is but a figure of speech. Others, however, attach the name to the deep ravine which separates Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives, through which the brook Kedron flows. This designation has no support, either in the Bible or the writings of Josephus; in both, the only name used for this gorge is Kedron. In the fourth century the place was first entitled "Valley of Jehoshaphat," but is now recognized and adopted by travelers of all ages and nationalities. The Mohammedans call it "Wady Jushafat," *Wady* signifying *valley;* and both they and the Jews believe the last judgment is to take place there. To find a grave there is the dearest wish of the Jews.

For two centuries or more the Mohammedans have professed to show the place on which their prophet (Mohammed) is to be seated at the last judgment. This is a stone jutting out from the east wall of the Great Temple platform, near the southeast corner. It is plainly one of the pillars which once adorned the churches of Helena, or Justician, and of which multitudes are now imbedded in the rude masonry of the more modern walls of Jerusalem. This stone the Moslems term "the road" (*et Tarik*), and they affirm that from it will spring the Bridge of As-Sirat, the crossing of which is to test the true believers. Those who cannot stand this test will drop off into the abyss of Gehenna into the depths of the valley.

Those who adopt the expression "Valley of Jehoshaphat" in their Blue Lodge rituals, doubtless confuse the place with "the valley of Hinnom," a gorge which unites with this about a quarter mile south of the Temple area. This is a deep and narrow ravine, with steep and rocky sides, all whose associations agree with the horrible idea intended by the pseudo-ritualists above named. East of its mouth is the hill where King Solomon erected high places for Molech, whose horrid rites were revived from time to time in the same vicinity by the later idolatrous kings. In the "valley of Hinnom" Abaz and Manasseh made their children "pass through the fire." Here the fiendish custom of infant sacrifice to the fire god was kept up. After the days of Josiah it was made the common cesspool of the city, into which its sewage was conducted, to be carried off by the waters of the Kedron. The rabbins aver that perpetual fires were kept up here for the consumption of the putrid carrion cast here, on which account the horrid title "Gehenna" (*hell*) was applied to it. The propriety of adopting such a locality in the Masonic rituals might easily be made to appear; but that of "Jehoshaphat" never.

Sepulchral Monuments.

Knights or simple gentlemen were not entitled to escutcheons, supporters, and heraldic marks of honor on their tombs, unless they had lost their lives in battle. The effigies of those who had died victorious on the field had naked swords laid beside them on the right hand, the point turned upwards, and on the left, a shield with their arms. Such as died in prison had neither spurs, helmet, nor sword, while those who fell on the field, but fighting on the vanquished side, were represented in armor, without any surcoat, their swords were sheathed, their vizors open, their hands joined on the breast, and at their feet a dead lion. If the son of any captain or commander of a besieged fortress died during the siege, he was represented, whatever might be his age, clad in complete armor, his head resting on a helmet instead of a pillow; and when any famous warrior, as was frequently the case, had before death assumed the monastic habit, hoping by an old age of piety to expiate the violences of his youth, the effigy on his monument was represented with the lower part of the figure clad in complete armor, and the upper shrouded in the folds of the monastic habit.

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Music published by C. M. Tremaine, 481 Broadway, N. Y. City:

Annie Arden (Alfred Tennyson's story of Enoch Arden, in five verses), by W. C. Baker.

Girls, wait for a Temperance Man (humorous), by Mrs. Parkhurst and Kidder.

Newsboys' Song, by W. C. Baker.

Extracts—Letters.

Cleveland, O.

The very best journal I have ever seen.

The Cathedral of Cologne.

BY BRO. ALBERT G. MACKEY, M. D.

One of the most magnificent works of the corporations of builders, or the traveling Freemasons of the middle ages, was the Cathedral, the erection of which they commenced at the city of Cologne about the middle of the thirteenth century. Although it has been left to subsequent times to attempt the completion of that which was so nobly begun, yet enough was done by these old artists to show that they were inspired by the combined genius of religion and art, and to leave behind them a proud memorial of the science of those old masters, which their modern children can only reverently admire and scarcely dare to copy.

Time has not handed down to us the name of him who was the architect and master builder of this glorious edifice. The King of Bavaria, some years ago, by the exercise of a doubtful prerogative of royalty, endeavored to manufacture a fact, and gave the honor to one Master Gerard, but history has not confirmed his decree; and while the name of Erwin de Steinbach is indissolubly connected with the cathedral of Strasburgh, that of the builder of the cathedral of Cologne must for ever remain shrouded in an impenetrable mystery, and we must be content, like the German painter Overbeck, to picture this great unknown simply as the personified genius of architecture.

To the Freemason of the present day, studious of the old history of his Order, the cathedral of Cologne presents an interesting subject of contemplation. As it was left, at the beginning of the sixteenth century, incomplete, yet beautiful, unfinished, yet even then symmetrical, it affords us many evidences of the connection of these traveling artists, who did so much for the religious art of Europe in the middle ages, with the modern Freemasons, who have long since merged the operative profession of their predecessors in a wholly speculative art.

Yet the science of symbolism—that is to say, the application of symbolism to all the details of architecture and stonemasonry, is the connecting link which binds these two associations so distant now in time, so different now in their pursuits. And the Freemasons, building spiritual temples in their Lodges, are governed by the same rules of symbolic science which were followed by their ancient brethren in the construction of material temples and cathedrals.

The cathedral of Cologne was, perhaps, fuller of this symbolism than any other contemporary edifice, although the science was neglected in none of them. Everywhere the cross is apparent as the symbol of salvation. A wilderness of spires and pinnacles run up skyward, as recognized symbols of the resurrection—a doctrine which those old Masons, like their modern disciples, were ever fond of illustrating in their architecture. There are crochets, each composed of a lily, the emblem of the Virgin's purity, and pineals, each a rose, as the symbol of mystery and secrecy; while around the outer roofs and walls are grotesque figures of demons, dragons and other monsters, emblematic of the bad spirits which the church keeps without her walls.

There is one piece of symbolism, however, about the architecture of the cathedral which is exceedingly interesting as well as significant to the modern Freemason. The *south side* of the choir is exuberant with architectural and symbolical adornments, while on the *north side* there is an entire absence of all ornament. Now for this comparative plainness of the north side a variety of reasons have been given. Some of the shilling guide-books will tell that this plainness of one side, in contrast with the exquisite finish of the other, arises from the sudden want of funds which prevented the architect from carrying out his designs on both sides. Another one informs you that the architects left the north side plain because, from the peculiar locality, it was not so much seen. A third authority suggests that as the north side was most exposed to the weather, all unnecessary ornament was there purposely avoided. And, lastly, Professor Kreuser, who has written profoundly on this subject, seeing that all these commentators have neglected the great truth that there was a symbolic design in all that these old builders did, brings symbolism to his assistance, and thus explains the richness of the south side and the plainness of the north:

"The north side has had, since the first period of Christianity, its particular meaning and the south the same. The north side was that of the Evangelists, who gave the truth in plainness and simplicity—the south was that of the prophets, who disguised it in oriental figure and imagery. Also the women, who were especially commanded to cover themselves and abstain from ornament, stood on the north side—hence called the *muliebris;* while the men, to whom no such prohibition extended, stood on the south. Hence it is that the south side of the choir is richly decorated, while that towards the north is markedly simplified."

There is something in this explanation that does not altogether please us. We imagine that the modern symbolist has not exactly caught the idea of the old artist. We will not venture to amend his commentary, but we may say that it is a singular coincidence that the same reverence for the south and comparative neglect of the north, which governs the builders at Cologne, still exists among the modern Freemasons; and that to this day there is a marked distinction between the south and the north sides of the Lodge, to the manifest advantage of the former. But this is more, we think, than a coincidence. It is another link, connecting the traveling Freemasons of the middle ages with the Freemasons of the present day. It shows us, too, that if all the symbolism of these old builders is ever to be thoroughly appreciated and fully explained, the interpretation can only be successfully made by one who has studied and is deeply imbued with the symbolism of Speculative Freemasonry.

Adoption of a Mason's Son.

In the French Rite, the son of a Mason is called a "Lowton," as among the English he is called a "Lewis," and is entitled to the privilege of being initiated three years before his majority.

In many of the Lodges of France there is an interesting custom, called "the adoption of a Lowton," that is strongly characteristic of the brotherly love which is one of the distinguishing features of the Masonic Order. The proceedings on such an occasion are thus described by Clavel, in his "Histoire Pittoresque de la Franc-maçonnerie."

In these Lodges, when the wife of a Mason is on the point of her accouchement, the hospitaller, if he is a physician, and if not, a brother of that profession is sent to her dwelling, to inquire after her health, in the name of the Lodge, and to offer his professional services, and even pecuniary aid. if it is supposed to be needed. Nine days after her delivery, the Worshipful Master and Wardens pay her a visit of congratulation.

If the infant is a boy, the Lodge is specially convened for the purpose of proceeding to the ceremony of adoption. The room is decorated with leaves and flowers, and pots of incense are deposited in different parts. The child and his nurse are brought to the hall, before the opening of the Lodge, and placed in an anteroom. The Lodge is then opened, and the Wardens, who are appointed as god-fathers to the child, repair to the anteroom, accompanied by a deputation of five brethren.

The chief of the deputation, in an address which he makes to the nurse, recommends to her, not only carefully to watch over the health of her charge, but to cultivate his young intelligence, and to make truth and good sense the subjects of her future conversations with him. The child is then taken from the nurse by its father or some other relative, and is introduced by the deputation into the Lodge, and conducted to the pedestal of the Master, where the procession halts, and the following conversation takes place:

"What bring you here, brethren?" asks the Worshipful Master.

"The son of a brother," replies the Senior Warden, "whom the Lodge is desirous of adopting."

"What are his names, and what Masonic name do you propose to give him?"

The sponsor replies. He adds to the family and baptismal names of the child another characteristic one, such as *Truth*, *Devotion* or *Benevolence*, or some other of a similar kind, which is called the Masonic name.

The Master then descends from the East, and approaching the infant, and extending his hands over its head, implores heaven to make it one day worthy of the love and care which the Lodge is about to devote to it. The incense is then burned; the sponsors rehearse after the Master the obligations of the Apprentice, in the name of the Lowton; and he is invested with a white apron, and proclaimed, with due Masonic honors, as the adopted son of the Lodge.

The Master now repairs to his seat, and the Wardens, with the infant, being placed in an appropriate position, he addresses to them a discourse on the duties and obligations which they have assumed, as Masonic sponsors. To this the Wardens make a fitting reply, and the procession is again formed, and the child is reconducted to the anteroom, and restored to its nurse.

This adoption engages the members of the Lodge to watch over the education of the child, and, at the proper time, to assist in establishing it in business. An account of the ceremonial is drawn up, signed by all the members, and transmitted to the father, and is used by the Lowton in after life as a diploma to gain his early initiation into Masonry,* on which he renews, of course, those obligations taken for him in infancy by his sponsors.

There is something refreshing in this picture of the Masonic baptism of the Mason's child. We look with a holy reverence on the performance of this rite, in which a new and sacred tie is established by the father and mother, through their child, with the fraternity of which the former is a member; and where, with the most solemn ceremonies, and influenced only by an instinctive feeling of Masonic love, the members of the Lodge become the fathers, the protectors, the patrons of their brother's son, and promise for him their help in the difficulties of the present time, their aid and encouragement in the hopes of the future. Surely there must be a blessing on the institution which thus brings forth, in the spirit of its charity, protectors and guardians for the child, who cannot yet ask for protection or guardianship.

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* In the United States, where the York Rite is practiced with a nearer approach to its primitive purity than in any other part of the world, the privilege of early admission into the Order is not recognized. Here, the "Lewis," like every other candidate, must have reached the lawful age of twenty-one before he is eligible for initiation.

A Description of the Funeral of Louis De Breze, the Husband of Diana of Potiers.

TAKEN FROM A MANUSCRIPT OF THE TIME.

The horses of the deceased nobleman, seven in number, were led in state at his funeral, covered all over with black cloth, with a cross of white; upon which horses were seven gentlemen dressed in mourning.

The first carried a standard of taffeta of the colors of the deceased nobleman, which are yellow, black, and red, on which was figured a *saincte barbe*, and a goat with e e e, which signifies Brèzé, and it had an inscription, "Tant grate chièvre que mal gist."

The second carried a standard similar to the former. The third bore another standard of the colors of the king, which are yellow, red, and violet; on which was figured a S. Michael, a salamander, and a sun. And this was the standard of the hundred gentlemen in the service of the king. The fourth carried a square of black velvet; on which was a sword of battle, the cross and pommel of which were gilded. The scabbard and belt were of satin, studded with gold crosses, and the crampet (bouterole) of the scabbard and buckle of the belt, were of silver.

The fifth carried, at the end of a baton, a helmet gilded and ornamented with feathers of the colors of the said deceased, and on the crest was a golden lion with two wings, on which were painted the Arms of the aforesaid lord.

The sixth carried a guidon of the colors of the said deceased nobleman. on which were painted the Arms of the said nobleman.

The seventh carried the coat-of-arms of the said deceased, which was of velvet *pers*, and on which were embroidered the Arms of the said nobleman, in front, as well as behind, and on the sleeves.

Next came four horses; the fourth was the charger of the said deceased, covered like the three others, and led by two children of noble birth, one of whom carried the gold spurs of the said deceased, and the other his gauntlets. The stirrups of the said horses were gilded.

Afterwards came the bodyof the said deceased, contained in a coffin, which coffin was covered with a pall of crimson satin, embroidered, and upon the said pall lay the effigy of the said lord, made as nearly like life as possible, which effigy was clothed in a robe of cloth of silver, bordered with embroidery, shoes of black velvet, embroidered gloves, a *tocque* of black velvet, upon which was the count's chaplet, made of large oriental pearls, and round his neck was the collar of shells, which is called the collar of the Order of S. Michael. The coffin and the effigy were borne by twelve men, four Knights, four *prevotz*, and four barons.

Vigils having been said, the gentlemen who carried the standards, the guidon, the coat-of arms, the helmet, and the spurs, before taking leave, placed them before the effigy of the count upon the tomb of the king, and came to kiss the effigy. Then the groom of the table came and kissed him, and laid his knives down beside him. Then the barber of the deceased came and arranged the hair of the effigy, and laid his comb down beside him, and kissed him. And, finally, the Maitre-d'hôtel came and put his baton down near him, and kissed him.

And after the body was in the grave, and the Archbishop had performed the accustomed ceremonies, and was gone, the Maitre-d'hôtel of the said nobleman broke his baton upon the grave, saying, "My master is dead." Then the standards, the guidon, the coat-of-arms, the helmet, and the spurs, were thrown into the grave by the gentlemen that carried them, but afterwards were taken out and laid upon the altar, and a tomb was placed over the grave, upon which were figured the Arms of the said nobleman.

Freemasonry.

MR. EDITOR: Your correspondent on Freemasonry, in the *Investigator* of the 7th inst., in speaking of the institution, says:

"Unfortunately, as I am told, its means are very much exhausted by expenses incurred for refreshments at the regular meetings," etc.

It is a cardinal principle with the members of that institution to allow the public to judge of its motives by its actions; but the candor with which your correspondent seems disposed to treat the matter leads me to the conclusion that he would not willingly do them injustice.

In almost twenty years' intimate acquaintance with the fraternity I have never seen the first particle of refreshments introduced at a regular meeting. Intoxicating liquors would not be permitted in a Lodge at any time. It is true, at times of public installations, they sometimes have a festival. but those occasions are similar to other social meetings.

From my observations. I am firmly of the opinion that Masonry and Odd Fellowship have done and are doing more to alleviate human suffering and add to the comfort of the needy than all the pious institutions of civilization; and when the history of the late war shall have been truthfully written, it will be found that the fraternal feeling of these societies has done more towards divesting war of its barbarity than all the so-called religion of the country.

Yours respectfully,

Rushford, Minn., Aug. 14, 1867. W.

—*Boston Investigator.*

Spiritual.

Bro. Shillabar is responsible for the following:

At a spiritual seance at the Banner of Light rooms, the other day, the highly spiritual question was asked by one Perry Ashley, if Jeff. Davis and other prominent leaders of the rebellion would not have been hanged, had they not been "Royal Arch or High Masons!" The question reveals the greenest simplicity, but the "spirits" answered it very gravely, naming Masonry as "superior to the American government!"—that "it has a larger power, and more subtle force is exerted from its centre, than ever has been exerted from the centre of government, or in all probability will be exerted."

This is something new to us, but more surprising the fact that the "spirits" should admit that Jeff. Davis was a Mason at all. We saw it denied, quite recently, that he was a Mason, in a Masonic journal, and take that to be better than the invisible authority. He is not a Mason, and the spirit should not have lied about it. The same Mr. Ashley then asked if Masonry did not override and subvert all statute and civil law, and the spirit answered: "Ostensibly it does not, but really it does."

It is very evident that the spirit has not been inside of a Lodge room, and has associated only with the ghosts of anti-Masons since arriving there. It is a pleasure to know this, and we feel safe in the assurance which even this gives us that our Lodges are still tyled by the faithful old guardians who watched them here, against the intrusion of such as might hope to sneak in by a tyler in the flesh, whose spiritual eyes are not opened. It would delight Father Martin, we know, to meet some of his old opponents there, and shut the door in their obtrusive faces.

An esteemed brother (33°) who has been patronized by some of the first families of the nation, desires to give private tuition. He is a worthy gentleman. Read:

PRIVATE TUTOR.—An English gentleman, who has been employed in American families, desires a situation as private tutor. He speaks fluently French and Italian, and instructs in the branches of a general education. with Spanish and German. Address Preceptor, National Freemason office.

Defamation seldom dies from a single blow. It expires gradually, from repeated pricks of the needle.

Bro. Brewer is acting as a successful agent of the NATIONAL FREEMASON.

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW YORK STATE.

Albany.—The following contains important historical facts: (Extract from the address of Ill.·. Gr.·. Com.·. Giles Fonda Yates, before the Supreme Grand Council, 33d, at Boston, September 5, 1851.)

I turned my attention to the history of "the Sublime Degrees" very soon after my initiation as a Mason. My intercourse in 1822 with several old Masons in the city of Albany, led to the discovery that an "Ineffable Lodge of Perfection" had been established in that ancient city on the 20th December, 1767. I also discovered, that not only the Ineffable, but the Superior Degrees of our rite, had been conferred at the same time on a chosen few, by the founder of the Lodge, Henry A. Francken, one of the Deputies of Stephen Morin,[*] of illustrious memory. It was not long, moreover, before I found the original warrant of this Lodge, its book of minutes, the patents of Ill. brothers Samuel Stringer, M. D., Jeremiah Van Rensselaer and Peter W. Yates, Esquires, Dep. Inspectors-General under the old system; also "the regulations and constitutions of the nine Commissioners," &c., 1761, and other documents that had been left by Br. Francken with the Albany brethren when he founded their Lodge. With the concurrence of the surviving members of said Lodge residing in Albany, Dr. Jonathan Eights and the Hon. and R. W. Stephen Van Rensselaer, P. G. M. of the Grand Lodge of New York, I aided in effecting its revival. The necessary proceedings were thereupon instituted to place the same under the superintendence of a Grand Council of Princes of Jerusalem, as required by the old Constitutions; and such Grand Council was subsequently opened in due form in said city.

Having been made aware of "the new Constitution of the 33d degree," ratified on the 1st of May, 1786, conferring the supreme power over our rite on "Councils of nine brethren," I hastened to place myself in correspondence with Moses Holbrook, M. D., at the time S. G.·. Commander of the Supreme Council at Charleston, and with my esteemed friends Joseph McCosh, Ill. G. Sec. Gen. of the last named Council, and Bro. Gourgas, at that time Ill. G. Sec. Gen. of the H. E. for this Northern jurisdiction. Lodges of Perfection in the Counties of Montgomery, Onondaga, Saratoga, and Monroe, in the State of New York, were successively organized, and placed, agreeably to the Constitutions, under the superintendence of the G. Council before named; the establishment of this last named body was confirmed, and all our proceedings in "Sublime Freemasonry" were legalized and sanctioned by the only lawful authorities of the United States, the aforesaid Supreme Councils.

On the 16th day of November, 1824, I received a patent, appointing me S. of S. of a Consistory of S. P. R. S., established in the city of Albany. I would here also state, that on the 13th day of Feb., 1825, Charters were granted to Ill. Bro. Edward A. Raymond, of Boston, Mass., and eight associates, constituting them a G. Council of Princes of Jerusalem; a Charter was also granted them for a Consistory of S. P. R. S.—both bodies to be holden in the city of Boston. All these several bodies named, as well as the Albany G. Council and Consistory, have since their establishment, paid due faith and allegiance to our Northern Supreme Council.

NOTE.—It may interest the brethren of the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite to learn that the Charter and the original work given by Ill Bro. Heny. Andw. Francken to the bodies established Dec. 20th, 1767, are still preserved at Albany, N. Y., and that the original seals are used by the bodies of that city.

ALBANY, N. Y., 23d Ab, 5627.

⁂

Organization of the several bodies subordinate to the Supreme Council of Sov. Gr. Ins. Gen., 33d, for the Northern jurisdiction, U. S. A., in Albany, New York.

Ineffable and Sublime Grand Lodge of Perfection.—Founded by Henry Andrew Francken, Dep'y Insp'r Gen'l of all the Superior Degrees of Masons in the West Indies and North America, on the 29th day of the month called Kisler, 7767, A. M., 5528, equal to 20th December, 1767. Jefferson Peterman, T. P. G. Master; James Ten Eyck, D. G. Master; John D. P. Townsend, Ven. Sen. G. Warden; Benj. V. Z. Wemple, Ven. Jun. G. Warden; Henry Lansing, G. Treasurer and Keeper of the Seals; Samuel Goodman, G. Secretary; Lewis G. Hoffman, G. Orator; Henry B. Whitman, G. Master of Cer.; Andrew G. White, G. Capt. of the Guard; Thomas D. Newcomb, G. Hos. Bro.; Amaza Fuller, G. Tyler.

Grand Council of Princes of Jerusalem.—Founded by Henry Andrew Francken, as above.—Jesse M. White, M. E. Sov. P. G. M.; Andrew D. Lansing, T. G. H. P. S. D.; Wm. H. Gordon, M. E. Sen. G. Warden; Edward Douglas, M. E. Jun. G. Warden; Henry Lansing, V. G. Treasurer; Wm. H. Haskell, V. G. K. of S. and A.; Henry L King. V. G. Master of Ceremonies; Henry B. Whitman, V. G. Master of Entrances; Amaza Fuller, G. Tyler.

Rose Croix Chapter.—Founded Nov. 16, 1824. Townsend Fondey, M. W. and P. Master; James C. Bell, E. and P. K. Sen. Warden; Samuel Goodman, E. and P. K. Jun. Warden; Henry Lansing, Res. and Per. K. Treasurer; Henry C. Haskell, Res. and Per. K. Secretary; Thomas D. Newcomb, Res. and Per. K. M. of C.; Richard L. Van Denburgh, Res. and Per. K. C. of G.

Albany Sovereign Consistory.—Founded Nov. 16, 1824. Robert H. Waterman, Ill. Sov. Com. in Chief. Townsend Fondey, Ill. 1st. Lieut. Commander; Frederick G. Tucker, Ill. 2d Lieut. Commander; Peter Wendell, Val. Minister of State; Nathaniel Rogers, Val. G. Chancellor; Samuel Goodman, Val. G. Secretary; Henry Lansing, Val. G. Treasurer; James W. Cox, Val. G. M. Architect; Henry L. King, Val. G. Engineer; Amaza Fuller, Val. G. Sentinel.

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A. Whiting, of Tompkinsville, Staten Island, wishes, for the benefit of a widow, to ascertain of what Lodge in *New York* the late Richard C. Randall, of Philadelphia, was a member.

MAINE.

Grand Council.—At the late session, the following officers were elected: Edw. P. Burnham, G. M.; Augustus Callahan, D. G. M.; Edmund A. Chadwick, P. G. M.; Gordon R. Garden, P. G. M.; Chas. Fobes, G. T.; Ira Berry, G R.

The following we find in the Appendix to the Proceedings of the Grand Council:

MASONIC CALENDAR.

Ancient Craft Masons commence their era with the creation of the world, calling it [*]*Anno Lucis* (A.·. L.·.), "in the year of light."

Scottish Rite same as Ancient Craft, except the Jewish Chronology is used, *Anno Mundi* (A.·. M.·.), "in the year of the World."

Royal Arch Masons date from the year the second temple was commenced by Zerubbabel, *Anno Inventionis* (A.·. Inv.·.), "in the year of the Discovery."

Royal and Select Masters date from the year in which the Temple of Solomon was completed, *Anno Depositionis* (A.·. Dep.·.), "in the year of the Deposit."

Knights Templar commence their era with the organization of their Order, *Anno Ordinis* (A.·. O.·.) "in the year of the Order."

Rules for Masonic Dates.—1. Ancient Craft—Add 4000 years to the common time. Thus: 1867 and 4000 =5867.

2. Scottish Rite—Add 3760 to the common era. Thus: 1867 and 3760=5627. After September add another year.

3. Royal Arch—Add 530 years to the vulgar era. Thus: 1867 and 530=2397.

4. Royal and Select Masters—Add 1000 to the common time. Thus: 1867 and 1000=2867.

5. Knights Templar—From the Christian era take 1118. Thus: 1118 from 1867=749.

The present

Year of the Lord, A.·. D.·.	1867—Christian Era.
Year of the Light, A.·. L.·.	5867—Ancient Craft.
Year of the World, A.·. M.·.	5627—Scottish Rite.
Year of the Discovery, A.·. Inv.·.	2397—Royal Arch.
Year of the Deposit, A.·. Dep.·.	2867—Royal and Select Masters.
Year of the Order, A.·. O.·.	749—Knights Templ'r.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Nomenclature.—Bro. Hopkins, as chairman of the Committee on Foreign Correspondence of the Grand Commandery, in his able report thus speaks:

We contend that there should be a nomenclature peculiar to Templarism, and which should be used by all jurisdictions. We have a common cause, a common purpose, a common creed; and we should have a common language, a parlance established, known and observed. The annual session of the Grand Commandery is called "Conclave" by fourteen States, "Assembly" in two. In two States the expression "called from labor to refreshment," is used; in one, "from labor to recess;" in two, "called off;" in one, "called from labor;" in one, "suspended labor;" in four, "adjourned;" in two, "recess," and all to express the same act. In six States it is said the Grand Commandery "resumed labor;" in two it was "called to labor;" in one it was "called from recess to labor;" in one "from refreshment to labor;" in one "from adjournment to labor;" in one "called on;" in one "called to order," and in one "assembled"—expresses another act. And the Grand Encampment of the United States, as if to make "confusion worse confounded," uses the words "took a recess," "resumed labor," "adjourned." re-convened," adjourned." "resumed business." We object to expressions which are applicable to popular meetings, legislative bodies, or even to other branches of Masonry. "Assembly" indicates a public purpose, and may mean a collection of preachers, legislators or of individuals met for amusement. "Conclave" implies a secret session, and hence is the truest and best word to designate our periodical meetings.

Remembering the origin, purposes and character of our Order, it will strike any one that the expression "called to" or "from labor," are inappropriate. Ours is a Knightly Order, having chivalrous duties to perform; but the nature of its duties is military and religious. In the lower degrees of Masonry we "labored" at the building of the temple; but here we protect the shrine which renders the temple sacred and defend the doctrines of Him who sanctified both shrine and temple.

In New York we read, "on *motion*, the Grand Commandery adjourned" It occurs to us that this also is objectionable. A Commander issues his orders without suggestion or motion from any one. He consults his own pleasure, only, as to dismissing his command. Courtesy prompts him to consider the comfort and convenience of his Knights, but they have no right to ask it.

KANSAS.

MASONIC HALL, Aug. 10, 1867, Iola Lodge, No. 38, F. & A. M.—Editor NATIONAL FREEMASON—Dear Bro.: By order of this Lodge, I am authorized to request the publication in your paper of a notice of the expulsion of D. R. Hovey from this Lodge on the 27th of June, for unmasonic conduct. Yours fraternally, A. G. JONES, Sec.

CALIFORNIA.

Bro. White, in his account of his trip to California, says:

On leaving the *Rising Sun* at Aspinwall, a testimonial was presented Capt. Beaseley by the cabin passengers, acknowledging the courteous and kind attentions they had experienced at the hands of himself and the other officers. Among the latter I would particularly mention Bro. Ellis, the purser, who, despite his onerous and pressing duties, was indefatigable in attending to the wants and devising means for the amusement of passengers. Few will forget the *One Hundred and One Society* which he extemporized, and over which he presided with such genuine humor. Among the second class passengers we had a brother Mason in the last stages of consumption, who had been imprudently advised to go to California. Bro. E. transferred him into a comfortable first cabin berth, and was unremitting in his attentions. The daughter of a Scotch Mason also attended to his wants with pure sisterly affection. Thus wherever we travel the beauties of Masonry unvail themselves. I took over Bro. E. to the hospital here, from which I fear he will only depart for the celestial Lodge above.

On the cars from Aspinwall to Panama I saw a copy of the NATIONAL FREEMASON dropped at a station for Bro. Hughes, who has a beautiful house, surrounded with cocoa nut and other tropical trees. At Panama we were taken on board the *Sacramento*, and I was transferred to the care of Bro. Beville, the purser, who kindly looked after my comfort. During the trip I distributed the NATIONAL FREEMASON amongst the brethren passengers, several of whom were bound for China and Japan; Honolulu, Nevada, Idaho and other distant places will have the advantage of my liberality. Every Sunday the beautiful morning services of the Episcopal church was impressively read by the Rev. D. Gray, LL.D. Amongst our passengers I must notice Mrs. Norris, a distinguished philanthropist from Tennessee, who comes to California in behalf of the Tennessee Orphan Asylum Society at Clarksville. Her sacrifices of both time and money in this institution, and the sick and wounded during the war, enable her to rank with the world-renowned Mrs. Fry, Florence Nightingale, and other noble ladies who have shed lustre on their sex. *She is the daughter of a Mason.*

The baggage master, Bro. Fuller, accompanied us clear through; he has been on this line 15 years, is well known throughout the State as a civil officer and good Mason; to him I am indebted for many civilities. *En passant*, I may mention that the officers of the Pacific Mail Steamship Company are evidently selected for their ability to discharge their duties and at the same time secure the good will and kindly remembrances of their temporary guests; the order and cleanliness on the *Rising Star* and *Sacramento* could not possibly be exceeded, while the table was truly luxurious. On presenting my credentials and letters of introduction to Bro. Abell, the G. Sec., I at once found myself in the company of a gentleman and true Mason.

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[*] Stephen Morin was on the 27th day of August, 1761, appointed "Inspector General over all Lodges, &c, &c., in the New World, by the Grand Consistory of Princes of the Royal Secret convened in Paris, at which presided the King of Prussia's Deputy, Chaillon de Joinville, Substitute General of the Order." See Circular issued by the Supreme Council at Charleston, S. C., 4th Dec, 18.2.

[*] Not claimed to be coeval with the Creation, but has symbolic reference to the Light of Masonry.

ILLINOIS.

Hancock Lodge laments the loss by death of an esteemed brother, Alexander Sympson, Esq., who served his country for a quarter century. Our brother was born in Green County, Ky., Nov. 8, 1807; emigrated to Illinois, 1837, where he remained until his death. 1855 he was Clerk of the Illinois Legislature.

LOUISIANA.

New Orleans.—Gen. Cyrus Hamlin was interred Aug. 30, with Masonic ceremonies.

OHIO.

Masonic Items from Ohio.—Cleveland, O., Sept. 12, 1867.—Under the impression that a few items of Masonic news from the glorious Buckeye State, and more particularly from the Forest City, may prove acceptable to the numerous and rapidly increasing list of readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON, I essay the pleasant task of sending you the names of our Cleveland Lodges, and a short history of each.

Cleveland City Lodge, No. 15, is the oldest in the city, and I presume in the State, it having been organized in 1812; though, during the Morgan excitement, it was closed, while many of its original members succeeded in re-organizing it in 1841, since which time it has gone on most prosperously, numbering at the present date two hundred members in good standing. Bro. Geo. H. Adams is the present efficient W.M.

Iris Lodge, No. 229, was organized in 1851, as near as I can learn, and it also is in a most prosperous condition, with 200 members; Geo. W. Berry being its present W. M.

Bigelow Lodge, No. 243, also numbers about 200 members, and many accessions are being made to its membership on each communication. Bro. F. W. Pelton is the W. M.

Concordia Lodge, No. 345, was organized in 1864, and has 50 *live* and active members; Bro. E. Hessenmueller filling the chair in the East in a most acceptable manner.

Tyrian Lodge, No. 370, was organized in 1866, and has 25 members, all of them young men, though ardent and energetic Masons.

Webb Chapter, No. 14, R. A. M., was organized in 1826, closing its doors during the great anti-Masonic onslaught which followed the Morgan excitement, and being reorganized in 1842. It boasts a membership of 150, among whom are some of the oldest and most highly respected citizens of Cleveland.

The Oriental Commandery, No. 12, K. T., was organized in 1855, and now numbers 143 members, some of the most prominent and solid men of the Forest City being enrolled on its list of membership, with Bro. E. A. Hopkins as E. C.

Cleveland Council, No. 36, R. & S. M., was organized in 1865, and numbers 64 members.

There are three Lodges in Cleveland of the A. S. R., viz., the Princes of Jerusalem, the Grand Lodge of Perfection, and Ariel Chapter of Rose Croix de H-R-□-M., each numbering about 25 members, and organized in 1860.

All these Lodges, save one, meet in the magnificent building erected by Mr. Case, on Superior street. Mr. Case is one of the wealthiest men in the Buckeye State, and he has given to Cleveland one of the most adorning edifices in the West. The Lodge-room is gotten up regardless of expense, and the taste displayed in its adornment would not discredit an older and larger city.

You will thus see that the Order is in a high state of prosperity, and I think it would do you good to take a trip out here and take your Western brethren by the hand. I will warrant you a hearty reception and a good time generally.

Let me indicate your line of march, if you accept my invite. Take the splendid palace cars of the New York and Erie Railroad in the evening, and you will be borne safely, swiftly and luxuriously on to Salamanca, where you connect with the broad-guage track of the Atlantic and Great Western Railway, and early in the evening of the second day you may put your legs under my mahogany, and feast your eyes upon the delicious scenery of the Forest City, roam delighted through the Paradisean Euclid Avenue—the finest in the world—and at a somewhat later hour meet some brethren of the mystic tie, whom you will long delight to remember.

I never knew, until my recent trip to New York, to what perfection hotel-keeping had arrived; but taking up my quarters at the Stevens House, corner of Morris street and Broadway, I soon found out that there was little left for the most exacting traveler to wish. The courteous and attentive host, Geo. K. Chase, has no superior and but few peers as a landlord in Yankeeland, and the elegance of the rooms, the perfection of the *cuisine*, and the order and quiet which pervade the establishment are subjects of universal commendation. W.

Bro. Cornelius Moore gives the following about esteemed friends and brothers in Ohio:

Another Pioneer Gone.—It is our sad duty to announce the death of Bro. Daniel Grovesnor, of Troy. Bro. G. was born, we believe, in Vermont, and came to Troy over forty years ago, where he has resided ever since. He was a good and true Mason, and during the Anti-Masonic excitement stood firm and unflinching at his post, and with Bros. Asa Coleman and John Brown kept Warren Lodge, of which he was then Master, above the waves of opposition and destruction. He was remarkably faithful to the trust reposed in him. Before he was Master of the Lodge, a Bro. Skinner held that office. Both were members of the Baptist Church, but the preacher of that church, a Mr. Eaton, refused to receive Bro. Grovesnor's certificate of membership unless he would renounce Masonry. This he refused to do, preferring to connect himself with some other denomination of Christians less bigoted. The same thing staring Bro. Skinner in the face, he renounced Masonry, gave up his position in the Lodge, and remains to this day an unaffiliated Mason. Bro. G., succeeded him as Master, and faithfully kept his post until the excitement was over and Masonry had triumphed. He was a good man and peaceable citizen, and was "gathered home" at the ripe age of seventy-three years. Bros. Asa Coleman and John Brown—his companions for forty years, served as pall-bearers at his funeral; he was buried with all the honors of Masonry.

Another Pioneer.—Bro. George C. Johnston, one of the pioneers of this region, was born in or near the town of Enniskillen, county of Fermanough, Ireland, in the year 1798. At the age of nineteen he came to this country, and for 17 years was a trader among the Indians. He speaks their language to-day, as perfectly as he does English. He is a small man, about five feet six inches in height, squarely built, quick, clear, piercing eyes, short cropped gray hair, and is as active as most men of thirty; he can out-walk any man in this county, and does not tire except in the start. At the age of nine years he was taught the use of the gun, and soon became an expert with it. He prefers to shoot while the bird is "on the wing," *and has never missed a shot in his life.* His aim is as clear and steady to-day as it ever was. Some forty years ago, he purchased of an Englishman a double-barrelled shot gun for $137.50 in silver, which he has yet. The barrels are of fine wire twist, *bushed* with gold—the stock of walnut, with solid silver mountings, and the gun bears the stamp of "Studenmayer, 32 Cockspur street, London; maker to H. R. H., the Duke of York." The first year he possessed it he killed 1527 quails, not counting snipe, wood-cocks, pheasants, etc.; last winter he killed over five hundred! He has a magnificient dog—a pointer, about five years old, of which he is very proud.

Bro. Johnston was among the first to be made a Mason in Warren Lodge at its organization twenty-five years ago, and has always lived an acceptable member of it.

Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

SCOTLAND.

The vacant Provincial Grand Mastership of Glasgow, made so by the death of Sir Archibald Alison, Bart., is to be filled by the appointment of Bro. Capt. Speirs, of Elderslie, M. P. The Lodges are unanimously in his favor.

ENGLAND.

The Royal Masonic Institution for boys celebrated its fourth anniversary August 8th. The edifice has been completed, after four years in construction. The pile of buildings is said to be almost perfect. The cost is $175,000; $75,000 was provided by the sale of funded property; $60,000 by special, and $50,000 by mortgage. It will accommodate from 150 to 200 boys. The present number is 103.

The festivities were presided over by Bro. Algernon Perkins, P. G. M., who laid the corner-stone August 8, 1863.

At 3 P. M. a concert was given in the dining-hall. A cold collation was served to the visitors immediately afterwards in the gymnasium, a room 60 ft. by 40 ft., decorated by emblems, flowers, flags and evergreens.

Among the speeches we quote the following:

All we have got to do, then, is to provide for them, and to pay off a small sum yearly as long as the debt lasts. A small debt, I think, is a wholesome thing. Do not let us be too fast in paying it off. Do not let us starve the education merely to pay the debt off. Let us increase the number of scholars; let us increase their education; but let us keep a small debt for those who come after us to discharge. * * * *

May I ask you to recall what we were, comparatively speaking, a few years since, when a very few thought they were taking a great step in advance in laying out £3,500 on a house small when compared with the palatial residence we now have? We never thought then what the Boys' School would achieve. But a gigantic river commences with a small spring, and as little could I imagine in my younger days that the seven little bubbling springs upon which I gazed could result in the magnificent river which bears on its ample bosom to our noble metropolis the commerce of the world, as could the originators of this institution look forward to such a result of their efforts as has fortunately been achieved. From small beginnings has our school expanded.

* * * * * *

Here is a splendid home, where we endeavor to mitigate, at least, the sorrows which accompany misfortune; If a boy's parents die, we supply the place of a parent. and I ask you to look round on those healthy, happy faces, and say whether we have failed in the attempt we have made. We have done all that we possibly could, with your kind assistance, to make this institution not a charity—for it is not one; we ignore the term "charity." We are an institution, it is true, supported by eleemosynary contributions—to help those who cannot help themselves—whose parents and friends, when they were in prosperity, did what they could to assuage the sorrows and distresses of others. Assistance held out to them is a right they have earned by the liberality of their fathers to be aided in reinstating themselves once more in the good position which their fathers had obtained for them.

WESTERN INDIA.

The following minutes of Lodge Rising Star, No. 342 (Scotch Constitution), in Western India, will prove interesting to the readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON, from the unusual names of the officers:

At a regular monthly meeting of the above Lodge, held on the 20th May, 1867, at the Lodge-rooms, Colaba, there were present: W. Bros. R. C. Batherjee, W. M.; Cursetjee J. Tarachund, P. M.; M. M. Settna, P. M.; D. R. Colah, P. M.; Bros. M. C. Murzban, S. W.; Jehangeer Merwanjee, Junior Warden; Jehangeer Gustadjee, Secretary; Sorabjee Frommurz, Senior Deacon; D. D. Ghandy, J. D.; Framjee D. Batherjee, I. G.; Nowrojee Dajeebhoy, as Tyler; Jamsetjee Furdoonjee, Steward; Jejeebhoy Jehangeer, Director of Ceremonies. Members: Bros. Hormusjee Dadabhoy, C. Rustomjee Settna, Rustomjee Pestonjee Soorty, Dinshaw Dorabjee, Burjorjee Sorabjee Ashburner, Sorabjee Pallonjee, Darashaw Ruttonjee, Muncherjee Cowasjee, Hormusjee Pestonjee Framjee, Rustomjee Jamsetjee Nadershaw, N. M. Wadia, Limjee D. Furdoonjee. Eduljee Cowasjee, Rustomjee Sorabjee Poonawala, Cursetjee Framjee, Framjee Rustomjee Viccajee, N. M. Lungrana. Visitors: W. Bros. H. H. Avron; Bros. Darashaw Dorabjee, C. Furner, G. Burgess, W. Anderson, G. Holdaway, M. Burjorjee, D. S. Irvine, J. Hounsell, Pestonjee Dajeebhoy, etc.

The Lodge having been opened in the first degree, the minutes of the last regular monthly meeting and those of the Standing Committee were read and confirmed.

The business of the evening was to raise Bros. Hormusjee Dadabhoy and Rustomjee Jamsetjee Nadershaw. The Entered Apprentices were asked to retire; and the Lodge having been opened in the second degree, the candidates were called to the pedestal for examination in that degree, in which they acquitted themselves very creditably, when they were passed out for preparation. The Lodge was then opened in the third degree, and Bros. Hormusjee Dadabhoy and Rustomjee Jamsetjee Nadershaw were readmitted and raised to the sublime degree in due and ancient form. The W. M. explained to them the working tools and the traditional history relating to the degree.

The Lodge was then regularly lowered to the first degree. Bro. M. M. Settna reported, with much regret, that a Parsee brother, a very old member of this Lodge, and in every way deserving its sympathy, was in pecuniary difficulties, and recommended that some relief be afforded to him out of the charity fund. The W. M., in expressing his sympathy in the misfortune which had befallen the brother, proposed that Rs. 200 be paid towards his relief. This was duly seconded, and carried unanimously.

MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE.

NEW YORK.

Grand Lodge.—At its late session, Bro. Gibson presented the following from the Committee on Appeals, which was adopted:

That, having examined into the fact, they find that the accused was charged with having falsely and fraudulently procured himself to be declared elected W. Master of —— Lodge, and with various other acts connected with said election of a collusive and fraudulent nature. The Commission proceeded to his trial, and a very large number of witnesses were examined, and much time spent in hearing and determining the case. On the trial there was evidence given tending to show that the accused directed one of the tellers to read off, and the other to keep the count of the number of votes cast. The accused called several witnesses, who testified that this direction was not given by him, but by W. Bro. Kirkham, who was in the chair during the election. The accused was about to call several other witnesses to prove the same fact, when one of the Commissioners said to him in substance: "Bro. Thorp, what is the use of taking up the time of the Commission with the proof? I have not the least doubt in my mind that Bro. Kirkham used those words, and that Bro. Thorp did not." No other member of the Commission dissenting from this, the accused called no further witnesses on that question. The Commission, however, in reporting on the case, find as a fact that the accused used these words, instead of W. Bro. Kirkham. This finding is an absolute surprise on the accused, and he certainly had no reason to expect it under the circumstances. It is the only evidence of much importance in the case connecting the accused with the teller, who falsely called off the votes, and who has been found guilty by the Commission and expelled, and in whose behalf there is no appeal or other application for a rehearing.

Your Committee believe that the accused should have an opportunity to give the evidence that he was prevented from giving by the act of the Commission; for it was the act of all, no one having dissented from a direction given by one of them to the accused. In the courts exercising common law jurisdiction, it is quite a frequent case for the judge to intimate to counsel that no further evidence is required on a given question, and this intimation is tantamount to a direction to give no more, and the judge cannot subsequently overrule the defense, or give judgment contrary to that direction. It would be a breach of the commonest principles of fairness in the administration of justice to do so.

Your Committee think the same course should be pursued in Masonic trials. They therefore recommend that the hearing and determination of the Commission be reopened, and that a new Commission be appointed for that purpose.

CORINTHIAN CHAPTER, No. 159, meets at Odd Fellow's Hall, on the 2d and 4th Thursdays.

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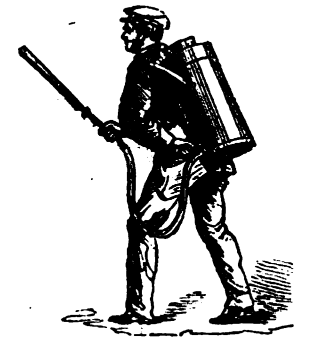
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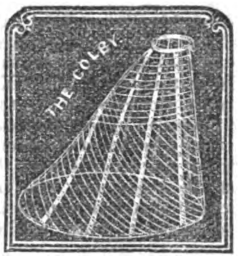

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NATIONAL FREEMASON

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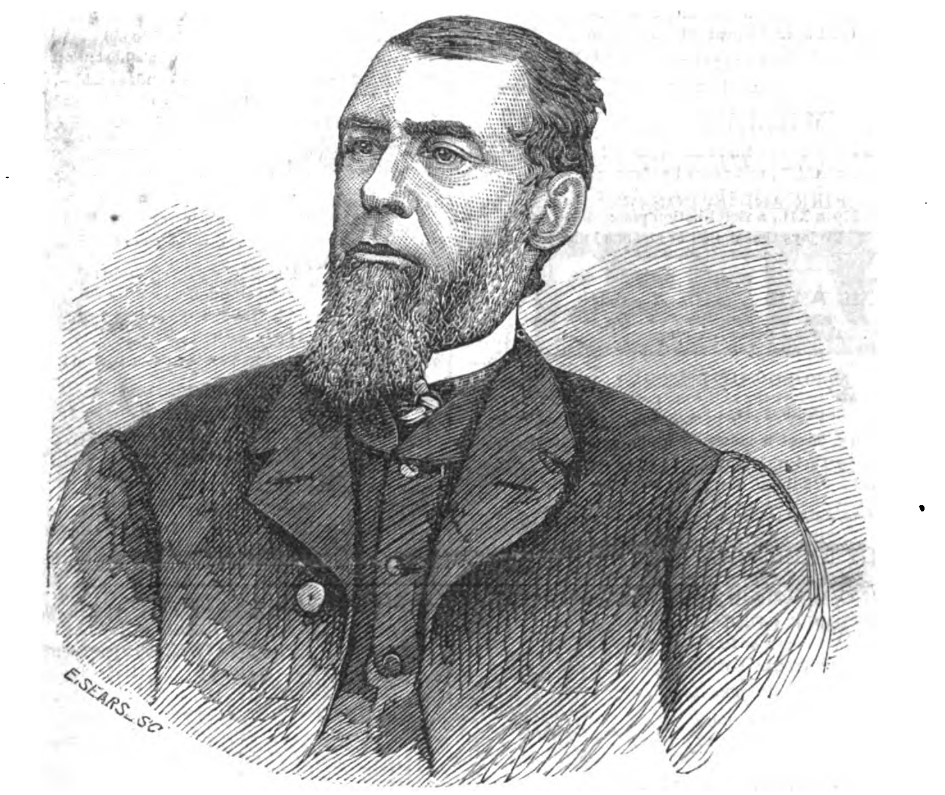


Hon. Geo. Carlyle Whiting, late Grand Master of the District of Columbia.

Bro. George Carlyle Whiting was born in Fauquier County, Virginia, December 29, 1816. His father's full name was George Braxton Whiting. His mother was Miss Frances Harrison Horner. Bro. Whiting seems to have been much indebted to his mother for his talents and the early discipline and influences that moulded his character. She was his first teacher and inspired him with a love of reading, the habits of industry, and a good judgment, which were the elements of his usefulness.

He was educated in Alexandria, Virginia, and was known at school for being a noble, generous boy.

At twenty years of age he went to Washington city He attracted the attention of Gen. Jackson, the eminent Grand Master of Tennessee, who was ever ready to assist young men of worth. As President, he gave Mr. Whiting a clerical position, and he was gradually promoted on the score of merit. He was appointed, 1852, chief clerk in the Interior Department, and in 1855, Commissioner of Pensions.

Bro. Whiting has frequently acted as Secretary of the Interior and performed various important civil functions.

He married in Washington City, March 17, 1840, Elizabeth, daughter of the late John T. Sullivan. He leaves to mourn his loss his widow and six children, four sons and two daughters. Two of his sons are married.

Bro. Whiting was initiated in National Lodge, No. 12, in 1846, of which Gen. Shields was then Master. He served that Lodge as Secretary during the years 1850 and 1851. He was appointed First Senior Warden of B. B. French Lodge, No. 15, which was chartered in 1853, and in December, 1854, was elected W. Master, in which office he served two years.

He was Secretary of the Grand Lodge for the year 1856, and in November of that year was elected Grand Master, and was re-elected five years in succession, when, at his urgent request, he was relieved, but in November, 1864, was re-elected and continued to serve until the day of his death.

He held several offices in Columbia R.·. A.·. Chapter and in Washington Commandery, No. 1.

He occupied the high and honorable position of Sovereign Grand Inspector-General of the A.·. A.·. A.·. R.·. in and for the District of Columbia.

We add the following, avoiding the repetition of any matter printed in the NATIONAL FREEMASON of September 14.

Bro. Whiting was firm without obstinacy; independent in opinion and conduct, without arrogance or self-conceit; dignified in manners and deportment, without parade or haughtiness; modest, humble, retiring, yet with a just self-respect and enough of self-reliance to meet with admirable wisdom and prudence any emergency in which he was placed. He was a Freemason, zealous for his church and Freemasonry, without bigotry, and charitable without indifference. His piety and Masonry and friendship were deep and earnest, without cant, and his devotedness to duty heroic and self-sacrificing, without seeking or needing praise for a reward. He was one of those men whom any Grand Lodge might be proud of for a Grand Master, and whose character Freemasons of every jurisdiction can study to their profit.

Thus he cautions, in an address:

> It is from the introduction of *bad* material, and from that alone, which Masonry has now to fear. One defective block, failing in the part which it is expected to fulfill in forming the complete and moral edifice, will mar the beauty and destroy the harmony of the whole structure, and endanger its perpetuity and usefulness. Hence the care with which we should select the material with which we build. Better, far, that we should stand idly by, than by bringing up one unskillfully adjusted stone, endanger the fair fame and usefulness of our beneficent institution. Therefore, my brethren, mark well! See that you induce no man to approach, and be you well satisfied with whomsoever you allow to pass, whether he be the workman from his bench or the lordling from his palace. Remember that it is the *internal* and not the *external* qualifications of a man that should recommend him to be made a Mason.
>
> Think always to ask yourselves whether the man who applies to you for your recommendation—for this is at once the outer post and best test—is one to whose guardianship and protection you would confide your dearest interests and most sacred and cherished relations, and the honor of the fraternity. If you shall not be able to answer this question affirmatively, without qualification or doubt, reject him. Imagine not that the prosperity of your Lodges consists in the length of their rosters, but rather know that it rests upon and is indissolubly bound up in — as is your and my personal happiness in time and eternity—in our individual not less than our collective, virtue and morality.

Thus closed he an address:

> Brethren, in the Providence of the Supreme Architect of the Universe, we have been permitted to enter upon another Masonic year. Let us begin it by dedicating ourselves anew to the principles of brotherly love, relief and truth. Let us apply the gavel to our hearts and consciences and divest them of the vices and superfluities of life, and the mallet to our irregularities and reduce them to the proper level, so that we may attain unto that goodly order,
>
> "Which nothing earthly gives or can destroy,
> The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy."
>
> Let us renew our vows to be zealous and faithful in the great work upon which we have entered, and resolve that the close of this Masonic year shall find us rising higher and higher upon the walls of that moral edifice from whose cap-stone we hope at last to catch the sweet sounds of the heavenly recognition, "good and faithful," which shall welcome us to eternal rest.

The character of Bro. Whiting's manhood and Freemasonry may be illustrated by his acts, letters and addresses.

Bro. Doyle, in 1861, as Grand Secretary of Rhode Island, wrote Bro. Whiting, as Grand Master, that Masons in the Rhode Island Regiment, then serving at Washington, had a dispensation to meet for mutual instruction. Bro. Whiting replies:

> After the receipt of your note, made the acquaintance of several of the brethren from your jurisdiction, with a view to affording them Lodge accommodations while they may remain with us, and shall pretermit no effort on my part to promote their comfort and enjoyment.
>
> When they shall have organized a Military Lodge, in imitation of their and our patriot fathers of the Revolution, they may desire to make Masons from their ranks, and if so I shall, upon proper application (unless my M.·. W.·. brother the Grand Master of Rhode Island should interpose some objections), promptly authorize them to do so.
>
> Our institution, my brother, has, in the present most unhappy condition of our country, an opportunity of displaying its usefulness to an extent which it has seldom if ever heretofore enjoyed. First, in practically exhibiting the high patriotism it inculcates; and, secondly, in contributing towards that better acquaintance between the different sections of our common country, the want of which has entered so potentially into the causes of our present troubles. Being myself a man of peace and a lover of my whole country, as I think all true Masons ought to be, I have earnestly sought to inculcate upon my brethren the duty of spreading the cement of brotherly love and affection throughout and even beyond the limits of our mystic circle, and shall continue to do so, come what may. Our organization extends through every State and Territory. We profess one faith and one object—the good of mankind. We are all bound by the same ties, and have, unquestionably, the power of effecting much good in advocating law and order and peace, or alleviating the horrors of war, should that last resort be found a necessity of the State.

Confined to his room when the annual session of November, 1861, was held, he wrote his deputy, the lamented Bro. Page, in this modest style, declining a re-election:

> I do not now ask for my discharge from any want of disposition to uphold and advance the interest of Freemasonry here or elsewhere. The institution has always claimed and still possesses my heartiest approval and most anxious desire for its continued and increasing usefulness. But I do so because I *have never performed any of the high and honorable duties of the position of Grand Master to my own satisfaction*, and know full well the Grand Lodge will have no difficulty in making choice among its members of one in all respects more suitable for that exalted position.

His modesty is again seen in his address delivered upon his installation at the session of the Grand Lodge of the District of Columbia, 1864.

> The position of Grand Master of Masons is one which no properly instructed and conscientious craftsman can at any time take upon himself without being deeply impressed with the solemn and important responsibilities he thereby assumes. I fear to say what manner of man I think such an one ought to be, lest I point out too clearly to you wherein he whom you have now chosen is lacking. But if experience and observation admonish me to shrink from these responsibilities, they likewise happily teach me how fully I may in my weakness lean upon the strength of your partiality and ready indulgence, and how confidently rely upon the acknowledged skilfullness, intelligence and fidelity of the several Grand Officers whom you have chosen to aid me in the discharge of my various duties.

It cannot be doubted that the ideas associated with the office of Grand Master and the authority with which it is invested, make it an office that puts to a severe test the Masonic virtues of the incumbent. This test the character of Grand Master Whiting met unharmed. He thought more of the responsibilities of his office than of its power; more of its duties than its honor; more of the labors and sacrifices fidelity to his trust required, than of the rank and station that trust conferred. We sometimes see the office of Grand Master adorning the man; in Bro. Whiting we see the man adorning the office by the meekness of wisdom, and the fidelity of a heart devoted to our truths and mysteries.

HIGH XII.

There's Columns II., and Pillars V.,
Support and grace our halls of truth,
But none such sparkling pleasure give
As the Column that adorns the S.!
"High XII.," the J. W. calls—
His column grants the festive hour,
And through our antiquated halls
Rich streams of social gladness pour.

'Tis then all toil and care forgot
The Bond Indissoluble seems;
'Tis then the world's a happy spot
And hope unmixed with sadness gleams.
High XII., I've shared the festive hour
With those who realize its bliss,
And felt that life contains no more
Than sparkles in the joys of this.

What memories hover around the time!
What forms rise up to call it blest!
Departed friends, why should it dim
Our joys to know that they're at rest?
High XII., how they rejoiced to hear!
Quickly each implement laid down,
Glad to exchange for toil and care
And heavy Cross a heavenly Crown.

Then comrades, all, by 3 x 3,
Linked in the golden chain of Truth,
A hearty welcome pledge with me
To the column that adorns the S.!
High XII., and never be the hour
Less free, less brotherly than now!
High XII., a rich libation pour
To joys that none but Masons know!

◆

WHERE THERE IS A WILL THERE IS A WAY.

It was a noble Roman
In Rome's imperial day,
Who heard a coward croaker
Before the battle say:
"They're safe in such a fortress,
There is no way to shake it;"
"On! on!" exclaimed the hero,
"I'll find a way or make it!"

Is Fame your aspiration?
Her path is steep and high;
In vain he seeks the temple,
Content to gaze and sigh!
The shining throne is waiting;
But he alone can take it
Who says, with Roman firmness,
"I'll find a way or make it!"

Is learning your ambition?
There is no royal road;
Alike the peer and peasant
Must climb to her abode.
Who feels a thirst for knowledge
In Helicon may slake it,
If he has the Roman will
"To find a way or make it!"

◆

THE HIGHWAY—STRAIGHT AND ROUGH.

"The third procession is then made round the Lodge, and the Deputy Grand Master presents the pitcher of oil to the Grand Master, who sprinkles it upon the Lodge, saying: In the name of the whole fraternity I do solemnly dedicate this hall to Universal Benevolence. The grand honors are thrice repeated." —*Webb's Monitor: Past Master.*

"Convince mankind of the goodness of the institution, so that when any one is said to be a member of it the world may know that he is one whose heart is expanded by benevolence."—*Ibid.*

"To relieve the distressed is a duty incumbent on all men, but particularly on Masons, who are linked together by an indissoluble chain of sincere affection. To soothe the unhappy, to sympathize with their misfortunes, to compassionate their miseries and restore peace to their troubled minds, is the great aim we have in view. On this basis we found our friendship and establish our connections."—*Ibid. E. Ap.*

"We should never sit down contented while our fellow-creatures around us are in want, when it is in our power to relieve him without inconvenience to ourselves."—*Ibid. Master Mason.*

"Universal benevolence you are always to inculcate."—*Ibid.*

We Masons walk along a road
Narrow and rugged, straight and rough,
But waymarks all laid down by God,
Whose discipline and rules afford
Guidance upon the road enough.

At every step we're called to warn
Some halting, erring, fainting friend;
Some pilgrim from the road will turn
In paths forbidden, slow to learn
What sufferings such sins attend.

The poisonous cup allures the most;
Alas, such havoc it has made!
What noble hearts therein are lost!
But few retrace of all the host
Who in this dangerous path have strayed!

The lusts of flesh, the speech profane,
The tattling tongue, the thievish hand,
The greed that craves unholy gain,
And sabbath-breach and murder-stain—
Alas the errings of our band!

At every step we're called to aid
The fallen in misfortune's host;
The sick, in withering bondage laid—
The mourner, sorrowing o'er his dead—
The aged, destitute and lost.

Each waymark set by hand divine
Yet points unerring to the end;
And we who seek life's crown to win
Must shun each glittering lure of sin
And the sure voice of God attend.

Our Master thus we'll represent;
He walked in innocence life's road,
To humbleness strange beauty lent,
In deeds of ceaseless mercy bent,
And gave to *man* the grace of God!

Departing to His Lodge above,
Thus to our willing hearts he said:
"Your *faith* by deeds of *mercy* prove,
"Live in full exercise of *love*,
"And I will take you from the dead!"

◆

The following was one of the old directions to the Anglican Craft in the time of Athelstan, when the first English Grand Lodge was established at York:

Into the churche when thou dost gon,
Pulle uppe thy herte to Crist, anon!
Uppon the rode thou loke uppe then;
And knele down fayre on bothe thy knen;
Then pray to hym so hyr to worche,
After the lawe of holy churche,
For to kepe the commandments ten,
That God gaf to alle men;
And pray to him with mylde steven
To kepe the from the synnes seven.

◆

BRAVE KATE.

BY WM. HALL.

[This story will interest our Masonic friends who read the sketches in the National Freemason of General Greene, the Rhode Island Freemason.]

The year 1781 was a dark and gloomy one for our forefathers, who were then struggling for liberty. In South Carolina affairs were then in a critical situation. General Greene made an unsuccessful attack on the British post of Ninety-Six, and withdrew his men beyond the Tiger and Broad Rivers. Lord Rawdon followed him, but could not draw the patriot general into an engagement.

At that period there stood in South Carolina a plain and unassuming house; it was a one-story building, neatly whitewashed, and surrounded by a fence. The garden contained many choice flowers, and the beautiful honeysuckle shaded the doors and windows. It was the home of Mrs. Heath, who lived with her two daughters, while her son George was in Washington's army, fighting for freedom.

Kate, the eldest of the daughters, was a beautiful girl of sixteen summers; her auburn hair hung in graceful curls down to her shoulders, and her face beamed with kindness, while her eyes shone like the stars that light up the azure vault of heaven.

One evening, as Kate was standing at the cottage door, she beheld two mounted officers approaching. They were richly dressed, and one of them she recognized as Lord Rawdon, the commander of the British forces in that section of the country. They rode up to her, and Rawdon leaned over in his saddle and said, in a kind voice:

"Well, miss, can you let me have the use of a room for a few minutes?"

"Yes, sir, our house is open to you."

"Come, colonel, let us hurry up business," said Rawdon, dismounting, while the colonel did the same, the latter leading the horses to the stable.

Lord Rawdon advanced to where Kate was standing, and said:

"Whose house is this, miss?"

"Mrs. Heath's, sir."

"Ha! her son is in the rebel army, under Washington, is he not?"

Kate trembled at the insult, and she looked at the Briton with a searching glance.

"My brother is no rebel, Lord Rawdon; he is fighting for his country."

"I am sorry for that; he is a brave boy, and would, no doubt, make a good British soldier," returned Rawdon.

"Lord Rawdon, you insult me, sir. I would sooner see George die a felon's death than see him in the king's army," was the heroic answer.

"I see you are a rebel, too, Miss Heath. But here comes the colonel," said Rawdon, as he saw that worthy coming from the stable.

They entered the house and went into a small room to hold a consultation. Kate thought they might have something important to say, so she concluded to play the part of eavesdropper. She told her mother of her intention, who approved of it, and Kate placed herself in a position to overhear the Briton's plans.

It was a dangerous undertaking, and she knew that if she was caught in the act of listening she would be treated as a spy, and, perhaps, executed, for Lord Rawdon knew no mercy. She cautiously approached the door and looked through a crevice. Rawdon and his colonel were seated before a small table on which lay maps. They were examining them closely, while Rawdow was explaining them to the colonel.

"Here is Greene's camp," said he, "and here is ours. We must make a bold strike, and if it be successful, Greene will be destroyed."

"I don't see why it should not succeed; do you, my Lord?"

"No; if our troops fight as well as they have heretofore we shall succeed," said Rawdon, his face assuming a triumphant expression.

"I shall feel happy when the cursed rebels are driven away from Carolina, and then their rule will be over," said Colonel Roberts.

"We must crush Greene, colonel; I do not want to go back to England and let it be said that I was outgeneraled by a rebel. No, never!" exclaimed Rawdon, rising to his feet.

"Then, we make the attack at daybreak, do we not?" asked the colonel.

"We do; have your regiment ready and make your men fight like demons."

"Let us go, now. But hold! what is the countersign for the pickets to-night, my Lord?"

"England," answered Lord Rawdon, lowering his voice.

Kate listened to the Briton's plan with a wildly throbbing heart, and she resolved to save the patriot army. When she heard the countersign she left the door and busied herself in her household duties, and soon the two officers emerged from the room.

"We must go, Miss Heath, but first let me thank you for your kindness," said Rawdon.

"Your thanks are received," answered Kate.

The horses were saddled, and the officers were soon on their way. Kate watched them till they were out of sight, and then she prepared for her perilous journey. She threw a shawl over her head and went to the stable. Her fleet footed horse neighed as she entered, and she patted him on the head and said:

"Well, noble Selim, you must carry me safely through to-night, for if you do not Greene will be destroyed."

The animal seemed to understand her, for he gave a low whinny.

Our heroine saddled Selim, led him from the stable, and was soon riding towards Greene's camp, which was eight miles distant. She rode swiftly, for she wanted to reach her destination in time to let her patriot general form his men to meet the assault. The British pickets were four miles distant, and she would be compelled to pass through their lines; but as she was now in possession of the countersign she did not fear the result.

Soon Kate saw the picket's bayonet gleam in the moonlight, and heard him cry out:

"Who goes there?"

"A friend, with the countersign."

She approached the picked and whispered:

"England!"

"All right; pass on. But stop!" cried the picket, as he caught a glimpse of her face.

Kate stopped her horse, and laid her hand on a pistol. The picket approached and said:

"Is that you, Miss Heath?"

"It is, Guy," returned Kate, for she recognized the soldier to be Guy Jackson, who had often visited their house.

"Where are you going to-night, Miss Kate?" he asked.

"To see Mrs. Blake; she is very sick."

"Just like you, Miss Kate — always visiting the sick; you are a ministering angel," said the haughty Briton.

"Thank you for the compliment, Guy. But I must be going. Good night." And Kate was again on her journey, while the picket returned to his post.

She had to pass four miles yet ere she would be safe, so she urged on her steed. Before she had gone a hundred yards from Guy Jackson, a dozen mounted Britons rode furiously up to the picket, and their leader cried out:

"Did any person pass this post a short time since?"

"Yes, sir," was the picket's reply.

"Do you know who it was?"

"I do; it was Miss Heath."

"Had she the countersign, sir?"

"She had."

"I fear she is safe. Forward, men! If she escapes, Greene is saved. A hundred golden guineas and a commission to the man who catches her," cried the leader of the band, as they dashed after the brave girl, leaving the picket in a state of bewilderment.

Kate soon heard the sound of her pursuers, and she pushed on faster. It was a race for life or death. The British horses were fresh, while her's was beginning to show signs of fatigue.

"Forward, Selim; you must take me to Greene's camp," said Kate, to her horse.

But her enemies gained upon her, and one of them seemed bent on catching her, for he was some yards in advance of his comrades. Kate heard the ominous tramp of his horse and drew her pistol. Nearer he came until he was at her side, and then cried out:

"Halt, you cursed rebel!"

Those were his last words, for Kate fired, and the bullet crashed through his brain. The others did not stop to look at their dead comrade, but pressed on. They neared her again, and another trooper received his death wound. The remainder halted, and a moment afterward Kate heard the American picket cry out:

"Who goes there?"

"Kate Heath," cried our heroine, as she dashed through the line.

The soldier had raised his gun, but when he heard her name it was lowered, and he answered:

"All right!"

The American camp was reached; Kate threw herself from the saddle, and placed her faithful horse in charge of a soldier.

"Where is Greene's tent?"

"To the right there where you see that light," replied the man, pointing to the place.

She entered the general's tent, and found him engaged in writing; he raised his eyes, then rose to his feet and said:

"You come here at a late hour, Miss Heath."

"I do, General; you are in danger."

"How is that?" exclaimed Greene.

The brave girl told her story; and the patriot grasped her hand, while the tears trickled down his war-worn cheeks.

"Thank God! you have saved my army, Miss Heath. I can never repay you."

"I want no payment. The thought that I have done my duty, and the thanks of Nathaniel Greene are worth more than gold and diamonds," was the heroic reply.

"Take my thanks, my brave girl, and may the Great Jehovah watch over and guide you through the changing scenes of life," responded Greene.

"And may He save my country, too," added Kate.

"You need rest. Here, sleep in my tent to-night, while I seek a resting place among my men," said the kind-hearted Greene.

"I do not wish to rob you of your couch, general."

"You will not. I shall be engaged in forming my troops to meet the attack;" and General Greene left the tent.

Kate enjoyed a good rest that night, and in the morning General Greene came to her, and joyfully exclaimed:

"Good news! Lord Rawdon is in full retreat. We took a prisoner this morning who says you frustrated their plans and saved the army. God bless you for that good act! But I must leave you now, for I am going to follow Rawdon, and teach him that we can fight. When are you going home?"

"In a few minutes, general."

"Good-bye; and may you have a safe journey," responded Greene, shaking her by the hand. Her horse was led forth, and she was soon on her way home, which was reached in safety.

Kate Heath lived to see the war closed, and peace and plenty spread their wings over the land; and not long afterwards she was wedded to Walter Gordon, who had been a colonel in the American army.

Washington at Prayer.

BY LAURIE TODD.

"I received the following anecdote about fifty years ago, from the farmer referred to in the narrative. He was a member of the Society of Friends, who were, from their peaceable habits, lukewarm, or opposed to the War of Independence. While the army lay in the neighborhood of White Plains, the farmer, whose dwelling was near the camp, one morning at sunrise, while passing a clump of bushes, heard a moaning noise. Thinking his ox or his ass had fallen into a pit, he approached the spot, and heard the voice of a man engaged in prayer. He hid in the thicket and listened, resolved to see the speaker. Having finished his supplications to Heaven, the man of prayer came forth from his hidding-place. *It was George Washington!* When the former entered his dwelling, he said to his wife, 'Martha, we must not oppose this movement any longer. The work is from the Lord. I heard the man, George Washington, send to Heaven such prayer for the cause and the country, that I know it will be answered.' Thus Washington rose with the sun and prayed for his country, fought for it by day and watched for it by night."

'Mid the deep forest, in whose solemn isles
He deems no wandering foot of man doth trace
His way, nor eye behold his orisons,
Save His—the All-seeing—to whom night and day—
The darkness and the light—are still the same,
In deepest reverence, with uncovered brow,
Bending before the august throne of Him
Whom angels bright and seraphs wrapt adore
Behold he prays!

Nor fear nor guilty dread
Is in his eye: no terror stamps his brow
With the deep consciousness of wrath deserved
For deeds of wrong—for falsehood's timid breath
In thoughtless childhood's joyous, sunlit hours;
Nor in his youth the unfilial act or word
To her whose anguish gave him earthly life;
Nor crime, nor treachery, in manhood's prime.
A guilty conscience holds not o'er his head
The sword of memory's accusing breath,
As thus his earnest prayer ascends on high.

Yet not a life of stainless purity,
And free from guilt as infant innocence;
Neither the well earned meed of lofty praise
For high, unsullied principle—for deeds
Of worth—for generous sympathies—and all
The noble qualities and manly grace
That bound around his brow the laurel wreath,
Woven by a nation's love and world's esteem—
Nor yet the consciousness of worldly ease,
Of home delights, of rural joys, and all
That gives to life the varied power of charm,
Upon the altar of his country's need
An offering made—not these that on his brow
Reflects the soul's unwavering confidence
Before the Majesty of Heaven's high court.
Though conscious of integrity of life,
And lofty purpose for his country's weal,
He humbly to imparted grace ascribes
The all of good recorded by the past—
The all of good to which his soul aspires;
While in the fountain of atoning blood
He bathes his soul from sin's defilement free.

Deem ye the eye that rests so placidly
On heaven's blue arch, the o'erhanging bows above—
The eye that but the avenue seems through which
The inner sight—the eye of faith—beholds—
Beyond the vision of his mortal ken,
Beyond the firmament, beyond the stars,
Yea, even beyond the portals to the throne
Of God—behold the radiant Mercy Seat;
Deem ye that to that eye, the upward glance—
Revealing lowliness of heart and filial love,
Fervid devotion and unwavering trust—
Is unfamiliar, strange, and rarely fixed
On heaven?—as when, in terror and dismay,
At some portentious ill or threatening doom
Hung o'er his head, the bold blasphemer turns,
Imploring, to the God he hates yet fears?
Is he unused to prayer? A stranger to
The Court of Grace? It cannot, cannot be!

Blest be the kindly Providence that gave
A witness to the hallowed scene, to tell
A wondering and admiring world, whence came
The wisdom, valor, prudence, and foresight,
The calm, unerring judgment, guiding power,
Decisive purpose, mien benevolent,
Attained by him who led the weak, the small,
The humble, persecuted, and despised,
Yet noble children of a noble race
To freedom, and exalted state and rank
Among the mightiest nations of the earth,
And gained for him a name above the name
Of kings and conquerors—a name that kings
Should covet—"Father of his country"—ere
A nation's tears bedewed his honored grave.

But listen to his prayer:
"Thou God of Hosts,
Before whose awful throne archangels bow
And vail their faces, and adoring cry—
O! HOLY, HOLY, LORD GOD OF SABAOTH!
'Tis not by might of man, or armèd hosts,
In glittering array of pomp and pride,
With all the imposing pageantry of war
And fear-inspiring show of power and skill,
The battle fought is gained; the victory's thine,
And given to whom thou wilt.
"A lowly band
Desire to rear their altars to thy praise
Among the hills and in the pleasant vales
Of this fair heritage—thine outcasts' home—
For freedom sought, and found across the wave.
Thou who, by mighty arm and judgments dire,
From Egypt's cruel bonds and idol fanes
Didst free thy chosen race, and by the hand,
Through all that great and howling wilderness,
Didst lead them to the land to Abraham given—
Now for thy second Israel show thy power;
For this ungrateful Gentile band make bare
Thy holy arm, and great deliverance send.
Feeble and few, yet trusting in thy name
And power omnipotent, we meet the foe.
Deign to espouse our cause; not ours—but Thine;
In weakness be our strength; in fear, our trust;
In darkness, be our light; in doubt, our guide
And counselor; in danger be our shield,
Our helmet, buckler, weapon of defense
Against the invading foe, whose pride and scorn
Are cast into our teeth. Encircle us
In our extremity by thy Almighty arm;
Fold us beneath thy over-shadowing wing;
And in the fear and carnage of the strife,
Nerve Thou our arm, sustain our fainting hearts,
And even in death be our Eternal Life.
This day get honor to thy glorious name,
And to the world thy power and justice show!"

There's power in prayer!
The great, the mighty God,
That erst of old led Israel's way-worn band
To victory against their countless foes,
A gracious audience to the suppliant gave;
And when loud rose on the ensanguined field,
From battling hosts the fearful clang of war,
He heard the young Eagle's cry—made strong the weak—
The timorous, bold—and from the Lion's teeth
Secured the destined prey.
"Not to the swift
The race, nor battle to the strong." The God
Of armies heard the groaning of the oppressed,
Put honor on His promise and His truth,
Secured to us a glorious legacy,
And gave the world to know—He answers prayer.

Drumming for Recruits.

We heartily indorse the following from Bro. Gouley:

There is an evil in our day of Masonry, which we have often thought should be attended to; it is the apparent desire of many papers, orators and members of the fraternity to enlist the sympathy and admiration of the world. This may seem like a laudable effort to some minds, and, if properly understood, it might pass unheeded. Let us reflect and talk together as brethren over this matter. In the first place, we do not ask the world for its opinion, whether good or bad; our existence does not depend upon the will of the profane. We profess to teach and practice the sublime principles of morality, friendship, brotherly love and truth. We profess to teach a higher code of human morals than any other society of men; and if the world admires our professions, it is all well and good; if the world becomes so corrupt that it despises our ethics, it is just as well; for our principles being heavenly and God-like, are eternal and immutable, and do not depend upon the world for their perpetuation or character. If there is one thing that is perfectly despicable in the eyes of every good Mason, it is an effort, apparent or real, to get a man to become a Mason. It is contrary to the very first principles of our Order. Masonry has not come into the world as a missionary; she is not a propagandist, nor is she progressive in any sense of the term. Whenever a man becomes an apostle of Masonry outside of his Lodge he ceases to be a true Mason, and the most that he can do or say, consistently, in public, is to deliver an address embodying the virtues of the Order, or giving its history; and in truth this should only be done before the families of the fraternity and brethren, for fear that the world might charge us with seeking its favor and patronage; and we must confess that the present system of making speeches to promiscuous assemblages lays us open to this charge.

Our addresses to the public should be to improve the public, and not merely to get the public to approve us. We have seen entirely too much solicitation for candidates by the young and inexperienced craftsmen. They have just been received, are enthusiastic over the beauties of the system, and straightway they want all their friends to enjoy the same pleasure. This is certainly very amiable and charitable, but it is not Masonic. We have been told several times by persons that they were requested to take the degrees; the very announcement makes us shudder for the Order—we can see nothing but shipwreck in such a course. There should never be rivalry between Lodges for numbers—thirty good, true and intelligent members are worth more than the thousands who could be pulled in by drag-nets. Our system should be as exclusive as it is secret. Men should find out who are Masons by the character of life, and not by jewelry and publications. The publication of this General, that Colonel, the other Congressman, such a Governor, and &c., as Masons, looks too much like advertising for popularity; and in many instances the publication of such men while *living* is likely to do us irreparable injury. We have seen the biographies and notices of public men as *Masons*, who have since committed acts consigning them to eternal infamy; they have been reprobated by the fraternity, but the world does not know it, and our Order suffers the consequences.

The warning comes to us from the Atlantic to the Pacific, from the Lakes to the Gulf, "beware of too many applicants; guard well the door." Why is this popularity? Because Masonry is becoming too public. We are already occupying a position in the public mind that threatens our destruction. No church could stand so prominently in the foreground as we do without inviting attack, or in danger of being used for another purpose, in the first great convulsion that shall shake the country.

Our speeches should be delivered to the fraternity and their families, and our papers and books be published for the same purpose. All apparent or real effort at proslytism should be abandoned. All hints, directly or indirectly, to a friend to become a Mason is unmasonic. Freemasonry is something to be *sought for*, and not peddled around the country by degree-mongers; nor are Lodges mere machines to make money by grinding up all the new material which has money in it.

This sort of business will do well enough for other outside Rites who have itinerant agents traveling about to rope in victims for so much per head, a disgraceful illustration of which we have seen, and now see, between rival bodies struggling for the mastery in numbers; but this is not Ancient York Masonry, and we pray God it never may be. If every Lodge in the United States were to agree to simultaneously refuse to receive another petition for two years, but confine themselves to collecting in all their dues, getting every thing straightened out, and practice work upon each other, it would be an infinite blessing to the Order. In that time this unhealthy fever would pass away, and Masonry would resume its normal condition. As this cannot be, let us be more than ever guarded over our words and actions, and especially over the outer door of the temple.

True Freemasonry *asks* for no recruits.

What Reader of the National Freemason

will not earnestly respond to the sentiments of the V.·. W.·. Bro. Metham, Sen. G.·. W.·. of Devonshire, England?

With the greatest reverence be it spoken, we have a right to conclude that our institution is not displeasing in His sight, *for Freemasonry has outlived empires, kingdoms and republics, and has spread itself over the whole world, among nations of every color, creed and language.* Wherever the foot of the adventurous traveler has penetrated, whether to the "thrilling regions of the thick-ribbed ice" in the north, or to the centre of "fantastic summer's heat" in the south—whether he has advanced to meet the glorious luminary of day in the east, or has followed him to his setting in the west, here, there and everywhere, if a Mason, he has met with the greeting of a brother; he has been warned of approaching danger, relieved in want, tended in sickness and comforted in sorrow.

Whence comes this self-imposed obligation in man to acknowledge the claims of his fellow-man to sympathy and aid?

Is it not that, even after the fall, one spark of that divine fire which filled the breasts of our first parents still lingered on earth, which may yet be fanned by Freemasonry into a holy flame of peace and concord?

The blood of Abel did not all sink into the ground, nor all mount to heaven to cry for vengeance on the murderer, but, sown and resown in the veins of successive generations, it will yet bear its fruit, by restoring to the moral world that beauty and harmony which reigned in Paradise.

Growth, gradual, imperceptible, but never interrupted, has given to Freemasonry an inexhaustible store of force and vitality, and, like the primeval oak, it has every day struck its roots deeper and deeper into the ground, so as to defy the storms and tempests of a thousand years. Its sap overflowed yesterday, and it will overflow to-morrow; and, being founded on the purest principles of piety and virtue, it has, more fortunate than ancient or modern empires, preserved inviolate in its bosom the three fundamental bases of society which alone render life valuable—the spirit of rational liberty, the spirit of mutual sympathy, and the spirit of true religion.

It is impossible but that such a tree, so graced in its origin, so beautiful in its growth, so diffusive in its tendencies, so limitless in its endurance, should produce abundant and gratifying fruit, and therefore I am confident that, among all the social, moral and religious revolutions now going on in the world, Freemasonry will yet play an important part, will clothe itself in some new form of majesty and power, and recast the world in a new mould.

"We should rejoice," writes an eloquent brother, "to see the day when we shall have passed from the iron and brazen age into that which, if not gold, is at least silver, when equality, justice and consideration for the feeling of others shall pervade the world.

"We see it penetrating legislation, directing public events, and softening the minds of men; and, surely, as the icy thrall of winter melts before the genial approach of spring, so surely will the worst passions of men thaw before the warmer and balmier influences breathed by the holy spirit of universal brotherhood."

The worst state of a people is one of personal conflict, political strife and theological bitterness. The plagues of Egypt are but a type of such a state.

The pure gold of a perfect union may be denied to us in our fallen and corrupt nature, but there is no human institution so well calculated as Freemasonry to bind all classes of men together in the silken bonds and silver chains of kindliness, mutual forbearance, justice and charity.

* * * * *

Better that none should be initiated than that any should be admitted who, by immorality, dishonesty, intemperance, irreligion or infidelity, would reflect discredit on the craft.

The day is gone by when the world will be satisfied with mystery or with symbols. It will look for results from Freemasonry as from every other human institution.

* * * * * *

Do not depend on the desire of receiving and conferring ideal happiness, which is fed in so many breasts by ideal dreams, idle and profitless. We were meant to be workers in the world, and are commanded to exercise the talents committed to us for our own advancement and the good of God's creatures. When the dark curtain falls on our stage of life we shall find that the acts of brotherly love, relief and truth we have pictured in our Lodges were meant to have been acted in reality, and not in poetry.

Our ancient brethren went forth with the implements of labor in their hands, and with the sword by their side, to rebuild the temple of the Lord.

Let us, like them, diligently labor at the work which He has given us to do upon His earth. Let us first labor to secure the happiness and well-being of those whom He has given to us as our own—our wives, our children and our relatives; then let us labor to secure the happiness of all who are bound to us by the ties of a common humanity; that is, for the whole family of man, without distinction of color or creed. Let us fight the battle of life for those who cannot fight it for themselves, for the good against the evil, the true against the false, the weak against the strong.

Whatsoever thy hand findeth to do, do it with all thy might, for there is no work, no device, no knowledge nor wisdom in the grave whither thou goest. Opportunities of doing good cannot be recalled at will; sunshine is departing, shadows are falling deeper and deeper around us, the evening of life is closing in, the eleventh hour will soon be upon us; therefore, whatever we find to do, let us do it at once and with all our might.

For the work to be done, look into the world; there is field for labor—the field so much in want of tilling. Abroad, contend against the lust of empire, the horrors of war, the curse of slavery, the sin of idolatry; at home, fight against the demon of intemperance, the growing spirit of irreligion and infidelity. There are the hungry children who cry for food to the widowed mother who has no food to give them; there are the naked who have neither raiment nor fuel to keep out the wintry blast; there are the ignorant, whose souls are in danger of perishing for the want of knowing better. Write your names on the hearts of your generation by acts of kindness, brotherly love and charity, and you will have fulfilled the true mission of Masonry. Then will you be talked of in life and remembered in death as true and faithful brethren of our noble Order.

"We all, in journeying on through earth,
May thick with pleasure strew it,
Plant joys in many a heart of worth,
Which else would never know it.

Far other seed hath man, too long,
On every side been sowing.
Far other gifts on life's sad throng
With open palm bestowing.

How much of mingled care and strife
The arm, by justice guided,
Might weed from other's path of life
Were men but less divided!

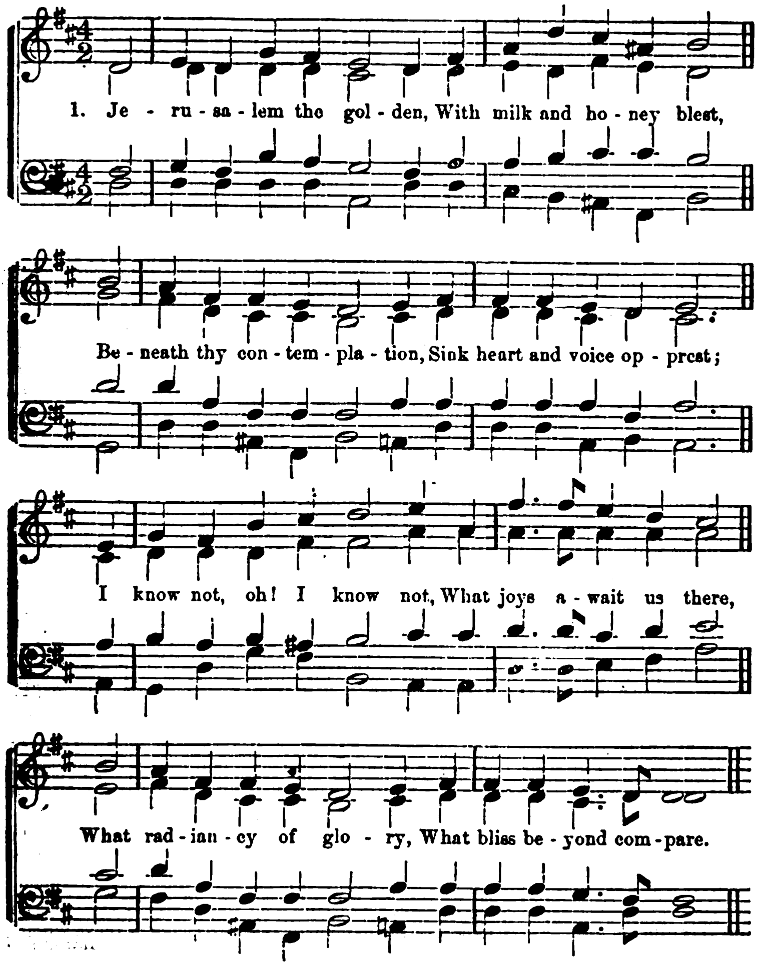
Be ours the task to soothe distress
In breasts long worn by weeping,
And thousands then our craft will bless,
No more life's sorrows reaping."

[FROM THE MASONIC HARMONIA.]

52 MASONIC HARMONIA.

114. FELLOW CRAFT.

"Jerusalem the Golden."


1. Je - ru - sa - lem the gol - den, With milk and ho - ney blest,
Be - neath thy con - tem - pla - tion, Sink heart and voice op - prest;
I know not, oh! I know not, What joys a - wait us there,
What rad - ian - cy of glo - ry, What bliss be - yond com - pare.

2. They stand, those hills of Sion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng.

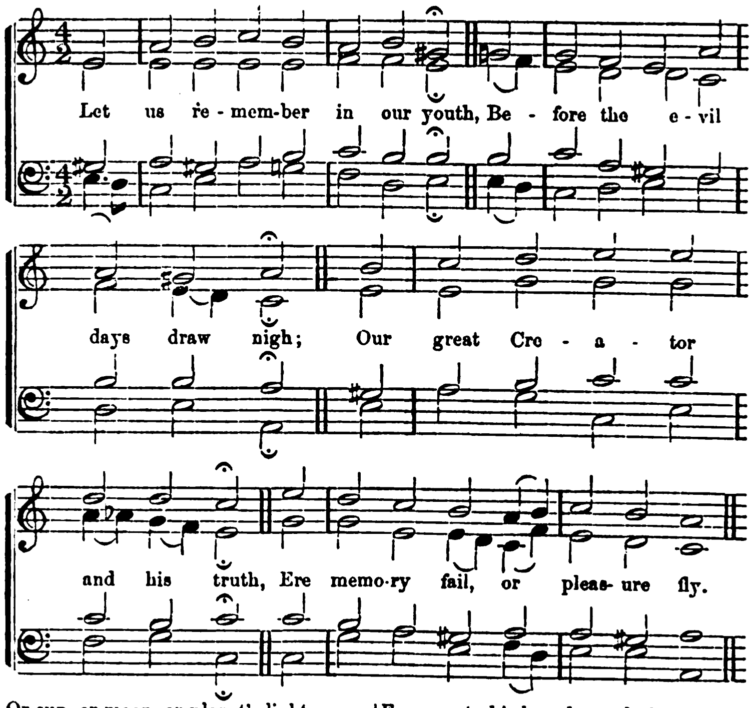
3. There is the throne of David;
And there, from care released,
The shout of them that triumph,
The song of them that feast;

4. And they, who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
For ever and for over
Are clad in robes of white.

63 MASONIC HARMONIA.

127. MASTER MASON.

L. M.


Let us re - mem-ber in our youth, Be - fore the e - vil
days draw nigh; Our great Cre - a - tor
and his truth, Ere memo-ry fail, or pleas- ure fly.

Or sun, or moon, or planet's light
Grow dark, or clouds return in gloom:
Ere vital spark no more incite,
When strength shall bow, and years consume.

Let us in youth remember *Him!*
Who formed our frame, and spirits gave,
Ere windows of the mind grow dim,
Or door of speech obstructed wave.

When voice of bird fresh terrors wake,
And music's daughters charm no more,
Or fear to rise, with trembling shake,
Along the path we travel o'er.

In youth, to God let memory cling,
Before desire shall fail, or wane,
Or e'er be loosed life's silver string,
Or bowl at fountain rent in twain.

For man to his long home doth go,
And mourners group around his urn;
Our dust to dust again must flow,
And spirits unto God return.

128. Master Mason.

BLEST is the man who stands in awe
Of God, and loves his sacred law;
His seed on earth shall be renowned,
And with successive honors crowned.

Beset with threat'ning dangers round,
Unmoved shall he maintain his ground;
The sweet remembrance of the just
Shall flourish, when he sleeps in dust.

The Order of the Golden Fleece.

"More ancient than the Golden Fleece."

The Order of the Golden Fleece, Toison d'or, instituted in 1429 by Philip, Duke of Burgundy, is one of the most honorable of the foreign orders, being generally held second only to our own Order of the Garter. It gives a title to the Burgundian king-of-arms; and the name has been supposed to bear allusion either to the mythological story of Jason and the golden fleece, or to the fleece of Gideon, mentioned in Holy Scripture; while others believe it to have been adopted in compliment to the good burghers of Flanders, whose staple commerce was their wool. One old chronicler asserts that Philip's intention in choosing this name for his new order was two-fold. First, "d'inspirer à ses prud hommes un courage héroïque à l'encontre des mescréants à l'example du noble et vaillant Gedeon suzerain du peuple de Dieu, qui sur l'assurance mystérieuse du miracle de la toison parachevé en sa faveur, défit avec une mince troupe de braves la moult puissante ost des Madianites." Secondly, "d'engager ses loyaulx et affectionnés sujets à prendre grand soin de leurs troupeaulx dont la laine faisait la principale richesse."

The number of Knights is twenty-four, all to be of noble birth. They wear a cassock of crimson velvet, and over it a mantle of the same, lined with white, and embroidered alternately with steels and flint stones emitting flames, and fleeces; on the head a hood of crimson velvet, and round the neck the collar of the Order, finely wrought of alternate flint stones and steels, flames and fleeces; the former with the motto, "Ante ferit quàm micat" (It strikes before it shines), being the arms of the House of Burgundy. From the centre of the collar hangs a lamb, or a golden fleece, with the following device: "Pretium non vile laborum" (No mean guerdon of toils).

This Order has always been held in high estimation, and it is said that Knights of the Golden Fleece were expected to yield precedence only to kings. The dignity of Grand Master was hereditary in the House of Burgundy until the death of Charles the Bold, when it passed to the House of Austria, through the marriage of his daughter Mary to the Archduke Maximilian. Their son, Philippe le Beau, having married Jeanne la Folle, daughter to Ferdinand and Isabella, and heiress of the Spains, the Grand Mastership became subsequently vested in the kings of Spain, and Charles V., on his abdication, is said to have transferred the collar from his own neck to that of his son, with tears and words of solemn pathos. The right of conferring the Order is now claimed both by the Emperor of Austria and the King of Spain.

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THE ORDER OF THE STAR.

"More honorable than the Star."

The Order of the Star was founded by John, King of France, in 1351, in imitation, it has been said, of the Order of the Garter, recently instituted by Edward III. The ceremony of installation was originally performed on the Feast of the Epiphany, and the name bears allusion either to the Star of the Magi or to the Blessed Virgin, who, in many ancient hymns and prayers, is addressed as "Star of the Sea," "Ave, Maris Stella!" An old French writer says it was instituted by Hugh Capet "pour son heureus auenement."

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THE TEUTONIC ORDER.

The Order of the Teutonici, or Teutonic Knights, is said to have been founded "by an Almain, who, with his wife, settling in Jerusalem after the taking of the city, founded there a hospital for the reception of pilgrims, and in a short time had drawn such resort that from thence arose a fraternity, electing a Grand Master; every man of that association appareling himself in white, with a cross patonce *sable*, voyded with a cross patonce double, *or*."

They afterwards took up arms, in imitation of the two existing Orders, and Pope Celestine having granted a bull for the establishment of the Order, Heinrich Walpoti was elected Grand Master in 1191. Jerusalem being reconquered by the Turks, they removed to Ptolemais, and thence into Germany, where Conrad, Duke of Suabia, made over to them the territory of Culm, and invited them to turn their arms against the heathens of Prussia. "In this war they got great honor, and the emperor granting them permission to enjoy what by the sword they had wonne with expense of some blood, they purchased great revenues in Prussia, founded Konigsberg, Dantzic, and all the chief towns, and built many illustrious edifices and some cathedrals, establishing bishops there, who were enjoyned to wear the habit of the Order."

Albert of Brandenberg, who then disgraced the office of Grand Master, becoming a Protestant in 1525, the Order was virtually at an end, all those Knights who remained faithful to their vows being expelled, whilst Albert received from Sigismund, King of Poland, the investiture of Prussia, erected by him into a dukedom.

The remnant of the Order continued their ancient rule in Franconia, under their newly elected Grand Master, Albert Wolfgang, and a kind of order was formed at Utrecht for Protestants, who were required before admission to pay a certain sum into the fund for charity, and to prove themselves noble by four generations.

The badge of the Order is a cross patonce *sable*, charged with another cross double patonce, *or*, surcharged with an escutcheon of the empire, the principal cross surmounted by a chief *azure* semée of France.

It seems that Henry VI. of Germany gave them the original cross, Jean de Brienne, King of Jerusalem, the second, and St. Louis the Fleur de lis. Marienburg was the chief residence of these Knights, who were also lords of Livonia.

THE SCOTTISH ORDER OF ST. ANDREW, OR THE THISTLE,

claims to be of very great antiquity, and is connected with the curious tradition concerning Hungus, King of the Picts. Little, however, is known of the Order before the reign of James V., by whom it was revived about 1540; its existence at that time was very brief, and no Chapters were held during the long minority of Mary Stuart, who, with the sword and sceptre of Scotland, inherited the sovereignty of that chivalric Order. To borrow Agnes Strickland's graphic description, "This was the first time the gold spurs and green collar of the Thistle had been worn by a lady, and Mary determined to exercise her prerogative of 'choosing her man,' or, in other words, investing a male deputy with the privilege of performing the duties of her office. The substitute selected by Queen Mary was Henry Stuart, Lord Darnley; rather, I should surmise, from a desire to invest that noble with peculiar marks of her favor than from the feeling that there was any thing unfeminine in the office, as Miss Strickland seems to imply. Darnley, advancing to the footstool of Queen Mary's throne, and kneeling before her, pronounced the oath of a Knight, vowing to "defend the Christian faith with all my power, to be leal and true to my sovereign lady, the Queen of Scotland, and her successors; to defend the realm of Scotland from all aliens and strangers; never to fly from my princess, master or fellow with dishonor in time of need; to defend all orphans, maidens and widows of good family; and wherever I hear of murderers, robbers or masterful thieves who oppress the people, to bring them to the laws, to the best of my power.. Finally, to fortify, maintain and defend the noble Order of Knighthood, of which I am now about to receive the horse, arms and knightly habiliments, according to my power." It was restored by Queen Anne in 1703, and has continued flourishing ever since, the number of Knights, restricted at first to twelve, having been increased to sixteen by George IV. at his coronation. The officers of this Order are four in number, and the collar is formed of golden thistles and sprays of rue, enameled *proper*, this being the ancient insignia of the Scots and Picts.

The badge appended to the collar consists of a radiant star, *or*, charged with a figure of St. Andrew, *proper*, robed in a mantle of green and surcoat of purple, and supporting in his arms the cross, *ar.* The jewel of the Order has inscribed on it the following words: "Nemo me impune lacessit." St. Andrew was also invoked as patron of an order instituted by Philip of Burgundy, and of which the badge was a St. Andrew's cross.

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THE MILITARY ORDER OF KNIGHTS OF THE BATH

was instituted in England, 1399, at the coronation of Henry IV., fell into disuse in the time of Charles II., and revived by letters-patent in the reign of George I. As then constituted, it consists of the Sovereign, Grand Master, and thirty-six Companions, and has seven officers: the Dean, Registrar, Gloucester King-of-Arms, who is besides styled "principal Herald of the parts of Wales and Hanover Herald;" a Herald, having the title of "Blanc Coursier;" a Secretary, an Usher of the Black Rod, called also "Brunswick Herald," and Messenger. Knights of the Bath were anciently distinguished by an emcrass, or scutcheon of azure silk upon the left shoulder, charged with three crowns *proper*, with the motto, "*Trois en un.*" The collar is composed of nine imperial crowns, and eight roses, thistles and shamrocks, issuing from a sceptre, all enameled *proper*, linked together with seventeen white knots. The badge is a white Maltese cross, cantoned with four lions of England (or lions *passant gardant*). On the centre is a circular compartment, charged with the rose, the thistle and the shamrock; and, when borne by a military knight, encircled by a wreath of laurel, issuing from an escroll *az.*, inscribed Ich dien, in letters of gold.

At the termination of the war, 1815, it was ordained that the Order should thenceforth consist of three classes, viz., seventy-two Knights Grand Crosses (G. C. B.), one hundred and eighty Knights Commanders (K. C. B.), and an unlimited number of Companions (C. B.) Twelve of the seventy-two Knights of the first class are nominated for civil services. They are permitted to use supporters to their arms, which are placed within the red circle of the Order, edged with gold, the old motto, "Trois en un," being replaced by the Latin legend, "Tria juncta in uno."

The Arms of Knights Commanders are similar, except that they are not permitted to use supporters, and the badge pendant from their red ribbon is smaller; that worn by Companions is smaller still.

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THE ORDER OF DANEBROG.

The most ancient of the Danish orders is that of Danebrog, instituted by Wilderman II., King of Denmark, on St. Lawrence's Day, 1219. To this Order belongs a legend, similar to that related of Hungus and the banner of St. Andrew. Wilderman was at war with the Livonians, and on one occasion, when engaged in a desperate battle, with but a doubtful prospect of victory, a standard, bearing a white cross, is said to have fallen miraculously from heaven, which so revived the drooping spirits of the soldiers that they gained a speedy victory. This standard was called "Danebrog," "the strength of the Danes," and gave its name to the Order founded in commemoration of the miracle. The badge is a cross patonce, enameled white, charged with eleven diamonds. The collar, a chain consisting of the letters W and C alternately, each crowned with a regal crown of Denmark; between the letters a cross, enameled white. In the C a figure of 5. The letter W refers to the name of the founder; C to that of Christian V., by whom the Order was revived in 1671.

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THE ORDER OF THE PASSION

was founded in 1380, by Richard II. of England and Charles VI. of France, for the recovery of the Holy Land from the dominion of the Saracens. The Knights wore white mantlets, on which was sewed the badge of the Order—a plain red cross, fimbriated with gold, and having at its intersection an eight-foiled compartment, composed of four pointed leaves in cross and four round ones in saltire, edged *or*, and charged with an Agnus Dei *proper*.

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ORDER OF ST. PATRICK

was instituted by George III. in 1783. It consists of the Sovereign, the Grand Master, who is always the Lord-Lieutenant of Ireland for the time being, and a certain number of Knights, each of whom has two esquires. The collar is of pure gold, formed of harps and roses placed alternately, and connected by twelve knots. In the centre is a royal crown, from which depends an appropriate badge, containing the crown, the shamrock and a cross *saltire*, like that on the banner of St. Patrick, which was "*ar.* a *saltire gu.*," now transferred to the Union Jack, where it is combined with the crosses of St. Andrew and St. George.

The Heraldic Ceremonial

of the funeral, and the decorations of the tomb (still to be seen in Canterbury Cathedral) of Edward, the Black Prince, from his will.

The funeral procession was to pass through the West Gate, and along the High street, to the Cathedral, and he further commands that, "A quel heure (at whatever hour) notre corps soit amené parmy (through) la ville de Canterbéry," two chargers with trappings of his Arms and badges, and two men accoutred in his panoply, and wearing his helms, were to precede the corpse One *cheval de dule* (mourning horse) is often mentioned in state funerals, but here there were to be two—one of them bearing the equipment of war, with the quarterly bearings of France and England, as seen upon the effigy, which Edward had before ordered to be placed upon his tomb, and one "pur la paix," being that used by the Prince in the lists. Four sable banners of the same suit, charged with ostrich plumes, accompanied the noble pageant, and behind the war-horse followed a man, armed, bearing a pennon, likewise charged with ostrich plumes. This was probably the smaller flag, or streamer, once attached to the warrior's lance. For the tomb he commands that "Entouride la ditte tomb soient dusze escuchons chacun de la largesse d'un pié (foot) dont les syx seront de nos Armes entiers, et les autres syx des plumes d'ostruce." * * * Upon the tomb was to be placed "Un ymage d'ovreigne (ouvreigne, old French for workmanship) levez de latoun (laton, old French for laiton; cuivre jaune, yellow copper) tout armez de *fier* de guerre * * * notre heaume du léopard mys dessouz la teste de l'ymage."

The Pelican.

The pelican is always drawn with her wings "addorsed," "vulning," or wounding her breast with her beak. Frequently she is in her nest, feeding her young with her blood; she is then described as the "Pelican in her piety," and affords one of the highest lessons of heraldic symbolism; for whether she is regarded as feeding her young with her blood, or, according to Bossewell, restoring to them thereby the life which, by their ingratitude, they have forfeited, the symbolic allusion to our ever blessed Saviour is equally perfect. Bossewell's account is as follows: "The pellicane feruently loueth her byrdes; yet, when they ben haughtie, and beginne to waxe bolde, they smite her in the face and wounde her, and she smiteth them again and sleaeth them. And, after three days, she mourneth for them, and then striking herself in the side till the bloude runne out, she sparpleth it upon their bodyes, and by vertue thereof they quicken againe."

As a symbol of our Lord, the "Pelican in her piety" is most appropriately introduced into the decoration of churches and on funeral monuments. In Warbleton church, Sussex, a pelican is inscribed on the brass of William Prestwick, Dean of Hastings, with the motto, "Sic Christus dilexit nos." ("Thus hath Christ loved us.") In Winchester Cathedral, too, it is seen in the arms of the good Richard Fox, Bishop of Winton: "*Ar.* a pelican in her piety, *or.*;" and Corpus Christie College, Oxford, of which he was founder, bears his arms, in conjunction with those of Hugh Oldham, Bishop of Exeter. The Pelhams of Laughton, Sussex, bear three pelicans, without the nest.

Duty of Ministers who are Masons.

It cannot be denied that, large as the number of preachers in our ranks is, they do but little, as a whole, for the advancement of the cause. When a Lodge becomes cold, they are the coldest. When Masonry becomes unpopular, they do not, as a body, stand up to it.

The influence of ministers, when active in the cause of Masonry, is so great, their efforts are so readily acknowledged and rewarded by the craft, that we should suppose this alone would serve to stimulate them to a higher degree of usefulness than they evince. Their duties in and out of the Lodge may be summed up thus:

1. They should show the scriptural relations borne by Masonic traditions.
2. Most of them travel much; and this will enable them to visit many Lodges, and communicate intelligence largely.
3. They are "peace-makers" by profession; and this points them out as the proper arbiters and daysmen in the difficulties that arise amongst brethren.
4. They are the "exemplars" of good works, and ought to be so of Masonic works.
5. They ought to be unflinching and indefatigable in dispensing Masonic discipline to offenders.

Anecdotes and Sayings of Masons.

Bulwer says: "Female friendship is to a man the bulwark, sweetener, ornament of his existence. To his mental culture it is invaluable; without it all his knowledge of books will never give him knowledge of the world."

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Solomon says: "Many are in high places and of renown, but mysteries are revealed to the meek."

∴

Mademoiselle Rachel—when giving one of her readings before the Duke of Wellington, was informed that all her audience, except the Duke, were ignorant of the French language. She went on, however, consoling herself with the idea that the Duke, at least, understood her. After it was all over, the Duke approached the great actress and said, "Mademoiselle, our guests have had a grand advantage over me; they have had the happiness of hearing you. I am as deaf as a post!"

∴

The Jug with the Bottom out.—In one of Dr. Tyng's travels he met with an emigrant journeying with his family to the fertile regions beyond the Mississippi. He had all his worldly goods packed on wagons, and on one wagon there hung a jug with the bottom out. He asked him why he carried that with him. "Why," said he, "that's my Taylor jug." And what is a Taylor jug?" asked my friend. "Why," said he, "I had a son with General Taylor's army in Mexico, and the old General always told him to carry his whisky jug with a hole in the bottom; and since that I have carried my jug as you see it, and I find it is the best invention I ever met with."

∴

The Swearer Rebuked.—On a certain occasion General Washington invited a number of fellow-officers to dine with him. While at the table one of them uttered an oath. The General dropped his knife and fork in a moment, and in his deep tone and characteristic dignity and deliberation said: "I thought we all supposed ourselves gentlemen." He then resumed his knife and fork, and went on as before. The remark struck the officer like an electric shock, and as was intended, did execution, as his remarks in such cases were apt to do. No person at the table swore after that; and after dinner the officer referred to remarked to his companion, that if the General had struck him over the head with his sword he could have borne it, but the home thrust which he gave him was too much. It was too much for a gentleman. And it is hoped it will be too much for any one who pretends to be a gentleman.

Kind Words, Good Deeds, and Evidences of Progress.

Speak Kindly.—Much of the unhappiness in this world arises from giving utterance to hasty, unkind words. Many a sorrowful hour and sleepless night have been spent brooding over some harsh or angry word which has dropped from the lips in a moment of unguarded passion. How much pain we would save ourselves and others if we would guard all our ways and actions. Kind words, spoken in the right time and place, do more to heal the wounded spirit than all the gold which this world can give. They cost nothing, while they enrich the heart and scatter sunshine all around, winning many true and faithful friends.

A little word in kindness spoken,
A smile, perhaps a tear,
Has often healed a heart that's broken,
And made a friend sincere.

How indelibly does a little act of kindness, performed at the right moment, impress itself upon the mind.

Many years ago a little child stopped to admire the flowers in a beautiful garden. It was an orphan, and already had felt the hard and bitter pangs of an orphan's lot. The owner of the garden noticed the child and spoke kindly to him.

"Do you love flowers?" said he.

"Oh, yes. We used to have beautiful flowers in our garden."

The man gathered some and handed them to the boy, saying, as he did so, "here is a nice little bunch for you." The child took the flowers in a manner that plainly told his gratitude. It was an act of spontaneous kindness, and scarcely thought of again. Years went by, and through toil and poverty the child grew to manhood. It is said from ordeals like this sometimes come our best men. So it proved in the case of this orphan. We now find him respected and beloved by all who know him. Through all these years he has never forgotten the man who so long ago spoke that kind word. When he again met him it was not in the beautiful garden, cultivating the fragrant flowers, but in the cold and dismal abode of poverty. Then his was the hand stretched forth to help the white haired old man in his hour of need. Thus the little act of kindness was doubly repaid, bringing to our mind the words of the beautiful hymn, "Kind words can never die."

Family Circle.

A GERMAN TRUST SONG.

Just as God leads me I would go:
I would not ask to choose my way,
Content with what he will bestow,
Assured he will not lead me stray,
So as he leads my path I make,
And step by step I gladly take,
A child in him confiding.

Just as God leads I am content,
I rest me calmly in his hands;
That which he has decreed and sent—
That which his will for me commands.
I would that he should all fulfill,
That I should do his gracious will
In living or in dying.

Just as God leads I all resign:
I trust me to my Father's will;
When reason's rays deceptive shine,
His counsel would I yet fulfill:
That which his love ordained as right,
Before he brought me to the light,
My all to him resigning.

Just as God leads me I abide
In faith, in hope, in suffering true;
His strength is ever by my side—
Can aught my hold on him undo?
I hold me firm in patience knowing
That God my life is still bestowing—
The best in kindness sending.

Just as God leads I onward go,
Oft amid thorns and briars keen:
God does not yet his guidance show—
But in the end it shall be seen
How by a loving Father's will
Faithful and true he leads me still.

THE TWO BRIDES.

I saw two maids at the kirk,
And both were fair and sweet;
One was in her bridal robe,
One in her winding sheet.

The chorister sang the hymn,
The sacred rites were read—
And one for life to life,
And one to death was wed!

They went to their bridal beds
In loveliness and bloom;
One in a merry castle,
One in a silent tomb.

One to the world of sleep,
Locked in the arms of love;
And one in the arms of death
Passed to the Heaven above.

One to the morrow woke
In a world of sin and pain;
But the other was happier far,
And never woke again!

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Beautiful Religion.—Beautiful religion! which, kneeling before the cross and the altar, feels the outgushing inspiration of love for the souls of distant and unknown men, and clasp in the faith of brotherhood those upon whose faces we have never looked; which converts the price of selfish and useless luxuries into riches of wisdom for the poor in knowledge; which goes forth with a martyr's heroism, to win victories of mercy over ransomed minds; which pursues its triumphal way to the heavenly gate, surrounded and followed, not by bloody trophies and chained captives, but by thankful penitents; widows smiling in their sackcloth; orphans rosy with joy, and heathen blessing the name of Jesus! What have arms, arts, letters, philosophy, like this?

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Aristocracy.—One day there was a great commotion in school. Nellie Gray had said that the reason why Ella Danvers was invited to Squire Thompson's grand party was because she was one of the aristocracy.

"I wonder if I do not belong to the aristocracy, too?" angrily exclaimed Malvina White, who chanced to be among the uninvited ones, and Miss Malvina drew herself up with a look of wounded pride.

"Codfish!" said one of the girls in an undertone.

"Humph!" said Myra Shaw, who was also of the uninvited number, and who, by the way, was always trying to ingratiate herself into the good graces of the young ladies who had rich fathers—"I wouldn't be one of the aristocracy, if I could."

"Sour grapes," said one of her schoolmates in a whisper, yet loud enough to reach the ears of Myra, who, I dare say, would have been very angry had not Eva May, who had been helping little Nancy Green mend her broken doll, looked up from her work just then, and said gently "I wouldn't be an aristocrat, either."

Now all the girls knew that Eva's father was one of the richest and best men in D——, and that Eva had been invited to the party, so one of the girls whispered:

"If Eva May don't belong to the aristocracy, I wonder who does?"

But Eva did not hear the words. "I don't think there should be any aristocracy," she said. "We ought to love every one who is gentle and good. Mother says Jesus was not an aristocrat. He was one of the people. He gave himself for the people. I would rather be like Jesus." And then Eva sat down by Annie West, the washerwoman's daughter, to show her how to work a difficult example.

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Curiosities of the Marriage Service in England.—A Clergyman in Hampshire, England, writes: "If you had married as many couples as I have, you would be aware that it is not only when German princes appear at the hymeneal altar in England that novel pronunciation occurs and foreign matter is introduced in the marriage service. In my parish it is quite the fashion for the man in giving the ring to say to the woman, 'with my body I thee wash up, and with all my hurdle goods I thee, and thou;' to which strange trio he pertinaciously adheres in spite of all my endeavors to correct the text. One man, who could not read, but had taken praiseworthy pains to learn his part beforehand, had perfectly mastered what he was taught, only unluckily his 'coach' had blundered upon the baptismal instead of the matrimonial service, so when interrogated as to taking the woman to be his wedded wife, the bridegroom stoutly affirmed—'All this I steadfastly believe.' The women are usually better up in this part of the prayer book then the men; but one day a bride (taught in a government school) startled me by making the extraordinary vow to take her husband 'to 'ave and too 'old from this day fortni't for better horse, for richerer power, in siggerness else to love cherries and to bay.' What meaning this marvelous farrago conveyed to her mind it is beyond the power of mine to imagine."

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The Mother and Her Seven Sons.—A Jewish widow and her seven sons were brought before Antiochus, charged with having refused to worship his idol.

The King addressed them separately, and began with the eldest, by commanding him to worship the idol.

"I cannot," answered he; "for my God has commanded me, saying, 'I am the Lord thy God, who brought thee out of the land of Egypt.'"

This refusal enraged the King, and he immediately ordered that the boy should be killed on the spot.

The second son was then brought forth.

"Acknowledge my idol as one of thy gods," said the King.

"How can I?" replied the boy. "The law tells us, 'Thou shalt have no other gods before me.'"

The King, enraged at his obstinacy, had him executed and the third son was led in.

Antiochus then lowered his demands, by asking him merely to bow down before the idol; but the boy said:

"I dare not. The word of God commands me, 'Thou shalt not bow down thyself to them;'"—and he was instantly ordered forth to execution.

The forth son was then asked to acknowledge the idol merely as a divine power, who influenced the earth.

"No," said he; "for it is said, 'Know, therefore, this day, and consider it in thine heart, that the Lord He is God in the heaven above and upon the earth beneath; there is none else.'"

Having thus refused to comply with the King's wish, ~~he to~~ was led forth to death, and the fifth son was brought in.

The King asked now still less, and only requested the boy to show the idol some reverence.

"I must not," was the reply; "for 'He that sacrificeth unto any god save unto the Lord only, shall be utterly destroyed.'"

And the King, enraged at being thus repeatedly foiled, had him put to death also.

The sixth son was called into the King's presence and was asked, not to embrace idolatry, but only to deny his faith.

"No," said the lad; "for God has thus spoken to Israel, saying, 'The Lord has anointed thee this day to be his peculiar people.'"

At length the mother and her youngest son, a mere child, the only survivors of that noble band of martyrs, were led before Antiochus. He tried all his powers of persuasion to make the child do his bidding, but in vain. Even his hard heart began to melt, and he would gladly have saved the child; but he could not, for thousands were crowding round his throne, and all his royal dignity would be lost if it appeared that he was obliged to yield.

"On one condition," said he, addressing the boy, "will I spare thy life. I shall drop this signet-ring of mine; pick it up, and thou shalt be saved."

But the boy perceived the King's device.

"What!" cried he; shall I be more mindful of thine honor than of my God's?"

And the boy's brave words sealed his doom.

"Let me kiss my child before his death;" cried the mother.

She kissed him and said, "When thou art in heaven, tell Abraham, our ancestor, that he has a rival; for he erected the altar for the sacrifice of one son, but I have raised seven altars for the sacrifice of my seven sons."

The heroic mother did not long survive her martyred sons.

Masonry of Pythagoras.—The society founded by Pythagoras, says Smith, in his "History of Greece, "was a kind of religious brotherhood, the members of which were bound together by peculiar rites and observances. There were various gradations (degrees) among the members, and no candidates were admitted without passing through a period of probation, in which their intellectual faculties and general character were tested. Every thing done and taught in the fraternity was kept a profound secret from all without its pale. It appears that the members had some private signs like Freemasons, by which they could recognize each other, even if they had never met before."

A Northern "Seamstress" in Texas.

Mr. James L. Malone, writing from San Marcus, Texas, says: "Five years ago I bought one of your Machines at Austin, Texas. It has been running ever since, and has done the sewing for a family of thirty-five persons—besides, I might say, for a 'settlement.' It has never had but one needle broken, and that was caused by a loop in the thread. My wife says her Willcox & Gibbs has done one thousand dollars' worth of sewing. It has never been out of order in any way, or cost one dime for repairs. Our machine is always at work, while others are at the repair shop."

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R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S., Editor.

John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

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In this proportion for any Masonic work in the New York market.

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For 50 subscribers, at $4 each, 10 Velvet Collars, properly trimmed, for either Lodge or Chapter, worth $50.

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We will deliver the articles at our rooms or send the books by mail, stamps having been furnished. If the article is to be boxed, the expense must be prepaid by the person sending for it.

One copy will be sent free also to each person making up a club of seven or more.

The Origin of Freemasonry.

That theory of the *origin of Freemasonry* which fixes it at the building of Solomon's Temple has been exploded by the multitudinous facts and phenomena brought before the Masonic public by the Gallican party, whose best advocate is Rebold. But in turn, Rebold's new theory is not only not sustained, but it meets with less favor than its predecessor. Neither the Christian nor the Jewish, neither the Anglican nor the Continental theory meets with general acceptance. Except in a part of France and Germany, the infidel theory meets with no approval whatever. The true theory of the origin of Freemasonry should be considered without reference to its effect upon Christianity, Judaism, or Infidelity. It should be drawn from the mass of well ascertained facts and phenomena, and should be adequate to account for all these.

Any theory locating the origin of Freemasonry this side of the building of the Temple, or, in other words, making it *post-Solomonic,* will never receive the sanction of Freemasonry. To our mind it is unphilosophic and preposterous, because it fails to account for the facts and phenomena of the Solomonic period. So also the making the building of the Temple the beginning of Freemasonry is an error. King Solomon did not possess in his own dominions artists and workmen sufficiently talented to have erected a temple to the true God, or he would not have solicited foreign aid, and would not have placed his own laborers for the inferior work under Prince Adonhiram.

What was the Temple? Cause or effect? It was both. An effect of the pre-existent Freemasonry, and a cause in the way of modifying and enlarging architectural Freemasonry, and making it thenceforward a perpetuation of the ideas of the Temple. It was an effect. As such it supposes a pre-existing cause, and as effect and cause must be equal, what a great and widely extended cause must there have been to have produced such a grand result? Solomon's Temple could not have been built at its period without bodies of Masonic artificers long existing, and advanced to great culture through centuries of associated labor. Far beyond this great and glorious Temple in the remote ages of the past must a true theory locate the origin of Freemasonry. Freemasonry was *ante-Solomonic,* not Solomonic, nor post-Solomonic.

There is no more convincing proof of the truth of a comprehensive Masonic theory than its power of absorbing and finding a place for new facts, and its capability of interpreting phenomena which had been previously looked upon as unaccountable anomalies. A false theory never stands this test. Advancing knowledge brings to light whole groups of facts which it cannot deal with.

Hon. John L. Helm, the deceased Governor of Kentucky.

This eminent brother departed this life at his residence near Elizabethtown, Hardin County, Kentucky, September 8th. He was born in Harden County, July 4, 1802. His parents were natives of Virginia. Bro. Helm commenced work for himself in Mr. Haycraft's office, who is yet Clerk of the Circuit Court for Hardin County. He was instructed by Gen. Duff Green, studied law under Ben. Hardin, and was admitted to practice at the bar at the age of 21. He was first elected to the Legislature of Kentucky from his native county by the "Old Court" party. He was subsequently Senator. He was the author of the Sinking Fund System, which has placed Kentucky in the first financial condition. He frequently presided over the House of Representatives of Kentucky as Speaker. In 1848 he was elected Lieut.-Governor on the same (Whig) ticket with his brother Mason, John J. Crittenden, and upon Mr. Crittenden's becoming a member of Mr. Fillmore's cabinet, in 1850, he acted as the Governor of the State. In 1865 he was elected to the State Senate, and at the last election, Governor of Kentucky.

Gov. Helm was the first President of the Louisville & Nashville Railroad Co.

Bro. Wintersmith, Past Grand Master of Kentucky, says of Bro. Helm:

> As a man in all the relations of life he commanded the admiration of all who knew him personally or by reputation.
>
> In his domestic relations he was exemplary, kind, affectionate, generous, and faithful to all his marital and parental obligations.
>
> In social intercourse he was courteous and conciliatory.
>
> In his friendships he was true and loyal.
>
> As a neighbor he was accommodating, social, hospitable and charitable.
>
> As a citizen he was quiet, peaceful, avoiding all private and public piques and quarrels, pursuing the paths of peace, and always with a heart full of public spirit.

Bro. Geo. D. Prentice says:—

> Governor Helm is in his grave! Calmly he slumbers beneath the soil of his beloved native county. Embowered in the peaceful shade of his own forest trees, through whose evergreen boughs the gentle autumn winds chant their low, sad requiem, the hero lies in the embrace of that profound sleep that knows no waking. A bereaved family, friends, community, State, and nation grieve that one of earth's best and purest and brightest spirits has winged its flight from their presence forever!

Gov. Helm was buried with Masonic ceremonies, Major Fayette Hewitt, W. M. of Morrison Lodge, at Elizabethtown, officiating. His Masonic brethren acted as pall-bearers. There were delegations from ten Masonic Lodges of Louisville present, who were met at the railroad depot by the brethren of Elizabethtown.

Masonry is not Progressive,

as a science. Its organic laws cannot be changed to conform to the spirit and progress of the age. Our principles have foundation in the laws of God, and are therefore immutable. The principles of God's existence, the immortality of the soul, the fatherhood of God, the brotherhood of man, cannot change. Let there be development in the internal qualities of the heart and in unfolding the attributes of our nature. Let our goodness, our sympathy, our benevolence; our charity—this part of Masonry, be *progressively* developing; but the laws of Masonry, its system and forms of government, are unalterably fixed.

Caution.

We find certain parties advertising, under the head of Masonic Books, works caricaturing Masonry, and which are designed to bring the institution into bad repute. We caution our younger brethren to order Masonic works from regular and accredited Masonic bookstores and publishers.

It surprises us that Masons publishing journals will advertise anti-Masonic trash under the caption of *Masonic books.*

A few copies of vols. 7 and 8 of the National Freemason, from September 1st, 1866, to July 1st, 1867, neatly bound, have been left at our office, and will be sent free on receipt of $8.00, by postal order or bank check. Address National Freemason, P. O. Box 5903, New York City.

The cut of Bro. Whiting is from a photograph by Gardner, of Washington, and the last taken of our lamented Grand Master.

We call especial attention to our columns of intelligence, under the head of *France.*

All who subscribe to news agents must get their papers from them also. We cannot be responsible in such cases for losses.

Popularization of Masonry.

We have been kindly favored by the author, W. Bro. D. T. Gray, M.D., Master of Hohenlinden Lodge, No. 56, with the perusal of the MS. of an address on the subject indicated by our caption, delivered by him before the Brooklyn Association of Masters, Past Masters, and Wardens. The demands upon our space forbid the publication of the document entire; but his argument is, in substance, directed against the idea of making masonry a popular institution. He sets out with the axiom that Masonry is a strictly secret organization, and the wide-spread notoriety given it in these latter days is utterly incompatible with its dignity. He thinks that it arises from the inordinate desire of Lodges to increase their membership and funds; from the variety of individuals in displaying the emblems of the craft on their persons and the evidences of honors attained on the walls of their dwellings; from the greed of those who display Masonic emblems in connection with their business the better to cover their intended chicanery toward such as may be attracted thereby. He takes exception to the practice of raising money for the benevolent operations of the fraternity by promenade concerts, picnics and excursions, and argues that if we need money we should give it from our individual resources, and not raise it by taking the public into our counsels, and making them contributors to our enterprises. He deprecates the prevalent fashion of holding conversation on Masonic topics in the street, in places of public resort, and even in the domestic circle, where such conversations usually exclude all other topics; and suggests, as a remedy, a more careful selection of material, less desire for propagandism, and more interest in the Lodge-room.

We are unable to agree with our friend and brother in his estimate of the situation. Most of the evils to which he refers are the results rather than the cause of the present popularity of the institution, and are to be corrected, not by shutting up the doors of our Lodges and cramping the growth of the fraternity, but by establishing a greater and more searching discipline over its members. If Masonry is a good institution, calculated to infuse correct principles in the lives of its adherents, and by precept and example to incite them to a more orderly walk and conversation. it strikes us that it cannot well be too widely disseminated, provided always that we select good men to unite with us, and by a fraternal interest in and supervision of their acts keep them up to the standard set forth in our code of ethics. If Masonry is to be guarded like some secret treasure; if its benevolent and humanizing tendencies are never to escape beyond the walls of the Lodge-room; if the enthusiasm of its adepts is never to be communicated to the world, we fail to perceive in what way the world is to profit by the existence of Masonry, or how it is to co-operate with other agencies in bringing about a better state of social existence, a loftier conception of Deity, or a more general brotherhood of man.

We dissent from the assertion of our brother that Masonry is a strictly secret society, nor can we for the life of us perceive what good is to be hoped for by clinging to the old idea that we are to keep ourselves so screened from the world, that our most intimate friends are to be left in doubt as to whether we are a member of the craft or not. We believe, on the contrary, in giving the widest publicity to our doctrines and aims; we are in favor of public discussions of appropriate Masonic topics, and we would that all men should practice our tenets, whether they become members of the craft or not. No man should belong to or countenance an institution which he cannot take home with him, nor should he assent to principles or modes of life which he cannot honestly, nay, proudly, exemplify in the domestic circle and in his daily walk and conversation. In these matters Masonry has no secrets, and so far as that is concerned the more the world knows of them the better it will be for us, and the more the world observes our behaviour the more likely shall we be to walk and act with that circumspection we should all entertain.

We deprecate, with Bro. Gray, the too common practice of parading Masonic emblems on the person, and the loose manner in which conversation on Masonic subjects is too commonly held; but these can be reached by Lodge discipline whenever Lodges rise to the moral level of enforcing a proper line of conduct among their members.

For these and other reasons we believe in the popularization of Masonry. Give us good men to unite in the work and we care not how many there be of them. Society has got to reach a higher level than it now occupies, and Masonry is one of the agencies selected to accomplish the work. The more earnest, zealous Masons, exemplifying our doctrines the better, and the sooner will the work be accomplished. The better that our doctrines are understood by the public the more of such men will, of their own accord, seek admission in our ranks, and become co-workers with us. The better our wives, sisters and daughters understand our views and what we seek to accomplish, the stronger will be the rampart between us and those who for any purpose would seek to impede our labors or break up our organization, and the better will our children be prepared to take our places and carry forward the building upon which we are engaged. Let us stand to our guns and fight on as we are. Let the world judge us by our acts. As long as they find them worthy they will cheerfully assist us, for every thinking man knows that society at large profits by them. Let them come to our concerts, picnics and excursions; let them help to build our temples, for thus they will be strengthening the cause of virtue, and making more secure the approaches to that better life to which as Masons we look forward.

The American Baptist Again.

The *American Baptist* has published one of our articles in reply to its anti-Masonic correspondent. Why has the other been inserted only in part? Much is gained when religious papers at this day publish replies from Freemasons. It was not so thirty or forty years ago. The whole force of the article of J. G. S., in the *American Baptist*, depended upon the statements presented being true.

We averred that neither Jefferson Davis, Horace Greeley, nor John Surratt were Freemasons. The *American Baptist* asserts that a prominent Mason of the city assures him Mr. Davis is a Knight Templar, and calls upon us to disprove it.

It having been stated as from Mr. Davis himself that he never was a Freemason, surely the burden of proof falls upon the *American Baptist* to show that Mr. Davis is a Freemason. Give the public the name of this "prominent Mason" of New York, who states that Mr. Davis is a Freemason. This "prominent Mason" never told the editors of the *American Baptist* that he of his own personal knowledge knows Mr. Davis to be a Mason, or that he has been in a Lodge with him. He may have said that some one told him that Mr. Davis is a Freemason. Bring out your witness, Bro. *Am. Baptist*, and the facts, or else acknowledge that you are wrong. We ask for the proof. When and where was Mr. Davis made a Freemason? Who has ever been in a Lodge with him? Any anti-Mason is at liberty to come to our office and look over the records of the Grand Lodges. He will not find the name of Mr. Davis there.

1. Mr. Davis himself regrets that he was never made a Freemason; that he has a great respect for the fraternity, and postponed from time to time the becoming of a Freemason.

All know that no one can be a Templar without first having been a Freemason.

2. The name of every Freemason is forwarded to the office of the Grand Secretary, from year to year, and in almost every jurisdiction printed in full in the proceedings. In every State in which Mr. Davis has resided this record is published. These records are in this city, in our office and in that of the Grand Secretary. Mr. Davis's name does not appear.

3. We have heard it stated again and again that A, B and C had sat in a Lodge with Mr. Davis. We have examined all these statements, and found them in every case incorrect. We now ask for the name of the party referred to by the *American Baptist*, and the proof that he sat in a Lodge with Mr. Davis.

So as regards Surratt. We aver that his name cannot be found upon Masonic returns, and that the editors of the *American Baptist* cannot furnish the name of any responsible party who knows him as a Freemason.

The *American Baptist* thinks it strange that we should refer to Surratt's being a Roman Catholic as *prima facie* evidence of his not being a Freemason. Does not the editor know that the Pope's bulls and the Lenten preaching at Rome are chiefly against Freemasonry? Does he not know that Roman Catholics are excommunicated when they become Freemasons? and dying as such, that they are not buried with the rites of the church?

The course of Judge Fisher, we do not say rightfully, has been charged as being that of one prejudiced against the prisoner Surratt, and that he has shown too much interest in his conviction. If the position of the *American Baptist* of Freemasonry were true, how could this be? Do our brethren see the point?

About Horace Greeley there appears to be no discussion.

Will the *American Baptist* meet these issues in an honest and Christian manner, desiring only the truth? We believe so. We must correct also other errors, to show how utterly unreliable are the statements of those attacking Freemasonry.

Mr. Johnson is not a Templar, as stated. Gen. Rosecrans is not a Freemason. Gen. Sheridan, if a Freemason, is not in communion with the Roman Catholic church.

The *Baptist* says:

> One statement of the Freemason surprises us: "This slanderer ought to know that the proceedings of all Masonic official bodies are *made public.*" Are we then to understand that all the noise about the secrecy of Masonic bodies has been a hue and cry for nothing?

We answer "Yes." An active member of the Masonic fraternity for many years, we have never known any action of any Lodge, Grand or Constituent, Chapter or Encampment, which has not been recorded with great minuteness. These proceedings of Grand bodies are published, and may be read by all.

If a "secret society" means one that has a secret object, or transacts business which may not be known to the whole world, the Masonic society is not a secret society. Its proper name is that of a symbolic society. The courts of France have decided that the Masonic is not a secret society, and if the issue is ever made in this country the same decision will be given here as has been both in France and England.

[Since the foregoing was in type we deem it best to insert what we published editorially upon this subject, October 20, 1866, in the National Freemason.

Some curious discussions took place in the National Assembly of France, regarding secret societies. It had been found necessary, probably, to restrain or dissolve altogether many of those *clubs* of a political character, which, hiding themselves in secret, were ever seeking to introduce anarchy and confusion, and to overthrow all religion, order and government. It must be remembered that the secret societies against which the National Assembly thought proper to legislate, are very different from any thing which passes under that name with us. Here are the three articles alluded to:

Art. 13. Secret societies are prohibited. Those who shall be convicted of participating in them shall be punished by a fine of one to five hundred francs, and by imprisonment of from three to twelve months.

Art. 14. Independently of these societies, citizens *may* establish secret associations, which are not political, by making known the character and locality of the society, and the names and residences of the members. If the declaration of the character of the society be proved to be false, the members shall be prosecuted as participants in secret societies.

Art. 15. The above enactments are not in force against societies which occupy themselves with questions of religion or public instruction.

We translate below a portion of the discussion which took place on these articles:

Mons. Volette: I should like to have one define what is meant by a Secret Society?

Mons. Coquerel: Those are Secret Societies which have made none of the declarations prescribed by law.

Mons. Paulin Gillon: I would ask if *Freemasonry* is also to be suppressed?

Mons. Flocon: I begin by declaring that, under a republican government, every Secret Society, having for its object a change of the form of such government, ought to be severely dealt with. Secret societies may be directed against the sovereignty of the people; and this is the reason why I ask for their suppresseon—but from the want of a precise definition, *I would not desire to strike as Secret Societies assemblies that are perfectly innocent.* All my life, until the 24th of February, have I lived in Secret Societies. Now I desire them no more. Yea, we have spent our life in conspiracies, and we had the right to do so; for we lived under a government which did not derive its sanctions from the people. To-day I declare that under a republican government, and with universal suffrage, it is a crime to belong to such an association.

Mons. Coquerel: As to Freemasonry, your committee has decided that it *is not a Secret Society.* A society may have a secret, and yet not be a Secret Society. I have not the honor of being a Freemason.

The President: The thirteenth article has been amended, and decided that a *Secret Society is one which seeks to conceal its existence and its objects.*

The above is precisely the definition we have ever given of the phrase, *Secret Society*, and accordingly Freemasonry, Odd Fellowship, Sons of Temperance, Rechabites, etc., are not Secret Societies; all of them are known to the public, together with their objects, their members, their times and places of meeting.

Now as to the second article. The *American Baptist* is partly right as to the ceremony referred to, if the facts are as stated by him. No drunkard should ever be admitted into the Baptist Church or the Lodge. No drunkard can be admitted if the examining committee does its duty, or if there be one brother in a Lodge who will do his duty, for one black ball excludes. No persistent, unrepenting brother, who will be a drunkard, should be permitted to remain in the Baptist Church or Lodge, and if the brethren or the Lodge do their duty he will be excluded. No Mason who understands our high morality and his duty to himself and the craft, will do honor to a drunkard. All Masons and all men ought to decently bury a drunkard, and even a criminal from the penitentiary. Whenever a Baptist church or a Masonic Lodge becomes so degenerate that there is no moral power to control its members, it ought to cease and begin again. There are Lodges whose charters ought to be taken away instantly, and we presume there are churches that are of very little use to the world. The charters of Lodges have been taken away at various times for moral delinquency. The anti-Masonic crusades did us great service by destroying worthless Lodges, and ridding us of the immoral and the mercenary. The conduct referred to is proper ground of complaint against the individual Lodge, and if the complaint were sustained, it would be disciplined by the Grand Lodge.

If the *American Baptist* will study our great principles and spread them before its readers who are Masons, and ask them if they conform to them, they would do our fraternity, these brethren and the community great service.

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Victor Hugo said: "*Jerusalem* brings out the true. It is there that the supreme word was spoken by the supreme martyr, *Liberty, Equality, Fraternity.*"

◆

Fifty numbers of the Corwin number still wanted, for which ten cents and postage will be paid.

Just Once More.

Most of our metropolitan readers will recollect the making at sight of a distinguished citizen, by Grand Master Holmes. Exception was taken to the proceeding in rather harsh language, in an article by Bro. Brennan, printed in the *Masonic Monthly.* On receipt of our copy of that journal we took occasion to reply to Bro. Brennan's strictures, so far as to show that M. W. Bro. Holmes acted in accordance with an immemorial right of Grand Masters, and in strict compliance with the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of the State of New York. Bro. Brennan having insinuated in the article to which we were replying that the candidate might have been made in the library or parlor of the Grand Master, we took especial pains to state that the initiation took place in a regular Lodge and in presence of a large number of brethren regularly convened, and that the "sight" consisted really in dispensing with the usual preliminary formalities of petition and ballot; otherwise the initiation was entirely in form, as we happen to know, having been present.

In the current number of the *Monthly* Bro. B. professedly replies to our article, though in reality his remarks are directed at Bro. Holmes. He begins the article now under review by taking Bro. Holmes to task for not explicitly stating in his address to the Grand Lodge how the making was conducted. We have nothing to do with that, but we judge that the Grand Master took it for granted that the Grand Lodge would understand without mention that he had complied with the constitution, which expressly says, "that a Grand Master may make Masons at sight *in a regular Lodge.*" We further judge that his reason for mentioning the circumstance at all was to enter a mild protest against the modern tendency in Grand Lodges to legislate away, one after the other, the well known prerogatives of the Grand Master. But of these matters Bro. Holmes is abundantly competent to speak for himself.

Bro. B. then proceeds as follows:

"Further. Is the making a Freemason at sight in New York, and the making a Freemason as practiced by the Lodges in other the States under dispensation of the respective Grand Masters one and the same style of act? We believe not. The latter is simply conferring three degrees upon a candidate within a few hours, and without allowing the usual time to elapse wherein he might obtain proficiency in each. Every other condition which may be required by the most cautiously acting Lodge has been complied with. The Grand Master granting the dispensation may be entirely unknown to and never have even seen the candidate, not to speak of having a warm personal affinity for him, as was the case between Bro. Holmes and Mr. Brady. The Lodge, after its receipt and action, in the usual manner, upon the petition of the candidate, petitions its Grand Master for a dispensation to confer the degrees upon him, assigning as a reason that he is suddenly called to some scene of danger, or that he is suddenly required to leave home to go among strangers in distant lands, and the Grand Master grants or refuses the dispensation as he may decide the reason given satisfactory or otherwise. If granted, the degrees of Masonry proper, or from the first to the third, are conferred upon the candidate at one special sitting of the Lodge. If refused, he has either to go on his way minus those degrees, or wait the usual time in which the lodge may be authorized by law of the Grand Lodge to confer them. Can this be called making a Freemason at sight? Is this the style understood in New York as making a Freemason at sight? Was this the manner in which Grand Master Hyam exercised the prerogative? Will the associate editor of the N. F. affirm that this was the style practiced in the city of New York during the years immediately preceding and succeeding 1849? Is he not acquainted with any prominent member of the fraternity at present, who, during those years, was made *à la* Hyam in a then certain G. L. dignitary's kitchen? If the style of making Masons by dispensation practiced in other States is similar, less the dispensation, to that practiced in New York, whence this particular difference? What led to it? When did it first obtain? And why was it necessary that Bro. Holmes should be so conscientious in stating the why and the wherefore as to his single act exercise of it?"

In our former article we supposed that we had made the matter so plain that none of the foregoing questions need to have been asked by any who had taken the trouble to read it. But notwithstanding all that has been said, Bro. B. appears to insist that there has been some "library, parlor or kitchen" practice connected with the sight-making under discussion. Let us try just once more to relieve his apprehensions. Making a Mason at sight in New York or in Ohio is practically the same thing; it means that a profane has been made a Mason without the usual delay attendant upon petition, committee and ballot, for if these things have been attended to, then there is no need of a dispensation. A person whose petition has been regularly presented, referred to a committee for investigation and disposed of by favorable ballot, is in due position, and needs no assistance save from the Lodge to which the application has been made. To ask for a dispensation under such circumstances would be tantamount to asking for a dispensation to authorize fire to burn or water to run down hill, or any other act or thing that would go on just the same whether a dispensation issued or not. When Lodges apply for such a document, it is that by its authority they may dispense with some of the formalities enumerated. If the Grand Master issues a written instrument to a Lodge to make A. B, a Mason without the observance of the formalities required by the law of the Grand Lodge, that is making a Mason at sight. If the Grand Master, instead of issuing a written dispensation, goes in person to a Lodge and there makes a profane a Mason, or causes it to be done by some one else in his presence, that, too, is making a Mason at sight, and the result in either case is absolutely the same. In the case of Bro. Brady, the Grand Master in person convened a Lodge, presided therein, and, dispensing with the preliminary formalities, as under the Constitution he had a right to do, made him a Mason; and, assuming a co-equal right with Bro. Brennan to speak for the great American Masonic family, we say that they are not inclined to, nor could they if they would, raise the slightest question as to the absolute legality of the act.

Grand Master Hyam, as we understand it, went about the State over which he presided, and made Masons without much formality. The complaint against him, however, was not so much as to making Masons as that he forgot to account for the fees, or in other words that he made Masonry a matter of merchandise for the benefit of his own pocket. Finally, the associate editor of the N. F. responds that he is not acquainted with any prominent member of the fraternity made *à la* Hyam, in anybody's kitchen, nor does he believe that such an event ever took place. If it did, the prominent member, whoever he may be, is an irregular Mason.

Our brother, to whose article we have thus replied, appears to have what Scotch people call a "scunner" at New York, which is perhaps his own affair; but we can assure him that we know and observe the law here about as well as most people, and feel entirely easy on the score of treatment likely to be accorded to any brother made in this jurisdiction and entitled to its Masonic protection.

◆

Wanted.—We want to obtain a copy of the transactions of the Grand Lodge of New York for 1846. If any one having a copy is willing to part with it and will send it to this office we will gladly buy it at a fair valuation.

Would any one like to send us a canary bird? We had one, but, alas, it died, and as we neither play the fiddle nor piano we are at a loss for music. P. S. Without being too particular, we should prefer a Belgian bird.

◆

Read.—A gentleman (a Freemason) and lady living at South Bergen, N. J., having no children, desire to adopt an orphan girl from one to two years of age. Inquire at this office.

◆

Le Bon Ton and *Die Wodenwelt* for October (Taylor, 349 Canal Street), are delighting and interesting to the ladies.

Answers to Correspondents.

THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER—according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England, was an established Lodge book in the British Lodges. It was said to contain all the moral principles of the Order.

No authorized form of prayer was used at initiations. Each Master of a Lodge was left to his own discretion in this particular, although the general practice was to select an appropriate form from the liturgy of the Church.

Drs. Anderson and Manningham drew up the first Masonic prayer at initiations.

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DEAN SWIFT—wrote the following satire on Freemasonry, supposed to have been delivered at the commencement of the University of Dublin:

"It was lately ordered that, for the honor and dignity of the University, there should be introduced a society of Freemasons, consisting of gentlemen, mechanics, porters, parsons, ragmen, hucksters, bailiffs, divines, tuckers, knights, thatchers, cobblers, poets, justices, drawers, beggars, aldermen, paviors, skulls, freshmen, bachelors, scavengers, masters, sow-gelders, doctors, ditchers, pimps, lords, butchers, and tailors, who shall bind themselves by an oath never to discover their mighty no-secret; and to relieve whatsoever strolling distressed brethren they may meet with, after the example of the fraternity of Freemasons in and about Trinity College, by whom a collection was lately made and the purse of charity well stuffed for a reduced brother."

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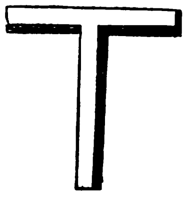
THE MARK—some say, which the finger of God placed on the forehead of Cain, was the Tau Cross—the emblem of life, the protective landmark.



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DESAGULIERS AND PAYNE—placed the following passages as unalterable landmarks to designate the religious character of the Order:

"Why due east and west?

"Because all Christian churches and chapels are or ought to be so.

"What does ——— denote?

"The Grand Architect of the Universe, or Him that was taken up to the topmost pinnacle of the Holy Temple."

∴

THE SYMBOLS—of the four Cardinal Virtues were delineated by an acute angle, variously disposed. Supposing you face the east, the angle symbolizing Temperance will point to the south (▸). It was called a guttural. Fortitude was denoted by a saltire or St. Andrew's Cross (×). This was the pectoral. The symbol of Prudence was an acute angle, pointing towards the south-east (7), and was denominated a manual; and Justice had its angle towards the north (◂), and was called a pedestal or pedal.

∴

WHEN SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN—was Grand Master, the following were the ten tokens of recognition. Not being in our present system, they may be stated.

1. Ask how do you do. The brothers present drink to each other. 2. Inquire in what Lodge they were initiated. 3. Take up a stone and ask what it smells of. 4. By making a square with the feet. 5. Strike with the right hand the inside of the fourth finger of the left thrice. 6. Stroke the two first fingers of the right hand thrice over the eyelids. 7. Take off your hat with two fingers and thumb. 8. Turn your glass downwards after drinking. 9. In shaking hands, touch the wrist three times with the forefinger. 10. Whisper—the Masters and Fellows of the Worshipful company greet you well.

∴

SOLOMON'S HOUSE.—Lord Bacon said: "You shall understand, my dear friends, that amongst the excellent acts of that king, one above all hath the preeminence. It was the erection and institution of an Order or Society, which we call Solomon's House, the noblest foundation (as we think) that ever was upon earth, and the lantern of this kingdom. It is dedicated to the study of the works and creatures of God."

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IN THE MIDDLE OF THE 18TH CENTURY—there were no Lodge lectures, but "examinations" of the same nature and tendency. Here are a few used during the Grand Mastership of Archbishop Chichely, in the reign of Henry VI.:

"Peace be here. A. I hope there is. Q. What o'clock is it? A. It is going to six, or going to twelve. Q. Are you very busy? A. No. Q. Will you give or take? A. Both; or which you please. Q. How go squares? A. Straight. Q. Are you rich or poor? A. Neither. Q. Change me that? A. I will. Q. In the name of the King and Holy Church, are you a Mason? A. I am so taken to be. Q. What is a Mason? A. A man begot by a man, born of a woman, brother to a king. Q. What is a fellow? A. A companion of a prince. Q. How shall I know you are a Freemason? A. By signs, tokens and points of my entry," &c., &c.

∴

H. L. SMITH.—The oft-quoted expression, "Freemasonry is a beautiful system of morality vailed in allegory and illustrated by symbols," appears in the "Revelations of a square," by Oliver, p. 220, Library Edition of Masonic Publishing Company. The chapter in which it occurs embraces the period from 1794 to 1798. Dr. Oliver's Masonic father transmitted it to his son. In C——e's Manual the word "peculiar" is substituted for "beautiful" The word "sublime" is also sometimes used.

There is indubitable historical evidence of the use of this definition beyond 1813, the time of the healing of the English Masonic schism.

∴

HATS.—Symbolic Masons cannot wear hats within the Lodge. The Master only wears the hat, and as there is no regulation hat, he consults his own taste. We trust no Master will wear any other than a plain and unadorned hat.

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DEAR DR. MCMURDY.—In the cabinet collection of Comp. W. D. Frazee, of Winchester, Randolph Co., Indiana, is a thin iron coin. No. 1 is a rough draft, showing general outlines. Nos. 2, 3, 5 and 6 are impressions. The coin can be traced back 200 years in the possession of a Scotch family. Some suppose it to be a *very ancient* coin; but the crosses marked (A) are regular Maltese Crosses. They* and the motto "*In hoc vince*" induce me to believe it a Knight Templar piece. I cannot account for "agla." Perhaps some antiquarian brother can give us light. Fraternally,

W. M. AUSTIN,
of Richmond, Indiana.

"*En touto nika*" means the same as "in hoc vince." The word "agla" has been mistaken for "alpha," the *first*, as "omega" is the *last* letter of the Greek alphabet. Our brother is undoubtedly right in his conjecture.

∴

CAMBRIDGE VALLEY.—"The Lodge to which I am attached is about to furnish a new hall. At our last stated communication it was voted to appropriate about two-thirds of the Lodge funds for that purpose, and to levy a tax upon the members to raise the balance. Has a Lodge the power to assess its members for such a purpose?"

Answer.—A Lodge has undoubted power to levy a tax on its members to cover its necessary expenses, such as rent, charity and other current items of outlay; but we cannot understand that furnishing new halls is a work of necessity, and, therefore, we are of opinion that a tax for that purpose is not binding.

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OLIVET.—"A Knight of the Red Cross applying for the order of the Temple in my Commandery, I object. The commander asking for my reasons, I state them and he decides them to be insufficient, and thereupon proceeds to advance the candidate. Was he right?"

Answer.—The Grand Commandery has never made any law on the subject, and the Commander was therefore justified in using his own discretion.

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MIDDLETOWN.—"A candidate was proposed, and upon personal investigation I found him an unfit person to be admitted. As I was unable to be present at the meeting when the ballot was to pass, I stated my opinion to a brother and requested that he would attend to it. I subsequently learned, however, that he voted for the admission, and that thereupon the candidate was made a Mason. Was not the brother who received my confidence bound to black-ball the candidate as I certainly would have done had I been present?"

Answer.—In using the ballot every Mason must be governed by his own conscience, and in this act he is not obliged to be governed by the good or bad opinions of others. He is bound to and must act for himself, and be responsible for his own actions. The brother to whom you imparted your opinions in the case may or may not have been convinced, at the time, of the soundness of your judgment, and he may have received further light after leaving you, and before the ballot, to change the opinion he may have formed from your argument. The best way in all such cases is to follow the advice of Dr. Franklin—"If you want a thing done, do it yourself."

KING. We think you acted discreetly. We cannot answer you more fully in this place, because the matter should not, in our judgment, be submitted to public discussion.

An Attack from the West.

The late attacks of the "*American Baptist*" upon Freemasonry in the East are reproduced in a different form in the West. The "Presbyter," a Presbyterian weekly of Cincinnati, fills its first page with the Report of the Session of the Greenfield Church, Chillicothe Presbytery, Ohio. This church is composed of excellent Christian people. It had for its pastor, the late lamented Dr. Crothers, with whom we occasionally had pleasant Christian intercourse. We esteemed him as a gentleman and a Christian. His son, the Rev. S. D. Crothers, is his successor, the pastor of this large and influental church, and as moderator of the session, sends forth this report to the world:

Last year, the Presbytery of Chillicothe referred the following case to Synod:—It seems that the session of Greenfield church, though satisfied with the work of the Spirit in the heart of one who applied for church membership, nevertheless declined to receive him as a member, because he refused to relinquish his connection with the society of Odd Fellows. After consideration of the subject, Synod *Resolved*, That it is the province of each session in its capacity as a Congregational Church Court, to sit in judgment upon the evidence of the Christian conversion of individuals applying for membership; and to receive or reject them, according to the evidence of conversion or otherwise afforded by the applicant, taking God's word and our standards as their rule of judgment."

The *Presbyterian*, published at Philadelphia, thus commented:

"The case which the Synod was called on to decide was one which we are persuaded three-fourths of the sessions of the Presbyterian Church would have decided otherwise. Satisfied with the work of the Spirit in the heart of the applicant, they would have gone no further. For the 'work of the Spirit' in all to whom he applies the redemption purchased by Christ, consists in working 'faith in us, and thereby uniting us to Christ in our effectual calling.' Now if any one be effectually called—united to Christ—wrought in by the Spirit—who shall say that he ought not to be united to the Church? Or rather, as his union to Christ immediately involves union to Christ's invisible, elect, and redeemed church, who shall say that he is not fit for the minor act of union to the visible Church? If the session of Greenfield church, believe that membership with the Society of Odd Fellows made it doubtful whether the work of the Spirit had been wrought in the heart of the applicant, they would have been justified in pleading the doubt as a reason for debarring men from the privileges of church membership. But when they proclaimed themselves satisfied on this point they ended, as it seems to us, the whole case. One scriptural example is in proof here. When Peter went down from Joppa to Cesarea he found Cornelius, with his kinsmen and near friends waiting to receive him. To them he preached the gospel; and as he preached 'the Holy Ghost fell on all of them which heard the word.' * * * Then answered Peter, 'Can any man forbid water, that these should not be baptized which have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?' 'The reason assigned here,' says Dr. Addison Alexander, is that those who had received the baptism of the Spirit must certainly be fit for that of water.' Why should the sign be withheld from those who are possessed of the thing signified? 'And he commanded them to be baptized in the name of the Lord.' In other words, being 'satisfied with the work of the Spirit' in their hearts he admitted them to the Church.'"

The NATIONAL FREEMASON then and thus responded:

We rejoice to see religious papers becoming more sensible upon the subject of secret societies.

The fundamental error of the Greenfield and other churches is that they deem themselves responsible for all their members do, and therefore must add dignity to gossip and Paul-Pry-ism by examining into the affairs of all their communicants.

Christian and Masonic charity would say that, as a church we are responsible only for a departure from our doctrines or for a violation of the moral law as contained in the ten commandments. When error in doctrine or viciousness of life is presented to us, we will examine into the case, and if in the law of charity the brother is guilty, we will discipline. What the brother does in his family, or counting-room, or Lodge, is his own act, and he is responsible only to God, until his action becomes unmistakably known to the church. If some in the church are doubtful whether a Lodge is foolish or wicked, let them remain *without* the Lodge; but let them possess sufficient Christian charity to not criminate their Christian brother without manifest proof. What is a Christian or a church without charity?

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* At the bottom of the R. is a *crescent*.

* * * * * * * *

March 1, 1867, under the influence of public sentiment the session at Greenfield was compelled to vindicate its action. This report marks a new era in anti-Masonry, both as to its tone and positions. There is little to object to in its language, and we have finally reached the point at which we can discuss the matters at issue, without forfeiting the position of a gentleman. The first part of the report enumerates the *sources of information*, whence the session derives its information. Among the works referred to is no pretended exposure of Freemasonry, no treatise of a seceding Freemason, no abusive pamphlet. The works referred to are accredited sources, our own monitors. Freemasonry has thus won for itself respect from its opponents, compelling the resort to her own works for her positions. Thus concludes the first part of the report:

"The sources of our information concerning Freemasonry are the exoteric or public principles of the Order, as they have been published by the Masons themselves. We do not profess to know any thing about the esoteric or secret principles of Masonry."

The second part of the Report commences:

"The *religious features* of the Order constitute the main ground of our objections to Freemasonry. It is sometimes denied that Freemasonry is in any sense a religious institution, or that there are any religious features about it. But certainly no candid and intelligent Mason can for a moment assume this ground."

Here follow proofs from the monitors for the positions assumed.

Freemasonry teaches a belief in a God and the immortality of the soul. It teaches the duty of prayer. It inculcates many truths, principles and practices common to Christianity and the fraternity. So far as it does this it is religious, and so far sustains Christianity. But while it inculcates the duty of being religious, it leaves each individual to his own manifestation thereof. It creates in many minds a love of truth and a disposition to be religious, and leaves to the clergy without to educate the manifestations of it. Surely this is a noble work. It inculcates religion but is not a religious organization. Its regimen and organization are not divine, but human. Now surely our Presbyterian brethren do not object to organizations for temperance and peace, and so far as they advocate these positions and use prayer they are religious; but according to the Report these brethren would object, because being so far religious they do not go further and become a church. But we have the church and do not need any substitute; but we do need an institution that expresses the universal or cosmopolitan idea, which embraces all men, without reference to nationalities or creeds, and this is the Masonic. When Christianity shall have taken possession of all nations, then, it having become the universal idea, Freemasonry must cease, as the supply ceases with the demand.

The report next assumes that the religious features of Freemasonry are anti-Christian, (1) because prayers are used, in which some not Christians can join; (2) from the manner in which Masons garble and mutilate scriptures; (3) because the religious principles are latitudinarian.

(1). Because certain phrases are omitted from prayers they are not *anti-Christian.* An *anti-Christian* prayer would not be tolerated for one moment in the fraternity. The Lord's Prayer is universally used by the church at Greenfield and by Masons everywhere, and surely it is not anti-Christian. Our brethren must be informed that the gentlemen who compose monitors exercise their own taste about the words of the prayer, and also that the prayers in the monitors are seldom used in the Lodge. Each clergyman makes his own prayer. Now do our brethren suppose that such men as Rev. Dr. Tyng, or his son, or Rev. Dr. Milnor, or Bishop Griswold, or the various Baptist, Methodist and Presbyterian ministers who are Freemasons, would offer anti-Christian prayers? Because a prayer may not be after the Episcopal or Presbyterian model, it is not anti-Christian. A Freemason for twenty-seven years, we have never yet heard an anti-Christian prayer. Nor are the prayers of the monitors anti-Christian.

(2). As Freemasonry is not designed to be a propagator of Christianity, but among other things of the religious idea, leaving its special development and manifestation to Christian educators without, it only uses Scripture as it illustrates a general or universal idea or truth, and omits, as every writer on any other subject does, what is not directly germain to it. If the doctrine of the resurrection is inculcated, so much of the context as refers to aught else may be omitted. This is all that is done with Scripture. If Bro. Crothers can show in any monitor any perversion or misrepresentation of Scripture, we pledge ourselves to secure its condemnation.

(3.) If by latitudinarianism is meant licentiousness, we do not see how the term applies to Freemasonry. Freemasonry is comprehensive, "broad"—broad as the earth. The simple question is, if every idea in the world is represented in combination and association, why not the universal idea—the Masonic? If our brethren at Greenfield can associate with persons of various religious theories in municipal, county and state and national governments, why not in the more comprehensive one, embracing men of all nations? If they can meet Jews and non-professing Christians in bank, mercantile, temperance and similar associations, why not in the Lodge, which is a cosmopolitan institution, carrying out the idea of universal citizenship?

When our Greenfield brethren cease to go to the polls because Universalists, and infidels, and licentious and drunken men go there; when they cease their cooperation with temperance societies because men holding erroneous doctrines sign the pledge; when they cease their connection with societies holding universal, world-wide intercourse, as the World's Peace and the World's Anti-Slavery Societies, because Jews and Mahommedans are found there, we will at least re-examine our position. Until then we should have the countenance of our Greenfield brethren in our cosmopolitan institution.

In reply to one remark of the report, we add, that the Masonic will never become a Christian society. It would destroy its universality. For a Christian society the church is sufficient. We personally would have nothing more. We would make it the only means and society for Christian effort, and herein take higher Christian ground than the Greenfield Presbytery. When the whole world becomes Christian there can be no more use for Freemasonry, and it dies for the want of a demand for it.

Will our Greenfield brethren weigh these things, and with sincere desire for the truth cease uniting with Papal Rome in attempting to injure the Masonic fraternity—the great friend of freedom, truth and progress in Continental Europe?

P.S.—As we go to press, we learn that an appeal was taken from the Greenfield Church to the Presbytery, and this body, by a vote of 15 to 10, sustained the appeal, and restored the party appealing to the communion of the church. A resolution was also adopted that the Presbytery, in so doing, did not wish to express approbation of the Order of Masons.

◆

The Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows of the United States met at Irving Hall on Monday last.

Eastern Star.

REPLY TO BRO. CAVAN.

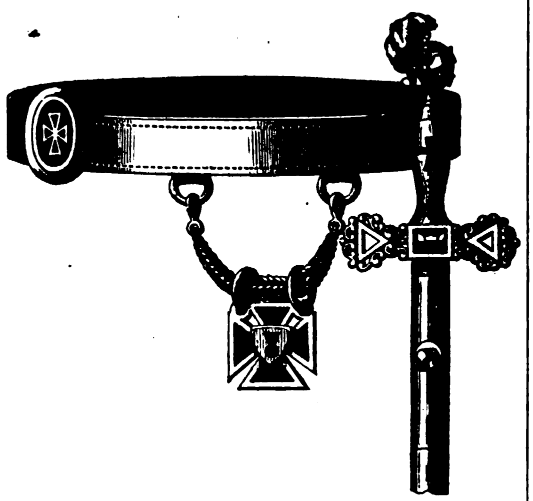
NATIONAL FREEMASON: As Bro. Cavan's shell is so hard, I will give him this good humored broadside, and then up helm and bear away from him.

HUGH McKAY.

Now, Brother Cavan, don't you think
That we have spent enough of ink
On what you call a travesty
On our old fashioned Masonry?
Say what you will, my worthy friend,
No harm its author did intend,
And sure 'twas never meant to be
On Bible truth a travesty.
Cannot a woman learn as well
A Bible truth, though Masons tell
And illustrate the "wondrous plan
That brought redemption unto man?"
You in your rhymes no reason show
Why woman should the *star* forego,
Except the old and threadbare one
"That woman's only place is home."
I love my wife, and where I go,
To church, the park, or scenic show,
I strive to get her company,
And talk with her of what we see.
But maybe Davie is a bach.,
And underneath his lonely hatch
He solemnly sits and scribbles away
The doleful ditties to friend McKay;
No children to cheer him, no woman to woo him
Back to the earth when the muses pursue him,
Up to the regions of *landmark* utopian—
Poor brother Cavan, I'm 'fraid it's all up with him.
And now, brother Davie, our rhyming must end,
With this little broadside my muse doth send.

◆

We call the attention of Knights Templars to Price's "Method of Hanging Swords."



The engraving exhibits a new and improved method of hanging swords to belts, for which letters-patent were granted to Virgil Price, August 13, 1867, of this city. It is a very beautiful and complete arrangement for suspending swords from belts. This opinion is confirmed by all who have seen or tried it. It does away with the various straps, rings and hooks which have been heretofore used to attach swords to the belts. It holds the sword firmly to its proper position, and at the same time leaving it perfectly flexible and free to be moved or handled to accommodate the position of the wearer. An effort is being made to have it adopted as a regulation for the United States army and navy.

The superiority over all other methods of hanging swords to belts must bring this great improvement into general use. It can be attached or detached with perfect ease in less time than fixing or unfixing a bayonet, and when attached it cannot be removed without the will or pleasure of the wearer. No Knight Templar costume is complete without it. The samo can be seen or any information obtained at the manufactory of the Virgil Price Manufacturing Company, 144 Greene street, New York city.

◆

Any person in Chicago City or Illinois desirous of doing business with the NATIONAL FREEMASON, will find an authorized agent at Room 17, No. 126 Dearborn Street, Chicago.

The Eastern Star.

BY BRO. CAPT. SAM'L WHITING.

[Bro. Whiting sends to the readers of the National Freemason the following, a response to Bro. Cavan:]

'Twas on a wild December night,
While roared the fierce and wintry blast,
While every star was vailed from sight,
And snow-drifts gathered thick and fast—
Through many a drear, deserted street
My homeward path I strove to find,
For darkness, wind and chilling sleet
Together almost made me blind.

While thus I plodded on, methought
I heard a woman's sigh of grief,
And for a while in vain I sought
To find who thus implored "Relief."
A female soon before me stood,
In loose and scanty robes arrayed,
Who begged for shelter and for food,
And "in God's name" petition made.

I took the friendless outcast in,
I fed her, clothed her, asked her name,
And what had been the grievous sin
Which brought upon her grief and shame.
"Oh! do not deem me passion's slave,"
She said, "nor me from pity bar"—
Then with a winning grace she gave
A token of the "Eastern Star."

"I see by well known signs," she cried,
"That you are of the 'Mystic Tie,'
Which my dear father, ere he died,
Taught me noble, good and high.
Hear, then, my story, sad but brief:
In happier days I wedded one
Who left me soon to care and grief,
Young wife, young mother, and undone.

"Night after night the damning bowl
Sent him a raving madman home;
Then, *then* the iron pierced my soul;
But deeper woe was yet to come,
For soon my darling baby died,
My husband filled a felon's grave,
While I, adrift on life's dark tide,
Could see no beacon light to save.
This night, but for your gentle care,
I should have slept my long, last sleep;
Oh! when I think I but despair;
Strive not to soothe—oh! let me weep!"

Rest ruddied soon the cheeks so pale,
The childless widow was restored,
While in my Lodge her moving tale
Into "attentive ears was poured.
Joy came, and now a brother's wife
More loved than ever now, by far,
The rescued one devotes her life
To praises of the "Eastern Star."

Cleveland, O., *Sept.*, 1867.

Hebrew Epitaphs.

From the innumerable field of gravestones lining the eastern margin of the Valley of Jehoshaphat, all written in Hebrew, we copy two for the readers of the National Freemason, which have been translated as follows.

The first is that of a man:

Here is a head of gold; was he not beloved of the Almighty? A precious stone, and to discourse of him is easy. The Almighty meant it for good when he enlightened him from his glory, as they lighten the seven lamps; his shaft and his branch it kindled his people. And he called him by the name Hephzibah. He was a bringer to light of all that was hid; his was brightness. Was he not the wonderful and honored Rabbi, the perfect theologian (cabbalist) of the Almighty, the holy, the pious (or honored) teacher and lord Rabbi, Chaüru, son of Ater? He grew old, seeking in the Upper Yeshibah (place of study); on the 15th day of the month Tharuuz, in the year 5550 (*i. e.* the year 1790), gaining the splendor of the Shecinah. He is the author of the book, "The Lord the King," (Hammelech hashem), and the book "Toar" (Forru), and the book "Or ha-haüm" (Light of the Living), and the book "Rishon-le-Zion" (Isa. xli. 27), "First to Zion."

The second was wife of the former:

Great in degree and glorious, the heart of her husband trusted safely in her; praised as a woman that feareth the Lord. She was the king's daughter, all glorious within, who rose above all elevation, and was perfect in beauty, glory, and righteousness. She opened her mouth with wisdom, and in her tongue was the law of kindness; a stem of high descent and elevation, was she not the Rabbiness (Mrs. Rabbi), the pleasant roe, and the widow of our master and teacher the holy Rabbi, the holy, pious Chaüru, the son of Ater, of blessed memory? She was daughter of the mighty and wise, the high prince, our honored teacher, Rabbi Moses, the son of Ater, of blessed memory.

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW YORK CITY.

The Masonic Festival at Jones' Woods was largely attended, and reflects credit upon the energy and zeal of its originators. Music, amusements and dinner kept the crowd in good humor. The addresses and presentation to Mystic Tie Lodge of a Bible, Square and Compass were in good taste. The following Ode was composed for and delivered at the Festival.

Dedicated to W.·. Bro. Holmes, P. G. M.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

Everlasting, sacred Order! well unto the listening skies
May the ardent thanks of millions for thy blest existence rise.
Thou art here the *moral* likeness of the Universe around,
Where the power, wisdom, goodness of its Architect are found
In full symmetry and order, while the symbol-spheres sublime
Sing Eternity's great lessons in the raptured ear of Time.
Spotless, grand Masonic Temple, Mirror of the Truth above,
Thou wert built by Inspiration for the Home of Brother-love!
Charity spreads her white banner, sweet Relief forever stands,
Temperance holds her white, deep goblet, Fortitude lifts up her hands,
Prudence watches every footstep, Justice holds his sacred rod,
And the whole is endless worship to Creation's Master—God!
Everlasting, sacred Order! loyalty to every pen
That expresses thy true mission for the minds and hearts of men;
And our own brave Shupe's[*] among them, as it in the column shines,
Keeping guard that never falters over all Masonic shrines.
Well we mark his prudence, justice, plumb and level ever out,
Yet no victory over Error followed by a vulgar shout,
But unvaunting mien prevailing, for the true-souled warrior knows
That from the *Masonic* wisdom only lasting triumph glows.
Firm defender, earnest writer, faithful brother, still thus stand,
Full of courage, faith, love, genius, for the Temple in our land—
Not to win mere *human* trophies; more immortal shall be thine—
Trophies reared for *true* Freemasons by the *Architect Divine!*

Still another high position does the faithful brother take;
Standing in the People's College for Humanity's great sake.
Well is he the tireless chieftain in this place where youthful mind
Shall in letters, science, morals, be for useful manhood shrined.
Masons, *mark* your Institution: keep it in undying love,
For it is another Temple to the Architect above.
Here must crowd Masonic orphans; here their souls grow strong, sublime
For their glorious, manly duties in our world-reforming clime.
Nor alone those souls are nurtured, but their bodies too expand
By well ordered, healthful labor on the answering lovely land.
Thus will they in every aspect be prepared to take their place
Where great Washington, the Mason, glorified the human race.
Masons, *love* your Institution! never shone a truer plan
For a perfect education of the coming useful man;
Never shone for a location grander scenery, richer sod—
All imparadised by the blessing of the orphan's Father—God;
Never President and Directors showed more intellect and will:
Oh, let every honest Mason give them aid unceasing still!
Oh, what joy shall thrill your spirits when unto the College towers
You can point as of all *noblest*, crying, "Glory! they are *ours!*
Oh, what pride, by seraphs smiled on, shall be yours when every year,
March out hundreds of the orphans, armored full for action's sphere!
Nor shall ye be silent, *Women*, ye whom every Mason owns
Sacred, white-souled angels tending all the heart's divinest zones!
Not forgotten by the Order, yours a bright Female Degree,
That shall for all Master Masons' wives and sisters, daughters be.
'Tis the Eastern Star, five-pointed, with the grandest virtues rife,
Virtues shining, like Heaven's halos, in each noble woman's life.
Ever opposite the College shall this glorious signet shine,
Orphan-training, through the centuries making tender and divine.
Nation, nor wilt thou be silent! through those centuries thy voice
Must o'er College and Asylum with a lofty pride rejoice,
While untired Masonic kindness, like a beam of godhead free,
Nourishes its myriad orphans for Truth, Justice, Love and Thee.

Everlasting, sacred Order! well unto the listening skies,
May the ardent thanks of millions for thy blest existence rise.
Thou art here the *moral* likeness of the Universe around.
Where the power, wisdom, goodness of its Architect are found
In full symmetry and order, while the symbol-spheres sublime
Sing Eternity's great lessons in the raptured ear of Time.
Spotless, grand Masonic Temple, Mirror of the Truth above,
Thou wert built by Inspiration, for the home of Brother-love!
Charity spreads her white banner, sweet Relief forever stands,
Temperance holds her white, deep goblet, Fortitude lifts up her hands,
Prudence watches every footstep, Justice holds his sacred rod,
And the whole is endless worship to Creation's Master—God!

BROOKLYN.

Members of Cambridge Lodge, U. D., presented in person September 14th to M. W. James Jenkinson, P. G. M. New York, the following action of the Lodge:

Resolved, That the thanks of each individual member of Cambridge Lodge are cordially tendered to M. W. James Jenkinson, P. G. M. of State of New York, and Wor. Bro. Joseph Mathers, Master of Arcturus Lodge, 274, for their earnest, thorough, efficient and fraternal interest in the welfare of Cambridge Lodge, U. D., of the City of Brooklyn; that the brotherly kindness and fraternal regard manifested by them in the Grand Lodge shall ever remain the green accacia of our Masonic future.

NEW JERSEY.

The Grand Commandery met at Trenton on the 10th inst., and elected the following officers:

R. E. Sir G. H. Woolman, G. C.; J. Woolverton, D. G. C.; Isaac A. Nichols, G. G.; J. V. Mattison, G. C. G.; L. L. Noble, Prelate; G. W. Thomson, G. S. W.; Chas. M. Zeh, G. J. W.; James Watts, G. Treas.; T. J. Corson, G. Rec.; Jesse P. Case, G. Std. B.; H. McDonald, G. Swd. B.; Robert Donshea, G. W.; Amos Howell, G. Cap. G.

The Grand Chapter met on the 11th, and elected J. V. Mattison, M. D., G. H. P.; D. S. Batty, D. G. H. P.; Jesse P. Case, G. K.; Charles Schulhaus, G. S.: John P. Nelson, G. Treas.; John Woolverton, G. Sec.; M. Higginbottom, G. C. H.; D. P. Wittier, G. P. S.; J. H. G. Haws, G. R. A. C.

KENTUCKY.

Information Wanted.—Information is wanted, by his distressed wife, of W. H. Gault, a Master Mason, a cabinetmaker by trade, who disappeared from his home in this city June 14th last. He is about 5 feet 8 inches high, fair complexion, yellow hair, red beard and whiskers, with a red mole or wart upon the side of his face, near the nose; his eyes are of a blue or light gray color. He had been at work at the Louisville Furniture Manufacturing Company at the time of his disappearance. He was a quiet, reserved man, temperate and of a desponding disposition, and speaks but little. He had on, when he left home, black lasting shoes, drab pants, white shirt, and a thin summer coat, striped blue and white.

Any information of him, since the 14th of June last, communicated to J. M. S. McCorkle, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Kentucky, at Louisville, will be thankfully received.

Louisville, July 24, 1867.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Bro. George Wingate Chase, of Haverbill, Mass., died at Stockton, Minn., Aug. 13, aged 41 years. He was the author of several Masonic works.

ILLINOIS.

Ineffable Masonry, not only in Illinois, but throughout the country, mourns the loss by death of Ill. Bro. Charles Robert Starkweather, Sov. Gr. Ins. Gen., 33d, of the S. C. N. J. U. S., in the 51st year of his age. He was a good man, a noble Mason, and a consistent Christian.

IOWA.

A Worthy Nomenclature.—In the tabulated returns of the Grand Lodge of Iowa for 1867, one of the most thorough synopses of Grand Lodge constituencies ever prepared, we perceive the most intelligent system of nomenclature that has ever met our eye. It stands in highest contrast with the "Rolling Pig Lodge," "the Bear Wallar Lodge," "the Wild Cat Lodge," "the Hungry Dog Lodge," "the Demnitian Bowwow Lodge," and all those singular combinations of words that disgrace the tables of many of our Grand Lodges. We instance a few of the Iowa names: Travel, Concordia, Truth, Unity, Relief, King Solomon, Composite, Keystone, Prudence, Brotherly Love, Hiram of Tyre, York, Jeptha, Ancient Landmark, Kilwinning, Charity, Mystic Tie, Eastern Star, Masons' Home, Anchor, Attentive Ear, Emblems, Naphthali, Rising Sun, Amity, Tyre, Jerodatha, Hiram Abiff, Webb, Great Lights, Pythagoras, Faith, Occidental, Euclid, Hope, Corinthian, Burns, Doric, Temple, Resurgam, St. John, Morning Star, Patmos, Benevolence, Evergreen, Joppa, Bezer, Orion, Equity, Mosaic, Ionic, etc., etc.

The Masons of Iowa, in these very judicious selections, are indebted to the outgoing Grand Master, Prof. Guilbert, who, in granting dispensations for new Lodges, always made it a point to suggest a *Masonically appropriate name.*

⁂

Chronological Error.—A correspondent calls our attention to some errors found in the proceedings of the Grand Lodge of Iowa in 1867, "Table xv." p 596. The Grand Secretary has compiled there a table of American Grand Lodges, professing to give them in the order of their organization. What rule our brother, the Grand Secretary, adopted in tabulating these matters we can not explain, but nearly one half of the first 13 (or original Grand Lodges), are misplaced, while Tennessee, which was not organized till 1813, is put down for 1794 (6 years prior to Kentucky). We hope our friend and Bro. Parvin will amend this in the next edition of the proceedings.

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[*] Walter H. Shupe, Esq., late editor of the Masonic column of the *New York Dispatch*, and at present in charge of the *New York Era*, besides occupying the Presidency of the People's College, at Havana, N. Y., which he was so instrumental in getting transferred to the Masonic Fraternity for the benefit of orphans. See his truly great Inaugural Address. The Ode does not exaggerate the remarkably excellent nature of the educational programme or the wonderfully beautiful and fertile spot on which the College is located. In funds, edifice and lands, it is worth upwards of two hundred thousand dollars, and must soon become still more opulent. The inception of the Ode was contributed by the author to that excellent, beautiful and very popular illustrated paper, the *Literary Album.*

INDIANA.

A correspondent writes:

Bro. Russell Fuquay, of Rosedale, Parke Co., Indiana, was terribly injured a few weeks since by the explosion of a steam boiler. The Masonic brethren organized "watch parties" (two every night) for five successive weeks, and his anticipated recovery, of which his estimable physician speaks hopefully, may be attributed, under God, to the unremitting attentions thus bestowed upon him. Is not this incident worthy of publication?

ARKANSAS.

Grand Lodge meets Nov. 4, 1867, at Little Rock, Arkansas.

Grand Chapter meets October, 31, 1867.

Grand Council meets Nov. 2.

St. John's College opens Nov. 1st, under the auspices of the Grand Lodge. Bro. L. E. Barber is President, and there are two other professors.

Little Rock.—Western Star Lodge mourns the loss by death of their brother, Richard C. Byrd.

MARYLAND.

We have received forty-two dollars from W. A. Cunningham. P.·. M.·. and Treasurer of Door to Virtue Lodge, Maryland, balance of contributions for relief of Southern brethren. This is the fourth remittance from this Lodge, which cultivates charity as well as virtue.

MISSOURI.

The St. Lewis Board of Relief cautions the Masonic public against a Masonic beggar, "Thos. Young," claiming to hail from Ireland, and says he was shipwrecked. He has a certificate from a Congregational church in Ireland. He has black eyes, low forehead, 40 years old, 5 ft. 8 in. high. He represents his wife as dead. He deserted his wife in New York, and the woman with whom he lived in St. Lewis died from his abuse. The Board at St. Lewis prosecuted him for endeavoring to get money under false pretenses. He was fined.

Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

FRANCE.

At the late session of the Grand Orient (Lodge), the Grand Master in his address reports that the accessions to Freemasonry are numerous, and that it makes daily conquests towards universal fraternity. He reports in the treasury nearly 141,000 francs, and the capital of the House of Relief 70,000 francs. He cautions the members of the Grand Orient not to lose sight in their assemblies of the consideration that their meetings are not an academical arena, and are no place for fine speeches. He calls specific attention to the first article of the constitution—that referring to the Supreme Being. He says that some deem it but a simple theoretic enunciation, which imposes no obligation, and that they who deny the same or atheists should be admitted to initiation.

The Grand Master says that he unhesitatingly responded to the bodies consulting him that it would be a violation of the constitution to admit to initiation any who deny the existence of God and the immortality of the soul. He urges the Grand Orient to cause to cease, "once for all," these "pre-occupations," which have found their echo in the profane world, and surely without profit to the Order. He calls for a solemn declaration. He should also demand the instantaneous expulsion of every one who is unsound on this prime article of Masonic belief.

The address was received with great applause.

The whole assembly of the Grand Orient of France is divided into nine bureaus or committees, who deliberate each in its own bureau on every subject. The first nine names on the roll are assorted on the committees; the second nine in the same way, and so on through the list. Thus the whole assembly deliberate, and ventilate every thing in committees first.

The 156th article of the new constitution was not adopted, which permitted a brother to be an active member in only four Lodges, two chapters, and two councils. He can be an active member in as many bodies as may see fit to elect him.

The 157th article was adopted, which restricts a brother to be the presiding officer in only one Masonic body.

Article 162 permits an active to become an honorary member only after fifteen years of active service, and then only after specific deliberation and decision by the Masonic body.

The Lodges through the entire obedience are to elect their officers in December, the Chapters in January, and the Councils in February.

In a previous number we gave the discussions on atheism, and the cordial maintenance by the Grand Orient of the formula T.·. T.·. G.·. A.·. O.·. T.·. U.·. as a fundamental principle and landmark of Freemasonry.

We are pleased to notice the simplicity of record of the officers and committees of the Grand Orient. It is simply brother, with the title of the office. American Freemasonry is burdened with pompous titles.

The 242d article of the new constitution requires a master Mason desiring the Chapter degrees to apply to *his Lodge*, which votes upon the application, the masters only voting. If a *majority* of votes approve the application, the personal demand in his own hand, conaining name, age, &c., and the motives of the Lodge in asking the degrees, are sent to the Chapter. The reasons are such as services rendered to the Order, useful acts of humanity, literary and Masonic productions, &c. The Chapter then votes upon the application, and if favorable, the Chapter addresses the Grand Orient for authorization to elevate the brother. There is much that we like in this arrangement.

Two regular annual feasts for the Lodge are ordered, one at the winter and the other at the summer solstice; at one of which a banquet is permitted. Chapters are permitted to have one festival at the *spring* equinox, and the higher bodies also one at the autumnal equinox.

The toasts are to be terminated with the triple battery, and the obligatory toasts are five: 1. That of the Sovereign and his family and the country; 2. That of the Grand Master, chief of the Order, the Grand Orient, bodies in correspondence, and foreign Grand Lodges; 3. That of the President of the local or celebrating body; 4. That of the other officers of the body and visiting brethren; 5. That of all Masons existing in both hemispheres. At this last toast the "chaine d'union" is formed.

At the least, every third year there is a memorial Lodge to the memory of the brethren deceased during the three preceding years. Some brother appointed by the President makes an oration.

Nobody, in any case or under any pretext, can address the civil authority without obtaining the consent of the Grand Master.

Every Lodge desiring to solicit aid in favor of one of its members, and of addressing directly the Lodges of its boedience, must obtain the authority of the Grand Orient, and no authority is ever given to solicit aid from foreign Masonic Powers.

∴

We publish the following additional items of the *International Masonic Festival:*—

Among the representatives of foreign Grand Lodges to the Festival we notice Bro. MacCowan, from the G.·. L.·. of Scotland, from Gallienne, from the Prov. G.·. L.·. of Guernsey, Bro. Van Humbeeck from the Grand Orient of Belgium; Bro. Wenck from the Grand Orient of Denmark; Bro. Dickson from the Grand Lodge of Sweden and Norway; Bro. Graff de Bingen from the Grand Lodge of Frankfort-on-the-Main, Bro. de Luca from the Grand Orient Italien; Bro. Monockjee Cursetjee, Deputy Grand Master and Judge of Bombay, from the Provincial Grand Lodge of Bombay, India; Bros. Martin, Pierce, Rob. Breckinridge and Earl, from the Grand Lodge of Indiana; Bro. Santine, from the Grand Lodge of Louisiana; Bro. Wilder, from the Grand Lodge of Massachusetts; Bro. Jno. O. Wagner, from Ohio; Bro. Varela, from the Argentine Republic; Bro. Zuberias, from New Granada; Bros. Schlausner, Santos, Colombo, Schuwirth, Fragozo and Horte, from Brazil; and Bro. Canevara, from Peru. Among the foreign visitors were Bros. McFarlane, Scotland; Beeby, Hilman and Thane, England; Berthold and Ritter, Belgium; Crosswick and Winkel, Holland; Lilljenstope, Sweden; Meyer, Denmark; de Menga, Switzerland; Lallement, Portugal; Callifuoce, Italy; Fries, Saxony; Eugene E. Dervey, California; Pickels, North Carolina; John Cooke, Kentucky; Hills and B. Simons, Louisiana; Cumming, Curtis, Gould, Forristall and J. M. Usher, Massachusetts; Julius Alexander, Herring, King, Morehouse, Henry Romertz, and Terry, New York; and G. Marshall, Ohio.

The Grand Master made a neat address of welcome to the representatives of the Foreign Powers, deputations, and visitors. The triple battery was given in most ardent French style.

Bro. Van Humbeeck, the President of the deputation of the Grand Orient of Belgium, responded in behalf of his deputation and the foreign representatives, in which the *thought* expressed was that the "International Festival marked progress towards the fraternity of all peoples."

A triple battery was given in honor of the Grand Orient of France. Bro. Bataille, the orator of the occasion, made an able and long address, and a triple battery was given in his honor.

Bro. Bremond, orator, then addressed the Grand Master, the representatives of Foreign GG.·. OO.·. and all the brethren. Batteries followed, and the labors were suspended.

At the banquet, thanks T.·. T.·. G.·. A.·. O.·. T.·. U.·. were presented for this communion of men of all nationalities, races and creeds, and for the prevalence of a common sentiment—that of *Fraternity*.

The five regular toasts (see another column of French intelligence for their enumeration) then ensued. Each toast was followed by a battery and music.

One speaker thought that the realization of *universal peace* would be promoted by such assemblies.

Another said that the mission of Freemasonry is to develop individual liberty, the spirit of association and *solidarity*, and the vulgarization of arts, letters and science.

Another asked, what is Freemasonry but a universal fraternity, the collection of generous spirits aspiring towards all good?

The pieces of music were *La Marche Egyptienne*, David F. Samuel; *L'Ouverture de Zampa*, Herold; *La Marche du Tannhausen*, Wagner; *Des Fragments du ballet la Source*, Delibes; *L'Ouverture de la Muette*, Auber; and an international fantasy in which the airs of all the nations represented were introduced by Bro. Jacoby.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE REVELATIONS OF A SQUARE; exhibiting a Graphic Display of Sayings and Doings of Eminent Free and Accepted Masons, from the Revival in 1717, by Dr. Desaguliers, to the Reunion in 1813, by their R. H. the Duke of Kent and Sussex. By GEORGE OLIVER, D. D. New York: Masonic Publishing and Manufacturing Co., 430 Broome street. 1866. Price, $1.50.

The father of the author of this work, the late lamented Dr. Oliver, was made a Freemason 1784. A Masonic enthusiast, he noted down in a diary whatever in his observation or experience was singular, characteristic or important in the fraternity. He knew personally Bros. Desaguliers, Anderson, Martin Clare, Hutchinson, Calcott, Preston, and all the great lights of that period.

From the opportunities for information of our late Bro. Oliver, it will be seen how invaluable the "Revelations of a Square" must be.

The following is a portion of the preface:

Freemasonry, like all other sciences, is a system of progression. Something more is required to constitute a bright Mason than a knowledge of the elements of the craft. A carpenter may know the names of his tools, and have acquired some dexterity in their practical use; but this will not enable him to build a house, or to construct a common dressing-case.

If any one is desirous of being a Mason, in the strict sense of the word, he must make himself acquainted with something more than words, signs and tokens. The three stages of initiation can no more convert a man into a Mason, than the indenture of an apprentice can make him a mechanic.

He must read and meditate, study with care and attention the history and doctrines of the Order, and attend his Lodge with the utmost regularity, that he may become familiar with its discipline by actual personal observation.

There is no royal road to Freemasonry.

The Gordian knot can be untied by diligence and application alone, and he who is ambitious to share in the honors of Masonry, must work his way up the ladder, step by step, with patient assiduity; and, "forgetting what is behind, he must press forward toward the mark" he aims at, and his mental exertions will not fail of their reward.

The contents of this book will economize the labor of his researches, by placing before him the gradual progress of Masonry from small beginnings to its present extension and prevailing influence in every country on the face of the habitable globe.

The following is the table of contents:

The Revival, Dr. Desaguliers, 1717–1722; Attack and Defence, Dr. Anderson, 1722–1740; Processions, Martin Clare, A. M., 1740–1747; The Schism, Dr. Manningham, 1747–1760; Tests and Qualifications, Entick, Hesletine, Calcott, Hutchinson, 1760–1769; It Rains, Dunkerley, 1770–1771; Discipline, Dr. Dodd, 1772–1777; Disputes, William Preston, 1777–1779; Fire! Capt. G. Smith, 1779–1785; Secrets, John Noorthouck, 1785–1790; Charlatans, Arthur Tegart, 1790–1794; Cowans, John Dent, 1794–1798; Begging Masons, Stephen Jones, 1798–1800; Legends, Rev. Jethro Inwood, 1800–1803; Lady Masons, William Meyrick. Joseph Shadbolt, 1803–1810; the Schism Healed, Dr. Hemming, 1810–1813.

MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE.

Difference between English and American Masonic law:

English.—Free born means, by English decisions, that the candidate is (who is at the time of being prepared for initiation) his own master, and capable of governing his own actions. It is alleged that the terms *free born* and *bond men* in the ancient charges, referred only to the customs of Eastern nations, and that the inquiry might be made, "Are you a free agent, and of mature age?"

American.—Free born with us is considered literally and in its natural signification. It is inveterately fixed here as an unalterable landmark that *the candidate must be free born.*

English.—No Mason below the rank of an installed Master can initiate, pass or raise. An initiation by a Warden in front of the pedestal vitiates the work done.

American.—A Warden has *all* the powers of the Master while presiding in his absence.

English.—A Lewis cannot be initiated until twenty-one, unless by dispensation. He can only claim precedence to be made before others, even of a prince, the prince not being a Lewis.

American.—No person, Lewis or other, admitted before he is of "mature and discreet age," and this is construed here to be twenty-one.

English.—Erasure is the penalty attaching to all Lodges not complying with taxation, and expulsion of their members ruled to be the duty.

American.—The charter of the offending Lodge is forfeited, and its members non-affiliated or dimitted Masons.

English.—A Master cannot serve three years consecutively, unless by dispensation.

American.—Diametrically opposite.

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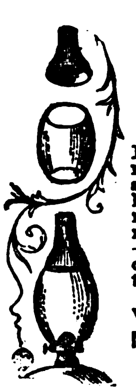

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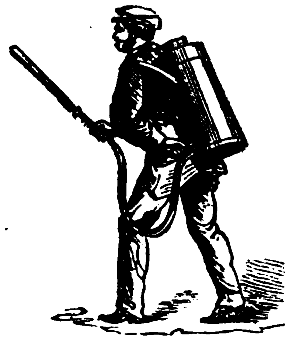

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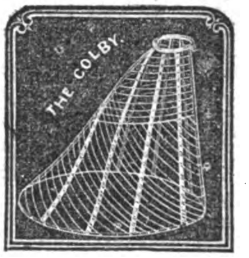

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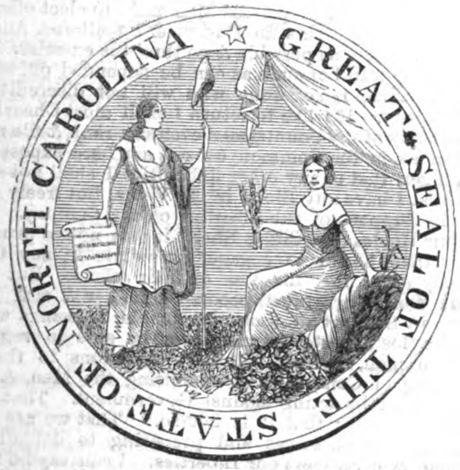
NORTH CAROLINA ☆ GREAT SEAL OF THE STATE OF

Seal of North Carolina, devised by the North Carolina Congress that formed the Constitution. It was first used by Bro. Caswell, as Governor.

RICHARD CASWELL, Native of Maryland, Second Grand Master and First Governor of North Carolina.

Governor Swain, who married his grand-daughter, gives the following sketch of Grand Master Caswell.

Richard Caswell was born in Maryland, August 3, 1729. In 1746 he was induced, by unsuccessful mercantile speculations of his father, to leave his home and seek his fortune in the then colony of North Carolina. Bearing letters to Governor Johnston from the Governor of Maryland, he soon received employment in one of the public offices. Subsequently he was appointed deputy surveyor of the colony, and was clerk of the County Court of Orange in 1753.

R Caswell

There is no likeness of Richard Caswell extant. This is his autograph.

He finally settled himself in Dobbs (now Lenoir) County, where he married Mary Makilwean, who bore him a son, William. He afterwards married Sarah, the daughter of William Herritage, an eminent attorney, under whom he had studied law. He had obtained a license, and practiced the profession with great success. In 1754 he was chosen a member of the Colonial Assembly from Johnston County, which he continued to represent till 1771. In this and the preceding year he was made the Speaker of the House of Commons. He was also colonel of the militia of his county, and as such commanded the right wing of Governor Tryon's forces at the battle of Allamance, May 16, 1771.

In 1774 he was one of the delegates to Congress, with William Hooper and Joseph Hewes, and was continued in this office in 1775. In September of this year, having been appointed treasurer of the Southern District of North Carolina, he resigned his seat in Congress. The estimate formed by his contemporaries of Caswell's merits in this affair is clearly shown in the resolve passed by the Provincial Congress, on the 13th of April, "that the thanks of this Congress be given to Colonel Richard Caswell and the brave officers and soldiers under his command, for the very essential service by them rendered this country at the battle of Moore's Creek" (the defeat of the loyalists by this lawyer officer, and at this time the first North Carolina victory, had an immense influence upon the cause of liberty over the whole country); and by the further fact that, on the 22d of the same month, the same body appointed him brigadier-general of the militia for the District of Newbern. In November of the same year he was chosen President of the Provincial Congress which framed the Constitution of the State, and in December was elected the first Governor under it. This office he held during the stormy and perilous period of 1777, 1778 and 1779. He refused to receive any compensation for his services beyond his expenses. In 1780 he led the troops of North Carolina, under General Gates, and was engaged in the disastrous battle at Camden. In 1782 he was chosen Speaker of the Senate and Controller-General, and continued to discharge the duties of both offices till 1784, when he was again elected Governor of the State, and re-elected in 1785 and 1786, when he ceased to be eligible under the Constitution. The Assembly of 1787 elected him a delegate to the convention which was to meet at Philadelphia in May of that year, to form a Federal Constitution, and conferred on him the extraordinary power, in case of his inability to atend, to select his successor. William Blount was selected by him; and his name is appended to that instrument. In 1789 he was elected Senator from Dobbs County, and also a member of the convention which, in November, ratified the Federal Constitution. When the General Assembly met, he was chosen Speaker of the Senate. But his course was run. His second son, Richard, had been lost on his passage by sea from Charleston to Newbern, and the father certainly entertained the opinion that he had been taken by pirates and carried to Algiers or murdered. This and other events threw a cloud over his mind, from which he seems never to have recovered. While presiding in the Senate on the 5th of November, he was struck with paralysis, and after lingering speechless till the 10th, he expired, in the sixtieth year of his age. His body was, after the usual honors, conveyed to his family burial place in Lenoir, and there interred.

As a statesman, his patriotism was unquestioned, his discernment was quick, and his judgment sound; as a soldier, his courage was undaunted, his vigilance untiring, and his success triumphant. Mrs. Anne White, Governor Caswell's last remaining child, died at Raleigh, on the 20th of September, 1851, in the eighty-fourth year of her age.

The Independent Grand Lodge of North Carolina was formed in 1787, and Governor Caswell became the second Grand Master, holding the office at the time of his death.

Bro. Samuel Johnson preceded Bro Caswell as Grand Master, as he succeeded him as Governor, and Bro. Davie was his successor as Grand Master, holding the office for nine years, during the last of which he was also Governor. The Governors of the State from its independence until the very close of the century, all served also as Grand Masters of North Carolina.

Several Lodges were named after Bro. Caswell.

The following is his funeral oration, delivered by Francis Xavier Martin, as given by Bro. Hayden:

"Worshipful Sirs and Worthy Brethren—Bereft of him who conducted our works, we are met to discharge the tribute of a tear due to his memory. How deeply the rest of the community sympathizes with us on this melancholy occasion, the attendance of a respectable number of our fellow-citizens fully testifies.

"Shall our griefs terminate in sterile tears? Shall this discourse, sacred to the memory of the Most Worshipful and Honorable Major-General Richard Caswell, Grand Master of the Masons of North Carolina, be, like the song of the untutored savage, the mere rehearsal of a warrior's achievements? No. In admiring the virtues that have rendered his death, like Josiah's, lamented in Judea and Jerusalem, let us, as Christians and Masons, be stimulated, not to offer idle adulation to his manes, but to imitate, in the practice of every virtue, so bright a pattern.

"Nothing excites more powerfully to virtuous deeds than the examples of those whom they have rendered conspicuous. Man generally desires what he finds applauded in others. And, either because virtue appears more noble when he hears it praised, or less difficult when he sees it practiced, he is stimulated thereto—as the labor is not without reward, and remissness would be without excuse.

"The examples of the dead are no less powerful than those of the living. We look upon the virtues of the former with a greater degree of veneration, as we view those of the latter with a greater degree of envy; perhaps, because death having crowned them, we are willing to believe that *posterity praises without flattery*, as it praises without interest—or rather (for why should the real reason be concealed in this temple of truth?) because our pride will not suffer us to acknowledge them.

"To convene the people when some illustrious popular character has terminated his career, and to improve the opportunity of exciting them to patriotic virtues, is an ancient custom, frequent instances of which occurred in sacred and profane history. The heart of man, however obdurate, when operated upon by grief or the idea of a future state, is prepared to receive such favorable impressions, as the stiff and close-grained stone becomes pliant and ductile when heated by the fire of the furnace.

"Thus we read that the corpse of Cæsar, having been brought into the Forum of the then metropolis of the world, Antony, holding up that Dictator's garment, addressed the Roman people: 'You well know,' said he, 'this mantle. I remember the first time Cæsar put it on. It was on the day he overcame the Nervii. If you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now.'

"With as much propriety can I rise to-day and addressing you, say:

"You well know these badges. They are the insignia of Masonry—of a society which, for its antiquity and utility, acknowledges no equal among the institutions of the sons of man. Behold the white apron that was girded on him, the loss of whom we bemoan, on the day he became a Mason! He has left it to you unsullied. He has left it to you, decorated with those marks of dignity to which merit alone gives title.

"If you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now.

"He is no more! No longer shall he, *like the eastern sun*, illuminate our Lodges; no longer shall he plan or direct our works.

"You well know, fellow-citizens, that sword, emblematical of supreme executive authority. I remember the first time it was delivered to him. It was on the day we shook off the British domination and became a people.

"If you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now.

"He is no more! No longer shall he wield the sword of justice, attempered by mercy. No longer shall he preside in your councils or lead you to the hostile field.

"To enter here into a minute detail of the services he rendered you, would be to premise that they may be obliterated from your memory; you remember them. Brethren and fellow-citizens, they cannot have been forgotten.

"It was he who headed you on the day you broke down the superior phalanx of Scotch troops at Moor's Creek; and thereby preserved the cause of freedom from the deadly blow this reinforcement would have enabled our enemies to strike.

"It was he who presided in the assembly of patriots who framed that instrument which defined your rights and the authority of your rulers, and has secured your liberties to this day.

"It was he whom your united voices twice called to the supreme magistracy of this State—and it was he who, but a few days ago, still filled the chair of your Senate.

"If his public character affords a vast field to the panegyrist's fancy, his private one deserves no less attention and praise. In it we shall always find an example worthy of imitation.

"Public virtue may procure a more shining reputation, but domestic virtue gives a more solid merit. The former, when unsupported by the latter, is, in the warrior, a thirst of glory—in the civil ruler, a thirst of power.

"A single instance of momentary intrepidity may make a name to the chieftain; but a continued spirit of moderation alone characterizes the virtuous individual.

"Valor is a noble passion, which evinces a greatness of soul. But too oft it is a vain generosity excited by ambition, and which has for its aim the mere gratification of a selfish pride; an inconsiderate boldness justified by success; a blind ferocity which stifles the voice of humanity, and by the tears it causes to flow and the blood of its victims, tarnishes the laurels of the vanquisher.

"Domestic virtue, on the contrary, is so perfect that it is laudable even in its excesses. It is peaceable and constant, and springs from a meekness and tenderness which regulate desire; and giving the virtuous individual the command of his own, causes him to reign over the hearts of others. The one excites astonishment and fear; the other commands reverence and love.

"The Swede *boasts* of the name of Charles XII., but *blesses* that of Gustavus Vasa.

"In him, of whom the hand of death has bereft us, public and domestic virtues were ever united. Not satisfied in watching with unremitted attention over the welfare of the community, he anxiously endeavored to promote the felicity of its members. Blest with a complacency of disposition and equanmity of temper which peculiarly endeared him to his friends, he commanded respect even from his enemies. The tender sensibility of his heart was such that he needed but to see distress to feel it and to contribute to its relief. Deaf to the voice of interest, even in the line of his profession, whenever oppressed indigence called for his assistance, he appeared at the bar even without the hope of any other reward than the consciousness of having so far promoted the happiness of a fellow-man.

Such is, Worshipful Sirs and worthy brethren, the character of one whose lessons shall no longer instruct us, but the remembrance of whose virtues will long continue to edify us.

"Such is, fellow-citizens, the character of one who bore so great a share in the Revolution by which you became a nation; who, during his life, was ever honored with some marks of your approbation, and whose memory will, I doubt not, be embalmed in your affections.

"Shades of Warren, Montgomery and Mercer! and ye shades of those other Columbian chiefs who bore away the palm of political martyrdom! attend, receive and welcome into the *happy mansions of the just*, a soul congenial with those of your departed heroes, and meriting alike our esteem, our gratitude and our tears."

We subjoin the following letter of Governor Caswell to his son, as illustrative of the times and our subject:

"PHILADELPHIA, 11*th May*, 1775.

"MY DEAR SON,—By a Gentleman Bound to Tar River, I now write to inform you, that after I parted with you at Halifax, Mr. Hewes & myself proceeded on our Journey as follows: Sunday evening we arrived at Petersburg in Virginia where we met the express with an acc't of a Battle between the King's Troops & the Bostonians. The next day we crossed the James River & Lodged at Hanover Court House, where we had an Acc't of 1500 Men being under Arms to proceed to Williamsburg in Order to Oblige Lord Dunmore to return some powder he had taken out of the Magazine & Lodged on Board of a Man-of-War in James River. What was done in that matter we have not since Heard. The next day we were constantly meeting Armed men who had been to Escort the Delegates for Virginia, on their way towards this place. We Lodged that night at Port Royal and were only 2 or 3 Hours after the Virginia Gent^{n}. The next day we got down to Potowmack side before the Boats returned that had carried the Virginians over. Here were part of the Militia of the three Counties under Arms & in the Uniforms of Hunting Shirts. They received us and Conducted us on the return of the Boats to the water's edge with all the Military Honors due to General Officers. We then crossed the River, and learned at the Ferry on Maryland side that a Company of Independents in Charles County had attended the Virginia Delegates from thence under Arms. We proceeded and overtook them at Port Tobacco, where, indeed, the Independents made a Most Glorious Appearance. Their Company consisted of 68 Men beside officers, all Genteelly drest in Scarlet & well equiped with Arms and Warlike Implements, with drum & Fife. Sentinels were placed at the doors & Occasionally relieved during the Time we stayed there. The next Morning we all set out together, & were Attended by the Independents to the Verge of their County, where they delivered us to another Company of Independents in Prince George's; they in like Manner to a Second, and that to a Third, which brot us thro' their County. We Lodged that night at Marlborough & next day tho' we met with a Most Terrible Gust of Lightning, thunder, wind, Hail & rain, Arrived at Baltimore, at the entrance of which Town we were received by four Independant Companies who Conducted us with their Colours Flying, drums Beating, and Fife's playing, to our lodgings at the Fountain Tavern (Grants). The next day we were prevailed on to stay at Baltimore, where Coll Washington, Accompanied by the rest of the Delegates, reviewed the Troops. They have four Companies of 68 men each, Compleat, who go throh their Exercises extremely Clever. They are raising, in that Town, three other Companies which they say will soon be full. We were very Genteelly entertained here in the Court House. The next day we Breakfasted at my old Master Cheynes, & dined at Susquehannah; crossed the River & Lodged at the Ferry House. As I had in some Measure been the cause of the Virginia Gent^{n} going round the Bay by recommending that road, & being the only person in Company acquainted with the road, I was Obliged to keep with them so that I did not call on any of my relations. I sent George to Jos. Dallams where he left the Letters I brot for our Friends, and was informed my Grand Mother* and all Friends were well except Mrs. Dallam who had been poorly some Time—the next day we got to Wilmington where we fell in with Several of the Maryland Delegates, & came all into the City to Dinner, on the 9th Instant. Yesterday the Congress met Agreeable to Appointment, & this day it was Resolved that they enter upon the Consideration of American Grievances on Monday next. Here a Greater Martial Spirit prevails, if possible, than I have been describing in Virginia and Maryland. They have 28 Companies Compleat, which make near 2000 Men who March out to the Common & go thro' their Exercises twice a day regularly. Scarce any thing but Warlike Musick is to be heard in the Streets. There are several Companies of Quakers only, and many of them beside enrolled in other Companies promiscuously. 'Tis said they will, in a few days, have 3000 Men under Arms ready to defend their Liberties. They are raising men in New York & all the Northern Governments. The Yorkers, I am told by their Delegates, are determined to Defend their Liberties, and since the action between the King's Troops and the Provincials, scarcely a Tory is to be found amongst them. I herewith inclose you a paper in which is a List of the Killed and Wounded of the King's Troops. But 'tis said this is not Genuine, a much greater number being Actually Killed. On the side of the Bostonians 37 were Killed outright 4 are missing & I forget the number of Wounded; I think thirty odd. Thus you have the fullest Account I am able to give of these matters, and as the Acco^{t} is so long, 'twill not be in my power to Communicate the same to any other of my Countrymen and friends but throh you. You may therefore remember me in the Strongest manner to Your Uncles, Capt. Bright, and others of my particular Friends. Shew them this Letter, and tell them it will be a Reflection on their Country to be Behind their neighbors; that it is Indispensably necessary for them to arm and form into a Company or Companies of Independents. When their Companies are full, 68 private Men each, to elect officers, Viz a Capt 2 Lieuts an Ensign & Subalterns, And to meet as often as possible & go thro' the exercise. Receive no man but such as can be depended on, at the same Time reject none who will not discredit the Company. If I live to return I shall most Chearfully Join any of my Countrymen even as a rank & file man. And as in the Common cause I am here exposed to Danger, that or any other difficulties I shall not shun whilst I have any Blood in my Veins, But freely offer it in Support of the Liberties of my Country. Tell your Uncles (the Clk & Sherf) it may not be prudent for them so far to engage yet awhile in any Company as to risk the loss of their offices. But you, my Dear Boy, must become a soldier & risk your life in Support of those invaluable Blessings which once lost, Posterity will never be able to regain.* Some men, I fear, will start objections to the enrolling of Companies & exercising the Men, & will say it will be acting against Government. That may be answered "that it is not so." That we are only Qualifying ourselves and preparing to defend our Country & Support our Liberties. I can say no more at present. But that May God Almighty protect you all & his Blessing Attend your good endeavour, is the Ardent prayer of my Dear Child Your Affectionate Father. "RD. CASWELL.

"P.S.—Only show this letter to such as I have described above, & dont let it be Copied. Consult Capt. Bright, &c.

"Mr. William Caswell."

---

* This was Mrs. Smith, the grandmother also of Gov. William Paca, of Maryland, one of the signers of the Declaration of Independence. She lived to the remarkable age of 91 years.

* This boy entered the service in less than four months afterward, and before he had attained his majority, as an ensign. He was a lieutenant in 1776, and in 1777 was promoted to captain, and commanded a company at the battle on the Brandywine. In 1781 he was a brigadier, his father, at the same time, being a major-general, and his younger son a colonel, in active service struggling to counteract the operations of Major Craig at Wilmington.

THERE'S WORK ENOUGH TO DO.

The blackbird early leaves its nest
To meet the smiling morn,
And gather fragments for its nest
From upland, wood and lawn;
The busy bee that wings its way
'Mid sweets of varied hue,
At every flower would seem to say,
"There's work enough to do."

The cowslip and the spreading vine,
The daisy in the grass,
The snow-drop and the eglantine
Preach sermons as we pass;
The ant within its cavern deep
Would bid us labor too,
And write upon its tiny heap,
"There's work enough to do."

To have a heart for those who weep,
The sottish drunkard win;
To rescue all the children, deep
In ignorance and sin;
To help the poor, the hungry feed,
To give him coat and shoe,
To see that all can write and read,
"There's work enough to do."

The time is short—the world is wide,
And much has to be done;
This wondrous earth and all its pride
Will vanish with the sun;

The moments fly on lightning wings,
And life's uncertain, too;
We've none to waste on foolish things,
"There's work enough to do."

The planets, at their maker's will,
Move onward to their cars,
For Nature's wheel is never still—
Progressive as the stars!
The leaves that flutter in the air,
And summer breezes woo,
One solemn truth to man declare,
"There's work enough to do."

Who, then, can sleep, when all around
Is active, fresh and free?
Shall man, creation's lord, be found
Less busy than the bee?
Our courts and alleys are the field,
If men would search them through,
The best the sweets of labor yield,
And "work enough to do."

TRUE AS STEEL.

I hail you, brother, in the place
Where none but those should meet
Whose types are bended knee and brow,
And the uncovered feet!
I take you by the grip, expressing
All that heart can feel,
And I pledge myself to be to you
A brother TRUE AS STEEL!

I've watched with real joy your quest,
So ardent and so rare—
Your bold, unflinching gaze upon
The things we most revere;
I've seen that nothing daunts you in
The paths our lights reveal,
And I pledge myself again to you
A brother TRUE AS STEEL!

I think there's that within you
Only needs for time to show,
Will kindle up a *flame* where others
Only feel a *glow*;
I think the grave will claim you
As a Mason ripe and leal,
And so once more I pledge myself
A brother TRUE AS STEEL!

THE MYSTIC TIE.

BY BRO. CAPT. SAM'L WHITING.

[We welcome, in behalf of the readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON, Bro. Whiting to our columns.]

When far in foreign lands we roam,
And no loved faces we descry,
This bond makes every place a home—
The "Mystic Tie"—the "Mystic Tie."
When tossed upon the stormy sea,
Or sick in distant lands we lie,
A thought consoling, 'tis that we
Are brethren of the "Mystic Tie."

It brings kind friends around our bed,
It bids us look to God on high;
By it our thoughts to heaven are led,
Dear "Mystic Tie"—sweet "Mystic Tie."
When turning homeward o'er the main,
We watch our bark in gladness fly
To bear us to our friends again,
Our brethren of the "Mystic Tie."

Oh! may this bright, fraternal chain,
That binds us heart to heart below,
Unweaken'd and undimm'd remain,
When to the heavenly Lodge we go.
There by this bond that e'er shall last
Eternal as the starry sky,
May we be linked when life is past,
Sweet "Mystic Tie"—sweet "Mystic Tie."

CLEVELAND, O., Sept. 12, 1867.

THE BIBLE.

Out from the heart of Nature rolled
The burthens of the Bible old.
The Litanies of Nations came
Like the volcano's tongue of flame,
Up from the burning core below,
The Canticles of Love and Woe.

THE LAND OF THE BLEST.

BY MRS. ABDY.

"Dear father, I ask for my mother in vain,
Has she sought some far country her health to regain,
Has she left our cold climate of frost and of snow,
For some warm sunny land where the soft breezes blow?"
"Yes, yes, gentle boy, thy loved mother has gone,
To a climate where sorrow and pain are unknown;
Her spirit is strengthened, her frame is at rest,
There is health, there is peace, in the Land of the Blest!"

"Is that land, my dear father, more lovely than ours,
Are the rivers more clear and more blooming the flowers,
Does summer shine over it all the year long,
Is it cheered by the glad sound of music and song?"
"Yes, there flowers are despoiled not by winter or night,
The well-springs of life are exhaustless and bright,
And by exquisite voices sweet hymns are addrest
To the Lord who reigns over the Land of the Blest."

"Yet that land to my mother will lonely appear—
She shrunk from the glance of a stranger while here;
From her foreign companions I know she will flee,
And sigh, dearest father, for you and for me."
"My darling, thy mother rejoices to gaze
On the long severed friends of her earliest days,
Her parents have there found a mansion of rest,
And they welcome their child to the Land of the Blest."

"How I long to partake of such meetings of bliss,
That land must be surely more happy than this;
On you, my kind father, the journey depends,
Let us go to my mother, her kindred and friends."
"Not on me, love; I trust I may reach that bright clime,
But in patience I stay till the Lord's chosen time,
And must strive, while awaiting his gracious behest,
To guide thy young steps to the Land of the Blest."

"Thou must toil through a world full of dangers, my boy,
Thy peace it may blight and thy virtue destroy,
Nor wilt thou, alas! be withheld from its snares,
By a mother's kind counsels, a mother's fond prayers.
Yet fear not, the God whose direction we crave,
Is mighty to strengthen, to shield and to save,
And his hand may yet lead thee, a glorified guest,
To the home of thy mother, the Land of the Blest."

VERY MUCH IN LOVE,

OR A SLIGHT MISTAKE.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

"Are you in love? I'll prove it by fifty things. Oh, there is no use in denying it, Cot—none in the world!"

"No use in denying *what*, Ophelia?—for once I am at fault in understanding you."

"Now Cotton Mather Royalstone, that is a—a—well, if it is not a fib, it is at least an equivocation. I mean there is no use in denying that you are *in love*—deeply, inextricably, mortally, dreadfully in love. I've been aware of it—let me see—ever since that first party at Mrs. Swan's. Anybody with two eyes in their head ought to have made the same discovery. You are mortally in love with Rosalie Anderson." And the chatterbox of a speaker, viz., Ophelia Stewartson, held her pretty finger up, and shook it at her cousin meaningly, and saucily, too.

If a blush is any acknowledgment of a fact, then Cotton Mather Royalstone *was* in love, for the telltale blood mounted even into his fine temples, and he cast his eyes down and played with his watch-guard almost as modestly as a girl might have done. Any body would have joined Ophelia Stewartson, and declared our hero to have been in love at that very moment.

"But, Cousin Cot," pursued the girl in that same teasing tone, "Rosa has gone away on a visit to Niagara. She won't be back these three weeks; but that's no reason why you should shoot, hang or drown yourself—no reason in the world. Act like a sensible fellow, and for that short space of time resolve at least to forget her. There is no use in weeping one's self to death over what cannot be helped. Stay here, and we'll do our best to entertain you. I'll sing with you, fish with you, walk with you, read to you, and, if need be, fight for you. You won't find a more self-denying friend anywhere than I'll prove myself to be, if you'll only stay here and be sensible and well behaved, as a young man ought to be during the absence of his lady-love. I'll even write to Rosa, and beg her for your sake not to stay too long. Now ain't I exceedingly obliging?" and the little mad-cap took her dress in both hands and waltzed across the room, and halfway across the garden, before her grave cousin, with that grave, reverend name, Cotton Mather Royalstone, could reply or stop her. At length he caught up with her and said, "I'll stay and be sensible, Phele—stay and be entertained famously, if you'll promise me one thing. Don't write to Rosa; I don't want to be the means of curtailing her enjoyment. Instead of writing to her, you may talk to me about her; that will do just as well."

"Agreed," said the girl; "and now bear it in mind, dear Cot, I shall exert myself continually to be vastly entertaining. You, on your part, are not to be lovesick in the least. You are to be grave, sober, unexacting, and most easily pleased; you are not to mention 'Rosalie' or 'waterfall,' or any other obnoxious subject during the whole time, although I may now and then speak upon the forbidden theme myself."

"Hold! hold!" cried Cotton, "turn about is fair play. I've heard that doctrine preached from my childhood. I have no idea of pledging my word that I will not talk upon any subject, while your tongue is at liberty to rattle away at will. A pretty restriction you would place me under, truly. No, no, Miss Ophelia, I demur seriously," and the young man drew a handkerchief from his pocket and wiped his face.

"But I shall talk *sensibly*, you know—give you good advice, &c. Indeed I expect I shall be deeply and engrossingly entertaining, when I touch upon that subject, while you on the contrary! Oh, who has not heard of the ravings of a love-sick soul. Who has not, indeed!"

The young man laughed a hearty laugh. "Well, cousin Phele," he said, "you are determined, I see plainly, to have things all your own way. My best policy will be to yield as gracefully as I can; but don't be too unmerciful. If you are, I shall, like the lord of the forest, break away from all constraint, and afterwards prove more untameable than ever."

"Oh! I'll be very discreet, indeed; never fear me," and the girl began her fairy-like dance again upon the green sward—a dance which seemed an appropriate expression of her young and happy heart.

Ophelia Stewartson was one of those fresh, laughing, Hebe-like creatures whom it does one good to look upon. Carefully nurtured from her earliest infancy, she knew little of grief or care. Life looked to her a sunny path strewed with flowers. She coquetted and laughed until the dimples seemed playing bo-peep in her full, rosy cheeks. She had a word for every body and every thing—a word which sounded marvelously like the sincere expression of her heart, but which, strange to say, never gave offense to anybody, but always caused a laugh.

Cotton Mather Royalstone was—hem! Well, they said they were *cousins*, and I, not being very well versed in their genealogy, am not prepared to disprove it. Maybe they were cousins—cousins somewhere in the sixteenth degree. One thing was very apparent—there was great affinity between the two, whether of heart or blood, it matters not. Cotton was just from college, and for the present was safely domiciled in the neighborhood where Ophelia resided. He generally escorted her to parties, and it was at one of these re-unions that Ophelia professed to make the astounding discovery, that Cotton was in love—dreadfully in love.

For days afterwards, Ophelia, true to her promise, did her best to entertain him, but her sly railery was unceasing, and perhaps nobody but Cotton Mather Royalstone could patiently have endured it. But endure it he did—endured it with a very good grace; and, gentle reader, was not this another proof positive that he *was* distressingly "in love?"

The weeks of Rosalie's absence had nearly glided away; she was expected home in a few days, but nevertheless Ophelia came in one day, and stood at her cousin's side, with a very serious, condoling air upon her sober face. "Oh, cousin Cot," she said, "I've just heard something so dreadful! I'm sure you'll cry when I tell you about it. Poor fellow! you have my sympathies—I give them to you beforehand: it is really too bad."

"What is too bad?" said the young man, wonderingly. "I cannot imagine what has happened. Nobody's dead, I hope."

"Oh no! but old Mr. Anderson—the strange old mortal—he's thrown cold water over all your matrimonial prospects, for sure."

"Why, what has he done?" asked Cotton, in a tone of surprise.

"Why, he ain't going to let you marry Rosalie; he's going to object—prove obstinate, as many an incorrigible papa has done before him. I'm afraid you'll have to make a runaway match of it yet."

To Ophelia's surprise, the grave young man laughed a short laugh over this piece of information, and evinced no very great concern. But he kept on questioning her, nevertheless.

"It isn't possible that the old fellow objects to a clever young chap like myself, is it cousin Phele? What does he say against me?"

"Oh! he doesn't like you at all, Cot; he never will consent to your marrying her, in the world."

The young man bit his lips and said more gravely, while he looked into his pretty cousin's upturned face: "He'll wait until I *ask him*, I suppose, before he refuses me his daughter's hand."

"Ask him! why it was all settled that you were to ask him as soon as he got home, you know."

"No, I didn't know it, Phele—never dreamed of it."

"Why, Cousin Cot!"

The young man still looked gravely down into the upturned face, and there was a truthful expression in his eyes that surprised her.

"Why, Cousin Cot," she began again, "how did you expect to get the girl without asking for her; you hav'n't intended running away with her from the first, have you?"

"No, I don't intend *now* to run away with her."

"But you'll never get her without. You are a Freemason, and old Mr. Anderson is hostile towards the whole fraternity. He declares that it is a secret organization for political purposes, and that its tendency is the destruction of our government. He would as quickly let his daughter marry a traitor as a Freemason, he says."

"Ah!" said the young man, respondingly.

"And now, Cousin Cot, if you *don't* run away with her, how are you going to marry?"

"I'm sure I don't know," he said, stroking his chin thoughtfully; "I look to you to enlighten me upon that point."

"Well! you'll *have* to run away. I see no other chance for you."

"With who, Phele?"

"Why, how provoking! With her you have been so madly in love with all along. Won't you do it, Cousin Cot?"

"Yes, to be sure I will—run with her to the ends of the earth, if need be."

"I knew it, I knew it!" cried the girl, bringing her small white hands together. "I knew it, although you just now said you wasn't going to marry Rosalie under any such circumstances. A fig for circumstances when any body is dreadfully in love."

"Dreadfully in love," echoed Cotton.

"Well, it's all arranged. I'm to go along too. I always thought that it would be fine fun to be in a runaway scrape."

"Certainly, you are to be there, Phele. I couldn't get married if *you* were not present," and Cotton Mather stooped over and took her hand.

"Yes, I am to be bridesmaid. But when are you going to see Rosalie about all this?"

"*Never!*" said the young man emphatically.

"Never, Cousin Cot! How on earth can you get married without letting Rosalie know it? I am curious to know."

"Very easily, I'm thinking. It's little matter to me whether she knows about it or not."

"Well, if she don't know about it, who must, then?" said the girl, beginning, for the first time, to feel that she had rattled on until she had perhaps placed herself in an awkward position. "Who is to know about your wedding, Cousin Cot?"

"You—you only, Cousin Phele. If you will only enter into my plans, we can have a quiet home wedding in spite of old Mr. Anderson's ill will to the Freemasons. Perhaps, after all, he will let his daughter attend as a guest. *You* must be the bride instead of the bride's maid, Cousin Phele. That will obviate all difficulties. That is the only important change I care to suggest in your arrangements."

The rich crimson blood rushed all over the girl's face and neck, and she drew her hand away from his hastily, and held it to her eyes!

"Me! me the bride," she murmured, "and you all along so dreadfully in love!"

Cotton laughed one of his peculiar laughs, and took her hand again.

"Yes," he said, "all along dreadfully in love, but never with Rosalie Anderson. That was your own supposition, remember. Say, Cousin Ophelia, shall we have a wedding in spite of old Mr. Anderson's hatred to the Freemasons?"

The blushing creature thought seriously upon the subject for awhile, and then said, archly: "It never will do to let the enemies of Freemasonry break up weddings in any such a way. If you can't get Rosalie Anderson, why I suspect *I shall be obliged to marry you myself*. I had never thought of that way of getting over the difficulty. To be sure a home wedding *will* look much more respectable than a runaway match, and moreover, grandmother says that runaways never turn out well."

The young man drew her to him and said: "Old Mr. Anderson may whistle his spite to the wind. We'll have a wedding of our own, Phelia dear, and leave the Andersons entirely out. It was a happy thought to get over the difficulty thus. I only ask that the wedding may be hastened, for you know I have long been dreadfully in love."

The wedding was hastened. Before Rosalie returned from the Falls, Ophelia was Mrs. Royalstone.

MARRYING WELL; OR, THE SPIRIT OF '76.

CHAP. I—PRUDENTIALS.

"We must discourage Roger's visits, husband," said Mrs. Hartwell, "or Lucy will be lost."

"*Married*, you mean, my dear."

"And would that not be the same as lost, Mr. Hartwell? Only think, a daughter of our's married to a shoemaker! You would turn Roger out of doors, if it were not for his politics."

"Why, wife, I have often heard you praise his industry and excellent character, and he deserves it—for he is really a very clever, sensible young man."

"So he is, husband, good in his way, and at his trade; but can you think him fit company for our Lucy, the only child of a justice of the peace?"

Now, Squire Hartwell happened to be in a self-complacent mood. He was seated in his deep, cushioned, high-backed elbow-chair (a ponderous machine, containing sufficient material to frame a modern fashionable cottage), smoking his afternoon pipe, and watching through the window the operations of his reapers in the broad field of wheat which covers many an acre of the gently rising ground east of the dwelling. Here were two sources of satisfaction—personal ease and the contemplation of his property. Then his wife had touched a most agreeable vein, his magisterial dignity. Luckily for Roger, she did not urge to the utmost. Squire Hartwell had held the office of justice of the peace for a number of years, and had, only a week before the commencement of my story, received the additional honor of "quorum" to his justiceship. Like all novelties, this last honor seemed of far greater importance than his commission. Had his wife only said "justice of the peace and quorum," poor Roger would have been a lost case. But now, after deliberately shaking the ashes from his pipe, Squire Hartwell sat up in his chair with the bearing of a man who is intending to give impartial judgment, let the matter terminate as it may.

"I fear, wife, you are indulging too much pride. Are you not every day complaining of arbitrary distinctions of power, and crying out against the oppression of Parliament, and the insolence of the lords? And shall we now cast aside, as of no account, a vessel which may have been made unto honor, merely because it has not been fashioned in the same pattern as ourselves? No, no, wife, such pride will never do for Christians."

"Are you willing that our Lucy, as good and lovely a girl as the colony of Connecticut can show, should marry a shoemaker?"

"I did not say that, my dear. Surely I can like Roger without wanting him for a son-in-law; though I think Lucy might look further and choose worse."

"She might marry Seth Trumbull."

"Probably."

"I have heard you say he was a promising young lawyer."

"Yes, he promises well, but it is the performance that makes the man."

"Then Dr. Walker is dying for her."

"If he is a good doctor, he can cure himself."

"But only think of the difference between him and Roger!"

"Yes, Roger is three inches the tallest."

"How you talk, Mr. Hartwell. I never like to hear joking on serious matters. I think Dr. Walker will be a good match for Lucy. He is gaining practice very fast, and you know he belongs to a respectable family."

"Of Tories."

"There, now, politics must be brought in. I wish I might never hear the word TORY again."

"I say *amen* to that wish, my dear; were there no Tories amongst us we should bring Parliament to reason. It is Dr. Walker and such as he, who strengthen the hands of government against us, and encourage this constant encroachment on our rights."

"I don't know what he has done; but he has said that he didn't care about the Stamp Act, if he was obliged to purchase stamps for his pill paper, but"—

"I suppose he was only joking."

"But Roger would never have said such a word in any way. He is a true Whig, every inch of him, and when the struggle comes he will be found in the front ranks."

"Hear me, Mr. Hartwell, do you think our people ever dare to fight the British soldiers?"

"Dare? Yes, indeed, if the Parliament continues to oppress us. And if every man had the spirit of Roger, we should beat them, too," he added in a low tone.

"Well, I declare, you fright me. But I cannot believe such terrible times ever will come; and I think people better attend to their own private affairs, and let the government alone."

"So Dr. Walker says, my dear."

"And it is my own opinion, my dear; so no wonder I should esteem him. I think he would make a good husband for Lucy, and I have set my heart upon her marrying well." And Mrs. Hartwell stepped out of the apartment before her husband could reply. She had sufficient sagacity to know that the longer he defended Roger, the more he would incline to him; and she dreaded, lest in the glow of patriotic feeling, he would take the resolution to admit the shoemaker as the lover of Lucy.

"Marrying well," mused Squire Hartwell, as he reclined in his easy-chair—"marrying well. Ah, that is a true woman's idea; a very good one, too, only the mischief of it is, they do not always calculate rightly. They choose the man who is well off in the world, and reject those who are likely to do well. Now ten to one the last will prove the best match."

CHAP. II.—THE RIVAL.

"What heavenly sunset! cousin Lucy," exclaimed Anna Minot, as she leaned from the open window, with eyes fixed intently on the west. "See there, Lucy! that rich purple cloud fringed with flame. as though it were the falling mantle from some fiery cherubim—and just above it, see that cloud, like a screen to prevent us from looking to heaven—is it not sublime?"

"Yes, Anna, it is beautiful—very—and here, in the east, is a beautiful moon rising to match it. See, the pure bright orb comes out the moment the sun has hid his face, as though she wished not to attract any of the admiration which belongs to his shining sublimity. The moon seems to me the type of modest woman, who delights to reflect the happiness and prosperity of those to whom she is dear. You smile at my similie—well, I confess the moon always my favorite among the heavenly host, and had I been a heathen born, I should have worshiped the moon."

"And the sun, too."

"If I had been taught, yes; but I should have adored the moon from the impulse of my own feelings."

"Probably; and yonder comes the swain who would have the gentle moon to reflect his light."

"Anna!"

"Oh, don't blush so, my dear, the moon never blushes. And don't look so grave—though it's rather serious business to manage, because your honored mother has set her face so decidedly against your swain. But never mind; Roger has a bold heart, and it is my opinion he will win the lady. Your father likes him."

"They agree in politics."

"Better than they do in property, I believe. Ah, Lucy, look this way; here is one coming from the west who has a host of recommendations to your father."

"Who? Oh, Dr. Walker. He will never gain my favor, I assure you, notwithstanding his host of recommendations."

"How perverse of you, Lucy, not to like a fine, accomplished young man, who is dying for you. Only consider the thousand advantages of having a physician for a husband. Look here, will you? the full moon is not favorable to reason; and besides, there is something beneath the moon that may draw your attention."

"Don't speak so loud, Anna, pray."

"Are you afraid Roger will hear you?"

"No, no: how ridiculous! Let us go down to the parlor."

During the conversation of the cousins, the two young gentlemen named as approaching were rapidly nearing each other. The dwelling of Squire Hartwell was located at the junction of three roads, where those from the east and west, which were merely paths, united with the great northern highway. The house stood a few rods back from the junction, having a peach orchard in front, a profusion of rose bushes around the solid wall, and a high and heavy gate which shut out the dusty view of the street.

The object of the rivals seemed to be who should first reach the gate. Dr. Walker had the shortest and smoothest path, but the long and rapid strides of Roger were every moment diminishing the inequality; and as for the stones and hillocks in the path, he minded them no more than he would have done thistle down.

Dr. Walker increased his speed almost to a run—it would not do. Roger's strong grasp has thrown open the gate—he has entered—and with no little impetus he sent the ponderous portal back to its station. It shut with a loud bang, just as Walker reached it—bringing him up to a perpendicular as rigid as that of a Prussian grenadier. So closely *vis-a-vis* was he with the gate that his nose was grazed by the contact, and partly by the rush of the air his best beaver was thrown from his head, and rolled considerable distance in the dusty path.

Dr. Walker was greatly discomfited, and not a little enraged at the audacity of his rival; but he well knew Roger was not the man he could frighten; and as for fighting such a fellow, that was out of the question. So the doctor endeavored to calm and cool himself as best he might—wiped the perspiration from his brow and the dust from his large silver buckles, adjusted his dress, shook his hat, and having recovered his composure, he walked leisurely forward to pay his respects to Squire Hartwell and the ladies.

(To be continued.)

Legend of King Arthur and the Ermine in the Arms of Bretagne.

[This illustrates several chivalric customs of the Middle Ages.]

Now, at a certain time, there reigned in Britain a valiant prince, named Arthur, who had already achieved great adventures, and performed many marvelous deeds of prowess. Many were the giants whom he had cloven in sunder; many the disconsolate damsels whom he had delivered; many the enchantments which he had destroyed; besides, what is a thousand times more excellent, founding an indefinite number of churches, and enriching with magnificent gifts the very smallest chapels and oratories in his kingdom. At length, however, Britain no longer offered a field for his exertions, nor for those of his paladins, the Knights of the Round Table; and in default of such occasions of prowess, these noble Knights and their valiant prince found themselves compelled to seek amusement in tilt and tourney, in carousals and sumptuous banquets, with other amusements befitting their illustrious birth and station. The court of Britain was, therefore, always holding festival, and the splendid and magnificent hospitality with which Arthur welcomed all preux chevaliers, visiting his court for the purpose of gaining further insight into the duties of chivalry, attracted thither the very flower of knighthood from every kingdom of Europe, and even from the east.

Amongst the cavaliers most remarked in the jousts by reason of their valor, and at the banquet by their gay discourse, brilliant repartee and graceful jesting, Messire Yves de Kerskao stood pre-eminent. When he touched the lute and sang a canzone or sirvente, the whole assembled court hung breathless on his lips, and listened even after he had ceased to sing; no less skilled in science and learning, he knew how to handle the reed, and traced with practiced hand upon the parchment letters and characters, embellished with birds, fruits, and flowers, which he illuminated and blazoned with surpassing taste and art. But in the noble science of heraldry he was indeed a master. No king-of-arms nor herald understood better than he the value of the armorial bearings blazoned upon a warrior's shield. He could tell at a glance to what nation he belonged, could trace the origin of his race, and name the exploits by which his ancestors had distinguished themselves. Alas! that qualities so fair should have graced one who, prompted by cupidity, had renounced his allegiance to his lawful sovereign, and, tempted by the suggestions of the demon of avarice, had yielded, even like Eve, to the voice of the wicked one!

It had happened a short time previously that Dame Mahault, aunt of the aforesaid Yves, and Lady of Argentière, Muzelle, and other rich lands in France, died, leaving a great inheritance in gold, silver, jewels and precious stones, besides fair castles, goodly cities, with many serfs and laborers. Dame Mahault left also a daughter, to whom she bequeathed the aforesaid noble heritage, but Messire Yves de Kerskao claimed it for himself, declaring that by certain writings, executed by an ancestor of Dame Mahault, women were excluded from the succession, which consequently devolved on him as the nearest male heir. Lawsuits followed thereupon, and processes were made in the ancient city of Lutetia; but, inasmuch as Yves failed to produce the writings of which he spoke, nothing was done; and Yves, ashamed and repulsed, began to blaspheme, and complained loudly of Flolo, who governed Gaul in the reign of Leo I., and on whose assistance he had relied to further his wicked schemes. Yves, therefore, retired to Britain, where he tried to stir up a war between Arthur and Flolo, and this was the more easy, since Arthur desired nothing better than to perform deeds of chivalry, and so much the more in this case because Flolo, a very miscreant and pagan, a cursed and sacrilegious worshiper of idols, persecuted the pious followers of Christ, and everywhere destroyed the shrines of the Blessed Virgin. Yet the prayers of Yseult long detained Arthur in that famous castle of Windsor, which he had himself founded and built, and where also he had instituted the famous Order of the Knights of the Round Table.

It happened, therefore, one day, when summer was declining, that Arthur sat in his palace at Windsor, surrounded by barons, knights, pages, ladies, maidens and youths. Yves de Kerskao was gone to the chase, because it made his heart sad to remember the fair country of France, whence he had so long been banished. He bore on his wrist a little falcon of his own rearing, and so fast and far flew the bird, that beside the river it seized a heron. Then Yves, returning to the castle, commanded the heron to be roasted, placed it between two dishes of silver, and so entered the banqueting hall, followed by two masters of the viol, a lute player, and two fair maidens of noble birth. They sang, accompanying the song with the tones of the lute and viol; and then Yves, with a loud voice exclaimed, "Room, room for the valiant; room for those who bring food for the brave. The heron is of all birds the most cowardly, and fears even his own shadow. I shall give of this dish to the most cowardly amongst you, and that, in my opinion, is Arthur, heir of the noble land of Gaul, whence he has been driven by the Romans. He, the king of the brave, dares not fight against the Cæsars, and through this baseness he will die, deprived of the fair kingdom which might have been his own!"

Arthur grew crimson with rage and shame; his heart swelled, and he vowed that, ere six months had passed away, he would bid defiance to the impious Flolo. And Arthur kept his word. When spring returned, and violets filled the air with their sweet odors, when birds warbled amidst the leaves, flitting from branch to branch, when the meadows were gemmed with silver daisies, and the plains with blue corn-flowers and crimson poppies, when hedges had resumed their robe of green, and harvests their mantle of gold, then Arthur landed on the coast of Gaul, and marched through pastures rich and fruitful, beheld houses filled with riches, and wealthy countrymen possessing horses, cows, sheep and oxen, carts and ploughs, with the fairest pastures in the world, but of enemies he saw no trace. The valiant king Arthur had sent before him five hundred men-at-arms, and two hundred archers, commanded by Tristan de Leonais, but they saw only country people fleeing in every direction, and Arthur became greatly displeased, and said, "I came not hither to fight with laborers and country folks, but with valiant knights, armed with sharp lances and heavy swords." Suddenly a trumpet blast was heard at the entrance of the camp, and Arthur was told that a herald, sent from Flolo, demanded an audience on the part of his master, who desired to fix a place and hour for the battle.

Great joy gave these tidings to the king of the brave, and he commanded forthwith that the herald should be introduced into his tent, where all the paladins of the Round Table were assembled. To them entered the herald, and in the name of Flolo defied the boldest champion in the British army, saying, that it was needless to shed so much blood in this quarrel, and his lord proposed for one of the Knights of the Round Table to meet him in single combat, and that the country should be the prize of the conqueror; and when he had finished speaking the herald flung the iron gauntlet of Flolo into the midst of the hall, crying out three times, "Who will raise it? Brave knights fear not death—honor and guerdon to the brave!"

Immediately Perceval, Ivan le Gallois, Tristan de Leonais, Amadis, and Roger de Cornouailles, sprang forward, eager to obtain the glory of the combat. But Arthur stopped them all, and turning to the herald, he said, "Go, tell thy master that Arthur defies him to a deadly combat, without quarter or mercy, and victory crown the right!" "Amen!" said all present, and all made the sign of the Cross, while the pagan herald folded his arms, and looked at them with a scornful smile.

The spot chosen for the combat was in the Isle de Notre-Dame, at Paris, and there, in the presence of both armies, the two champions entered the arena. Arthur had devoutedly attended mass, and offered up his prayers for protection; while Flolo, despising all holy things, had sought courage from Bacchus, and demanded protection of Dame Ivrognerie.

So fierce was the onset of the two cavaliers, that both horses rolled in the dust, and each champion shivered his lance against the buckler of his adversary. Rising quickly, they attacked each other sword in hand. Never fell hammer on the blacksmith's anvil with greater force and precision than the blows struck by their good swords on casque and cuirass. The heavy weapon of the giant descended like a rock upon the head of Arthur, who felt his knees bend under him. Already his brave paladins, groaning in their hearts, believed their prince to be lost, so great was the advantage gained by the giant, who, raising his heavy sword, prepared to slay him, as he bent exhausted towards the earth. Then suddenly between the two champions there appeared a radiant figure, wrapped in a mantle of ermine, which she flung over the shield of Arthur, so dazzling the eyes of Flolo that he lost the power of sight; and Arthur, grievously wounded though he was, seized that moment to aim a blow at him, and used his good sword Caliburn with such effect, that it struck through the giant's head, and laid him dead upon the field. Arthur, being afterwards informed by the bystanders of the miraculous apparation to which he owed his triumph, built a church in honor of the Blessed Virgin Mary upon the spot where now stands the Cathedral of Notre Dame; and in conjunction with Hoel, his nephew, surnamed the Great, decided on assuming the ermine as his armorial bearing, and it has ever since been so borne by the Dukes of Bretagne, which province was united to the French crown in the reign of Francois I.* (sic) to the great joy of all."

Martinets in Masonry.

A "martinet" is a designation for that class of military men who never allow the slightest deviation from their rules of discipline; who are always on the *qui vive* to detect unimportant errors, but who are seldom found worth any thing when it comes to "square fighting."

These "small birds" are found in all the congregations of men, and are very troublesome on account of their pertinacity and self-esteem. As Masonry is composed of "human men" (as Artemus Ward would say), it follows that martinets should have their nests in our Lodge rooms, as well as in other localities.

To a very limited extent they are useful—useful in getting all the i's dotted and the t's crossed; and as they generally possess but little originality, they can equal parrots in learning lessons, just as they receive them. Here their usefulness ceases. As "workers," they do not generally amount to much. They try to imitate the few great workers known as accomplished lecturers, who not only get the ritual correctly, but are able to communicate it impressively. This a "martinet" cannot do—he can repeat the words with a precision that makes one's ears ache, but their words drop on the heart of the candidate like icicles upon the unimpressible ground. Such men know but little of the sublime principles which underlie the great framework of Masonry; and not feeling those impulses themselves, they cannot impart them to others. Divest the mind of its magnetic power to transmit to associate minds its own impressions, and there will be nothing left for intellectual communication. Nothing is so agonizing to our sensibilities as to witness the conferring of a beautiful, soul-inspiring degree in Masonry upon an intelligent candidate by a man who merely goes through a correct recital of words, and who possesses none of the finer capacities of induction. These parrots we could and would respect, if they would only confine themselves to their proper sphere of being "repeaters;" but when they set themselves up for critics, to harass and annoy everybody else who do their work well, and who not only analyze the body of the degree, but communicate its *soul* to the candidate, then our patience is lost.

This spirit of hypercriticism has done more to dampen the ardor and efforts of young Masonic students than all other causes put together. In fact, it is a tendency of some natures to discourage every young aspirant for the front rank of work, unless, like Minerva, they spring into existence fully equipped and ready for the conflict. There should be more allowance made for beginners, and even for those whose limited time has not permitted a constant attention to the lectures. Every encouragement should be extended to the Masonic student who tries to improve—and he who happens to know the "words of the ritual" (as he thinks) correctly, evinces a heartlessness not becoming to the spirit of Masonry, when he assumes to pounce upon the work of another and rudely criticize it.

These martinets use every opportunity presented to show off their acquirements, and nine times out of ten, were it not against the regulations, the audience would be asleep at the end of the performance. At our *alma mater* we turned out students who had won (college) honors on account of their proficiency in figures, lines and rules, and who went forth as lawyers, preachers, &c., who could not earn the salt they ate, but had to go to some other trade, or become school teachers. At the same place we saw young men graduate by the merest accident, but who, in the active duties of professional life, won the greatest glory, and did more for the world and their race in one year than the first named critics and close students have done in all their succeeding lifetime. Why is this? Because but few minds possessing the force of originality combine therewith the kind of memory which enables them to repeat every word just as they learned it--hence, as students at schools, they do not rank highest in recitation—so in Lodge, they go into the work with a soul full of the grand imagery of the spirit of Masonry, and in communicating it to a candidate they are apt to lose a word here, or rather than "stick," will add a word there—the initiate sits down impressed and absorbed in the soul of the degree; yet some little martinet will afterwards whisper around about this fault and that omission not agreeing with his set ideas, until it reaches the ears of the Master through other channels already poisoned, and then he feels discouraged, and his spirit flags, especially if he be a young officer. Our advice is, "do the best, leave the rest to God." In the end, the little carpers will find their homes beneath the contempt of sensible men.—*St. Louis Freemason.*

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* Anne, the heiress of Bretagne, married first Charles VIII., thus uniting Bretagne to France, and subsequently Louis XII., his successor.

Address to all the Grand Lodges of the Globe.

Most Worshipful and Beloved Brethren: If the Masonic fraternity to which we all adhere with enthusiasm and affection, has not hitherto been able adequately to fulfill her sublime mission, which consists in the task of ennobling and conciliating mankind, and advancing the happiness of man and the victory of the good principle throughout the world, this want of success is obviously due, in the main, to the imperfect organization of the craft as a whole.

"Freemasonry is universal, and all the Lodges and Freemasons spread all over the world constitute but *one Lodge.*" This sublime thought, which clearly and markedly expresses the fundamental idea of our federation, has not yet been realized.

To the first of all Grand Lodges, the Grand Lodge of England, the craft is doubtless greatly indebted, and thankfully acknowledges its great and manifold merits; yet, it is not to be denied that this Grand Lodge has neglected sufficiently to guard in every direction the unity of the institution. The natural consequence of this is, that while spreading and developing itself in different communities, the craft very soon assumed a variety of forms and laws, nay, changed its very character to a certain extent, by reason of local circumstances and special requirements, as well as owning the influence of the spirit of the day.

In the course of the last century centrifugal tendencies came up, which led to a splitting up of the whole, and the isolation of the individual Grand Lodges, to each of which a province, confined within geographical and political boundaries, was allotted. To this decentralization the fact is due, that at the present day the different Grand Lodges follow different systems and pursue different objects, as regards constitution and doctrine, rituals and practice, and that there exists hardly any but a very loose connection amongst them.

It is the object and the duty of the Masonic craft to be a federation, allied with mankind for the good of mankind; but such a federation it cannot be truly and fully as long as its unity remains merely ideal, produced, as it has been hitherto, by the mutual spirit of fraternity and the connecting link of a few forms of worship common to all, as long as this unity does not recline in the face of the outer world, in proper platform and adequate representation by means of a joint federal law and joint institutions.

The Association of German Freemasons, animated by the desire to realize aggregation designed to promote unitarian tendencies in freedom and love, a rational organization of the craft and its development in conformity with spirit and the ideas of the time, has been seriously engaged, for several years past, in working out the project of a general constitution, and at its annual meeting at Worms, on the 8th and 9th of June last, it has adopted the draft of such a constitution. The undersigned officers of the association have been deputed to submit this fundamental law to your kind examination, and propose its adoption to you, honored and beloved brethren. It cannot escape your notice that this platform, starting from actual facts, and aiming at nothing but what is attainable, with due regard to the historical development of the Order, is designed to bring about unity in things essential only, but in everything else adhere throughout to the Masonic principles of liberty, equality and fraternity, of local self-government and general worship, and that it may consequently be safely adopted by every Grand Lodge.

We need not dwell upon the desirability of the establishment of international Masonic congresses and the foundation of a Board of Management (*Verwallungsausschuss*), or universal Grand Lodge for the whole federation, and it is useless to expatiate upon the beneficial results the fraternity and mankind at large might derive from the foundation of such institutions. However bold this idea may appear, its realization belongs no more to the province of mere phantasmas, by reason of the vast development of the means of communication between all countries—nations being thus brought nearer to one another, and the idea alluded to having already received its incarnation by international exhibitions of industry. What could be done for the advancement of material interests, may and must be no less practicable for the promotion of the intellectual and moral interests of mankind! The one thing needful is that every individual and every corporate body evince a firm good will, as due to this great and good cause, that every one set about to work courageously and without prejudice, and that personal inclinations and opinions be freely waived in the interest of the whole.

Seeing that the influence of the Lodges has been beneficial hitherto, and that, wherever they worked in the proper animus, they fostered and promoted morality, brotherly love, and the good of mankind at large, this will evidently be the case to a much greater extent if the individual links of the chain of the Order be drawn closer together, if they improve their institutions, breathe the breath of new life into the Masonic body, keep pace with the progress of the century, and work throughout upon one plan and in one spirit.

In the confident expectation that you, honored and beloved brethren, will gladly and freely join us in our endeavor to bring about internal and external unity and a rational organization of the craft and therewithal a new era of prosperity of Masonry, we earnestly entreat you to adopt the annexed "fundamental law" (Grundgesetz), which is drawn up in the spirit and upon the ground of the "ancient charges," and to foster and promote all aspirations calculated to establish an international tie amongst all Lodges and all Masons of the world.

In this hope we hereby send you the greeting of the initiated.

Respectfully and affectionately yours,
By order of the Association of German Masons,
The Directors:
DR. RUDOLPH SEYDEL, of Leipzig, President.
REINHARD KAMP, of Elberfeld, Vice-President.
J. G. FINDEL, of Leipzig, Secretary and Keeper of the Archives.
DR. CARL VAN DALEN, of Berlin.
HEINRICH WILHELM FLASCHE, of Barmen.
WORMS, WHITSUNTIDE, 1867.

◆

Why do men read outside pretended compilations of Freemasonry?

When Dr. Manningham was Grand Master of England he said:

"If they are really desirous of becoming acquainted with the secrets of Masonry, our Lodges are at hand; no man of character and purity of motive is refused: and, by initiation, he will become legitimately acquainted with the design and character of the Order. At all events, no one possessed of a rational judgment can safely rely on the information communicated by these unauthorized publications. Those who are merely desirous of enjoying a laugh at the dignified proceedings of a venerable institution, will find their purpose sufficiently answered by a perusal of these pretended revelations; although we are justified in entering our protest against the exhibition of such a vitiated taste, and leaving them to luxuriate in the mire of their own prurient errors."

A charge was delivered about this time at Gravesend,* in which the subject of Masonic revelations was examined. But Dr. Manningham adopted a more effectual method of neutralizing these absurd attempts to impose on the public and disturb the harmony of the craft. In his capacity of Deputy Grand Master, he visited the Lodges in every part of London and its suburbs, or wherever else his presence was thought necessary, correcting errors, settling disputes, redressing what was amiss in the execution of the laws, repressing irregularities, and offering for the consideration of the brethren the most prudent advice, alike for their future observance and conducive to their lasting advantage. And the whole of his proceedings were characterized by such a display of candor and affability, as advanced his popularity to the highest pitch, and greatly endeared him to the fraternity at large.

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* Charge delivered to the brethren assembled at Gravesend on the 29th of June, being their first meeting after the Constitution of their Lodge. London, 1751.

Two Thoughts—Masonry without Charity is a Sham—The Three Pillars.

BY REV. BRO. FARNHAM, OF BOMBAY, INDIA.

To speak of Masons who do not love each other as brethren, is to speak of that which cannot be; for those who are not united in brotherly affection, though they may be Masons in name, cannot be Masons at heart. Neither can there be true Masonry where the heart does not go forth towards our distressed fellow-creatures, and prompt the hand to relieve their wants. And surely where truth does not become a guiding principle, Masonry is but a sham and a pretense.

* * * * * *

The foundations of the Lodge being firmly laid, we must see that the supports are what they should be. Every Lodge, as you, brethren, are aware, is supported by three great pillars—the pillars of wisdom, strength and beauty. These three great pillars, as you know, were at one period represented by Solomon, King of Israel, Hiram, King of Tyre, and Hiram Abiff. Now they are represented by the W. M. of each Lodge and two Wardens. The W. M. must be gifted with wisdom, to enable him firmly and prudently to rule the brethren committed to him. No matter what other qualities he may have, unless he be a wise master-builder, all his other excellences will be lost. He must with the harmlessness of the dove combine the wisdom of the serpent. He must know when to give way gracefully, and when firmly to make a stand. If he be truly a pillar of wisdom, he will be pliable as the willow in matters indifferent, but firm as the rock when any principle is involved.

But, if he be a pillar of wisdom, his S. W. must be a pillar of strength. Primarily, the welfare of a Lodge must, of course, depend on the W. M., but he will find it hard to carry on his work unless ably supported by the other pillars; and, when enforcing discipline, he should ever find his S. W. not only a pillar, but a tower of strength—ever ready to enforce and maintain the commands which the W. M.'s wisdom may dictate, with all the power with which he was invested when the level was suspended from his collar and his gavel placed in his hand.

No less important is the office of the pillar of beauty, personified by the J. W. The brethren are placed especially under his charge during the hours of refreshment—a time when one rough ashlar, by displaying the inequalities of his unhewn surface, may mar the beauty of the whole edifice. Let him, then, see that order and symmetry are preserved, and that no unseemly knobs and excrescences appear, but that the Lodge present a harmonious whole, and be, both to the brethren and to the outer world, "a thing of beauty and of joy for ever."

The Two Arguments.

BY BRO. GEO. TAYLOR.

Masonry holds out two mighty arguments in its favor, a universal language understood by the fraternity in every quarter of the globe, and a universal fund for the relief of the distressed, whatever may be their religion, or country, or complexion. Our language is understood by every country pretending in the slightest degree to cultivation under heaven. The Mason needs but to speak it and he is fed, clothed, and comforted by men who never saw his face before. And the accidental distinctions of religion, country or color are all obliterated in the expansive reflection that the world is our country, man our brother. I advert not to the circumstance that a man was born in Asia, Africa, Europe or America. Whatever be his country, color or creed, he is welcome to the little pittance our funds afford him, and when these are inadequate to his wants and necessities, a strenous endeavor to sweeten the hour of adversity by the gentle offices of friendship and humanity will, in all probability, make up the deficiency.

◆

THE POETRY OF MASONRY.—An intelligible view of the poetry of Masonry may be gathered from its general principles. It inculcates brotherly love amongst all mankind, it tends to soften the harshness of an exclusive feeling towards those who differ from us in our views of religion and politics, although it allows no discussion on either one or the other; it suppresses the attachment to class, the which is the bane of all other institutions, and by the purity of its sentiments it harmonizes the mind, ameliorates the disposition, and produces that genuine feeling of benevolence and Christian charity which "suffereth long and is kind, and envieth not, vaunteth not itself, is not easily puffed up, doth not behave itself unseemly, seeketh not her own, is not easily provoked, thinketh no evil, rejoiceth not in iniquity but rejoiceth in the truth, beareth all things, and endureth all things."

Family Circle.

THE CITY OF GOD.

BY FRANCIS TURNER PALGRAVE.

O thou not made with hands,
Not throned above the skies,
Nor walled with shining walls,
Nor framed with stones of price,
More bright than gold or gem,
God's own Jerusalem!

Where'er the gentle heart
Finds courage from above;
Where'er the heart forsook
Warms with the breath of love;
Where faith bids fear depart,
City of God! thou art.

Thou art where'er the proud
In humbleness melt down;
Where self itself yields up,
Where martyrs win their crown;
Where faithful souls possess
Themselves in perfect peace.

Where in life's common ways
With cheerful feet we go;
When in His steps we tread
Who trod the way of woe;
Where he is in the heart,
City of God! thou art.

Not throned above the skies,
Nor golden walled afar,
But where Christ's two or three
In His name gathered are:
Be in the midst of them,
God's own Jerusalem!

THE OLD CANOE.

BY BRO. ALBERT PIKE.

Where the rocks are gray and the shore is steep
And the water below looks dark and deep,
Where the rugged pine in its lonely pride
Leans gloomily over the murky tide;
Where the weeds grow thick on the winding bank,
Where the shadow is heavy the whole day through,
Lies at its moorings the old canoe.

The useless paddles are idly dropped,
Like a sea bird's wings that the storm hath stopped,
And crossed on the railing, one by one,
Like folded hands when the work is done;
While busily back and forth between
The spider stretched his silver screen,
And the solemn owl, with his dull "too-who,"
Nestles down on the side of the old canoe.

The stern half sunk in the slimy wave,
Rots slowly away in its hidden grave;
And the green moss creeps o'er its dull decay,
Hiding the mouldering past away,
Like the hand that plants o'er the tomb a flower,
Or the ivy that mantles a fallen tower,
While many a blossom of liveliest hue
Springs up o'er the stern of the old canoe.

The currentless waves are dead and still,
But the light winds play with the boat at will,
And lazily in and out again
It floats the length of its rusty chain.
Like the weary march of the hands of time,
That meet and part at the noontide chime,
And the shore is kissed at each turn anew
By the dipping bow of the old canoe.

Oh, many a time, with a careless hand,
I have pushed it away from the pebbly strand,
And paddled it down where the stream ran quick,
Where the whirls were wild and the storm was thick;
And laughed as I leaned on the rocking side,
And looked below in the broken tide,
To see that the faces and boats were two
That were mirrored back from the old canoe.

But now, as I cant on the crumbling side
And look below in the sluggish tide,
The face that I see is graver grown,
And the laugh that I hear has a sober tone,
And the hand that lent to the light skiff wings,
Has grown familiar with sterner things;
But I love to think of the hours that flew,
As I rocked where the whirls their wild spray threw,
Ere the blossoms moved or the green grass grew
O'er the mouldering stern of the old canoe.

∴

Sleeplessness.—"Oh! that I could sleep!" How often is this prayer addressed to the night by the lonely watcher on the pillow! But just as sleep is courted, so does it seem to fly away; and at the seasons at which it is wanted the most, sleep becomes more and more fitful, disturbed, and unfrequent. The happy child sleeps, so does the happy man, or woman, full of physical health. Sleeplessness comes with thought, care, trials; the highly cultivated and civilized being sleeps nothing like so soundly as the untutored hind or the rude savage. The thinking man's dreams are thoughtful. His animal being has become merged in the intellectual. His nervous system is in a state of high tension, asleep and awake; and it becomes a question to him of the highest interest, "How can I fall asleep?"

As a general rule, all mental exertion should be avoided in the evening hours, and strong tea, especially green tea, ought to be eschewed. The latter has an extraordinary power of prolonging sleeplessness—more than any drug we know of. The perusal of a book late in the evening, requiring active thought to keep up with it, will induce wakefulness in excitable brains for many hours after going to rest. In such cases, only light literature ought to be indulged in. Exciting conversation and exciting music have also the effect of keeping the brain active for many hours, and, therefore, it is better to avoid these late at night, if you would sleep soundly.

Various recipes have been given for inducing sleep, of which the most usual are those inducing monotony, such as repeating certain lines of poetry, counting a certain number of figures, and so on.

∴

Sound Advice to Young Men.—Keep good company, or none. Never be idle. If your hands can't be usefully employed, attend to the cultivation of your mind. Always speak the truth. Make few promises. Live up to your engagements. Keep your own secrets, if you have any. When you speak to a person, look him in the face. Good company and good conversation are the very sinews of virtue. Good character is above all things else. Your character cannot be essentially injured, except by your own acts. If any one speaks evil of you, let your life be so that no one will believe him. Drink no kind of intoxicating liquors. Ever live (misfortune excepted) within your income. When you retire to bed think over what you huve been doing during the day. Make no haste to be rich, if you would prosper. Small and steady gains give competency, with tranquillity of mind. Never play at any game of chance. Avoid temptation, though you fear you may not withstand it. Earn money before you spend it. Never run into debt unless you see a way to get out of it. Never borrow, if you can possibly avoid it. Do not marry until you are able to support a wife. Never speak evil of any one. Be just before you are generous. Keep yourself innocent, if you would be happy. Save when you are young, that you may spend when you are old. Read over the above maxims at least once a week.

∴

Haven't got Anything.—How pleasant it must sound to the scantily clad, half-starved child of poverty to hear these words fall from the lips of those abundantly able to give a few pennies or some crusts of bread. See them, as they stand with anxious eyes to read their fate in the face of those who answer the bell, so tenderly pulled by the blue looking hands, benumbed with cold and exposure—limbs almost naked, shoes torn and oftentimes soleless, with thin covering around the body, and head almost bared to the cruel winds, and to hear, as we have repeatedly while passing those persons calling themselves *men* and *women*, made in the image and after the likeness of God, who commands the child poverty to be cared for in his name—to hear "haven't got anything!" is galling to the Christian's heart—he or she who loves to do good unto others. "Haven't got anything?" Verily, the words are *true*! Not even a heart—nor even one kind word or a sympathetic look, for which the poor creatures of misfortune are dying. A mother's smile was wont to cheer their way, but adverse waves rolled cruelly by *that* household, and the angel mother was borne home, leaving her darling ones in an unfeeling, sin-cursed world. An earthly father used to minister to their wants, but sickness came—the strong man bowed to the supremacy of disease, and death claimed him for its victim. Now they are "all alone!" Oh, what sad words. All alone in this great world? Too true, and the poor children have to stir about for themselves. The great mass of human beings surge along the streets, but the child of poverty has no part in the procession, and receives unkindness in return for appeals to feed half-starved stomachs. Shame on that man or woman who turns away a poor mortal like the orphan or the destitute. Let the hand of charity be ever extended to lend a helping hand to the distressed, and when a "few cold pieces" are asked for, don't say "haven't got anything."

∴

Chickens Hatched from Eggs 1,200 Years Old.—The Paris correspondent of the Nation states that the guests of the Abbe Denis, curate of the parish of St. Elio, in the Faubourg St. Antoine, dined a few days ago on fowls whose immediate ancestors figured, he says, on the table of the great Lrankish King Dagobert. When the Abbe Denis laid the first stone of the church and presbytery he has built, by his own exertions, on the site of the old cheateau and gardens of Dagobert, a hen's nest full of eggs was discovered beneath the ruins of the ancient building. These eggs, more than twelve hundred years old, were about to be thrown away by the laborers, when the Abbe, remembering that wheat had been grown from grain found in Egypt in mummies dated back from the time of the Pharaohs, bethought him that possibly there might still be life in these eggs. A *savant* of the institute, consulted at once in reference to these precious relics of an age when there was as yet no France to detest "Perfidious Albion" or to be jealous of Prussia and needle-guns, advised they be forthwith confided to a hen of approved success in the maternal capacity. This advice having been acted upon, the good curé and his friends had the delight of witnessing, twenty-one days afterwards, the hatching of a fine brood of chickens, the direct progeny of the denizens of King Dagobert's barnyard. The fowls thus obtained have been carefully kept from any *mesalliance* with their congeners of less ancient blood; and the Abbe has now a yard so well replenished with "King Dagobert fowls" that he not only supplies his own larder with poultry of this illustrious breed, but is about to organize, at the suggestion of numerous friends, a sale of "King Dagobert eggs" for the benefit of the poor of his parish.

Kind Words, Good Deeds and Evidences of Progress.

KIND WORDS AND DEEDS.

BY BRO. J. GOLDSBOROUGH BRUFF, OF WASHINGTON.

Of little weight, they seem,
Kind words and deeds,
Oft thrown away, we deem,
When they are seeds—
Which amaranthine grow
And blossom bright,
For us rewards bestow
In realms of light.
They need no chisseled stone—
The grave survives;
When monuments are gone
Their mem'ry lives!
E'en here they are not lost;
On earth they bless
When the soul needs it most
And cares oppress—
Giving assurance blest
In life's extreme,
Of an enduring rest
Beyond earth's dream!

George Muller, the founder of the orphan establishment, Bristol, England, has received and expended $2,750,000, every penny of which was sent voluntarily and without solicitation. He has 1,200 orphan children under his charge, occupying five stone houses. He lives in the simplest style, and does not allow himself a lounge or a rocking chair. He has handled millions and could have spent it as he would, but he is a poor man to-day, as when he commenced his noble work.

◆

Peter Cornelius, the master of German painting, enjoyed the friendship of Goethe, and mingled with him in our mystic fraternity. Born at Dusseldorf, the 23d of September, 1783, he manifested at a very early age that artistic genius which afterwards gave him the supreme place among compatriot painters. He was the representative of a renaissance which had for its problem the association of Greek beauty with German mind or genius—the genius of the future. A man of historical significance, his biographer estimates his value, not by his life, but by his works, giving us scarcely a glimpse of the person that painted these remarkable pictures, but assisting us to form a judgment of what the man was by a critical appreciation of his art. His life as an artist is divisible into four epochs: that distinguished by the production of the "Illustrations to Faust," and the "Niebelungen Leaves," a work inspired by a patriotic sentiment; the second period may be denominated the Roman; the third the Christian or Christiain Catholic; while the fourth is recognizable as the properly classical epoch.

◆

The "Two Kinds of Stitches."

"The relative merits of the two kinds of stitches made by these two classes of machines were there subjected to the most rigid tests, by work done upon each machine, on the same piece of goods, and with thread from the same spool, and the result was a unanimous decision that the Willcox & Gibbs or twisted-loop stitch, instead of being less reliable than the lock-stitch, as represented by its opponents, is even *more* reliable; that while it *may* be raveled by a certain process, when necessary, it is *less liable to rip* than the lock-stitch in use or wear."—*Report of Grand Trial.*

The National Freemason,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, SEPTEMBER 28, 1867.

R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S., Editor.

John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

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◆

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The great and unprecedented success of the National Freemason induces its publishers to offer the following, or an equivalent, not designed to interfere, however, with terms above; but some prefer this method of being compensated for their labor. Lodges thus have an opportunity to furnish their officers and rooms:

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For 50 subscribers, at $4 each, we will give a Willcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine, ornamental iron stand, with drawer and lock, Hemmer, Feller and Braider, at manufacturers' price, or one of any New York manufacture (boxed and ready for shipping), worth $56

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For five subscribers, at $4, Oliver's Landmarks, 2 vols., octavo, $5.

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In this proportion for any Masonic work in the New York market.

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For 50 subscribers, at $4 each, 10 Velvet Collars, properly trimmed, for either Lodge or Chapter, worth $50.

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For 30 subscribers, 10 Lodge Jewels, heavily plated, worth $30.

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For 6 subscribers, 1 M. Mason Dress Apron, ornamented with Masonic devices in blue and gold, with silver Masonic tassels, worth $6.

For 12 subscribers, a Gold Pen; for 50 subscribers, a Gold Watch and Chain, for lady or gentleman

We will deliver the articles at our rooms or send the books by mail, stamps having been furnished. If the article is to be boxed, the expense must be prepaid by the person sending for it.

One copy will be sent free also to each person making up a club of seven or more.

Another Proverb of Grand Master King Solomon.

"As cold waters to a thirsty soul, so is good news from a far country."—Prov. xxv. 25.

Good news is always desirable and heartily welcome; but peculiarly so from friends and brothers, and respecting our affairs at a distance. It is natural to feel a deeper solicitude concerning business, friends or any interests abroad, than those at home. They are beyond our personal watchfulness and superintendence, and we know too well the selfishness of the world to entrust them to others, ourselves being entirely free from concern respecting them. Hence we are unexpectedly cheered in hearing of prosperity and success attending them. We attribute it to the good providence of T.·. G.·. A.·. O.·. T.·. U.·.

King Solomon knew by happy experience the healthful and salutary influence of good news from a far country; for he had much trading from abroad, as well as correspondence by his ambassadors from foreign courts.

Let us hear the joyful good news from the far off, our heavenly country, and so fit us, by truth, virtue and religion in the Lodge below, that we may enter into the Grand Lodge above, where a greater than Solomon will preside and govern.

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The *American Baptist* unintentionally charges the Grand Lodge of Iowa with committing itself to a political position of the day.

The Grand Lodge of Iowa simply took a position against "the recognition as regular" of the negro Lodges or negro Masons of the country. No Lodge nor Mason can be regular which is not in connection with some accredited Grand Lodge of the United States, whether white or black. The negro Lodges and Masons set at naught all our regulations. They have a national Grand Lodge in the United States of which we do and can know nothing. We tolerate but one Grand Body over the same territory. If these Lodges can show that they are veritable Masonic bodies, they will be recognized.

Nor are we singular here. Our Baptist brethren would not admit the *Menonists* to be regular Baptists, and would not allow them representation in the Baptist associations.

We make the foregoing explanation for the benefit of our Baptist brethren, who, of course, are not expected to understand fully our regimen.

Saratoga!

We are requested to say that the Sir Knights of New York and Brooklyn contemplating a visit to Saratoga Springs at the approaching conclave of the Grand Commandery, will take the Albany boat on the evening of September 30, and will put up on their arrival at the American Hotel, kept by Sir Knight McCaffray, who will do his best to make them comfortable. Those fond of "coarse diet" will have to take some along, as nothing of that kind is provided at the American.

◆

Has any one in the government the power to correct the irregularities of the mail, and diminish the rascality on some of the postal routes? For instance, almost every alternate week the *National Freemasons* going to Westminster, Maryland, are lost. The fault is not in the New York P. O. It is thus narrowed down to a very few parties. Why cannot the detectives discover where it is?

◆

Portrait and Biography of ex-Governor Brown, of Florida, who died a few days ago, and who had been a Freemason 63 years, will appear in our next number.

Another Attack from a Religious Quarter.

The *Protestant Churchman*, an Episcopal weekly, published in the city of New York, with intelligence and charity not usual in religious organs wrote in terms of high commendation of the "National Freemason, and subsequently exchanged an advertisement with the "National Freemason."

"The *Church Union*," a new weekly, devoted to a noble cause and a grand idea, that of Christian union, steps out of its way, and, without any provocation, to attack *Freemasonry*. It prints as its leader the following:

"Our business as editors of a paper intended to promote Christian union does not lead us to embark directly in attack or defense of every institution which we find existing around us. Yet there are some which bear so directly upon the well-being of society as to justify us in an occasional notice. Our contemporary, the *Protestant Churchman*, recently established to maintain the views of evangelical members of the Episcopal Church, has met with a large share of our sympathies. We wish it well in all its good works, and we acknowledge that it has manifested many. Furthermore, we hope that it will avoid mistakes which may lead to evil, and we are constrained to think it has made some. One we desire to call its attention to. In its number of July 4th it left its peculiar province upon an enterprise which we fear will not aid in the leading purpose of its editors. This number contained a communication from its Boston correspondent giving a highly laudatory notice of a grand Freemason pageant."

Here follows a notice of the article of a correspondent of the *Protestant Churchman* respecting the procession at the dedication of the Masonic Temple at Boston. The *Church Union* then repeats the anti-Masonic version of the Morgan affair, and thus concludes its long editorial:

"The correspondent does not understand why men have been so strenuous in their opposition to it! Obviously some men have, because they have known it to incite its members to murder, and then lead tens of thousands to endeavor to conceal and then justify the crime; to incite to perjury and the justification of the perjurers; blasphemously to exalt it as the handmaid and sister of Christianity, and endeavor to establish the fact by promulgating the silliest of fables, that Solomon and St. John were Freemasons, and thus, as the correspondent supposes, to authenticate Christianity by convincing people that St. John was really a a historical character, who once lived in Judea, and not a myth:

"'Non tali auxillio, nec defensoribus istis
Tempus eget'

"A hypercritical observer might possibly see some connection between the correspondent's letter, the editorial puff, and a possibly profitable advertisement of the National Freemason in the same paper. The latter has appeared hebdominally ever since—it may be supposed without pecuniary loss to the publisher. People who study the old problem how the milk got into the cocoanut might speculate upon these facts.

"P.S.—Our views of Christian union do not contemplate the embrace of Freemasonry as one of the contributions to the simple church we wish to see."

The *Protestant Churchman* briefly replies, and the *Church Union* thus closes a second article:

"We hope it will not again turn aside, * * * * either directly or indirectly, to recommend what thousands of those you esteem believe at war with patriotism, morality and religion, whether this recommendation is by inserting a correspondent's notions, or exchange of advertisements, or editorial puffs."

REPLY OF THE NATIONAL FREEMASON.

1. At the head of the editorial page of the *Church Union*, just over these articles abusive of Freemasonry, we find the following *Bond of Union:*

"*We, the undersigned, believers in the doctrines of the Holy Scriptures as set forth in the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds, do hereby pledge ourselves to secure, under God, an open communion, and the recognition of one evangelical ministry, by the interchange of pulpits, thus to make visible the unity of the Church.*

"*And we furthermore solemnly pledge ourselves to stand by each other in securing these ends.*"

There is, to our view, much wisdom and real catholicity in selecting these two creeds as the bond of Christian union, and we feel assured if all Christian people are ever united in one body it must be upon such a platform, holding to these as containing essential truth, and leaving all other articles of religion as matters of opinion; but our brother of the "*Union*" would, from the tenor of his article, add another item to these creeds, so as to read, "all believers in the doctrines of the Holy Scriptures as set forth in the Apostles' and Nicene Creeds,' and *who are not Freemasons.* Read what is the close of the article of "*The Church Union:*" "OUR VIEWS OF CHRISTIAN UNION DO NOT CONTEMPLATE THE EMBRACE OF FREEMASONRY AS ONE OF THE CONTRIBUTIONS TO THE SIMPLE CHURCH WE WISH TO SEE."

This flaming postcript meets our indorsement, apart from its connection. No Freemason has ever proposed or desired to make Freemasonry a church, or a component part of any church. The editor simply means, then, that Freemasons shall not participate in his "Christian Union;" that the sainted Milnor, who was one of the founders of the American Bible Society and of the American Tract Society, and continuing in their efficient management till his death, and who verified and gave currency to the facts of the Dairyman's Daughter; and that the beloved Bishops White, Griswold, Otey, Hedding, and George, and thousands of other similar spirits in all the churches long ago passed to the "celestial union," could not have participated in "his Christian Union"—that Dr. Tyng and his son Stephen, and Drs. Ewer and Weston, and thousands of the best Methodists, Baptists, Presbyterians and Episcopalians of this country, both laymen and clergymen, could not be admitted to his Christian Union. Freemasonry will yet teach thee, my brother, more catholic views.

2. We join with our brother in condemning the banner in the procession, but on different grounds. The correspondent referred to, not being a Freemason, was imposed upon. The banner was not a representation of *Deity*, but of one of the founders of the institution. We condemn the banner, because it was not executed in the best taste.

3. The correspondent, not being a Freemason, again erred in supposing that either Freemasonry or Christianity gains any thing by these showy pageants. We here agree with "*The Church Union.*" We prefer that Freemasonry which is quiet and undemonstrative, which bears fruit in conformity to its great principles, and we prefer that Christianity which unostentatiously bears fruit unto holiness.

4. We have frequently and fully replied to the attacks upon the institution as drawn from the Morgan affair. We have demonstrated that the misguided men who early participated in this affair were not generally Freemasons; that those who did participate suffered a severe punishment; that Morgan was not murdered; that he participated with others in playing a part; that indubitable proof is extant of his having gone to a foreign land. We have showed that no Masonic body ever sanctioned what was done, directly or indirectly; that Masonic officers and a Masonic Governor were the most energetic in bringing to punishment the guilty; and that if Masons had murdered him, and some Masonic bodies had wickedly sanctioned it, that this would no more be to the discredit of Freemasonry than it is to the discredit of Christianity that a clergyman in the East committed murder and his religious body defrayed the expenses of his trial and rallied to his support, or that the flames of the Inquisition, under the control of a corrupt church, have enveloped tens of thousands of pious victims.

5. The Masonic institution is the "FIRST OF HUMAN INSTITUTIONS;" first in antiquity; first in in its comprehensiveness, extending over all the world; first in its catholicity, embracing persons of every shade of religious and political opinions; first in that charity that suffereth long and is kind.

"*The Church Union*" may sneer at the claim of Freemasonry to antiquity; but great minds like Bacon, in his day, or De Quincey in his, bore themselves differently amid the mass of facts. De Quincey, although not a Freemason, traced the institution to the time of Christ.

But it pertains not to Freemasons to establish its antiquity. The "burden of proof" rests upon our opponents. It is for them to show when and where Freemasonry originated.

Yet, if Freemasonry were the creature of yesterday, we say the world needs it.

6. The slur that the "*Protestant Churchman*" is governed by mercenary considerations will meet but with contempt among those who know the unselfish sacrifice for every good work of the editor who penned the article that has given offense to the editor of "*The Church Union.*" Shall we put a few plain questions to our brother in this connection? Are we rightly informed? Did "*The Church Union*" or not refuse to print advertisements, at first, on the ground that it could not descend to so mercenary a condition? Did it or not subsequently aver that in publishing them they could not so far degrade their high mission as to intersperse them in their reading matter? What is the fact now?

Did "*The Church Union*" or not ask the *Boston Investigator*, the organ of infidelity, to advertise it? Did it or not consent to an exchange of advertisements? We do not object, only from the standpoint of "*The Church Union.*" But what do our readers think when "*The Church Union*" castigates the "*Protestant Churchman*" for publishing an advertisement of a Masonic paper, and yet "*The Church Union*" consents to an exchange of advertisements with the infidel organ of the country?

7. Might not the "*Protestant Churchman*" respond to the last paragraph from "*The Church Union,*" and say, in the language of the "*Union:*" "We hope it ('*The Church Union*') will not again turn aside * * * to recommend what thousands of those you esteem believe at war with patriotism, morality and religion, by exchanging of advertisements?"

May T.·. G.·. A.·. O.·. T.·. U.·. send upon "*The Church Union*" a spirit of enlarged wisdom, justice and charity.

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There appears to be more than ordinary agitation of the Masonic question in the religious world. The *United Brethren* (these are not the *Moravians*) are a body of sincere Christians, chiefly found in the West, whose views and organization are similar to those of our Methodist brethren. Their churches are generally found in the Western German settlements. Their General Conference inserted in their *Discipline* a rule against secret societies, making it a test of membership. Intelligence and an improved conception of Christian principle, the mission of the church and the real character of Freemasonry, are doing their work.

The Sandusky (Ohio) Conference at its late session passed the following resolution:

> "Believing that our present rule of discipline on secret societies as a test of membership in the church of Christ is unwarranted by the word of God, detrimental to our prosperity as a church, and renders us necessarily inconsistent in our theory and practice; therefore,
>
> "*Resolved*, That while we conform to its demands, so long as it is the law of the Church, we earnestly pray the coming General Conference to so modify said rule as to make it advisory instead of penal."

The Pan-Anglican Synod

commenced this week at the Archiepiscopal Palace, Lambeth, England. No reporters of the press are permitted to be present, and no daily record of the proceedings will be published.

Yet this church gathering is not called a secret association. The Grand Lodge of New York permitted all its proceedings faithfully and minutely to be published in the daily papers of this city, and yet the Masonic is a secret society, which must be condemned by some religious bodies.

It does Move.

It seems strange, but we have every year about harvest time a crop of aspen leaves in one shape or other. This time it is manifested in argument against letting the people know any thing about the existence, progress or purposes of the Masonic institution, and in a desire to wrap it up in such impenetrable secrecy that Egyptian darkness were light itself in comparison. The brethren who favor this exclusiveness tell us that we are running away from the counsels of the fathers, introducing innovation, taking the public into Masonry, and generally raising hob with the straight laced, three-cornered notions of the last century. These knights of the aspen leaf are particularly anxious that it should be understood that Masonry neither courts popular favor nor fears public aversion, and they positively seem to think that, like bears in winter-time, Masonry can live by sucking its own paws and in despite of all extraneous influences.

We endeavor to respect the convictions of our neighbors, and are always willing to accord them the merit of sincerity; but, in this case, we fail to sympathize in the idea sought to be inculcated or to appreciate the fears expressed for the welfare of the institution. These timid philosophers remind us of those who refused to believe in the earth's motion, and insisted upon the recantation of Galileo's heresy; and of those who, when it was announced that Jupiter had satellites revolving around him, refused to look through the telescope lest they might be convinced against their wills; but the world does move for all that, and Jupiter has moons in spite of the unbelievers.

There was a time when it was proper to conceal from the public gaze the transactions, nay, as far as possible, the very existence of our craft; but those were days of ignorance, superstition and darkness, when might was right, and the strong arm, sweeping away all opposition, forced every heart to beat to the time it marked; when men were afraid to assume custody of their own souls, and had no opinions but such as were prepared for them. The seed was in the ground, but the tender germ had to be carefully nurtured into strength sufficient to bear the adverse blasts sure to be directed against it whenever its existence should be publicly known. If the world were in the same condition to-day as it was then, the same caution would apply, and we should be justified in leaving the world to guess at our tenets and agonize over our designs. Obedient to the immutable law of God, however, the world has moved, and men no longer fear to convince themselves of the truth or falsity of any doctrine, or to scrutinize the pretensions of any association of men. Time was when a papal bull would dethrone a king, and bring a nation to its knees; and now, should the Holy Father attempt such an edict, the pettiest despot would laugh him to scorn, and even the common herd question the right of the heavenly vicegerent to interfere with their business or political relations. Time was when men stood up before the people and cavalierly sent their fellows to the endless torment of a bottomless pit, and pointed their discourses with cheerfel descriptions of little children writhing in brimstone. Public opinion has outgrown this pleasant dogma, and if there be any who still entertain it, they hesitate to offend the general reverence for the Creator by announcing it. Clearly the world moves, and *we move with it.* We need not, and we could not if we would, preserve any greater degree of secrecy than is necessary to transact our legitimate business apart from the intermeddling of the profane. On the contrary, it is to our highest and best interest that our friends and neaghbors should know by authority that we are not banded together for purposes of evil, or even for any purpose that we cannot cheerfully and fully proclaim, and hence it is our duty and our interest to speak for ourselves, and forestall the attempts of those who will persist in making us the exponents of doctrines we have never held, and the demonstrators of practices we have never known. We should point in vain to the illustrious names of the past and the present connected with the craft, if we were obliged to conceal the principles to which they were and are committed by membership with us. We should still be in the slough where the persecutions of 1826 left us, had we observed the plan of cautious reticence now urged, and failed to take advantage of the press and the forum to convince our fellow-citizens that we seek only to unite good men for a good purpose, and that every well conducted Lodge offers a safeguard and security for a more exalted tone of social intercourse, a greater attraction to virtue's side, and a greater aversion to vice and its degradations.

If, at this late day, any one supposes that Masonry exists for itself alone, that it has no relation to or care for the general welfare, then they need spectacles with a longer focus than those they are now using. As the tree is known by its fruit, so associations are judged by their acts, their membership, and their doctrines. Lock these up in a vault, place a guard outside to keep off the prying eyes and inquisitive tongues of the profane, and Masonry would die. Like an animated being, it must have air and sunshine to live and flourish.

We believe religiously, and declare it without hesitation, that we not only need public approval, but that we cannot continue our existence without it. So long as the public are convinced that the Masonic society is a good one, that the majority of its members are earnest, honest men, that the doctrines they teach, the ends they pursue are laudable, public favor will be with us, and we shall continue to flourish, and inversely, it will be withdrawn and we die. Public opinion is the lever which moves the world; it makes and unmakes governments and societies, and woe be to those who set it at defiance.

For our own part, we have always regarded the institution of Freemasonry as an instrumentality divinely permitted to aid mankind in solving the problem of existence, as a means whereby we can work out our own destiny and reach that higher and better level from whence we may at once look back on the follies and shortcomings of the past, and forward to that more perfect state when the Scriptures shall be fulfilled and the labors of this existence cease. We believe that all the good men ought to be Masons, and though we are as much opposed to proselyting as any one, and would neither tap the drum ourselves nor allow another to do so, if in our power to prevent it, still we do believe that we ought not to be ashamed of our profession nor shrink from giving the world to know what it is we desire to accomplish and why we cling to the work.

Acting on this opinion, we have frequently addressed miscellaneous audiences, but never without the kindest attention to our words, and always, as we verily believe, with an effect redounding to the benefit of the craft.

We cannot speak for other latitudes, but in this we know that the announcement of a Masonic entertainment will always draw a large and attentive audience, and we insist upon it that in gratifying their desire for knowledge we are strengthening our position and making secure our future. Our wives and children, our neighbors and friends see at these gatherings what manner of men we are and learn what it is we do, and they go away satisfied that we are engaged in a good work, and ought to be encouraged. To the friends thus raised up we can commit our defense against the diatribes of the "Watchman" and the "Banner," the synods and conventicles which are continually misrepresenting us, proclaiming us atheists, infidels and what not. We care very little for the good or bad opinion of bigots who suppress the true and assert the false to make an argument against us; but we care a great deal for the good opinion of the community in which we live, and for the good name we have labored to create in preference to worldly wealth or honor. The Masonry we love and uphold we can conscientiously ask them to approve; we are proud to let the broadest sunlight rest upon it, and let it stand or fall as good men shall approve. Thus treated it has flourished as never earthly institution flourished before, and, for one, we will never consent to deprive it of the sustaining power of popular appreciation.

The Sign of the Cross—Its Masonic Use—Symbols of Various Rites—Of Templar Interest—Its Varieties—The Cross Constantine Saw.

The cross was the mode of punishment which had always prevailed in the world, and had its origin in that primeval state of society when the trunk and the branch of a tree were the only instruments of the public executioner.

Two thousand citizens of Tyre were crucified by Alexander the Macedonian, when he carried that city by storm.

In the domestic wars of the Jews, 86 years before the advent of Christ, 800 men, who had fallen prisoners into the hands of Alexander Janneus, were crucified in Jerusalem in one day by his order.

The Jews, after the death of Herod, made an effort to throw off the Roman yoke. Varus, the President of Syria, after he had quelled the insurrection, crucified 2,000 Jews!

The prophet Ezekiel mentions the cross as a symbol of life. *Thov*, the last letter in the ancient Hebrew alphabet, as employed in Ezekiel's day, is a plain cross, or X. The mark to be inscribed by the prophet in passing through Jerusalem upon the foreheads was the *Thov* (or X). Those bearing this mark were exempt from being smitten. Hence the *Thov* or cross was the *symbol of life*.

According to ancient tradition, Oliver says the Temple of Solomon had three foundations, the first of which contained seventy stones, five rows from north to south, and fourteen in each row running from east to west. The centre row corresponded with the upright of a cross whose transverse was formed by two stones on each side of the eleventh stone from the east end of the centre row of which the upright is formed, and the fourth stone from the west end of it. This stone, which hence occupies the place of the crossing of the beams, was under the centre of the S. S., where was deposited the Ark of the Covenant and Shekinah. This design contained an evident reference to the cross of Christ, and was so placed that the part where the heart of Christ would be at the time of His crucifixion was under the centre of the S. S.

The Tau is the plain Cruxansata, or small cross, with a round or oval-shaped handle at the top of it, by which the deity, whoever he may be, holds it in his hand. In the sculptured caves of Hindostan, the figure of the Tau has been discovered; and in the caves of Ajunta, about 200 miles to the northeast of Bombay, there is the sculptured head of a person, with a richly ornamented crown, surmounted by several small crosses. Mr. Layard remarks that the emblems on the sculptured figures of the kingly priests of Nineveh and the ancient cities of Assyria, are precisely similar, with the exception of the horned cap, to the symbols found on the sacred monuments of India.

Whatever opinions may be entertained of the origin and nature of the Egyptian cross, there can be no doubt of its striking resemblance to the Christian figure, and of its significance; for the early Christians of Egypt actually adopted the Tau, or Cruxansata, until it was supplanted by the cross in later ages. On this very interesting subject, we will quote the words of Sir J. G. Wilkinson, in his learned work on the Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians. Writing of the Tau, he says:

> "A still more curious fact may be mentioned respecting this hieroglyphical character, that the early Christians of Egypt adopted it in lieu of the cross, which was afterwards substituted for it, prefixing it to inscriptions in the same manner as the cross in later times. For though Dr. Young had some scruples in believing the statement of Sir. A. Edmondstone, that it holds this position in the sepulchres of the great Oasis, I can attest that such is the case, and that numerous inscriptions, headed by the Tau, are preserved to the present day on early Christian monuments.
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> The figure of the cross, to the great surprise of the Spaniards, was also found in various parts of Central America, more particularly on the sculptured walls of a temple in the ancient ruined city of Palenque. The architecture, with its sculptures of men and animals, and hieroglyphics on the temples and palaces of the ruined cities of Central America and Yucatan, are generally of the style of Egypt and Central Asia. There is, however, a remarkable difference between the Ancient Egyptian and Asiatic crosses as they are sculptured on ruined buildings, and the crosses discovered in America. The former are of an antiquity vastly anterior to the Christian era. The crosses of the Central Americans are of a more interesting and mysterious character, as there were in the traditions circumstances having allusion to the Saviour who suffered on the cross.
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> When the Spaniards arrived among the Mexicans and Peruvians, they found the chronology comparatively modern, and almost all the traditions were within the Christian era. Without any direct historical evidence on the subject, there was such a convergence of myths and traditions, and such a remarkable similiarity of religious rites and moral precepts among the different tribes and peoples of America, from Mexico to Peru, as to leave a strong probability that the inhabitants had heard the glad tidings of salvation by a crucified Saviour; and there is very little doubt that that mysterious person, Quetzalcoatl, the Mexican deity, was identified with the Son of God. The meanings of the various names given to him, the incidents of his history, his attributes, his character, and his expected reappearance, have a striking resemblance to Christ the Saviour. It is well established by the historical evidence of the Spanish writers, at the time of the invasion and plunder of Mexico by Cortes, that the Mexicans expected the advent of an extraordinary stranger from the eastward over the ocean, and when the Mexican messengers arrived in the settlement since called *True Cross*, they actually prostrated themselves before Cortes on board of his vessel, and paid him divine honors in an address in the following words:
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> 'O God, our Lord, we welcome your arrival, since we who are your vassals and servants, have *long expected you*. Montezuma, your vassal, and the *regent* of your kingdom, has dispatched us to your presence, that we may salute you in his name; and he beseeches you to accept this meagre present, these precious ornaments which you were accustomed to wear when you were amongst us in the character of our King and God.'
>
> One cause, and the principal one, of the want of the authentic history of the Mexican race, was the deliberate destruction, by the Spanish priests and monks, of manuscripts and hyeroglyphical paintings of that people. A similar tradition and expectation prevailed among the Peruvians when the Spaniards appeared."

* * * * * *

While the mystic cross is attached to the primitive culture of Freemasonry, forming a symbolic part of this sublime institution, and a part of the secret teaching of the chapter, embracing all the secret members, and being the base of geometry, and is not inappropriate as a Masonic emblem, yet, as the cross is now become peculiarly Templar, it may be best to lay aside its Masonic use.

The form of the cross was also used as a heathen symbol before the period of Christianity. It is found on Egyptian coins of the Ptolemies or the Gallic coins and vases of Golassecca, and on Indian as well as on Egyptian monuments. On the taking of the Temple of Serapis, at Alexandria, by Theodosius, in 395, the existence of this sign on various portions was pleaded by the Egyptian priests as an argument against the destruction of the edifice.

In Egypt, a cross was the form of the Nileometer, and justly regarded as the sign of salvation, when the waters of that river reached its cross-piece and indicated the overflow of the valley and a consequent prolific harvest. The priests of Mithra, the sun god of Persia, made the sign of the cross on the forehead of every one initiated into his mysteries, and under this form, surmounted by the head of a venerable man, they made visible representations of the deity.

The cross was of universal symbolic importance, not from habit or convenience, but from a more rational foundation. This simple intersection of two pieces of wood at right angles denotes the course of the sun, the progress of the seasons, the points of the compass; hence by fixing popular attention to the great phenomena of nature the cross passed into a religious emblem.

The horizontal bar designates the equator, the vertical one the meridian, the extremities can be located the cardinal points of the compass, moreover the vernal and autumnal equinoctes occur at the ends of the equator line, and the summer and winter solstices at those of the meridian. By analogy, we conjoin to spring, youth and morning; to summer, manhood and noonday; to autumn, old age and evening; to winter, death and midnight.

While as a heathen emblem it had various and heterogeneous meanings, among them may be observed that of immortality.

(To be continued.)

Answers to Correspondents.

IN THE ORDER OF ST. JOHN—in the 6th Langue—the first class is divided into *Equites Justitiæ* and *Equites Gratiæ;* the former admissible only by proving four quarterings of arms, the latter by the production of testimonials of merit. The second class, the clergy, are eligible *virtute officii.* The third class, the serjens, are not required to submit proofs of gentility by descent, but they have only a consultative voice in the proceedings of the general body.

The Knights wear a black robe, on which is embroidered the sacred emblem of the Order, also a cap dignity, on the front of which is a Maltese cross. The other insignia are a star—which is worn on the left breast, in the form of a cross patée, having eight points, symbolical of the eight beatitudes, and the eight languages which composed the Order—and a badge formed of a white enameled cross, having the angles charged with the supporters or principal device of the British monarchy. The serjens wear a demi-badge, their cross having only six points.

Under the auspices of the distinguished noblemen who now preside over the English Hospitallers, the accomplishment of various beneficent projects at present in contemplation may be confidently expected, and it is not too much to express the hope that, by deeds of charity, by the exercise of a discriminative Christian benevolence, they may lay the foundation of as lofty and imperishable a renown as their illustrious predecessors. The revival of such excellent institutions is an honor to our age; and long may the hallowed standard of St. John be revered as the symbol of an Order at once so venerable and so identified with the best and kindliest feelings of mankind.

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1694.—King William and Queen Mary dined in great form at that magnificent room called the Small Armory, in the tower of London, having all the warrant workmen to attend them, dressed in white aprons and gloves, the badges of the Order.

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OHIO.—The poetry going the rounds of the press, "Discharge the craft, O Master," is original to the NATIONAL FREEMASON. Its author is an esteemed brother of Westminster, Md.

What is a Mason?

Under this caption our friend Gouley pitches into the crowd of jackanapes, ourself included, who venture to edit Masonic journals, and insists that they shall go through a course of logic in order to get up to his standard of comprehension of the law of Masonry. We have been in the habit of regarding Masonic law as very hard fact, and have not practiced the art of casting "the plummet of Masonic logic," for the reason that when that operation comes to be of general acceptation there will be no law at all; we shall then have left terra firma and have sailed out on the sea of fancy, where the man who has the heaviest plummet will be able to make the biggest splurge. Bro. Gouley says that we have never answered his question, "What is a Lodge?" and yet in his present issue he quotes a whole column from various authors to show exactly what we claimed, namely, that originally there was but one degree, and that the possessors of it having all that the Lodge could give, were necessarily in full membership. We showed, too, and we challenge him or any one else, that, at this very moment, a majority of all the Lodges in the world outside of the United States are composed of Entered Apprentices! He may get astride his logical plummet and declare that, according to the law of Missouri, they are not Masons at all, and hence logically deduce that there are no Lodges in the world; but the fact will remain, nevertheless. We showed, too, that so late as 1860 there were Lodges in this jurisdiction dating their existence back to the earlier years of Masonry in this country, which had always worked in the first degree; that is to say, had transacted all their business in Lodges of Entered Apprentices, and only incidentally opened on the others for the occasional purpose of conferring the remaining degrees as rewards of merit. Looking through his logical spectacles, will he declare that there were no Lodges?

Reasoning from a similar standpoint, he now declares that an Entered Apprentice is no Mason, but merely a germ which, in due time and with careful nursing, may grow into one. We do not say that an Entered Apprentice is a Master Mason, but we do say that he is a Mason, a part of the craft universal, and we insist that all the logic in the world will not unmake him. We say that a profane can only be made a Mason in a Lodge of Entered Apprentices, and if the Lodge is not a legal Lodge, then the profane is not lawfully made, and cannot be acknowledged when he applies for advancement. The fact is that our ardent friend has got hold of the wrong end of the string. The true theory is that "Initiation makes a man a Mason," and that he is made a fellow of the craft and raised to the degree of Master Mason as rewards for his skill, industry and perseverance as an Entered Apprentice.

Touching the physical qualifications of Fellow-Crafts and Master Masons, we stand on the old charges. They refer distinctly to Entered Apprentices, and say not a word about Fellow-Crafts or Master Masons. The reason is simple, and Bro. G. himself admits it, that, in those days, the Lodges conferred but one degree. How, then, could a regulation be framed to meet a case which did not exist? Missouri may make a special regulation requiring physical perfection in all the degrees, but Masonic law has never required it, and Masonic logic has no rights in the matter.

Massimo Taparelli d'Azeglio.

Massimo Taparelli ,d'Azeglio, in his autobiography, writes:

"I am under the ban of the court for too great sincerity; under the ban of the Catholic party for treason against the Papal Government; UNDER THE BAN OF THE FREEMASONS *as an opponent of the* plan for having Rome as our capital; under the ban of the sects and the reds for having told them too hard truths."

A sentence like the foregoing from the great work of a profane and eminent statesman lets in a flood of light. It shows the position of Italian Freemasons from an Italian and external stand-point. It shows that Freemasonry must be considered and respected, even in Italy, where the Vatican is ever thundering against the fraternity, and Lent is occupied in vain denunciations of Freemasonry by popular ecclesiastics.

There is a mistake, however, in the implication that Italian Freemasonry is organized in favor of any specific political or civil movement. Even *beneath the shadow* of St. Peter's, under the strongest temptation, Freemasonry has preserved its integrity and its policy, seeking to be an all-pervading and permeating influence, but not an organized power to effect a specific result, realizing that her mission is not merely to one people, or for one purpose or for one age—but that it is for all times and places, and for all good and against all evil, and that, organizing for a specific purpose, she may effect it, but thus effecting it becomes a modern society in instinct and conduct and speedily dies. It is true that some Subordinate Lodges in Italy did become centres for the civil unification of Italy, with Rome for the capital, and did protest against religious and political intolerance; but their functions were suspended and only restored upon promise of exclusion of all such topics from their meetings.

Personally we rejoice that the Freemasons of Italy, as citizens and individuals, are the foes of religious and political tyranny and oppression, and we would rejoice at the unification of Italy, with Rome for its grand capital. We sympathize with Italian patriots, and would be untrue to Masonic teachings in favoring any measure or social condition inimical to popular, religious and civil liberty. Yet we and they act as individuals.

Massimo d'Azeglio is, therefore, mistaken in predicating organic or individual Masonic action in Italy; but we presume all Italians who are Freemasons are on the side of religious toleration and personal liberty. We hope so. * * * * *

D'Azeglio was a soldier, artist, diplomatist, novelist and statesman. Born in the highest social circle, and taught by a Masonic teacher, he mingled by choice and profession with all classes, and exercised great influence upon the destinies of Italy. He was born at Turin, Oct. 24, 1798.

The following is an incident of his childhood:

"I had gathered an enormous bunch of wild broom and other flowers, and I was also carrying a stick in my hand, when somehow I became entangled, and fell heavily. My father hurried to lift me up again, examined me to see where I was hurt, and observing that I complained much of one arm, he laid it bare, and found that it deviated decidedly from the straight line; in fact, I had broken the ulma, the large bone of the arm.

"I, who was gazing fixedly into his face, saw his countenance change, and assume an expression of such keen and tender solicitude, that he scarce seemed to me like the same man. He fastened my arm to my neck as well as he could, and we again set out homeward. After a few moments had passed, during which he had had time to regain his usual nature, he said to me, 'Listen, Mammolino, your mother is not strong. If she were to see how you have hurt yourself, it might make her very ill. You must be brave, my child. To-morrow we will go to Florence, and do all that can be done for you; but this evening you must not let her see that any thing is wrong with you. Do you understand?'

"All this he said to me with his usual firmness, but with the greatest affection; and as for me, I did not feel that I had any very important or difficult affair to manage; in fact, I kept in a corner all that evening, holding up my broken arm as well as I could, my mother thinking I was tired after my long walk, and perceiving nothing more.

"Next day I was taken to Florence, and my arm was duly set. But its cure had to be completed by the muddy waters of Vinadio, some years later.

"Does any one think this proceeding of my father's a harsh one? I can recall that incident as if it had happened yesterday, and I well remember that it never entered into my head for an instant to think him harsh or unkind. I was, on the contrary, so happy at the unspeakable tenderness I had seen in his face, and also I felt it so reasonable not to alarm my mother, that I regarded the difficult command rather as an excellent opportunity of doing myself credit.

"And that, because I had not been spoiled, but had had some good foundations laid in my heart. And now that I am old, and have seen the world, I bless my father's stern firmness; and I would that all Italian children possessed a parent like him, and would profit more by it than I did; within thirty years Italy would be the first of nations!"

He fought and was wounded at Novara, and from 1849 to 1852 was chief minister to Victor Emanuel, until Cavour became chief counselor, whom he cordially supported. He was the friend of Garibaldi and Pope Pius IX. also — sufficiently reformatory, liberal and Masonic to love and esteem the former, and sufficiently a Roman Catholic to not become the foe of the latter, and yet lamented certain manifestations in both. D'Azeglio could not be a generous and consistent Freemason. He was not fitted to be a citizen of the world. *Italia* was *his* heroine.

In its proper column, that of jurisprudence, a very learned and official brother of another jurisdiction objects to a decision of the Grand Master of Vermont.

A Chinese Ambassador is reported to have said: "I have seen every thing in Paris, even to the school and the barracks; but I wonder why the *schools are so small and the barracks are so large!*"

At Wholesale.

It would be difficult to find a published address or report made within the last ten years in which there is not a reference to the surprising increase of the fraternity and a kindly admonition to greater caution in our proceedings. There seems to be a prevailing impression, similar to that entertained by timid people when riding after a locomotive at a high rate of speed, that a disaster must ensue. We are not prepared to say that an accident may not happen, but we think that what is needed is not so much to diminish the rate of speed as to be certain that the running gear is all in good order, that we have careful engineers, and that the stokers do not use camphene instead of coal. Given good men, and for the life of us we cannot see why the number presented should be a source of trepidation. We do not suppose that it is, but rather that in the haste to build up Lodges no sufficient scrutiny is had as to the character and antecedents of candidates. In this respect there certainly cannot be too great a degree of caution. In it we cannot safely do business by wholesale without imminent danger to the stability of Lodges indulging in the practice. There are other wholesale practices obtaining in Lodges which might well be amended, as, for instance, rushing the extreme number allowed by the regulations through the degress pell-mell, simply because there is so much work offering that the practice must be countenanced to enable the Lodge to keep up to its business; and again, the announcement so frequently made, six brethren vouched for, and forthwith they enter without further question or ceremony. In the case of members of the particular Lodge this will do well enough, but visitors should be announced and admitted separately, for reasons obvious enough to those who will give the subject a moment's reflection.

Passing Away.

My Dear Doctor:—Within a few days I have seen in your columns and in the secular press such death notices as these:

Ex-Governor Brown, of Florida, died at Tallahassee, August 24, 1867, in his eighty-fourth year. He was buried with Masonic honors, having been a member of the order for 63 years.

It is now about ten years that I enjoyed a week's stay at Tallahassee, during which I was much of the time in the company of this venerable and excellent man. He wrote one of the clearest and most comprehensive reports upon Foreign Correspondence I ever read. Bro. Brown was greatly devoted to Freemasonry, and in his old age, his family being much reduced by the inexorable destroyer, he spent a considerable portion of time in its study and pursuits.

[Portrait and Biography of our late Bro. Brown next week.—R. McM.]

George C. Whiting, Grand Master of District Columbia.

In the spring of 1858 I had some delightful hours in company with Bro. Whiting. He was a model of geniality, a perfect gentleman and a splendid business man.

Mr. W. Owens, Jr., died at his residence, near the Fair Grounds, Louisville, Ky., August 24. He had been afflicted with acute neuralgia for ten or twelve years. During the past six months the disease assumed a more aggravated form and confined the sufferer to his bead until death came to his relief. Mr. Owens was, in many respects, an extraordinary man. He was noted for his pleasing social qualities, his beneficence of heart, his sagacity as a merchant; but he was especially distinguished in the opinion of those who knew him for his great ability as a financier. In this regard he is said to have had no equal. No man in this community, indeed, more fully enjoyed the respect and confidence of his fellows. In his demise the public sustains an irreparable loss.

To all this I can fully testify. Bro. Owens was for many years cashier of the bank at Hickman, Ky. Those of your readers who were present at the great celebration near Hickman, June, 1856, will recall his hospitality and charming manners.

Wm. C Stearns.—July 3, 1846, I was raised to the Sublime Degree The next day I took part in laying the corner-stone of the University of Mississippi at the same place (Oxford), while Wm. C. Stearns delivered the address, a brilliant effusion, indeed. Recently he opened a law office in Chicago, Illinois. A few days ago, among strangers, at Winona, Minnesota, poor Stearns committed suicide.

And so they die. Which of us, my dear Doctor, will be called to go next?

Faithfully yours, M.

Sept. 16, 1867.

Masonic Visitation to the Holy Land.

We cheerfully publish the following, and can be drawn upon in any reasonable way to aid this mission, for which Bro. Morris is pre-eminently qualified. More again.

National Freemason :

Dear Brother: Being about to embark upon a visit to the Holy Land, one long contemplated, and whose single object is *the acquisition of Masonic light*, I would draw upon the kindness of your readers for practical suggestions of the most available points of exploration, and the best subjects and methods of research in that interesting and original field. The fact that no Freemason has ever visited the sacred localities *as a Freemason*, gives this proposition a special claim, I conceive, upon the good will and assistance of every brother. I feel confident of the approbation of the great Masonic and family paper, the National Freemason.

My plan of visitation, so far as Europe and Egypt are concerned, is a great deal circumscribed by the scarcity of time and funds. I only propose a hasty call at one or more leading centres of Freemasonry in England, Scotland, Ireland, France, Holland, Prussia, Italy, Switzerland and Sweden; a few days at Malta, the same at Rhodes, Smyrna and Constantinople, to visit the Lodges there, and a rapid transit through Egypt to Mount Sinai. These being done, the bulk of my time will be appropriated to *the mother land of Freemasonry*, Palestine.

The following extracts from my programme afford a fair synopsis of the entire pilgrimage. The general idea is, as will be seen, to commence with the native country of Hiram, and follow the temple-builders to Jerusalem.

1. *The Birthplace of the Original Freemasons.*—Our ancient and primitive brethren, the builders of the Temples of Solomon and Zerubbabel, were natives of *Phœnicia*, that narrow plain on the Mediterranean coast of which Sidon and Tyre were the principal cities. To begin, therefore, with the beginning, I shall make my first landing at Beyroot, on the northern frontier of ancient Phœnicia, and open my investigations there. The coins, the rock-inscriptions, the remarkable tombs, the manners and customs of the natives (which have come down unchanged from the remotest antiquity), and the natural features of the country itself, once the mother of nations, and the world's teacher and ruler in commerce, architecture, letters and the liberal arts and sciences, these will form the initial pages in my researches, and from the ancient homes of the "Gibbites," the "Stone-squarers," "Hiram's Men," the first Freemasons, our immortal exemplars in moral truth, I will set out to follow their footsteps even to Joppa and Jerusalem. While in Phœnicia I will collect specimens, relics, coins, views of all historical places and objects illustrating the subject, with which my mind will be occupied.

2. *Mount Lebanon, the Habitat of the Cedars.*—The early Freemasons procured all the cedar, the principal wood used in the temple and palaces of Solomon (and afterwards of Zerubbabel and Herod), from the mountain ranges, 6,000 feet above the sea, that overhang the plain of Phœnicia upon the east. Therefore my next movements will be to the head of the Valley of Kadeesha, to that recess in the central ridge of Lebanon where a grove, containing the only remaining specimens of the once boundless cedar forests is found. Amongst those giants of antiquity, some of them, it may be, coeval with the times of Solomon and even Abraham, I shall seek for Masonic light. Their height, girth, fruit and foliage, the hardness, grain, color and odor of their wood, &c., &c., will form themes of inquiry, and I shall secure specimens of wood, root, fruit and foliage, together with views of the trees themselves, and the sublime scenery amongst which they grow. This is the second chapter of my exploration.

3. *Inlets where the Rafts were Made.*—Our skillful Gibbites, having selected and felled the choicest trees and lowered them down the mountainous declivities by a mechanism whose secret is lost to us, collected them together at the harbors and inlets of their coast, and made them up into floats or rafts for shipment. Following their steps I shall come down again into the plain and search the Phœnician coast from the river Litany northward, to identify, if it may be done, those inlets whence the rafts were launched upon the great sea. Drawings and views of the whole coast will be made. This is the third chapter of my labors.

4. *Rafting from Phœnicia to Joppa.*—The amphibious craftsmen of Hiram (equally expert upon sea and land, with axe or oar, upon wall or mast), rafted their precious beams seventy-five miles southward, by an inhospitable coast to the port of Joppa. I shall follow them upon that sea line, careful to observe all sandbars, reefs and breakers which multiplied the perils of the way, and to mark well the coves, headlands, towers and historical objects that render this coast so famous both in Bible and mediæval story. Drawings and views of these objects will be made. This is the fourth chapter in the pilgrimage.

5. *Landing at Joppa.*—The immortal originals of our institution debarked their valuable freightage at the harbor of Joppa, raising the ponderous timbers to the top of the hill by machinery of which our traditions present no traces. At that same far-famed landing-place, I will first tread the holy soil, and from every possible point of view will sketch the hill and the harbor, places so familiar to the student of Freemasonry. And from the sea that murmurs at the base of the hill I will gather of those shells once constituting the most coveted emblem of a Christian pilgrim. This is the fifth chapter in my pursuit.

6. *Land carriage, Joppa to Jerusalem.*—Our indefatigable exemplars now bore the ponderous timbers across the plain of Joppa and into the hilly country, 2,600 feet above the sea level, to Jerusalsm. By that route I will follow them, looking steadily for their footprints and handmarks, observant of the landmarks of the way, and choosing out of the many defiles that lead into the hills the one most likely to have been turnpiked by the skillful craftsmen for their seven years' use. Drawings and sketches, measurements and specimens shall be collected to shed their various light upon this part of my work. This is the sixth chapter in my efforts.

7. *Site of the Temple of Solomon.*—Our operative brethren, 28 centuries ago, erected upon Mount Moriah an edifice which was long the wonder and envy of the world. All parts of this immortal structure were divinely directed. Every object, from the lowest block in the foundation to the highest upon the walls, was made a landmark in our system of speculative Masonry. The mountain itself was esteemed holy. The theory of the Temple sacrifices is embodied in our most solemn engagements; its form and situation, its furniture and ornaments are perpetuated upon our trestle-board. Therefore a large part of my business will be in and about Mount Moriah, the site of the ancient Temple. To explore the mountain itself, its platform, vaults, substructures, and ancient remains will be a prominent care. The venerable ashlars yet remaining as relics of the days of Solomon and Hiram shall be inspected with assiduous attention, and ample sketches and specimens gathered to enlighten the whole. And so will close the seventh chapter of my mission.

8. *Quarries of Hiram.*—The artists of Hiram drew the marble of which the walls and foundations of the Temple were constructed from an immense quarry still accessible in the northern quarter of Jerusalem. That quarry will form an interesting place of research. I will survey it and explore it as thoroughly as may be. Ample specimens of the stone that once filled this vast cavity shall be collected. This will prove the eighth chapter of my work.

9. *Remains of the Speculative Temple.*—The Temple-builders of Solomon, 183,300 in number, Phœnicians and Israelites, composed *the great moral quarry* from whence our Royal Grand Master drew the ashlars for that speculative or moral temple which we term Freemasonry. To those men (carefully chosen, obligated, enlightened, clothed and wrought together into a spiritual edifice) he imparted rules, landmarks, usages, symbolisms, and an ingenious esotery, which he ordained to be perpetual to the end of time. Therefore it is demanded that I should search out amongst the customs and languages of the natives (customs and languages as unchangeable as the very stars in their courses), and amongst the architectural remains of that country, for the existing traces, if any, of *Solomon's moral temple.* And this, I apprehend, will prove the richest field in my researches.

10. *Successors of Solomon's Builders.*—It is incredible that the great fraternity upon whose institution so much wisdom was expended, and into whose landmarks so much morality was wrought, has perished out of this Eastern world. Considering how fixed and unchangeable are Oriental habitudes and customs of thought, we must believe that Freemasonry survives there in some form or other. All those questions, therefore, that connect the Kassideans of the Maccabees, the Essenes of Herod, the Knights Templar of the Crusades, &c., with the Masonic succession, will

be examined in the light of the Holy Writings turned upon the localities of the Bible.

11. *Miscellaneous Themes.*—All those matters connected with the food supply, water supply, clothing supply, and interment of the temple-builders, matters which affected the mightiest undertakings of King Solomon as they affect the pettiest operations of men at the present day, will afford me themes of research all the way from Tyre to Jerusalem.

12. *Modern Societies quasi-Masonic.*—The existence of numerous modern societies in this country, quasi-Masonic (chapters, councils, commanderies, consistories, and the like), will afford me multiplied subjects of exploration. For each of them (Mark Master, Royal Arch, Select Master, Knight Templar, High Priest, &c., &c.) embodies in its lectures certain sacred localities interesting to its recipients. Therefore I shall visit Bethlehem, the Dead Sea, Jericho, the passages of Jordan, Zartham, Bethel, Mount Hattim, Damascus, and other localities whose names are associated with those degrees.

In conclusion, this following up the paths of the temple-builders from Lebanon to Moriah—this search for the footprints and the handmarks of our Masonic originals—this collecting drawings and specimens of whatever will serve to enlighten the living craft in the labors and pursuits of their brethren who have "passed over the river" to the Celestial Lodge above—this turning the resplendent noonday of Holy Writ and Masonic traditions upon the remains of operative and speculative Freemasonry in the land of its birth, is fraternally recommended to the numerous readers of the National Freemason, with the request for such counsel as may lighten a costly and laborious effort, and increase the probabilities of usefulness.

Fraternally, Rob. Morris.

Garibaldi spoke as a Freemason when asked by a certain religious association for his programme before they would aid him. "That's not the fashion to ask a man for his programme at sixty years of age. *My life is my programme.*"

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Garibaldi, at Geneva, thus spoke:

"It is not only for this kind welcome, but for other motives that I will explain that I owe you gratitude at Geneva. In 1848, banished from Italy, hunted from every place, here alone, I, in this asylum sacred to liberty, found refuge. For this I owe you thanks, and also for the welcome you offer to the representatives of European democracy. Here they can discuss freely, here adopt resolutions beneficial to humanity, in the name of law and justice. You, O Geneviviens, have commenced the struggle against the pestilential institution called Papacy. Your first blows are already struck. You have shaken the edifice; ours is the task to raze it to the ground. Rest assured that we shall not leave this task unfulfilled. This institution is fatal to our liberty, our unity, our independence; hence, in self-defense, we must destroy it. But remember that it is a gigantic undertaking, and that to accomplish it we shall need the help of all our brethren, of all free men. I trust that my words do not sound importunate. ("Non! non! viva!") Very good! And now let me recommend concord among ourselves; let me recommend this in the interests of your own republic and of entire Europe. Remember that unity is strength; that you are in a condition to attest the peace of the world. Your free institutions are not only useful to you; they serve as an example; hence you are bound to strengthen and defend them."

Garibaldi made this speech as a citizen. As Freemasons we cannot sustain any Masonic attack upon the Papacy even, so virulent against our fraternity. But as citizens, who may not sympathize with the Garibaldian struggle, yet fearing that the popular leader is rashly attempting an enterprise in which the full cost has not been counted. "*Dieu et mon droit.*"

Since writing the above, an Ocean telegram informs us that Garibaldi has been arrested by Victor Emanuel. An act of kindness to the great Italian Mason, if not to the cause of Italian unification. The best progress for nations is that of peace. War is too often the parent of poverty and despotism.

A few copies of vols. 7 and 8 of the National Freemason, from September 1st, 1866, to July 1st, 1867, neatly bound, have been left at our office, and will be sent free on receipt of $8.00, by postal order or bank check. Address National Freemason, P. O. Box 5903, New York City.

Model of Jerusalem.

One of the newspaper correspondents of the day (their name is *legion* for they are many) thus alludes to a part of the Exhibition of Paris:

There is a "Tract House" with a large assortment of tracts in some twenty different languages. Persons who can speak several languages are in attendance to sell and distribute tracts, and converse with people. Near this another house attracts attention. Over the door is an inscription in Hebrew. This attracts among others the visiting Israelite. Within he finds upon a large table a complete model of Mount Zion and the Temple portion of Jerusalem, showing its houses, streets, alleys, buildings, the Temple area, its walls and surroundings. On another table is a complete model of the Tabernacle in the wilderness, with its curtains, furniture, holy place and holy of holies; the court with its pillars, hangings, etc. Here, again, German, French, Arabic and other languages are spoken, and brief lectures given to spectators calculated to interest them in the great truths here represented. It is a place of much interest, and many listen to religious lessons who could not be reached in any other way.

Hogarth represented the Free and Accepted Masons in his picture of "Night," where the Master of a Lodge, Sir Thomas Veil, appears in a state of intoxication, and with a broken head. This picture was much talked about, and, although it was considered a libel on the fraternity, it was a representation founded on undeniable facts.

The Lodges were generally held at an inn or tavern; the landlord, to whom the furniture usually belonged, possessed considerable influence in the society, and was in a position to subject the brethren to great inconvenience if they presumed to interfere in the slightest degree with his views of profit or emolument. From these causes, added to the universal license of the times, they were induced to indulge in excesses which transgressed the bounds of modern conviviality, and brought discredit on the Order. This compulsory practice became at length so burdensome, that a clause was introduced into the By-Laws, by direction of the Grand Lodge of England, that "no landlord or master of the house where a Lodge shall be held shall be permitted to have any other share in the furniture and property of the Lodge than as an individual member." By the genial operation of this rule the above nuisance was considerably abated.

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW YORK CITY.

Pythagoras Lodge, No. 86, had a very fine communication last Saturday evening. There was an initiation according to their ritual very similar to that practiced in our French Lodges, which was capitally rendered by W. Bro. Wilhelm and his associate officers—the Senior Deacon specially distinguishing himself. We recommend our brethren to visit this well conducted and well disciplined Lodge to see how it looks when things are well done. After the close, labor adjournment was had to a neighboring restaurant where a fine banquet had been provided, which was enjoyed in the cheerful but happy manner of our German friends. The usual toasts were drank, and additionally one to commemorate the birth day of Past Master Jacobs, who, though not present, was remembered by his brethren. We seldom eat or drink any thing, but we must say that we enjoyed this occasion hugely, and certainly wish them many happy returns.

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We are indebted to W. Bro. Titus M. Evans, Past Master and Treasurer of John Hancock Lodge, No. 70, for kind remembrance in the shape of something good to take. The brethren will have a large score against us one of these days, but we fear they will have to take their pay in good wishes.

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St. John's Lodge, No. 1, buried, on Sunday, their late lamented brother, Robert M. Forrester, at Greenwood, R.·. W.·. Bro. Brady officiating.

BROOKLYN.

On Friday evening a committee of Cambridge Lodge, U. D., presented at Arcturus Lodge, No. 274, its Master, Bro. Mathers, a series of resolutions complimentary to him, for his exertions made in their behalf at the late session of the Grand Lodge.

NEW YORK STATE.

Watertown, N. Y.—The Sir Knights of this flourishing town have frequently been called to mourn the ravages of death in their midst. On the 9th inst. they assembled to pay the last tribute of respect to Sir Samuel O. Barnes, who died after a brief illness. The ceremonies, according to the Templar ritual, were performed at the home of the deceased, some ten miles distant, and were witnessed by a large concourse of sorrowing friends and neighbors. After the services the family, with true western hospitality, provided a substantial repast for the Sir Knights who had come to pay the last honors to their departed comrade. This is the third time within the present year Watertown Commandery has appeared at the grave of a departed knight. Let us hope that the hand of the destroyer may now be stayed.

NEW JERSEY.

Grand Chapter, Sept. 18, elected the following officers for the current year:

John V. Mattison, G. H. P.; David S. Batty, D. G. H. P.; Jesse P. Case, G. K.; Charles Schulhaus, G. S.; John P. Nelson, G. T.; John Woolverton, G. Sec; Marcus Higginbothan, G. C. of H; D. B. Whittier, G. P. S.; J. H. G. Hawes, G. R. A. Capt.

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, Aug. 30th, 1867.

Dear Sir:—Having visited most of the Lodges, it affords me pleasure to state that the Masonic institution in this city is in a prosperous condition, both financially and numerically. There are thirteen symbolic Lodges, one of which works in French and one in German; the total membership is about two thousand. Weekly meetings and plenty of work appear to be the order of the day; in fact they only meet when they have work. Candidates were traveling in every Lodge I visited, and all are subjected to examination in open Lodge previous to advancement, and only one (except in cases of emergency) can be raised during the evening. The names of candidates for membership and affiliation are posted up in the ante-room, so that the whole of the fraternity may know of the same. The work differs materially from that of the city of New York. Music is less thought of here. Ode books are unknown, a card with two on being all that I have seen—although a choir is occasionally formed and the beautiful service commencing: "Remember," &c., is chaunted, but it is more frequently read from the Manual, while the organist plays an overture or chant. Here I may mention that great opposition is manifested towards side and adoptive degrees, neither being permitted to be conferred in the Lodge-room. Availing myself of the cordial invitation of Bro. Hiller, the President of the Board of Relief, I attended one of their meetings, which take place every Saturday evening. The Board comprises the Masters of the several Lodges. Applications from all sojourning brethren and the widows or families of unaffiliated Masons are the special objects of attention, and to all such they extend a truly fraternal hand and liberal purse. Last week they buried two sojourning brethren, one a member of Manitou Lodge of your city, and the other of Wilmington Lodge, of Illinois; the latter was the brother spoken of in my previous letter. To insure a proper attendance at such funerals, they are advertised in the newspapers and a standing funeral committee, consisting of three members of each Lodge, is formed. The names of this committee are posted in the ante-rooms of the various Lodge-rooms. Brethren visiting this city, sick or in want of advice or employment, should at once make the same known to this Board, from the members of which they may rely upon receiving every possible attention. California Lodge, No. 1, from its first meeting, requested visiting brethren desirous of attaining employment to make it known in open Lodge, by a written notice, through the Secretary, and afterwards by personal application to the M. and other officers. This good custom is continued and suitable employment is continually found for industrious, worthy Masons.

The National Freemason is becoming one of the institutions of California. J. L. W.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Bro. Edward Sparhawk, aged 97 years, died a few days ago in Brighton. He had been a Mason 60 years, and was one of the petitioners for a charter for Bethesda Lodge.

MARYLAND.

At the laying of the corner-stone of the National Monument at Antietam the ceremonies were those employed on such occasions by the Freemasons. The Grand Lodge of Maryland were the officiating body, aided by brethren from other jurisdictions. Among them were the President, the Post-Master General, Governor Geary, General Berry, Hon. J. B. Latrobe, Lt.-Gen. Cox, Col. Webster, Gen. Marvin, Hon. W. Prescott Smith.

Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

SCOTLAND.

AYR.—*Priory of Ayr* (No 4).—At a meeting of this priory, Bro. John Burns Miller, chief engineer in the United States navy, was received as a Knight of the religious and military Order of the Temple, Bro. D. Murray Lyon, as Prior, officiating at the reception. Bro. Dr. Gray, of Irvine, St. Andrew's, Bro. A. Glass, and other well known members of the Order, were also present. Bro Miller, who wore the United States uniform, had the gratification of learning that the recollection of his distinguished strategetic skill in some years ago rescuing the American steamship *Maria* from the possession of a crew of Chinese pirates, was fondly cherished, and in the cordiality with which his health was pledged he had strong evidence of the esteem in which he is held by the craft in the land of Burns.—*Freemasons' Magazine.*

ENGLAND.

Grand Lodge.—At the quarterly meeting held at Freemasons' Hall, London, September 4, in the absence of the Earl of Zetland, the throne was occupied by the Earl of Limerick, and Lord Elliot officiated as Senior Warden.

No business of importance was transacted.

⁂

The following are Lodges founded in 1767, which attain their centenary in the present year, and are entitled to petition the M. W. G. M. for a centenary medal:

No. 163. Integrity, of Manchester.
" 164. Perseverence, of Sidmouth.
" 165. Honor and Generosity, of London.
" 166. Union, of London.
" 167. St. John's, of Hampsted.
" 168. Mariners, of Guernsey.
" 169. Temperance, of Deptford.
" 170. All Souls, of Weymouth.
" 171. Amity, of London.

For thirty years no Lodge of 1767 has become extinct.

BOOK NOTICES.

A FAMILIAR TREATISE ON THE PRINCIPLES AND PRACTICE OF MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE. By John W. Simons, Past Grand Master of New York. New York: Masonic Publishing and Manufacturing Co., 432 Broome street. Price, $1 50.

This work of 325 pages is handsomely bound, printed on good paper, and illustrated with an engraving of its author.

Its motto, from Bacon, explains its position: "*Stand on the Old Ways, and then make Progression.*"

This is properly termed a *familiar* treatise—such a publication as all the fraternity may profitably read and fully understand. It is brought within the grasp of all. If our young brethren would read such works, fewer questions would be propounded to Masters, Grand and Constituent.

This work makes a careful distinction between the general laws of the Society and the local regulations of the Grand Lodges. The Appendix contains forms required in Freemasonry.

It treats of the Law, Landmarks, Laws relating to Candidates, the Lodge, the Officers of a Lodge, Lodge Meetings, the floor members, the Penal Code, and the Grand Lodge.

Bro. Simons' work has grown into great favor, and is accredited authority in American and foreign jurisdictions upon Masonic questions.

We give the following as a taste of Bro. Simons' book. Bro. Simons, after preliminary remarks upon Masonic Trials and a reference to the practice in the State of New York, says:

The first step in a Masonic trial is the presentation of charges, which must be done in open Lodge, at a stated communication, by a brother in good standing (usually the Junior Warden), non-affiliated Masons and profanes not being competent to prefer charges.

The charges must be in writing, and must fully specify the offense charged, together with the time and place of its commission, and must be signed by the accuser, even when presented by the Junior Warden. The indictment is read in open Lodge by the Secretary, and the Lodge decides by vote whether the charges shall be accepted and the accused brother be placed on trial. When decided in the affirmative, the Master appoints a commission of three, five or more members, to hear, try and determine the same.

The next step is the service of the charges, which is done by the Secretary furnishing a copy certified by the Lodge seal, which, together with a summons directing the delinquent to appear at a time and place therein named, with his witnesses, for the purpose of trial, is personally served on him, or left at his residence or place of business.

The time allowed between the service of charges and the trial varies according to circumstances. Where the accused is a resident of the place in which the Lodge is held, ten days are generally deemed sufficient, though, for cause shown, a further reasonable delay will always be granted. When the accused resides more than twenty miles from the Lodge, service is allowed by mail, and twenty or thirty days are given, and longer time when at a greater distance and out of the State. If the residence be unknown, or the delinquent has absconded, the Lodge may proceed *ex parte*, and conduct the case as though the delinquent were present. When the summons is disobeyed, then another is issued and served, citing the accused to show cause why he should not be disciplined for such contempt, and in the event of continued neglect, the committee may either report judgment for contempt, or proceed to hear the evidence, as in the case of an absconding member.

On receipt of the charges, the defendant should, previous to the time named for the trial, make answer to them in writing, in which he may either simply plead not guilty, or admit a portion and deny the rest of the specifications, as to him may seem proper. The object of this is to save time in the investigation by reducing the facts requiring proof to the narrowest possible limits, and to avoid all extraneous matters tending to complicate the trial.

THE USE AND ABUSE OF FREEMASONRY: a work of the greatest utility to the brethren of the society, to mankind in general, and to the ladies in particular; by Captain George Smith, Inspector of "The Royal Military Academy at Woolwich," Provincial Grand Master for the County of Kent, and R. A. New York: Masonic Publishing and Manufacturing Co., 432 Broome street. 1866. Price $1.50, free of charge.

We extract the following paragraph from the chapter on the "Antiquity of Freemasonry in Great Britain:"

In 1666, Thomas Savage, Earl of Rivers, was elected Grand Master, who appointed Sir Christopher Wren his deputy, and Mr. John Webb and Grinlin Gibbons his Wardens. The fire of London happened this year. On the 23d of October, 1667, the king in person laid the foundation stone of the Royal Exchange. His majesty also laid the foundation stone of St. Paul's, in presence of the Grand Master and his officers, the lord mayor and aldermen, the bishops and clergy, and several of the nobility and gentry, amidst the acclamations of a number of spectators. This superb structure was begun, carried on, and finished by the fraternity, under the direction of Sir Christopher Wren, after his own design; as was also Chelsea Hospital and Greenwich Palace.

MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE.

National Freemason: A recent number of the NATIONAL FREEMASON contained a decision of Grand Master Englesby, of Vermont, that "the granting of a dispensation acts as a dimit from their respective Lodges of those mentioned in the dispensation, the Lodges from which they were dimitted retaining jurisdiction so far as to enforce payment of dues."

We object to this decision, and beg to enter our protest against its being considered as Masonic law. We do not believe that the Grand Master can thus sever the connection of a brother with his Lodge. He may temporarily suspend that membership, for good cause, but he cannot absolutely terminate it. It can only be done by the Lodge itself, or by act of the Grand Lodge. Suppose the latter body does not approve of the dispensation, and refuses to charter the new Lodge, what becomes of the original petitioners? Are they restored to their former membership, or do they become unaffiliated Masons, subject to all the pains and penalties imposed upon that unfortunate class in some jurisdictions? If their membership is dissolved, how can the Lodge still collect dues from them? If they enjoy none of the benefits, why should they be called upon to pay for them? These are points upon which we desire light.

The whole subject of Lodges under dispensation seems to be misunderstood in some quarters, and we have been surprised from time to time at the different decisions in relation to them. According to the opinions of some, there is no necessity of applying to the Grand Lodge for a charter, or of going through the trouble of being constituted; the dispensation is sufficient, and under it the brethren named therein are released from former membership, and cannot only make Masons and by-laws, but they can affiliate members, discipline them, elect officers, and in fact do every thing that can be done by Lodges legally chartered and regularly constituted. This may be modern Masonry, but we do not believe it to be ancient Masonry, such as we love and have been taught to venerate.

In our judgment, a Lodge U. D. is at least seven Masons in good standing, one of them being a Past Master, who have, under a warrant from a Grand Master, been empowered to meet and make Masons; and that is all. If they choose to make a code of by-laws, they may do so, but they are not valid until approved by the Grand Lodge; they cannot admit Masons to membership, or discipline them, for the simple reason that the Grand Master cannot authorize them to do so, and they are merely creatures of his authority. The powers frequently claimed for these bodies are powers only conferred by the Grand Lodge in the charters which they issue, and cannot be derived from other sources

As to the petitioners for a Lodge U. D., they remain members of their respective Lodges, until they have applied for and received a dimit by vote of their Lodge. The fact that they are named in the dispensation, or in the charter issued by the Grand Lodge, does not release them from their former membership, and should not do so until the consent of the Lodge itself has been regularly obtained.

Any other doctrine will surely work injury to the

FRATERNITY.

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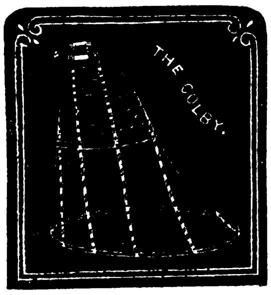

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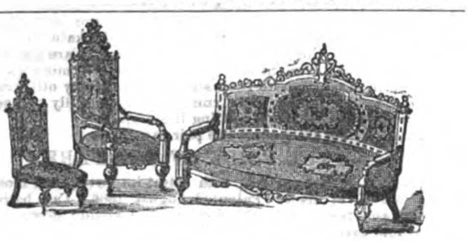

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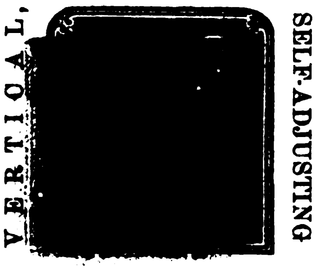

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NATIONAL FREEMASON.

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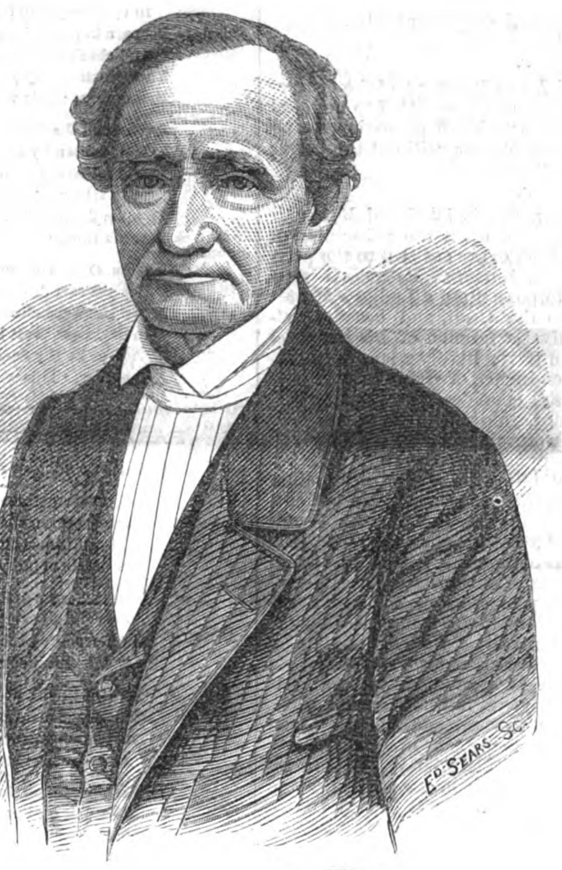

Thos. Brown

Hon. THOMAS BROWN, Past Grand Master of Grand Lodge and ex-Governor of Florida.

Our late esteemed brother was born in the county of Westmoreland, Virginia, on the 25th of October, 1785. His father was an intimate acquaintance of the illustrious Washington, with whom he served as lieutenant in the first militia company that he (then Captain Washington) ever commanded. Thomas, the subject of this sketch, was educated in his native State, Virginia. After the usual course of studies, in which he distinguished himself with high honors, beloved by his fellow-students, one and all, he read law and medicine, and devoted himself to the acquirement of a thorough knowledge of their theory—the ample patrimony that he inherited, and the claims of his country, which had but a few years previously thrown off the foreign yoke and assumed the *toga virilis*, forbade his cultivating the practice of either. Bro. Brown was initiated into Masonry in Hiram Lodge, No. 59, in his native county, about the 1st of November, 1806; was passed te the degree of Fellow-Craft in February, 1807, and in August of the same year he was raised to the sublime degree of a Master Mason in the same Lodge. He took an especial interest in the institution from the day of his initiation, and closely did he devote himself to the study of those mystic lessons of morality which underlie its allegory and are vailed by its symbols. In 1809 he was married to a highly respectable English lady in the county of Westmoreland, and soon after he moved to the city of Richmond. He resided there until 1812, when he removed to the county of Fauquier, where he owned an ample estate. He was then appointed aide-de-camp to Gen. John P. Hungerford, who commanded the Virginia quota of the militia in the United States service, and served all through the war. In 1817 he was elected a member of the Legislature of Virginia, and served until 1820. In that year, having inherited, in the right of his wife, large estates in England, he repaired thither and received legal possession of them. He remained abroad a year, during which he traveled extensively through Great Britain, and made himself acquainted with the men and manners of England. He employed a skillful agent to assist him in collecting a choice library, and he returned the next year with over four thousand volumes of the most valuable works in every department of the literature of the day. After his return he resided on his estate in Fauquier county, on which he had made large improvements, and no estate in Virginia was better managed, or laborers or servants better treated than those of Mr. Brown.

When the illustrious Lafayette visited the United States, in 1825, he was everywhere received with that attention and respect due to his exalted virtues and patriotism, and in no place more cordially than in that cradle of the *amor patriæ*—the Old Dominion. The distinguished General, immediately on his arrival, expressed a desire to see the birthplace of the glorious Washington; where his early youth was taught and disciplined in the vales and amidst the mountains and rivers of his own noble Virginia, in whose military defense his first blushing manhood was busily exercised; where his private maturity was passed in contented cheerfulness "amidst the elevating and tranquilizing employments of agriculture and the joys of social neighborhood on the beautiful banks of the Potomac;" and where the "tongue of good report" was heard in his favor, and his knock at the door of Freemasonry affirmatively responded to at the earliest dawn of his mature age. And when it was known that Lafayette was to make his visit to Fredericksburg Lodge, No. 4, the Masonic *alma mater* of Washington, the officers of the different regiments of militia in the adjoining counties proposed to give him that reception due to so noble a friend to the cause of liberty as the illustrious Frenchman had shown himself to be. Bro. Brown, who then commanded a volunteer company, was chosen cornet, and carried the colors upon that occasion. A procession of Freemasons was formed, and the distinguished Bro. Lafayette wes escorted by them to the Masonic Hall, where he was received by the Worshipful Master of the Lodge, William F. Gray, Esq., and conducted to the altar at which George Washington made his voluntary pledges of obedience to the laws, rules and regulations of the fraternity, in November, 1752. Bro. Brown was present at the time, and listened with pleasure to the able and eloquent address of the Master, Bro. Gray, and the touching response of Bro. Lafayette.

Lafayette then made an extensive tour through the South and Southwest, and returned to Virginia in the following year. He was received at Warrenton, the county town of Fauquier county. Bro. Brown was one of the committee appointed to receive him. On seeing the committee he immediately held out his hand to Bro. Brown, and exclaimed, "Oh, my dear sir, I am so glad to see you! I recollect having seen you at Fredericksburg." As an instance of his respect and friendship for Bro. Brown, we may be permitted to mention the fact that, while on a visit at his house, he took up in his arms the infant daughter of Bro. Brown, then about three months old, kissed her, and asked Mrs. Brown what her name was? That excellent lady told him she had not yet been baptized, and they had not chosen her name. "Then," said Layfayette, again kissing the baby, "I christen her Virginia Lafayette, after my own daughter;" and no clergyman in the Old Dominion could have given her a more permanent name, for the sweet babe of 1826 is still Virginia Lafayette, although she has resigned the name of Brown and taken upon herself that of Denham; and we are quite sure that the name of the great Lafayette could not have been conferred on a lady in the United States in whom amiability, purity, and charity, in short, all the virtues that ennoble a woman, more fully concur.

In 1826, Bro. Brown visited the Floridas, and moved to that Territory as a permanent resident in 1827, where he resided and occupied the highest offices, both in the gift of the State and the Grand Lodge, until his decease. He was the only Whig Governor ever elected in Florida. In 1826, with Bros. John P. Duval, Gens. Butler, Call, Searcey, and other distinguished brethren, he joined in a petition to the Grand Lodge of Alabama for a warrant to establish Jackson Lodge, No. 23, of the city of Tallahassee, which was organized that year and in which Bro. Brown continuously held his membership to his decease. In July, 1830, a convention, consisting of the representatives of Jackson Lodge, No. 23, of Tallahassee, Washington Lodge, No. 1, of Quincy, and Harmony Lodge, No. 2, of Mariana, was held at Tallahassee, where the preparatory steps towards the formation of the Grand Lodge of Florida were taken; and a committee, consisting of Bros. Brown, Searcey, Robinson, Call, Duval, Exum, and others, was appointed "to draft a constitution for the Grand Lodge of Florida, and suitable by-laws and rules for the government of the same." The Grand Lodge was organized by that convention, and ever since its establishment, now thirty-eight years ago, Bro. Brown continued one of its most active, industrious and efficient members. At the organization of the Grand Lodge he served as Junior Deacon, then as Grand Secretary, in various offices, and as chairman of the various committees, and became in due time the Grand Master. As Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Florida, his decisions and views on the great questions of Masonic law that some years ago agitated the Grand Lodges of the United States, were marked by their unwavering devotion to the genuine principles of the Order, their adherence to the ancient landmarks, and the intimate acquaintance they evinced with the general usages of the fraternity. As Grand Secretary, Bro. Brown was prompt, courteous and efficient in the highest degree. But it is as Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Correspondence that Bro. Brown was most eminently distinguished. The report of the Correspondence Committee of Florida was ever looked up to as one of the ablest, most comprehensive, and displaying the most profound research and acquaintance with the laws of Freemasonry, of the very many able reports annually presented to the Grand Lodges of the United States; and the mantle of the distinguished Chairman Duval could not have fallen upon a more worthy and competent successor than was Bro. Thomas Brown. His reports were looked for with an interest seldom surpassed, and read again and again until their several points are committed to memory. On all constitutional questions his views were sound and entitled to the highest consideration, and his whole report evinced a thorough acquaintance with the ancient landmarks and usages of the fraternity.

After the death of the lamented Past Grand Master Thomas Douglas, who had been appointed, in 1855, a committee to prepare a history of Freemasonry in Florida, Bro. Brown, with his excellent colleagues, P. G. M. Hayward and R. W. Bro. E. R. Ives, was appointed by his Grand Lodge to collate and prepare such a history at the session of 1858; and so closely did he devote himself to this important task, that at the close of that year the matter was entirely ready for the press.

Few men have been more sincerely beloved by all who know him than Bro. Brown. A gentleman of the highest sense of honor, an old-school Virginian, courteous to his equals, kind to those under him, charitable and benevolent to all, he had the best words and wishes and prayers of every one. At its session in 1858, his Grand Lodge, in view of his untiring zeal in his duties as Chairmun of the Committee of Foreign Correspondence, adopted the following resolutions:

Resolved, That the thanks of the Grand Lodge of Florida be and are hereby tendered to Bro. Thomas Brown, P. G. M., Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Correspondence, for his able report to this Grand Lodge.

Resolved, That as a testimony of the high opinion entertained by this Grand Lodge of the Masonic ability, industry, and faithful discharge of his duties as Chairman of the Committee of Foreign Correspondence, the Grand Master be, and he is hereby requested, to procure a Past Grand Master's jewel and present the same to Past Grand Master Thomas Brown.

Resolved, That the Grand Master draw on the treasury for the sum of money necessary to procure said jewel.

Bro. Brown died at Tallahassee, Aug. 24, in his 84th year. He had been a Freemason for 63 years, and was buried with Masonic honors.

We present to the readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON some of Bro. Brown's sentiments, as expressed in his addresses and reports:

"*The Principles of Freemasonry* are as universal as as the benevolence of God in his creation, and as 'unaffected by the revolutions of empires and the change of dynasties and rulers.'

∴

"A *Provincial Grand Lodge* has none of the characteristics of a Grand Lodge, and is entitled to no more consideration than a Lodge under dispensation, being the creature of the Grand Master, without the power to elect its Master.

∴

"The appointment of a *Provincial Grand Master* is a usurpation and innovation upon the principles of Masonry. Because all Lodges are entitled to the privilege of electing their own Masters. Because it is arbitrary and unjust to impose upon a Lodge a Master who is not acceptable to the Craft, and because 'although Freemasonry divests no man of his temporal honors, but, on the contrary, highly respects them, yet, in the Lodge, pre-eminence of virtue and knowledge in the mystic art are considered as the true and only fountain of all honor, rule and government.'

"When the Masons were cast off and anathemized by the Pope, for their opposition to tyranny and superstition, in the early ages, after their introduction into Europe, to protect the Order from persecutions, and accusations of disloyalty, in their secret assemblies they were forced, by the necessity of their position, to seek and encourage the patronage of royalty by many concessions of authority and privilege, not consistent with the principles of ANCIENT FREEMASONRY. The Grand Mastership was made hereditary in families of nobility and royalty. Under this state of things, the Grand Masters of England, who were of royal blood, arrogated to themselves authority to send their deputies to the Continent, 'with full power and authority, in DUE FORM, to make Masons, and constitute and regulate Lodges, from time to time, as occasion may require;' and thus empowered, they did constitute *Provincial Grand Lodges,* and appoint *Provincial Grand Masters,* in many parts of the Continent—in the United Provinces of Holland, at Berlin, in Germany, France, and in other governments—and thus has grown up by usurpation the system of *Provincial Grand Lodges and the right to appoint Provincial Grand Masters* peculiar to the Grand Lodge of England.

∴

"The W. Master and Wardens of the Subordinate Lodges are the proper guardians of children of indigent Masons, in their respective Lodge jurisdictions. The attention to the subject of education by all the Grand Lodges in the Union, whose proceedings have come under our observation, we regard as a beautiful exemplification of the Divine institution of our Order. Yet we question if the endowment of colleges, and large seminaries of learning, under the auspices and patronage of Masonic bodies, be the wisest plan for the accomplishment of the great design, or is in accordance with the character and principles of the fraternity. Such institutions savor more of pageantry than utility, and, as large funds amassed for such purposes must of necessity be placed under the control and management of comparatively a few, it will have a corrupting influence and a tendency to promote discord and bring reproach upon the Craft. The principles of Masonry do not sympathize with speculation in stocks and exchange brokerage. Such, we fear, will be the evils attendant upon such institutions, to say nothing of the questionable right and policy of drawing funds from the Subordinate Lodges, which could be appropriated by their proper officers more judiciously, economically and faithfully, to the accomplishment of the same great and desirable object, in the true Masonic spirit of charity, which is the bond of peace."

THE MOTTO.

BY BRO. JOHN G. SAXE.

"Give me a motto!" said a youth,
To one whom years had rendered wise—
"Some pleasant thought, or weighty truth,
That briefest syllables comprise;
Some word of warning or of cheer
To grave upon my signet here."

"And, reverend father," said the boy,
"Since life, they say, is ever made
A mingled webb of grief and joy,
Since cares may come and pleasures fade,
Pray let the motto have a range
Of meaning matching every change."

"Sooth!" said the sire, "methinks you ask
A labor something overnice,
That well a finer brain might task;
What think you, lad, of this device?
(Older than I—though I am gray)—
'Tis simple—'This will pass away!'

"When wafted on by fortune's breeze,
In endless peace thou seem'st to glide,
Prepare betimes for rougher seas,
And check the boast of foolish pride!
Though smiling joy is thine to-day,
Remember, 'This will pass away.'

"When all the sky is draped in black,
And, beaten by tempestuous gales,
Thy shuddering ship seems all a wreck,
Then trim again thy tattered sails;
To grim despair be not a prey;
Bethink thee, 'This will pass away!'

"Thus, O my son, be not o'er proud,
Nor yet cast down; judge thou aright;
When skies are clear expect the cloud;
In darkness, wait the coming light:
Whatever be thy facts to-day,
Remember, 'This will pass away!'"

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM CXXXIII.

FROM AN OLD BOOK OF PSALMS, TITLE PAGE GONE.

Lo! what an entertaining sight
Are brethren that agree,
Brethren whose cheerful hearts unite
In bonds of piety.

When streams of love from Christ the spring
Descend to every soul,
And heavenly peace, with balmy wing,
Shades and bedews the whole,

'Tis like the oil divinely sweet
On Aaron's reverend head,
The trickling drops perfumed his feet
And o'er his garments spread.

'Tis pleasant as the morning dews
That fall on Zion's hill,
Where God his mildest glory shows
And makes his grace distil.

MASONIC ODE.

BY GEO. A., JR., OF WATERTOWN, N. Y.

While on the level here we stand,
And trust upon the square,
And keep within that circle line
That marks our glory here,
A light divine upon us breaks—
'Tis God's most Holy Word—
The light that aids us in our toils
And leads us to the Lord.

We look with worship on the East,
And see the rising sun;
With fervent words of hope and prayer
Our tasks are now begun.
The sun then sitting in the west,
Our toils are near complete,
The tide of life is ebbing fast
And death is our retreat.

A little sprig of life and love
When from the world we part,
Is placed within our silent graves
With true Masonic art.
Two Holy Brothers welcome us
Upon the road above,
And lead us to that happy home
Where dwells eternal love.

THE IDIOT BOY.

The readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON who have heard Bro. Forrest, the celebrated tragedian, recite "The Idiot Boy," will never forget the pathos of his rendering or his simple, affecting introduction. Mr. Forrest thinks its author was the mother of Southey.

It has pleased God to form poor Ned
  A thing of idiot mind,
Yet to the poor, unreasoning boy
  God has not been unkind.

Old Sarah loved her helpless child,
  Whom helplessness made dear,
And life was every thing to him
  Who knew no hope nor fear.

She knew his wants, she understood
  Each half artic'late call;
For he was every thing to her,
  And she to him was all.

And so for many a year they lived,
  Nor knew a wish beside;
But age at length on Sarah came,
  And she fell sick and died.

He tried in vain to 'waken her,
  He called her o'er and o'er;
They told him she was dead; the words
  To him no import bore.

They closed her eyes and shrouded her,
  Whilst he stood wondering by;
And when they bore her to the grave,
  He followed silently.

They laid her in the narrow house,
  And sung the funeral stave,
And when the mournful train dispersed
  He loitered by the grave.

The rabble boys that used to jeer
  Whene'er they saw poor Ned,
Now stood and watched him at the grave,
  And not a word was said.

They came and went and came again,
  And night at last drew on;
Yet still he lingered at the place
  'Till every one was gone.

And when he found himself alone,
  He quick removed the clay,
And raised the coffin in his arms
  And bore her swift away.

Straight went he to his mother's cot,
  And laid it on the floor,
And with the eagerness of joy
  He barred the cottage door.

At once he placed his mother's corpse
  Upright within the chair;
And then he heaped the hearth, and blew
  The kindling fire with care.

She now was in her wonted chair,
  It was her wonted place,
And bright the fire blazed and flashed,
  Reflected in her face.

Then bending down he'd feel her hands,
  Anon her face behold;
"Why, mother, do you look so pale—
  And why are you so cold?"

And when the neighbors on next morn
  Had forced the cottage door,
Old Sarah's corpse was in the chair,
  And Ned's was on the floor.

It had pleased God from this poor boy
  His only friend to call;
Yet God was not unkind to him,
  For death restored him all!

MASONIC SPECULATION.

BY BRO. S. WILLSON.

There were two kinds of Masons,
  As all the world do know,
The Masons and the Anties
  Of thirty years ago.

The Ant's are dead and dying,
  In peace we'll let them go,
Forgive all their past lying,
  As Christ has taught us to.

But still two kinds of Masons
  Present themselves to view;
The speculatives are many,
  The op'ratives not a few.

But *speculating* Masons
  Have up among us sprung,
We'd change them off for Anties,
  And give them three for one.

Some join us to make money,
  And some may join for fun,
We'd change all such for Anties,
  And give them three for one.

Of pensioners among us,
  Either old or young,
Let's change them all for Anties,
  And give them three for one.

All such as are among us
  Who'd live on what they've done,
Let's change them off for Anties,
  And give them three for one.

But all true, honest Masons,
  Who live beneath the sun,
We'll cherish *them* forever,
  Nor spare a single one.

MASONIC HYMN.

BY CENTRAL.

Music: "State Street"—S. M.

The ether arch above,
  The glorious king of day,
Tell of God's wisdom, strength and love—
  His finger guides their way.

Each morning's golden ray
  Shall incense offerings bring;
To thee, O God, let Masons pray,
  On morning's rosy wing.

At noon our prayers ascend;
  At noon we seek thy aid;
On thee, the Mason's father, friend,
  Let all life's trust be stayed.

At eve we look to thee,
  Life's sun now fades the west;
While, Lord, we bow with suppliant knee,
  In thee may we be blest.

LINES BY LOCKHART ON HIS WIFE'S DEATH.

[Mr. Lockhart had been reading in Mrs. Norton's presence some verses of hers descriptive of a "Widow's Home" in the "Child of the Islands." He ceased to read; and, after a pause, he said—"Ah! how came *you* (Mrs. Norton) to know what a '*blight*' that is?" Some little time afterwards he sent her these lines, the product of a Mason's heart. There was counterpart poetry published in the NATIONAL FREEMASON at the beginning of the year.]

When youthful faith hath fled,
  Of loving take thy leave;
Be constant to the dead—
  The dead cannot deceive.

Sweet modish flowers of spring,
  How fleet your balmy day!
And man's brief year can bring
  No secondary May—

No earthly burst again
  Of gladness out of gloom—
Fond hope and vision vain,
  Ungrateful to the tomb!

But, 'tis an old belief
  That on some solemn shore,
Beyond the sphere of grief,
  Dear friends shall meet once more;

Beyond the sphere of Time,
  And Sin, and Fate's control—
Serene in endless prime
  Of body and of soul.

That creed I fain would keep,
  That hope I'll not forego;
Eternal be the sleep
  Unless to waken so.

MARRYING WELL; OR, THE SPIRIT OF '76.

CHAPTER III.—POLITICS.

Freedom, patriotism and philanthropy are nature's three patents for making noblemen.

The mind in which either of these three emotions, viz., the love of liberty, the love of country, or the love of mankind is predominant, will be exalted above the immediate wants and worldly pursuits of men; but if the three noble feelings named unite and govern in the same mind, be sure that individual will be mighty among his race. No matter in what station he is born, to what calling he has been destined—there is that in his own breast which will bear him upward and onward. And the course of conduct which in a man of his character may, at first, appear presumptuous or impossible, will, in the end, be found perfectly consistent with the confidence which a well balanced and justly directed mind should feel in its own strength and resources.

How little did Dr. Walker appreciate the cool philosophy of Roger's address, as the latter, politely bowing on his entrance, inquired after his health? Dr. Walker did not reply—did not seem to have heard; but hastily shaking the Squire's offered hand, he hastened across the apartment, addressed with his smiling compliments the ladies, and, seating himself by Mrs. Hartwell, he was soon deeply engaged in conversation about the weather.

"Have you heard the news, Doctor?" cried the Squire, at the top of his voice.

"News! what news?" reiterated Walker, starting.

"Why, that Parliament is about sending over to us all the East India Company's stock of tea?"

"Well."

"I don't think we can be compelled to buy it. I for one affirm that not an ounce shall be drunk in my family.

"Dear me! Mr. Hartwell, what is the use of making such a fuss about a little matter?"

"Only three pence duty on a pound. Why, four pounds of tea would be a large stock for the year, and that will be only one shilling to government;" and Mrs. Hartwell looked triumphantly to Dr. Walker for approbation of her prudential speech, while the Squire turned his eye on Roger, as if he wished him to answer it.

"It is not the price of tea, madam, that is of consequence," observed Roger, respectfully, "but the establishment of the system of taxation."

"Yes," interrupted the Squire, "it is the principle that we contend against; three pence or three pounds would be all the same. Indeed, if we submit to pence, we may also to pounds."

"We must resist it," said Roger.

"We *will* resist it," echoed the Squire.

"I do not see as any benefit to the country can result from this resistance," said Dr. Walker. "If Parliament has ordered the tea to the colonies, it will come."

"It never shall be sold," said the Squire, setting his teeth, and breathing hard.

"You must watch the ladies narrowly, then," said the Doctor, laughing. "They relish tea better than these theories of liberty, which none but a politician can understand."

"The ladies will not thank you for rating their understanding and patriotism so low," replied Roger, casting a respectful but penetrating glance on Lucy Hartwell.

"What say you, daughter, do you prefer you tea before the liberties of your country?" said the Squire, who had remarked the heightening color on Lucy's cheek. "Will you drink the tea that is burdened with the tribute which none but slaves would pay?"

"I would sooner drink poison, my dear father, than a beverage obtained by dishonoring my country," said the blushing girl, in a low but emphatic voice.

"That's my own child. I knew you would prove a good Whig."

"Nevertheless, the tea will be used," said Walker.

"By the fishes, perhaps," retorted Roger, scornfully. "The cargo will never be landed at Boston. I have to-day seen a gentleman from that patriotic town, and I know the resolution of the people. They will sink the ship rather than permit it to be landed.

"And you, sir, would doubtless be aiding and abetting them if it were in your power," siad the Doctor.

"With might and main, heart and hand, like a knight without fear and without reproach—from any but Tory," replied Roger.

"Do you know that you are talking treason against the British Government?" retorted Walker, angrily, for he saw that Lucy smiled on his rival.

"I know that I am talking reason, sir," replied Roger, calmly rising and confronting his antagonist. "And I have faith to believe that I shall live to see the day when in America reason will not be treason."

CHAPTER IV.—A NEW LOVER.

Now a great deal depends upon *position*. The young girl in the ball-room must appear in a graceful position; the lady in society must maintain a fashionable position; the statesman before the world must assume a commanding position; but none of these are more important than the position which a young man maintains in the presence of his lady love—from his position, and the manner on which he operates upon her feelings, always predict their destiny. If he rattles and prattles, and talks sweet nonsense, and she is delighted with it, they will be a stupid couple, and probably quarrel before they have been wedded half a year. If, on the contrary, he appears dignified and respectful, and sometimes introduces subjects of moral and intellectual improvement, and she appears gratified with his tone of sentiment, or responds with a brilliant quotation or appropriate remark—there, I say, is a couple who have a fair chance of being happy themselves, and who will probably shed a lustre around them which shall light the path of others.

When Roger stood before his rival in the calm dignity of a patriot, and Lucy's eye showed that she approved his speech as the perfection of manly sentiment, it was all over with Dr. Walker. He was in a false position. He understood it, too, and, more angry that he had been beaten by a man who was in an inferior station than that he had lost the lady, he determined to bring another competitor into the field—one who had no political disabilities to surmount, who could agree with the father about the Whigs and with the mother about the weather, and whose profession, family, fortune and figure would, he doubted not, gain the victory over Roger. This new candidate for Lucy's favor was Seth Trumbull, the young lawyer.

The young lawyer became a constant visitor at Squire Hartwell's. It was soon understood by the whole parish that the match was, as it is termed, made. True, Lucy steadily denied it; but at that day it was not the fashion for young ladies to proclaim their engagement as soon as they had said yes—so her denial went for nothing.

Dr. Walker asserted confidentially, everywhere, that it would be a match; Mrs. Hartwell did not contradict it; nobody dare question the old Squire on this subject; and as for Anna Minot, the dear teasing little cousin, she always laughed and said "like enough," when the subject was referred to her. So the matter was settled. Everybody said that Lucy Hartwell was engaged to lawyer Trumbull.

Everybody said so except Roger; he never ventured to say a word about it. The young ladies generally believed it was a sad disappointment to him, and pitied him exceedingly. But most of the elderly people, especially the grave fathers, differed from this opinion. They said Roger had no idea of marrying; that he was poor and ambitious, and that such a man never thought till he had risen in the world, in those primitive times, not to marry for money.

Roger had opened a store in a neighboring town. He worked no more at shoemaking, but pursued his business as though his life depended on his diligence.

CHAPTER V.—THE DENOUEMENT.

"Lucy," said Roger—she turning toward him, a gleam of moonlight streamed through the leafless boughs of the peach-tree beneath which they were passing, and fell strongly on her up-turned face; the wavy outline of her eyelashes was distinctly to be traced in shadow on her fair cheek. Roger thought she was very pale.

"Lucy, will you grant me one minute's attention?"

She looked towards the door of her dwelling, where Anna Minot and Mr. Trumbull were then entering—she hesitated and stopped.

"Lucy—it—is a long time since I have had the pleasure of speaking to you."

"It is about five or six weeks."

"They seem to me ages."

"Do you not like your business?"

"I did like it because it afforded me hope of rendering myself worthy of you. It has been told me (he spoke low and rapidly) that you are inclined to favor Trumbull." She did not speak. "I am poor, Lucy—I must labor. I am without friends, and must make my own way; it may be years before I take the station in society which Trumbull now occupies; but as sure as I live, Lucy, I will——." He paused, for though he had often indulged the hope, indeed, belief, that he should rise superior to Trumbull, yet he shrunk from expressing the anticipation. It seemed like a vain boast.

"You do not believe me, then, Lucy?" he continued, after a long pause.

"I have heard nothing to believe. Had we not better go in; my cousin will wonder what detains us."

"Perhaps Mr. Trumbull will likewise like to know."

"If he does, I shall not take the trouble to tell him."

"Lucy, will you tell me; are you engaged?"

"No."

"And—and—may I hope that you never will be engaged—that is to him—Lucy, I love you."

The abruptness and impetuosity with which he spoke seemed the effect of feelings which he could not repress. Lucy was so surprised, so confused, that she was obliged to lean on his arm for support, so there was no opportunity for her to show much anger at his presumption. Roger soon forgot that he had ever been poor and a shoemaker. The first consciousness of being beloved seems to a young man as the crowning point of his ambition. He feels elevated, for he has secured the empire of one heart which he would not forego for the sceptre of Napoleon.

Roger walked into the parlor of Squire Hartwell that evening with the air of a man who has no further cares for what may betide him in this life; and Anna Minot said that he asked consent that very evening.

"Roger is well enough," said Mrs. Hartwell, "and I shall say nothing against the match, now he has left off shoemaking. A merchant's wife has a very respectable station, though nothing very grand. However, if Lucy has no ambition it does no good for me to talk. I have always been anxious about her marrying well."

"I think, my dear, she is going to marry well," said Squire Hartwell, "Roger will be——"

"Yes, yes, husband, I have heard you say a thousand times he would be a great man; but I never saw any prospect of it for my part; Anna Minot, in my opinion, does marry well. Mr. Trumbull is a lawyer, and may be a judge."

"And so may Roger."

"Oh! that is impossible. He has never been educated, Mr. Hartwell."

"He can educate himself."

"Well, well, neither you or I shall ever live to see Roger Sherman a judge."

But they did live to see Roger Sherman a Judge and a Signer of the Declaration of Independence.

◆

The Greyton Robbery; or the Mason's Son.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

"Cast thy bread upon the waters."

Dame Stephens sat alone in her humble little cottage, at Greyton Hill. It was a sleepy afternoon in June. The bees hummed drowsily in the garden close by, and her flax-wheel hummed drowsily in the neat but plain little room where she was sitting. Lulled by the sound of both, she was near falling asleep—arousing herself at last, she rearranged the flax upon her distaff, retied the strings of her close fitting cambric cap, and began to move her foot, and turn the humble little instrument with renewed energy and vigor. The sun shone in, and lay like a flood of gold upon the well scoured oaken floor. A large house cat sat on the hearth, with her face to the east, which she assiduously washed with her huge gray paw. The shelf dishes, which were ranged with great precision and care on the clean dressers at one end of the apartment, shone as brightly as clear water and hard rubbing could make them. The few split bottomed chairs which the widow owned were placed in straight rows down the side of the room. A well worn Bible was on one end of the mantlepiece. It was carefully preserved. Not a leaf had been suffered to curl or become torn, but bits of thread and scraps of paper and ribbon had been placed here and there between its sacred leaves, so that particular texts might be easily found when she had leisure to con them over. She was evidently one of those who believed with the poet, in relation to that book—

"Within this awful volume lies,
The mystery of mysteries—
Happiest they of human race,
To whom their God has given grace,
To read, to fear, to hope, to pray,
To lift the latch, to force the way;
But better had they ne'er been born
Who read to doubt or read to scorn."

The dame was poor, and yet she was rich. Do you tell me that this is a paradox? I can only explain it as the wise man has done before me. "There *is* who maketh himself rich, and yet hath nothing; there *is* who maketh himself poor, and yet hath great riches." I do not imagine that the latter personage here spoken of by the sacred writer had many dollars and cents to expend or hoard up—neither had the dame. In silver and gold she was poor, but in those rich affections which bless the fireside and neighborhood; in those gentle charities which shed light and cheerfulness around the sick and afflicted; in those calm and peaceful thoughts and feelings which dwell only with the good and generous, the dame was wealthy, "blessed to overflowing."

She was all alone in the world. Her husband and her only child had slept so long in the churchyard at Greyton that the rank grass was matted together on their graves and hung in such a manner as to quite hide the headstones. Her little cottage, which had just been built at the time of her husband's death, was now gray and weather-beaten, and the shingles on the roof were off in several places. She had but one relative in the world, and that was a nephew—a poor man who lived in the valley, with a wife and eight children to support. She herself made a livelihood by means of her flax-wheel and loom, both of which she had plied diligently all her life. She spun for the vicar's lady, who paid her very liberally; she spun for many of the neighboring gentry, and now and then the *Freemasons* helped her a trifle, in consideration of the honorable office which her late worthy husband had held among them. One gentleman (now also deceased) had, at the time of her husband's funeral, given her a twenty dollar bill. This money the old lady got changed into silver, and the silver she deposited in an old stocking leg, and carefully placed it at the bottom of a chest. Nothing had ever tempted her to use a dime of it, or to hazard its safety by placing it out at interest. The sum was just the same which she had received from the Mason—twenty dollars—no more and no less. Sometimes she got her hoard out, and counted over the precious pieces; the sum in her eyes looked large; she wondered that John O'Creal, the donor, had found it in his heart to be so liberal. But then he was at the time of that donation a wealty Mason, though times had changed sadly in his family. Within a short period after her husband's demise the Mason died, leaving his affairs in a very unsettled state, and Jemmy O'Creal, his only son, had run, and was still running a wild and desolate career. His property had vanished away. The O'Creals now were scarcely richer than Dame Stephens herself. But more of this anon.

As we were saying, on this particular afternoon, Dame Stephens sat at work, but she was destined to be interrupted. A heavy foot was heard upon the sand, and soon a rough-looking young man, with a gun upon his shoulder and a shot-pouch dangling by his side, came up to the door and sunk down unceremoniously upon the threshold. His face was red and somewhat bloated; his clothes had once been fine, but they were torn and worn threadbare now; his hat was slouched down over his forehead, as if he feared there might be a Cainish sort of mark upon his brow, which it would be best to conceal, if possible. He scarcely nodded to the dame by way of salutation, while taking his seat, but she seemed to understand his mood, and did not act as if she expected or cared for many tokens of recognition. She did not arise from her spinning wheel, but kept up with her foot the same monotonous hum.

"And so, Jeemes," she said, "I hear there has been a freshet in the valley, and that part of Judge Ritcher's milldam is washed away. Has any thing else occurred there of late?"

The young man looked up at her with a startled expression on his features, but he soon cast his eyes down again on the sand before the door, and answered, somewhat evasively:

"When did you hear from the valley, granny?"

"It has been several days since," continued the dame. "Little Peter Pike went by here last Thursday, on his return from mill; he did not get his corn ground, owing, he said, to the milldam's being washed away. But why do you ask, Jeemes? Has any thing unusual occurred there? I hope my nephew, Job Cotton, and his family are well."

The young man heaved a short convulsive sort of a sigh, but did not reply. He got up and placed his gun in an upright position against the wall; he took off his his shot-pouch and laid it down upon the floor; he drew his hat down closer than ever over his eyes, and sat down again.

"I reckon," he said, at length, "that Job Cotton and his family are well; but Job has been robbed, they say."

"*Robbed!*" shrieked the old lady. "*Robbed!* did you say, Jemmy O'Creal?" and her wheel and foot both stopped their motion. "Who could have done it?" at length she exclaimed. "Greyton Valley is one of the most moral, peaceable places in creation. I've lived here going on thirty-five years, and I never heard of a murder or robbery happening there before."

"No!" said the young man, "the like doesn't *often* happen."

"Who did it, and where was Job?" asked the old lady, still half breathless through excitement. "Do tell me all about it."

"He was riding on his gray pony from Harper's Creek to Greyton Ferry, when it happened, but it remains yet to be discovered who did it. His pockets were eased by a highwayman of about fifteen dollars—not a very large sum, but still it was something for such a man as Cotton to lose."

"Ah! yes," exclaimed the old lady, "with his sick wife and eight children to support! Who could have been hard-hearted enough to have done it! Is no one suspected, Jemmy?"

The young man coughed a short, dry cough; he moved with a restless, excited motion, but he did not immediately reply. At length he said, glancing furtively into the old woman's face:

"I believe there *is* a youngster who is looked upon with some suspicion by the Greyton Valley folks, but he may be innocent for all that."

"Who is it, Jemmy? who is it?" asked the old woman, eagerly; "he must be a graceless scamp, to make the best of him."

"A graceless scamp!" repeated the hunter, nervously; "but yet, granny, there may be extenuating circumstances. The young man may have been drunk when he did it—so drunk as to be scarcely conscious of what he was about."

"But he had no business to get drunk," said the old woman, tartly. "I have no patience with those who try to hide or get excused for *one* sin by owning another—no patience in the world; *no* young man has any business to get drunk."

"You touch *me*, then, granny," said the young man, in a low and sorrowful voice. "You know that *that* has been *my* failing from my childhood. I learned to love wine at my father's dinner-table. The appetite grew upon me until a burning thirst now at times rages in me like the fires of hell. The respectable part of the world, long ago, cast me off, but you have ever been a firm and steady friend to me. When I have felt hunger gnawing like a vulture at my vitals, after a three days' carousal, and have not had a dime in my pocket to satisfy it with, I have come here and you have given me white bread and butter from the dresser yonder and precious slices of meat. You have fed, warmed and sobered me, and afterwards bid me depart in peace, granny, and lead a better life; but I somehow have not done it—*cannot* do it. Heaven help a wretch like me!" and the young man covered up his face in his hands and sobbed like a child.

The old woman, too, was much moved. She arose from her wheel and came and sat down in a low chair near where the prodigal was sitting; she wiped her aged eyes repeatedly with the corner of her checked cotton apron.

"I wish you *would* do better, Jemmy," at last she said, in a voice choked with emotion. "You are almost like an own son to me. Many and many is the time, when your father has sat beside my dear man in the Lodge-room, and on the afternoon after poor Mr. Stephens' burial, your father, who was a grand gentleman in those days, did not hesitate to come in here and talk to me and advise me what to do, and when he was going away he gave me a twenty dollar bill, Jemmy. I shall never forget his kindness, and ever since then I have been glad to do what I could for you all, but its little that a poor old body like me *can* do for any body. But I am sure that I shall always do my utmost for you."

"Will you?" said the young man, hastily starting again to his feet. "Will you do your utmost for me now, granny? You can, if you will, save me from the blackest ignominy and disgrace."

"What do you mean, Jemmy O'Creal?" said the woman, startled by his vehemence. "What have you been doing now, and from what can I save you?"

"I am that highway robber, granny. In an hour when I was more a maniac than a sane person, I disguised myself, waylaid your nephew and took from him and his family, by violence, his honest earnings, and I spent that same night the accursed sum at the gambling table. Some of the money, I learn, has been recognized and the bloodhounds of the law are already scenting my track. Hide me, granny—shield me from the just punishment of my crimes, and the shade of my father will look down from Heaven and approve the deed. I promise after this repentance. Ah! I am racked by *that* now. I promise, granny, by your Bible yonder, *reformation*. So help me Heaven!"

It was the old woman's turn now to start up in alarm.

"How could you do it, Jemmy!" she said. "How could you do it? After all my kindness to you, is this the way you have repaid me, by robbing my nephew—the only relative I have in the world—of his little pittance? It was an ungrateful deed, Jemmy, as well as one punishable by the laws. How *could* you do it?"

"I did it, as I before told you, when my brain was on fire, when I was mad and not sane. Did you not pity as well as blame me? Will you forget now your promise to aid me?"

"How can I aid you?" said the old woman, doubtfully. "What can I do for you?"

"Five dollars," said the culprit, "will place me out of the immedate reach of my pursuers. Can't you give me five dollars, granny? I promise to refund it with with interest."

The old woman did not answer, but she went to an old chest and mechanically drew forth her hoard. She counted the dollars into her horny palm.

She then went to a small drawer and brought forward pen, ink and paper.

"I promise to aid you, Jemmy O'Creal," she said, "upon two conditions. One is, you are to pledge yourself from this hour to total abstinence from all that can intoxicate; the other is, you must write a letter to Joe Cotton, confessing your guilt, acknowledging your penitence, and inclosing a sum of money which I will give you, equal in value to that taken. These conditions complied with, I will give you a sum large enough to aid you to escape, and may that Divine Power, whose aid you just now so earnestly invoked, help you in deed and in truth, to reform your life!"

The young man seized the pen with a tremulous hand. He scrawled, as best he could, the letter and the pledge. He afterwards received the five dollars promised, from the hand of the old woman, and before sundown that night he was in a fair way to escape all pursuit.

He *did* escape—he did reform his life.

One day, near two years afterwards, while Dame Stephens was sitting by her door, employed in turning the heel of a sock, which she was knitting for the vicar, little Peter Pike stopped before her door, on his way from Greyton mill, and, after fumbling about with his meally hand for a while in both pockets, he drew from one of them a letter which he said was given to him for the dame at the post-office.

The old lady never got letters, and the event was a remarkable era in her life. She went into her cottage and nervously broke the seal. As she did so there fell into her lap a hundred dollar bill. She could scarcely believe her eyes. The sum looked to her to be such a prodigious one. But the letter explained it all.

"Dear madam," it began, "I am prepared now to refund with interest the five dollars borrowed some time ago of you. I thank you for the loan. I am now a sober, respectable man—engaged in a good business, and am soon to be married to a lovely and worthy woman. I thank God *for having been born a Mason's son!* Ah! they little know what they are about when they sow beside all waters their precious gifts. They know not who will *reap* perchance the fruits of their benevolence. 'Bone of their bone, flesh of their flesh,' as in this instance, *may* do it. Well was it written in that old-fashioned book, called a Bible, lying on one end of your mantlepiece, granny, 'Cast thy bread upon the waters—thou shalt find it after many days.' "J. O'Creal."

The old woman dropped a few quiet tears over this affecting scrawl. She then laid away the letter carefully between the leaves of the precious volume over her head, and little was ever said by her or her nephew about the Greyton robbery, although the valley people often wondered that a poor man like Job Cotton should have taken the loss so quietly. Should they ever see this sketch they will, doubtless, acknowledge the mystery to be now, for the first time, explained.

Masonry in War.

During the progress of the late war and at its close we published in the National Freemason the various incidents illustrative of Masonic principle and charity. We occasionally find one not before published in our columns. The Grand Master of Texas furnishes the first, and the *Mystic Star* the second, following:

The Federal army, in the destruction of property at Hampton Court House, saved the property of the Lodge, and returned it safely to its custodian under a flag of truce; so, too, when Bro. Wainwright fell on the deck of the Harriet Lane in her defense, his remains were interred by the brethren of Harmony Lodge, No. 6, at Galveston, with Masonic honors; and a singular spectacle was presented of the prisoners of war who were captured by our forces, and belonging to the Order, marching in procession with the brethren, as though for a time a truce had been proclaimed and the clang of arms was to be heard no more. Many incidents have taken place in the high hills and low valleys of New Mexico and Arizona, which will be collected ere long for the press. One only need be referred to at present, which was a fraternal meeting in a Lodge at night of members of both armies, who met on the level, and next day were in deady conflict on the battle-field. Much suffering has been alleviated, charity has been extended to the wounded and sick, death has often been prevented, and a surrender made under the mystic sign.

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A circumstance has just been related to me that so well illustrates the influence that Masonry has over the passions of men when excited by war, that I write it out, that you may put it on record for the benefit of those who do not believe that any good ever came out of our fraternity. It is by such incidents that we can demonstrate the utility—the divine influence of our obligation to recognize every one who abides the test and needs our aid, a brother to be loved, a human being to be cherished.

Sherman's conquering army had left Chattanooga far behind. Mission Ridge had become classic ground. Atlanta had yielded to the power of his conquering legions. The spires of the "City of the Sea" were almost in view, and the weary soldiers already began to anticipate the much needed rest. A division had encamped for a night on the banks of a small stream, pickets were thrown out, and a foraging party were dispatched into the enemy's country to bring in such food for man and beast as was required. The whole command were taken prisoners, and marched away to a place where they could be left in safety. Arrived at the place of confinement, the officer in command of the foraging party was separated from his men, and allowed no communication with them.

In front of the place where this officer was trying to sleep paced back and forth upon his beat a strong and fierce looking sentinel, who occasionally, and only occasionally, turned his eyes upon the individual it was his duty more especially to guard. As he came near him, without turning his head or slacking his pace, he asked in a low tone of voice:

"Are you a Mason?"

"I am!" was the promptly given reply.

"I will try to release you," now reached the ears of the prisoner in the same tone.

When again the sentinel passed, he told him that he should be on guard two hours; that he would give him an opportunity to escape, though at the risk of his life; that near by, at his left, there was a hedge for which he must make, and secrete himself until the sentinel was relieved, when he would come to him, and guide him on his way to the Federal lines. All this information was, of course, communicated at intervals made by his never ceasing walk upon his beat.

At length, just before the time of his relief arrived, the sentinel gave the prisoner to understand that the time for escape had come. When he arrived at the further end of his beat, he halted an instant, but that instant was sufficient for the officer. He threw himself beyond the line of light, crossing a sweet potato field at the rate of three rows at a stride, and soon came to the hedge, of the existence of which he had been informed. He found it to consist of briars and brush, but he plunged in at once, much to the detriment of his hands and face; but he had the satisfaction of knowing that it effectually screened him from observation, unless a very close search was instituted.

He had lain there but a short time, but it seemed hours to him, when the signal agreed upon was given; at the same time the tramp of horses was heard. With fear and trembling, he crawled from his place of concealment, and found the sentinel with two horses and a negro prepared to accompany him. As the alarm had been given, there was not a moment to lose. Said the sentinel:

"This negro says he can conduct us to the Federal lines, but between here and there are the pickets of both armies. We must manage to evade them, for to be taken by either would be death to one of us. The negro will lead; I will follow."

On they passed, sometimes compelled to hide in the underbrush until a patrol had got out of their way; sometimes trusting to fleetness of foot for escape from the vicinity of the foe. The path led through swamps and bottom lands. and in many places they found the water nearly to the saddle-bows; but still on they went, through water and darkness, until just as the dawn began to streak the east they came within sight of the Federal lines. Here they parted; but before they did so they grasped each other's hands and bade farewell with as much tenderness and feeling as if they had been friends all their lives.

"My brother," said the sentinel, you are now safe. Yonder are your countrymen, who will receive you with joy. You are beyond danger. I may yet return to answer roll-call; but, if not, you know the hazard which I run. But, whatever may be the result, I have done my duty. I am in arms against the government, but I voted twice against secession, and only went into the rebel army when the unsparing conscription compelled me. All I love is there, and I must return to them."

"You have saved my life, my brother," said the liberated prisoner, "and whatever may be our political creed, I know that I hold the hand of a true Mason. Most heartily do I thank you for this unselfish exhibition of the true spirit of Masonry, and hear me promise, that should the fortunes of this dreadful war ever place it in my power to show to one of your people the same favor, it shall be done as cheerfully and as readily as you have now performed the deed."

With another strong grip and hasty farewell they parted, the Federal officer making a note of the name and address of his companion, with a view to further correspondence, and but a short time elapsed before he was was again safely within the lines of the Federal army.

Months and years passed. Though the incident was not forgotten, yet no opportunity had offered to open a correspondence with the "true and upright Mason," who had saved him from a long and oppressive imprisonment, if not from death. The war closed, and at last communication was opened between the sections so long estranged from each other. A letter was written, and elicited no answer. Another and another followed, with the same result, and the officer began to think that the casualties of war, or perhaps the penalty of his brotherly act, had put a finish to the life of his friend. But when about despairing of ever hearing from him, he received an answer. He was still alive. He had returned to his post unmissed; the negro, sworn to secrecy, had never revealed the circumstances of that night's journey, and the sentinel was in the bosom of his family in the State of South Carolina.

As may be well understood, there was very little chance or opportunity for explanation by either party when the escape was made, and the reason why the sentinel suspected the officer to be a Mason did not transpire until the subsequent correspondence commenced. Then it was stated that a small and unpretending pin worn upon the bosom of the officer had first given the introduction of his connection with the fraternity, and induced the inquiry which brought on the means of escape.

This is a true story, and though the strict disciplinarian or martinet in military government may condemn the act, the philanthropist will rejoice that there was one friend who dared to follow the impulse of a generous nature educated in the school of charity, which, by such means, added to the sum of human happiness and by so much rolled back the tide of human woe. I do not know that the act can be justified on military principles, but do not believe that it will detract from the beauties of Masonry to have it known that such beauties are the fruits of its teaching. It may not be strictly according to the "regulations," but when the Searcher of Hearts seall scan the act with a view to rendering the adequate reward or punishment, there will be no diminution in the deserved benefaction in consequence of this salvation of human life.

How long could the war—how long could ill feeling even—have continued had the contending forces been animated by such feelings and sentiments? Had the matter in controversy between the two sections been referred to the members of the Masonic fraternity, *as Masons*, there could have been no war, no bloodshed. The questions at issue would have been satisfactorily and fairly settled without the intervention of arms. But such references could not be made, and war—bloody, relentless and devastating war—was the result.

But the fact is none the less evident that no one thing has exerted such ameliorationg influence over the scourging of war as Masonry. Officers and men have found a brother in an enemy, and the pains of body and mind have been mitigated by the fraternal care of those who else had been deadly foes. Humanizing in its influence, beautiful in its manifestations, God-like in its sentiments, Masonry has oft caused "Grim-visaged war to smooth his wrinkled front," and spread the light of love over the abodes of desolation.

Anecdotes and Sayings of Masons.

Frederick the Great, in surveying one evening some of the advanced posts of his camp, discovered a soldier endeavoring to pass the sentinel. His Majesty stopped him, and insisted on knowing where he was going. "To tell you the truth," answered the soldier, "your Majesty has been so worsted in all your attempts, that I was going to desert." "Were you?" answered the monarch; "remain here but one week longer, and if fortune does not mend in that time, I will desert you, too."

∴

Stephen Girard, when surrounded by immense wealth, and supposed to be taking supreme delight in his accumulations, wrote thus to a friend:

"As to myself, I live like a galley slave, constantly occupied, and often passing the night without sleeping. I am wrapped in a labarynth of affairs and worn out with care. I do not value fortune. The love of labor is my highest emotion. When I rise in the morning, my only effort is to labor so hard during the day that when night comes I may be able to sleep soundly."

∴

Dante.—There is a very ingenious and humorous story in an old collection of Italian tales by one Sercambi, who represents the poet Dante as being invited by some king to dinner. He comes, dressed very shabbily; sits below the salt, and is overlooked and forgotten till after the feast, when the king says: "By the by, what has become of that poet I intended to talk to?" Dante, who has meanwhile departed a good deal offended, is immediately followed and invited anew. He comes to supper, superbly dressed in crimson and gold, and is served with extreme attention; but the courtiers observe with amazement that he pours the soup down his sleeves, tucks cutlets into his bosom, and smears his velvet jerkin with rich sauces. "Good gracious, your Majesty!" says the boldest of the supping nobles, "why has this poet such *brutezza* in his manners?" The question is passed on by the king to Dante, who gravely replies: "When I came here dressed shabbily, and sat quietly in my corner, I was forgotten and overlooked. I come now in very fine clothes, and am very much attended to. I therefore concluded it was rather my clothes than myself that you admired, and I was willing to bestow on them a share of your hospitality."

∴

Rufus Choate.—It was in the mixture of the grave with the gay thoughts that Choate's humor often glanced the brightest. About the time that Minot's Ledge Light House, in Boston harbor, was carried away in a terrific winter storm which lasted a day or two, he happened into the Athenæum Library, and gazing from its ample windows on the broad open space before him, flanked by Park street church—"Well, Mr. F——," said he to the librarian, with a smile, "after all this blast, there stands my old friend, Park street steeple, unshaken, intact, unterrified." Then his glance fell on the wide intervening grave yard, his smiling eyes dropped, his voice sank into a rich, mellow, mournful tone, and with much emotion he continued, "Ah, Mr. F——, the *dead are safest* midst all this hurly-burly!" The thoughts and the manner in the two clauses of this sentence would have brought inevitably to any one present, first a smile, then a tear.

In the speech at Salem, in 1848, after many of his old Whig party had gone over to the Free Soil party, he gazed around the great crescent of people before him, and concluded one of his opening paragraphs emotionally, thus: "Of the great men I knew here, and loved, some of them are dead;" then pausing an instant, long enough for all to remember that some of them were alive, but lost to the party, he continued, "Aye, some of them are dead, and some of them are *worse* than dead!"

A divorce case was argued about 1841, where the parties lived in South Boston. Bradford Sumner was on the other side, and his feelings were ardently enlisted in the cause. One of the chief witnesses to prove the alleged guilt by reason of which the divorce was sought for, on the part of the husband, was a woman named Abigail Bell. Mr. Choate was for the husband and the divorce. On cross-examination, Mr. Sumner asked this witness, "Are you married?" "No." "Have you children" "No." "Have you a child?" Then there was a long and distressing pause. The question was repeated —"Have you a child?" At last the monosyllable "yes" was fully uttered by the witness. Instantly the counsel ceased the cross-examination. Of course her testimony, where there was a conflict of testimony, was immensely damaged in the eyes of the jury, by this fact confessed of the maiden mother. Choate did not ask any question in reply or explanation, and she stepped down from the witness-stand a blackened woman.

When, however, he came finally, in the course of his argument, to reply to that part of his case which rested on her evidence, he took her character in hand. The court-room hushed the moment he said, "Abigail Bell's evidence, gentlemen, is before you." Raising himself up and with great firmness, he went on: "*I solemnly assert there is not the shadow of a shade of doubt or of suspicion on that evidence or on her character!*" Everybody looked stupefied with astonishment at these words. Solemnly he proceeded, "What though in an unguarded moment, she may have trusted too far to the young man to whom she had pledged her untried affections; to whom she was to be wedded on the next Lord's day; and—*who was suddenly struck dead at her feet* by a stroke of lightning out of the heavens!" Then he made another of his tremendous pausings, and snuffings of the air, and his strange dark eyes lowered over the jury, while they took in this novel and extraordinary explanation. The whole court-room felt its force, and lighted up as if a feeling of relief had been experienced by every one present. There was a buzz, a stir, a universal sensation—and then, again, Choate rolled along under full headway.

As a lawyer, he had a right to suppose any explanation of the damaging fact which would account for it consistently with innocence, and this was *his hypothesis.*

Mr. Summer's argument to the jury was very able. He laid awake all night thinking it over, but Mr. Choate won the case.

∴

Tom Corwin told the following with great zest. He said that once on a time he and Judge Wright—a Western jurist, not famous for his personal pulchritude—went to a mulatto ball in the city of Memphis. The semi-sable door-keepers allowed him to pass into the ball-room. But when Judge W. came forward the janitor promptly refused him admission, saying, "*A shade too dark, sir!*"

∴

James T. Brady.—During the recent trial of Kane for arson, while the jury were out deliberating, Mr. James T. Brady, who had defended the prisoner with his accustomed ability and eloquence, sat quietly conversing with a friend. Pointing first to the prisoner, and then to the Judge (Ingraham), he said, *sotto voce:* "Kane and 'able!' "

His Honor, overhearing it, replied, in an under-tone: "I hope Kane won't kill 'able.' "

"Oh, no," answered Mr. Brady; "and we don't mean that 'able' shall kill Kane!"

"He's incapable of doing that," impertinently suggested a by-stander. And then a subdued smile—one of old Leatherstocking's "inward chuckles"—beamed over the phizes of the party.

∴

Father Taylor.—During the late war many of the members of the Mariners' Church in Boston enlisted for the war; among them young B——, who had endeared himself to all by bringing many within its walls. It was intended, one Sabbath evening, that some allusion should be made to his good works, as he was to leave next day; but nothing was said. At the close of the meeting some one inquired why this was thus; to which the clergyman, Bro. Taylor, replied: "I'll tell you what it is: I *was* going to have B—— prayed for *in good shape and clear up to the handle*, but *that* W—— was so long winded I couldn't choke him off in time!" Young B——, although a very excellent young person, was rather proud, and thought the liturgy a little defective; but he came back "in good shape," even if he was not thus prayed for, and is now doing good service in the cause.

∴

A New Story of Artemus Ward.—Artemus left New York by a night boat. Directly a man spoke to him, saying, "Going West, sir?"

Said Artemus, "I suppose so." Then said the man, "As I am from the West we'll go and drink."

"Do you drink brandy?" said the man.

"I suppose so," said Charley.

"Where in the devil be you going;" said the man.

"Well, I'm going anywhere for a month—just as other people lead me! I've traveled with with purpose 'till I'm sick. A purpose is worse than baggage. I'm going on; that's all I know."

The man said he was in with Brown until death. He had never done any thing a purpose. "So" he said, "suppose we go to my state room and try a hand at poker."

They played poker 'till daylight, when Brown was very tight. He had lost some four or five hundred dollars. A second man joined them at Albany. "So you two be traveling by chance, as you may say? Well! I'm with you to the death." They got off the boat and a hack-driver said: "Where do you want to go, gentlemen?" "Any where, go on!" He drove to a bar-room with much alacrity. There they made so great a noise that the proprietor cried, "Where be you going, men?" "Don't care!" "Then go out!" They met policemen on the sidewalk. "Where are you bound?" "Any where!" "Then I 'spose the station-house will suit." Charley Brown was pulled up before the Judge next day: he gravely gave the name of Gerritt Smith, and Gerritt was fined for drunkenness. "Where now?" cried the three purposeless ones. They saw a sign—"Utica train,"—and they went to Utica. There a stage-driver hailed them. "Where be you going?" "Any where!" So they started for Trenton Falls. The third day of lolling there they took a pony ride up into the wilderness, permitting the nags to select their own route. Suddenly the original man produced a pistol.

"Hand out your money?" he cried, very sternly, to Brown.

Brown complied with the greatest complacency.

"We brought you out here to rob you!" said the second man

"Then," said Brown, "you're deuced swindlers! We were to travel without method, and you've had a method all along. I don't care a nonpareil whether you shoot me or not; but I won't have the traveling contract broken."

"We said," cried the first man, cold-bloodedly, "that we'd follow you to the death. You're up to that point now, purty close."

"I object to nothing," said Brown. "I said I would travel anywhere. You skunked me! Put up your irons! we'll spend all this money together, any way."

The two thieves laughed. "You're cool enough!" they said, "what are you by name and business?"

"I'm Artemus Ward!"

"Did you write the visit to the Shakers?"

"Yes!"

"Well, Bill, put up your gun! I thought this was Artemus! We'll spend his money instead of his blood."

But Charles Brown grew methodical on the homeward route, and steered for New York alone.

Family Circle.

WHAT IS IT MAKES A LADY?

BY E. L. CUSHING.

"What is it makes a lady?"
Asked my little girl of me,
One shining summer morning,
As she stood beside my knee;
And I told her that it is not
Fine dress nor heaps of gold,
Nor all the bright and flashing gems
The caves of ocean hold.

But it is a gentle temper,
And thoughts of peace and love,
And a mind that seeks in all things
Some goodness from above;
That thinks of another's comfort
Before it seeks its own,
And strives to live on earth the life
That is in Heaven known.

It is this that makes a lady,
And not being rich or poor;
For kind thoughts, kind words, kind actions,
Make the lady, I am sure.
So think of this, my darling,
And to the truth be true,
And soon will love and kindness
A lady make of you.

BABY'S KISS.

Two baby lips are raised to press
Their innocence on mine;
Two baby eyes join the caress,
Two baby hands entwine
My whiskers.

All warmth with which I greet her kiss,
The pain she gives me cools;
For half the kiss and all the bliss
I miss whenever she pulls
My whiskers.

"No rose without a thorn"—who'd guess
She could so well express
That old, old truth, by sweet caress
On lips, and such distress
To whiskers?

Paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer.—The following paraphrase of the Lord's Prayer has been set to music in England. It is the best we have ever seen in any language—there is nothing wanting and nothing redundant:

Our Heavenly Father, hear our prayer;
Thy name be hallowed everywhere;
Thy kingdom come, Thy perfect will,
In earth, as heaven, let all fulfill;
Give this day's bread that we may live;
Forgive our sins as we forgive;
Help us temptation to withstand;
From evil shield us by Thy hand;
Now and forever unto Thee
The kingdom, power and glory be. Amen.

⁂

Tell your Wife.—If you are in trouble or a quandary, tell your wife—that is, if you have one—all about it at once. Ten to one her invention will solve your difficulty sooner than all your logic. The wit of woman has been praised, but her instincts are quicker and keener than her reason. Council with your wife, or your mother or sister, and be assured light will flash upon your darkness.

Women are too commonly adjudged as verdant in all but purely womanish affairs. No philosophical student of the sex thus judges them. Their intuitions, or insights, are the most subtile, and if they cannot see a cat in the meal, there is no cat there. In counseling a man to tell his trouble to his wife, we would go farther, and advise him to keep none of his affairs secret from her. Many a home has been happily saved, and many a fortune retrieved by man's full confidence in his "better half." Woman is far more a seer and prophet than man, if she be a fair choice. As a general rule, wives confide the minutest of their plans and thoughts to their husbands, having no involvements to screen from them. Why not reciprocate, if but for the pleasure of meeting confidence with confidence? We are certain that no man succeeds so well in the world as he who, taking a partner for life, makes her the partner of all his purposes and hopes. What is wrong of his impulse or judgment, she will check and set right with her almost universally right instincts. "Helpmeet" was no insignificant title, as applied to man's companion. She is a meet help to him in every darkness, difficulty, and sorrow of life. And what she most craves, and most deserves, is confidence—without which love is never free from shadows.

⁂

A Loving Dog.—A correspondent of the *Inverness Courier* writes as follows: Mr. Short, station-master at Lucker, on the North-Eastern Railway, was accidentally killed by a train in July last. Mr. Short had a favorite greyhound, which was in the house when his master's body was brought home. The faithful animal soon found his way to the spot on which he met the fatal blow, where he was often seen afterwards, until he also lost his life by similar means to those which a fortnight before deprived him of his master. The following lines were written by a lady, nearly four score years of age, on hearing of the painful end of this devoted animal:

On this sad spot my much loved master fell,
Mangled and bleeding, and I was not nigh;
Language can ne'er my bitter anguish tell,
But as he died, so would I also die.

Master! protector! friend! companion dear!
To thee, by all these tender memories bound,
What is there now in death for me to fear?
These shrill wild shrieks shall my loud requiem sound.

Rush on, thou mighty engine, strike the blow
Speedy and sharp, from life to sever me,
To still forever this o'erwhelming woe,
And terminate my hopeless misery!

Kind Words, Good Deeds, and Evidences of Progress.

THE BREAD OF ST. JODOKUS.

FROM THE GERMAN OF ROSEGARTEN.

To prove how pure a heart his servant bore,
One day the Lord to St. Jodokus' door
Came begging bread, in garments worn and poor.

"Good steward," spake St. Jodokus, "give him bread;"
"One loaf alone remains," the steward said,
"For thee and me, the faithful dog beside."
"Give!" said the saint; "will not the Lord provide?"

The steward marked the single loaf with care,
And cut four pieces, each an equal share.
Then to the beggar, in no friendly tone,
"One each for thee and me, the abbot one,
One for the dog, since I can but obey."
Jodokus smiled; the beggar went his way.

Not long, and in yet wretcheder disguise,
Once more the Lord asked bread with pleading eyes.
"Give him my piece," Jodokus gently said:
"The Lord provides." The steward gave the bread.

Again the Lord beside the threshold stood,
And, faint with hunger, begged a little food.
"Give him thy portion," thus Jodokus said;
"The Lord provides." The steward gave the bread.

A little while, and naked, blind, and lame,
The fourth time came the Lord and begged the same;
"Give the dog's piece," the holy man replied;
"The Lord, who feeds the ravens, will provide."

The steward gave. The beggar left the gate,
And a voice cried aloud, "Thy faith is great!
Thy Lord hath proved His servant's loyalty—
As thou hast trusted, be it done to thee!"

The steward looked, and in the tranquil bay
Behold! four laden ships at anchor lay,
Far up their sides the water's dimpling line
Broke round their holds; well stored with bread and wine.

Joyful the steward hastened to the strand,
And saw no man upon the vessel stand;
But on the shore a snow-white banner waved,
Whereon in golden lines these words were graved:

"Four ships He sends who doth the ravens feed,
To him who hath four times supplied his need.
One for the abbot, thus the list begin;
The steward and the dog like portions win;
The fourth is for the sender's needy kin!"

The Silver Wedding House—A New Appropriation of the Benefits of a Silver Wedding.—Mrs. Hillyard has given $100,000 to erect an orphanage, or an orphan's home for boys, at London. A merchant, with Masonic reticence as to his name, has added $100,000.

In Mr. Spurgeon's address, he remarks:

The cost of the house of which Mrs. Hillyard will lay the first stone is given by a merchant of the city of London. [Applause.] His name is well known, but it is not to be mentioned now nor at any other time. It will be called the "Merchant's House." The house of which I shall lay the foundation stone will be called the "Silver Wedding House. It is given to us by a sister who has lived happily with her husband for five and twenty years. About a month ago her husband said to her, "I will make you a present of five hundred pounds on your wedding day." She said, "I often wished to have so large a sum to give to Mr. Spurgeon for some of his good works." [Applause.] The third house will be called the "Workmen's House." The workmen in the employment of Messrs. Higgs agreed at a meeting to build a house, the materials being found by Messrs. Higgs. [Cheers.] The workmen will faithfully redeem their pledge, but thinking it would be a long time before they could work their money out, they have given the whole in the shape of that large shed, which will suit for meetings, or for the children to play in. I think our working friends could not make a better investment than subscribe to an institution where their children should have a preference in the house. Let me say that, though only these three houses are now to be built—or at least their first stones are to be laid—we have promises for others. The family of the Olneys have given a check for £500 for another house—[applause]—to commemorate the memory of their sainted mother, and to be called "Unity House," in memory of her. And now we purpose, in the laying of each stone, to offer a few words of prayer for a blessing and to sing a few verses. Let all this be preliminary—let it be the preface of the book, and so now I come to chapter one—the stone of the "Silver Wedding House." Here are two verses by our poor poet which we shall sing:

Accept, O Lord, the grateful love
Which yields this house to thee;
And on the "Silver Wedding House"
Let blessings ever be.

Enrich, O Lord, the wedded pair
With choicest grace below.
And when their pilgrimage is o'er,
The golden crown bestow.

The Homes will consist of terraces of houses, each house capable of accommodating eighteen or twenty boys, and presided over by a nurse; and it is considered that this plan will preserve, as far as possible in a large institution, the idea of a family, and will enable the trustees to proceed with the houses, as their funds will permit. It is also proposed to build a large school-room and dining hall on the orphanage ground. The houses will cost from £500 to £600 each, and the trustees have accepted a builder's tender for the erection of three at once. A large shed has already been built, which will serve for holding meetings on the ground, and can be afterwards used as a covered play-ground for the boys. The fatherless boys will be received into the "Homes" as vacancies occur, and it is proposed to judge each case on its own merits, quite irrespective of any denominational views held by the parents.

⁂

Christopher Townsend, of Newport, R. I., has purchased the Giles estate for $7,000, and given it for a home for friendless children.

Compagnia della Misericordia.

This brotherhood, established at Florence, Italy, includes all ranks of men. If an accident takes place, this office is to raise the sufferer and bear him tenderly to the hospital. If a fire breaks out it is one of their functions to repair to the spot and render their assistance and protection. It is also among their commonest offices to attend and console the sick; and they neither receive money nor eat nor drink in any house they visit for this purpose. Those who are on duty for the time are called together on a moment's notice, by the tolling of the great bell of the tower, and it is said that the Grand Duke himself has been seen, at this sound, to rise from his seat at table and quietly withdraw to attend the summons.—Dickens' *Pictures from Italy.*

◆

Every Mason might truthfully say, if he would acknowledge it, that he has been elevated in the social scale by becoming a Mason. The richest and noblest must fain confess that he is richer and nobler by the privileges that his initiation has conferred upon him than he could otherwise be. His Lodge is older, grander and more princely than Star and Garter.

The Machine for Missionaries.

There is, it is well known, but one Sewing Machine sufficiently simple and reliable for the use of Missionaries, and that is the Willcox & Gibbs. So long ago as 1861, the Rev. A. T. Pratt, Missionary of the American Board, writing to Mr. Willcox, said: "I have now had one of your Machines for six months, and am ready to thank you for introducing them to the public. It is the ONLY Machine whose working is so sure and simple that I could venture to introduce it into Syria."

The National Freemason,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S., Editor.

John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

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Books.

For five subscribers, at $4, Oliver's Landmarks, 2 vols., octavo, $5.

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A few copies of vols. 7 and 8 of the National Freemason, from September 1st, 1866, to July 1st, 1867, neatly bound, have been left at our office, and will be sent free on receipt of $8.00, by postal order or bank check. Address National Freemason, P. O. Box 5903, New York City.

The Sign of the Cross—Its Masonic Use—Symbols of Various Rites—Of Templar Interest—Its Varieties—The Cross Constantine Saw. (No. 2.)

Upon his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he bore,
And dead, as living, ever Him adored;
Upon his shield the like was also scored,
For sovereign hope which in His help he had.—Spenser.

The associations connected with the use of the cross are too deep and holy to be lightly considered. On the earthly battle-field and in the hidden but no less deadly strife waged in the deep recesses of the human heart, the cross has been alike the symbol of victory and the object of adoring love.

In the ninth century the praises of the cross were sung by Rhabanus Maurus, who everywhere in creation recognized the form he loved. "Birds," says he, "aspiring to reach the heaven, spread their wings in the form of a cross. The ship that floats upon the wave displays in its masts and spreading sails the figure of the cross; and man, when he stands erect to pray, or when in swimming he parts with his body the yielding wave, extends his arms in the likeness of a cross." Dante, in his sublime "Paradiso," describes the souls of those who died fighting for the faith as inhabiting a cross resplendent with light and glory.

> "With mighty sheen
> And mantling crimson, in two listed rays,
> The splendors shot before me."

The happy souls, "lights scintillating, and each one itself a star,"

> "From horn to horn,
> And 'tween the summit and the base did move."

And ever as they moved there "gathered along the cross a melody," and in that triumphant hymn to the poet's ear came the sounds:

> "'Arise' and 'conquer,' as to one who hears
> And comprehends not."

The cross has been made the badge of nearly every knightly order, the guerdon of all heroic deeds; and it may be red, as stained with our Saviour's blood, and therefore a meet badge for all who pledge themselves to suffer for His sake; blue, because the cross is in itself most divine; white, because white is more luminous than all colors; or studded with diamonds and flashing stones, because light is the fittest symbol of divinity.

The crosses, which, at the time of the first crusade, were assumed as a badge, enabled those who were strangers alike in person and in speech to recognize in each other the votaries of one faith, pledged to unite their powers and energies in one common cause.

The different European nations are said to have been distinguished by crosses of various colors. The French bore white, the English gold, the Germans black, the Italians blue; the Spaniards had a red cross, that of the Flemings was green, and the Scots are already said to have been distinguished by the cross of St. Andrew.

In the third crusade the French adopted the red cross and the English the white. Since that period the cross has become common throughout Europe as an heraldic bearing, and the forms which it assumes are found to be infinitely varied, both to render it available as a mark of distinction and to express any peculiar circumstances that may have attended its adoption.

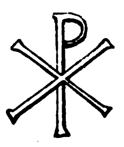
* * * * * *

The cross was honored by the Christians as an emblem of faith and a sign of a Christian profession in the earliest times, and possibly in the times of the Apostles. The earliest Christian writers, Justin Martyr (martyred A.D. 162) and Tertullian, treat much of the cross. The Apology, by the former, is a defense of the Christians, who were accused by the heathen as being worshipers of the cross in the sense of an idol. Both writers rise into fanciful imagery in its vindication, piously tracing its form in the shape of a man with his arms extended in prayer (the antique gesture), in that of a bird flying, of a ship sailing, and of other common objects in nature and art.

The cross was also held to be all-powerful against demons. It was the sign of recognition (it is supposed as the gesture of one crossing himself), between Christians, while its use in baptism loses itself in Christian antiquity.

Chrysostom, in the 4th century, no longer traces it, like Tertullian, in fanciful comparisons, but describes it in actual usage as seen everywhere, held in honor, in the private house and the public market-place, in the desert, in the highway, on mountains, in forests, on hills, on the sea, in ships, on islands, on our beds and on our clothes, on our arms, in our chambers, in our banquets, on gold and silver vessels, on gems, in the paintings of our walls, on the bodies of diseased beasts, on human bodies possessed by devils, in war and peace, by day, by night, in the dances of the feasting and the meetings of the fasting and praying.

This monogram, the cross of Constanstantine, composed of two Greek letters combined, *X* or *chi*, and the *P* or *rho*, which, by a usual Greek abbreviation, formed one composite letter out of the first consonants of the name of Christ, was adopted evidently in familiar household usage by Christians alike of the East or West. There is no doubt, also, that this monogram was venerated, not only as containing the name of Christ, but as affording to the eye of faith the materials in some sort for the sign of the cross. It is found upon the tombs in the early catecombs of Rome, on innumerable monumental stones, on the front of Christian sarcophagi, on bronze lamps, and at the bottom of glass vessels, some of which have been believed to have contained eucharistic wine, while others, from their inscriptions, are known to have served for convivial purposes. While, at all events, the monogram of Christ abounds in every collection of early Christian relics, it would be difficult to find as early a specimen of the cross in its simplicity as now familiar to us.



It was in A. D. 311 that the supposed vision of a luminous cross appeared to Constantine in the sky, accompanied by the words, "*In hoc signo vinces*" ("In this sign thou shalt conquer").

(To be continued.)

"The American Baptist"

of September 24th, publishes on its first page four columns on Freemasonry, under the caption "Knight of the Sun." This is the first paragraph:

"The following extracts from the 28th Masonic Degree of the Accepted Rite, entitled, Key of Masonry, Philosophical Lodge, Knights Adept of the Eagle or Sun, are from Bernard's 'Light on Masonry.' We have omitted the explanation of the symbols and the physical lecture."

Rev. Mr. Bernard is the gentleman who once published what pretended to be an exposure of Freemasonry. It was his "hobby" for years. He was styled "the great light of anti-masonry." Mr. Bernard claimed to have taken some of the degrees of Freemasonry. We are assured that he merited and met with little favor Masonically, and that he found it more convenient to turn anti-Mason than to meet his obligations.

Years ago he published several articles upon Freemasonry in a Western Baptist weekly. Himself or the editor pressed upon us the inquiry, whether his publication was true or not. A categorical answer was demanded. Although this was the height of impertinence, to ask an upright man to reveal indirectly what he had promised not to do at all, we replied then as we do now: "Some things in Bernard's book are true; others are untrue. The untrue are placed in such juxtaposition with the true as to make the work unworthy of credit."

But our Baptist brother must see the impropriety of quoting the work of an enemy in our condemnation. Were I to charge error of doctrine upon the Baptists I would quote from the works of the Baptists, and accredited works, too, and not from the publications of psuedo-Baptists. What would be thought of the candor of an infidel, who should quote from Taylor's "Diagesis" to prove the Christian faith of an immoral tendency? But we know that Mr. Bernard never did receive the "Ineffable Degrees," and hence is no more a competent if he were a credible witness than any person who had never crossed the threshold of our temple. His striking points in his pretended revelation are new to us.

Our Baptist brothers, not satisfied with the three columns upon the outside page of the "*American Baptist,*" make its first and leading editorial (also of three columns of length) an attack upon Freemasonry, under the caption: "*The Religion of Freemasonry.*" The following is the initial paragraph:

> "It is but right that every company and class of men should be allowed to speak for themselves. We should do Freemasonry a wrong if we judged of it by general impressions, public reports, or even by the casual remarks of individual Masons. We ought rather to take the standard and authentic writings of the Order as the true exposition of its principles; and for those portions which the craft think it unwise to reveal, we must take whatever evidence comes to us from the most competent and trustworthy witnesses. On this principle we give this week, on our first page, the Religious or Philosophical Degree, in the very words in which it is administered by Father Adam in the grand council of Knights Adepts. It is one of the most important of the Masonic degrees, and is generally regarded and spoken of by the Order as the 'key to Masonry.' In it the peculiar religious system which permeates more or less all the degrees is brought out clearly and distinctly, and we see exactly what that religion is."

The first three sentences evince a spirit of candor; but we very much differ with the editor in regard to what are "the most competent and trustworthy witnesses." Surely renegades from the institution, who are incapable of appreciating its great truths, and who made merchandise first of Masonry and then of anti-Masonry, are not the "most trustworthy witnesses." Surely men who failed to pay for the few degrees they did receive, and canceled their notes by attempting to defame the institution, are not the "most trustworthy." Surely such anti-Masonic writers as the drunken and wife-beating Morgan, and the mercenary Miller and Bernard, are not to be compared as "trustworthy witnesses" with Washington, Clinton, Jackson, Murray, Greene, Bedell, Wainwright, Bartlett, George and Griswold.

Again. One body claiming to be Masonic is not responsible for another body bearing a Masonic name. The Grand Lodge has no connection with nor responsibility for the acts of the Grand Chapter, nor these again for the doings of the Grand Encampment of the United States; nor all these for the acts of Ineffable Freemasonry.

All these might be destroyed, and Freemasonry remain intact. The Symbolical Degrees are received all over the world and by all. There are those who are Lodge Freemasons, who are violently opposed to the higher degrees.

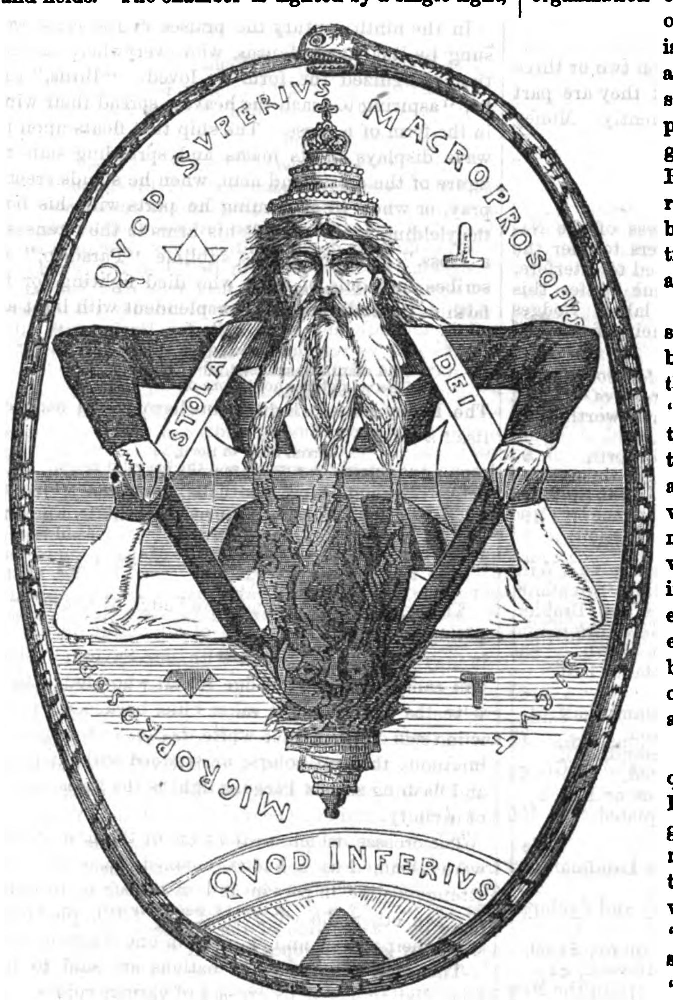
We personally and heartily indorse the ceremonies and degrees of all these bodies, wishing, however, that there were fewer governing bodies, upon the score of economy, and viewing only the Entered Apprentice Degree as *essential to the universal Masonic idea*—and as the true "key to Masonry."

Bro. Macoy's "Masonic Cyclopædia of Masonry" is next introduced as evidence in the case by the editor of the "*American Baptist.*"

Bro. Macoy's work is highly appreciated at this office, and by the craft throughout the world, and we are pleased to find that it has found its way into the sanctum of our Baptist brethren; yet Bro. Macoy's work has not the sanction of any Grand Lodge or Masonic governing body. It rests, therefore, upon its merits as an individual Masonic work.

We accept Bro. Macoy's description of this degree, and print it in full—plate and all:

KNIGHTS OF THE SUN, OR PRINCE ADEPT. Sometimes known by the names "The Philosophical Lodge," "Prince of the Sun," "Key to Masonry." It is the 28th Degree of the Ancient and Accepted Rite, and is strictly philosophical and scientific. The ceremonies and lecture, which are of great length, furnish a history of all the preceding degrees, and explain in the fullest manner the various Masonic emblems. The great object of the degree is to inspire men with the knowledge of Heavenly truth, which is the pure source of all perfection, and as this virtue is one of the three great tenets of Masonry it deserves commendation. The body is styled a council, and consists of not less than ten members. The walls should be painted to represent the open country, mountains, plains, forests and fields. The chamber is lighted by a single light, a great globe of ground glass, in the South; this represents the sun. The only additional light is from the transparencies. In the East is suspended a transparency, displaying the sign of the macrocosm, or of the seal of King Solomon—the interlaced triangles; one white and the other black. In the West is suspended a transparency displaying the sign of the microcosm, or the pantagram traced on a pure white ground with lines of vermilion, and with a single point upward. Many other transparancies, symbolizing objects of great importance, are appropriately arranged around the chamber, particularly the following figures, which are placed in the North:



The ceiling should represent the heavens, with the crescent moon in the West, the principal planets, the stars and the constellations. The presiding officer is styled Father Adam. The Warden sits in the West, and is called Bro. Truth; there are seven other officers, who are styled Bros. Gabriel, Aneal, Michael, Camael, Raphael, Zaphiel, and Zaphriel. The collar is a broad white watered ribbon; on the right side is painted or embroidered an eye, in gold. The apron is of pure white lambskin, with no edging or ornament, except the pantagram, which is traced on the middle of it with vermilion. The jewel is a medal of gold, on one side a full sun, on the other a globe. When the degree is conferred, no jewel or apron is worn.

We inform our unenlightened brother of the "*Baptist*" desiring truth that the culture of "symbolism," not "Ritualism," would be of no disservice to him or his cause. A study of the figure that alarms him would suggest symbolic beauty and appropriateness. It is all philosophic. It presents man in his primeval dignity, and as the noblest work of God, encircled in the symbol of eternity. The fundamental principles of Masonry are God and man.

Our Baptist brethren draw the inference from the foregoing that Masonry claims to be a religion. Our inference is, that Bro. Macoy is right when he says it is "strictly philosophical and scientific." Masonry nowhere claims to be a church, or that its regimen is divine. Masonry, while not *a religion* is *religious.* Would our brethren of the "*Baptist*" have any human organization otherwise? Would they refuse to co-operate, if in France, with the anti-atheistic societies, to check the tide of rising atheism, because these associations are so religious that they recognize a Supreme Being, or because they do not go further and advocate the truth of Revelation? Would our editorial brethren refuse to co-operate with various benevolent and philosophical associations, because they had religious and appropriate ceremonies?

The Masonic is an institution designed to bind all men together in the bonds of a common brotherhood, under the care of a common Father, to promote "peace on earth and good will to men," to check religious and civil intolerance, to permeate every institution and church and party and nation, ruler and ruled, with sacred ideas of God and of man; not to become a power, but an all-pervading influence. Would not such an institution have a good effect upon our editoral brethren and their correspondents? They would be no less Baptist, but would be more tolerant of others' opinions, and rejoice more in great truths and less in a mere party or a sect.

Our late lamented Bro. Oliver is next quoted as another Masonic authority. He is highly esteemed as a Mason of great research, but we doubt whether a moiety of the craft would accept all his theories and definitions. Yet we accept what Dr. Oliver says, as he meant it. "Masonry"—that is, its principles, as suggested above—"is divine." It does "inculcate and embrace evangelical truth," that is, love to God and man and mercy to a foe. "There is no duty enjoined, nor a virtue required in the volume of inspiration, but what is found in and taught by Freemasonry." Name the duty or the virtue which is not taught, Bro. Baptist. Ceremonial and doctrinal requisitions are not made. Do you not rejoice, Mr. Editor, that there is so large a body of men under such obligations? Should it be a source of grief to any good man?

Without pretending to indorse all that imprudent advocates may claim for Freemasonry, we admit and and rejoice therein to affirm that Masonry is religious (but not a religion), so far as we have indicated.

The editorial remarks upon "the Book of the Law" show a misconception of Bro. Mackey. Bro. Mackey means that to be made a Mason, a man must be obligated; if obligated, it must be upon some work deemed sacred. Is it not so in our courts of justice? To a Roman Catholic the cross is added to the Bible. If the American were not a Christian Government, if it were a Government expanded to embrace all nationalities, it would not absurdly present as its book of obligation the Bible to him who had no faith in it. Granted that the Masonic is a necessary society, and that obligations should be imposed, there remains but the alternative to follow the Masonic rule.

The Bible is essential to an American or English Lodge, because it is the accredited Book of the Law for the people of these nations.

Does this "degrade the Bible?" We do not see it. The "*Baptist*" next attacks Bro. Macoy's treatise on *mysteries* thus:

"Macoy, in his Cyclopædia, acknowledges the incompatibility of the teachings of those ancient rites from which Masonry is derived with modern religious opinions, 'at least so far as most of our Protestant communions are concerned.'"

Let our brother strike out "from which Masonry is derived," and he will state what we believe. Does he not also so believe? Is it not true? Is it not also true that they were to the heathen the media of science and morality? Does not the "*Baptist*" believe that there is not too much intellectual but too little religious and moral education? Will not the clergy and Christians of the country indorse the following from Bro. Macoy, which the "*Baptist*" appears to condemn?

"We have divorced science and philosophy from religion, and seem to regard them as quite different and distinct things, the deplorable results of which are seen in our modern systems of education, which are entirely material and end in skepticism, if not in absolute irreligion. On the other hand, the ancients contemplated religion from a religious point of view. All the phenomena of life, all the motions of the heavenly bodies, the whole stupendous spectacle of the world, revealed to them the presence of an unseen intelligence. Hence their religion embraced all the facts of physical science and art, [these] and philosophy were necessary parts of religion and reposed on a spiritual basis. Hence, instruction with them was religious and moral. And were they not right (not in their views, but in uniting religion and science)? The mysteries were established for human instruction; and there all the sciences were studied with reference to a higher sphere of thought. Nature, with all its laws, its motions and its mysteries, which science attempts to explore, was in their view only a shadow, or reflex, or projection of the more substantial verities of the unseen—philosophy itself was religion."

Once more. Why should not our brother more correctly appreciate St. Paul at Athens, when he said: "As I passed by and beheld your devotions, I found an altar with this inscription: To the Unknown God. Whom, therefore, in ignorance ye worship, Him declare I unto you."

The sentence rendered by our English version, "Ye men of Athens, I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious," really should read, "I perceive that in all things ye are much given to religious devotions," was the highest approval of their spirit of reverence, and not a rebuke. Paul saw too well in what deep foundations such an altar was laid. He wished not to distrust their reverence and their love of worship, but to direct it to the true God and educate its manifestations. Freemasonry is wiser than many good-meaning Christian ministers, who do not see that there is much to admire and sympathize with in the worshiper of even a false God, where reverence and trust are strikingly displayed. What he needs is not abuse, nor these emotions and dispositions to be eradicated, but to be turned to the one living and true God, and to be manifested in such worship as revelation informs us will be acceptable to Him. Masonry sees that atheism is the *worst* thing in the world—that it turns the heart to stone.

We pass by many of the asseverations of what is predicated as promised in the obns. of this degree, declaring them false, and the best clergymen of Christians of this nation will attest the same. We can make no further reply to such mendacious statements as to hold no intercourse "with the lovers of the mysteries of religion," and "to doubt every thing at present."

We pass on to notice but one thing further:

"Look through the community, and we shall see that nearly every high Mason is a man who takes little interest in the active duties of religion, even where he is a professor. But most of them make no pretensions to any thing beyond a general morality."

Does our brother speak from personal knowledge? How extensive is it? His observation is different from ours. The moving spirits of the world, in every good work, have generally been Freemasons. Who were Bishops White, Griswold, Wainwright, Chase, Otey, and Drs. Milner and Tyng? Bishops George, Hedding, and others among the Methodists; Rev. Mr. Gallatin, Bartlett, and such men among the Baptists? The active and pious managers of nearly all our religious and charitable denominational institutions are Freemasons. Who founded the American Tract Society? The Bible Society? The Temperance Society? The Christian Union? Institutions for the deaf and dumb, the blind, the lame, the widow and the orphan of our country? The Homes for our soldiers and sailors? Freemasons.

◆

The *Weekly Dispatch* of Pennsylvania, says:

The last number of the National Freemason we look upon as a model one—we don't want to see any better.

The *Dispatch* continues:

The *American Baptist*, of New York, a week or two since made a savage onslaught upon Freemasonry, and in the course of a column gave utterance to more misstatements and showed more bitterness of feeling than would suffice any decent political newspaper for a whole campaign. It stated as truth that Jeff. Davis and Surratt were both Masons, and that that only had saved them from the gallows; that Horace Greeley was a Mason, and on that account went bail for Davis, with other charges just as reasonable and just as well founded. The National Freemason, which always does things in a dignified way, and does them well, took the matter up, and showed from conclusive evidence that neither of the three named were Masons, adding a few pertinent remarks, which so stirred up the *Baptist* that, though dropping its claims for Surratt and Greeley, it reiterates the lie regarding Davis, and calls upon the National Freemason to disprove it. This the National Freemason does by spreading the records of the Grand Secretary of every Southern State for the examination of any one who may choose to examine them, stating, at the same time, that Jefferson Davis' name nowhere appears. We hardly think the *American Baptist* will care about replying.

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We call the attention of our city and suburban readers to the advertisement on the last page of a large auction sale on the 10th inst., by Messrs. A. J. Bleecker, Son & Co., auctioneers, of beautiful villa sites and village lots at Ridgefield Park, on the Hackensack River, New Jersey, within one hour's ride from New York city.

We have had the pleasure of visiting this beautiful tract of land, described in the advertisement, and can give our honest opinion that it is unsurpassed for situation or view by any property near New York. It is situate on the east side of the Hackensack River, and ascends by gradual slopes until it forms a magnificent plateau nearly 200 feet above water level, from which a magnificent view of the country for miles around is presented.

This delightful property lies midway between the Hackensack and Northern Railroads, and about one and a half miles from the villages of Hackensack and Ridgefield, so that it is quite accessible by cars to New York city at all hours of the day.

We can say that a finer property, combining greater advantages to purchasers, has never been presented to the public; and we can advise our readers, if any of them are in want of a beautiful spot to locate upon outside of the city limits, that they can find no more charming and healthy location than that which is described in the advertisement.

We are informed that excursion trains will leave the foot of Courtlandt street on the day of sale, free passes for which can be had at the office of the auctioneers, A. J. Bleecker, Son & Co., 77 Cedar street.

Answers to Correspondents.

If there is no—fundamental Masonic law to govern, we must regard the custom, usage or practice the longest in use, and the most generally received.

Where we must go to foreign jurisdictions, the usages and precedents of the Grand Lodge of England must have greater influence with an American Grand Lodge than the usages of any other Grand Lodge for the same period.

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Dimit.—Before 1717 there was no dimitting. Every brother was a member of the Great Brotherhood over the face of the globe, and "once a Mason" "always a Mason." Under the ancient organization, obligations sought and assumed could not be divested.

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1766—Their Royal Highnesses, the Dukes of York and Gloucester, brothers to the Royal Sovereign (George III.) were initiated.

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Joppa Lodge—is the flourishing Hebrew Lodge of London. It is the oldest Hebrew Lodge in London, and among the very oldest in England. The Lodge of Israel is another London Hebrew Lodge.

∴

The Ballot—should be retained among us. It is very necessary and its laws too little observed. But it is not an old custom. There is not a trace of it in ancient Freemasonry.

∴

"True Freedom and how to gain it"—the National Freemason published many months ago, and the poetry Eastern Star, by Bros. McKay and Cavan, is original to the National Freemason.

∴

Joe.—Your favor and paper received; you will have noticed that we have been paying our respects to various ducks of a similar kidney around the country, and one answer does for all. We cannot imagine what they expect to make by pitching into the Fraternity without rhyme or reason, as they are doing, but we trust that the brethren will see in the apparently concerted attack a reason for greater circumspection in life and conduct, and thus bring their venom to naught.

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Templar.—See notice in another column.

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Baptist.—We are glad to know that you do not sympathize with the uncalled for and unsustained attacks upon the craft by the American namesake of yours, and others of like propensity. We shall be able to stand it about as long as they can, for we have already outlived other attacks of the same nature. The public is with us, and will measure those gentry by the proper standard. It is annoying, however, to be misconstrued and held up to opprobium for trying to do good. But then you know mosquitoes will bite, and cats scratch—'tis their nature to.

∴

Prado.—As a patriot, Garibaldi may be and doubtless is entitled to great honor and praise, but he is not as perfect as an angel. As a Mason he is of no account whatever. He would sacrifice Masons and Masonry without a moment's hesitation to carry out any of the plans he has in view for bettering the condition of the Italian people. If he has any regard whatever for our institution, it is only that he may use it as an instrument for his own purposes. Now, while we must heartily sympathize with the Italians, and sincerely wish them all success in establishing a government of their own, we most strenously object to Masonry having any thing to do with the contest, or to its being made a weapon in the hands of either party, for such is not its mission. The moment Masons suffer their institution to be dragged into political or religious contests, they prepare to have its pure garments soiled with the passions such conflicts engender, they degrade it into a mere engine of party warfare, and they must prepare, when the battle is over, to see it cast aside with the other debris of battle. No man having the interest and welfare of the society at heart would desire to see it thus treated or be willing to drag it into such contests; but the great revolutionist would, in our opinion, cast it on the altar of sacrifice without a scruple or a pang, and hence we do not recognize him as an exemplar of our tenets or as one having authority to speak for us.

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Cypress.—The Masonic burial service of the Blue Degrees, although older than those of the Templars or any of the systems of high degrees, is of itself but modern, having been written by Wm. Preston, in the last century, and revamped by that eminent professor of patchwork, Thomas Smith Webb, to suit the meridian of this country. There is no reason beyond the expressed wish of a dying brother, or that of his family after his death, for the preference of one system over another, neither do we know of any good reason why, if required, the Lodge and Commandery service may not be mingled so far as to exhibit the striking points of each. It is certainly not a subject for discussion, seeing that each brother may settle it for himself, and to his own entire satisfaction. If Cypress feels any uneasiness on the subject, let him now, while time and opportunity offer, put the expression of his wish in writing and deposit it with the body he prefers should officiate, and he may be absolutely certain of his will being sacredly respected.

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C. A. S.—"Will you kindly overlook the importunity of a young beginner in asking information on a question which, it is said, is well settled, but which your correspondent is unable to understand. The question is this: A candidate is proposed, elected, pays the necessary fee and is initiated. Upon applying for another degree he is refused, and naturally asking the reason, is told that it is unknown, and therefore cannot be told him. Now, if you please, why is it that the Lodge having elected him and taken his money for the degrees is not bound to confer them, or furnishing some good and sufficient reason for its refusal, afford him an opportunity to explain? There might be some mistake or misinformation which he could satisfactorily clear up if he had an opportunity. Such a chance he ought to have in the spirit of fair play, and if not, why not?"

Answer.—As you commence with an apology for asking a question, you will allow us to say that we are always happy to hear from the brethren, and take especial delight in affording them any information we may possess. You are the type of thousands of others desiring information on various topics connected with the institution, and through you we invite them to write freely, being careful, however, to confine their questions to such matters as are proper to be written. As to your question the theory is this: When a profane petitions a Lodge, he asks for, and the Lodge, if it acts favorably on his petition, grants initiation. The fee paid is the fee for initiation. The Lodge accords the remaining degrees as rewards of merit and acknowledgment of proficiency; hence it reserves the right to grant or refuse them at pleasure. Viewed in this light, you will perceive that the candidate, although he has the right to ask for advancement, cannot enforce his demand. All that he can do is to wait patiently, and by correct walk and deportment win the sympathy of the Lodge, and thus arrive at the coveted advancement.

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JUBAL.—An occasional debate on pertinent questions not only does no harm, but rather lends interest and variety to Lodge proceedings; but you will find that you have committed a serious mistake if you undertake to transform your Lodge into a debating society. Most men are tenacious of their opinions, and not only will they refuse to yield them, but when pressed by an opponent will become dogged and acrimonious. At this point unity and brotherly feeling are lost sight of, and confusion enters the Lodge where peace and harmony should reign. It is true that an intelligent Master, having the power to terminate debate at his discretion, might by a judicious use of his prerogative prevent evil consequences, but it is very rarely that such a Master is found. Most men lack the discretion to perceive where the debate is tending to, and the backbone to take the bovine animal by his cornuted appendages, and therefore the safer way is to avoid temptation in the first place.

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CENTRE FIELD—We are a first rate hand to look at a ball match, but men of our heft are not generally expert players—our friend Orrin Welch, who is famous as a short stop, being an exception; still if you will get up a muffin match, proceeds to go to some Masonic charity, you may count us in.

The Rosh Hashanah,

or Jewish New Year, 5629, commenced Sept. 29, at sunset. The origin of this festival is given in Leviticus xxiii., 23d, 24th and 25th verses, and in Numbers xxix, 1.

The blowing of the trumpets is a rite peculiar to this festival, and is called "Yom Sicoron," the day of remembrance, and from "Jerush," the day of blowing. This festival lasted from Sunday evening until Tuesday evening at sunset. In the Synagogues of the ancient ritual on Monday the men wore shrouds, an allusion to a tradition declaring that the first day of the new year the Creator decides who shall live out the year just begun.

The *Talmud* says:

> Three books are opened on Rosh Hashanah. One for the confirmed just, one for the confirmed impious, and one for those between the two extremes. The first are immediately inscribed on the book of life, the second on the book of death, the third remains undecided until the day of atonement. If their repentance is then found sincere and accepted, they are inscribed in the first book; if found to be merely outward, and is rejected, they are inscribed in the second.

The Rosh Hashanah will be celebrated for ten days, and the "Yom Thippur" falls on the 9th of October.

Balloting.

Several articles have appeared in the New York *Dispatch* on the subject of the right of a brother to disclose the fact that he had cast a black ball, in balloting on the admission of a candidate, one of which articles we recently transferred to our columns. We did not directly express any opinion on the subject, though we perhaps shadowed forth a doubt as to the correctness of the author's position. The article is doubtless from the pen of M. W. Bro. Holmes, who takes the ground that the secrecy of the ballot, so far as the casting of a black ball is concerned, is a personal matter entirely, and that no landmark would be violated by a disclosure of the fact. To the latter proposition we assent. The law, however, of this jurisdiction as it now stands is against the right to disclose in any way the manner of balloting for a candidate. In 1864 a brother was charged with the offense of showing a black ball just before he deposited it in the ballot-box. The matter went before a commission and he was convicted. An appeal was taken to the Grand Lodge, and the Committee on Appeals affirmed the judgment of the commission, which had expelled the accused. In that decision the position is distinctly taken that the secrecy of the ballot is a *landmark*, as the following language shows:

> The question thus raised for consideration is important; it affects one of the ancient landmarks of our Institution, and one which has ever been peculiarly held sacred from any change or modification.
>
> The 12th of the Ancient Landmarks, presented in the 8th Article of the Constitution of this Grand Body, is as follows:
>
> "That the ballot for candidates, or for membership, is *strictly* and *inviolably* secret."
>
> The laconic brevity of this statute in nowise lessens its obligation; every word speaks, and its stern precision is eloquent from its very simplicity.
>
> The ballot is strictly secret. The brother casting it is emphatically not to let his right hand know what his left hand doeth. He is to keep it inviolably secret. Never, under any circumstances, or at any time, to disclose to any person how he voted. Will any one claim that the accused obeyed this law, when he knowingly, intentionally, and maliciously exhibited his ballot in voting? Did he strictly and inviolably keep his ballot secret? If he did not, he was guilty of disobedience of one of our ancient landmarks.
>
> In that most concise and yet comprehensive of all judicial obligations, the grand juror's oath, he obligates himself, "the counsel of the people, his fellows, and *his own*, to keep secret," and he cannot, without a clear violation of the letter and spirit of his oath, disclose his own vote or opinion on any question arising before the body of which he is a member. In this respect his duty and that of a Mason casting a ballot are alike, and for like reasons.
>
> The inviolable secrecy of the ballot is not solely for the protection of the brother casting it. The welfare of the Fraternity, the good order and comfort of the Lodge, are sought to be promoted by its inviolability.
>
> If a brother casting a black ball may exhibit it, the converse of the proposition *must* be true, and so one casting a white ball may make a like exhibition; and if *one* may do so, then all may, and instead of a secret vote the ballot is public, and the landmark is incumbered with the rubbish of the temple.
>
> If we yield this ancient landmark to the corroding influence of time and tide and passion, and allow an exception to be made like that now sought, the flood that will soon follow will sweep away all barriers hereafter attempted to be erected.
>
> Your Committee are satisfied that the accused was guilty of an offense, violating one of the fundamental laws of Masonry, and they recommend that the conviction be affirmed.

Because the Constitution of a State declares this or that thing to be a landmark, it does not necessarily follow that it is such. Legislation can no more create than it can destroy a landmark, and the framers of our Constitution either erred in the 8th article, by making the declaration that is quoted in the above extract, or half of the rest of the world is wrong on this subject. A thing cannot be a landmark in New York, a mere regulation in Europe, and entirely ignored in our domestic sister jurisdictions. If it is a *landmark* for one location it is for all, and all the legislation in the world cannot affect it *pro* or *con*. The writer of this article desires to be distinctly understood to believe that the report from which the above quotation has been made was a tissue of errors from beginning to end, and in so declaring does not desire that the FREEMASON should be held responsible for his views. The Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania at a recent session adopted the following views, which are directly in consonance with our belief of what the law should be:

> This is the first time within the knowledge of the committee that the mere act of black-balling has been assumed to be an offense in Masonry, or that the failing to give a satisfactory explanation for voting a black-ball can make it so. The black-ball is a right secured to every Master Mason, which he has the power to exercise, and which he should be permitted to exercise, without the supervisory interference or questioning of any brother.
>
> It is not only a Master Mason's right, but his secret, which no brother should seek to obtain possession of, directly or indirectly, and which, when once known by accident or espionage, a brother should not expose. No effort to deter the exercise of this right should be permitted, nor can the one who has exercised it be assailed therefor.
>
> If he makes known the fact of having voted a black-ball, and admits, in doing so, his motives were false and malicious, he must take the consequences of his indiscretions and admissions. *A brother may remove the vail of secrecy and unfold the reasons for his conduct if he sees fit; but until he does so, voluntarily and of his own accord, it is Masonically wrong to seek to penetrate or force his mystery from him.* This gives to the member a potent power. He should, therefore, use it wisely and well. It is a sacred trust, for which he is answerable to his conscience and his God.

The above italics are ours. A queer development as to a landmark is made here! Grand Master Doyle, of Rhode Island, recently delivered an address before the Grand Lodge of that State, in which his views on this important question were indorsed and adopted. He said:

> Upon the inviolable secrecy of the ballot no argument is necessary; nor is it a question of dispute, that a brother voting in favor of a petitioner cannot, under any circumstances, disclose the fact; because if that were permitted in case of rejection, the rejecting brother could be easily detected and his secret disclosed. Upon a clear ballot every brother's vote is apparent, and how each one voted is no secret; but when the box is foul, then there is a secret which is the property of him who cast the negative vote, and he cannot be compelled to divulge the fact. His secret, however, he can of his own free will and accord commit to the keeping of his Lodge, or to the Master, at his discretion; but it must be done without fear or compulsion, and from his own sense of duty.
>
> A brother from wrong information or from a mistake in the identity of the petitioner (and how liable this latter cause is to occur in cities), may have cast a black ballot against a worthy and exemplary man. Satisfied afterward that he has made a mistake, that he has kept from the Lodge one whom he would be glad to welcome there, is he to be denied the privilege of confessing his error and making known the reasons which influenced them? Certainly not. To forbid him would be to deny "that standard or boundary of right which enables us to render to every man his just due without distinction." Upon this view of the case eminent Masonic writers have always agreed.

These views are sound, logical, and indeed merciful to a candidate, and their adoption and practical working in a subordinate Lodge could not be other than productive of good and conducive to peace. We cannot but look with surprise at the action of the Grand Lodge of New York, which has inflicted Masonic death upon one of her members for the commission of an act that in Europe is no offense at all, which is declared by two enlightened jurisdictions in this country to be proper and praiseworthy; upon which "view of the case," to quote the language of Rhode Island, "eminent Masonic writers have always agreed." It is about time that we should cease to legislate landmarks into or out of existence.

About A Canary Bird.

In a recent issue we stated the fact that a canary, once the favorite of our household, had died, and asked if any one would like to send us another. Returning to our domicil one evening last week, we found our good wife and little ones surrounding a beautiful cage, within which was a still more beautiful canary. It was the source of immense satisfaction to all, particularly our two-year old, John W., Jr., who insisted that it was a chicken, and wanted it killed for his supper.

Accompanying the present was the following laconic but expressive note:

"A canary, with a cage outside of it and all around, both the compliments of D. CAVAN."

In behalf of our tribe and kindred we most heartily thank Bro. Cavan for his beautiful gift, and will care for it as tenderly as though he himself were within the gilded wires and we his jailor.

* * *

The New York *Times* printed such nonsense as the following last week:

At five o'clock Thursday evening John Kirk, a stone mason, an Englishman, 37 years of age, and residing at No. 169 West Twenty-first street, on the corner of Seventh avenue, committed suicide by cutting his throat with a razor. It is alleged that the misguided man was a Freemason, and had incautiously betrayed some portion of the secret business of the Order to a non-member. A man named Edward Carpenter had entered a complaint against Kirk for this misconduct, and he was cited to appear before the Lodge for examination. The deceased had been drinking for over a week, and stopped suddenly on Sunday, which no doubt unsettled his nerves and affected his brain, the idea taking possession of his mind that the Order would decree his death. In a state of partial derangement he descended into the cellar of his residence and committed suicide, as already described. Deceased leaves a widow and seven children unprovided for, the youngest being an infant of ten months.

* * *

Le Mond Maçonique, of France, notices an article from our columns respecting the laying of the cornerstone of a synagogue at St. Louis. It presents it sneeringly as an illustration of the Masonic tolerance (intolerance) of American Freemasonry. Why does not our brother see that it is an exemplification of Masonic toleration and of the progress of a Masonic idea? Here were Christians and Jews united, who, were it not for Freemasonry, would have, perhaps, hated each other—between whom at least there would have been no intercourse. Does not our Gallican brother see that American Freemasonry tolerates all religions, and the theory of *Le Monde*, under the plea of "the moral Independent," is so intolerant that it will tolerate no religion whatever, only its negation?

* * *

J. G. S. is the author of the following communication in the last number of the "*American Baptist.*" As a sample of the spirit of partisan anti-Masonry and its history in the present and past, we place it upon record:

Withdrawing Fellowship.

Answer to the inquiry of Brother R. G. Wood: "Am I justified in withdrawing from its communion (the communion of the church), because it admits adhering Masons to its fellowship?"

Such inquiries are often made; and they remind us of the great change that has taken place on this subject within 30 years past. Then it was seldom, if ever, necessary for individuals to withdraw from the churches on account of adhering Masons in them, for the churches generally withdrew their fellowship from those Masons who would not withdraw from the Lodges, and renounce their allegiance to the Masonic fraternity. Churches, associations, conventions, conferences, presbyteries, town meetings, county meetings, state conventions and United States conventions, unitedly, with one voice, pronounced Freemasonry to be a great moral and political evil that ought not to be tolerated in either church or state. Many of the best and ablest men we had in the country, in the churches and out of them, took this ground.

In those days, a Baptist conference was held on this subject in the village of Whitesboro, N. Y. This conference was composed of delegates from ten Baptist associations, from one Baptist conference, one Baptist church, and some 18 or 20 individual Baptist ministers from different parts of the State; and to use language of the editor of the *Baptist Register* at that time: "A reference to the list of delegates and of those who participated in its deliberations, will show it to have been one, in point of talent and respectability, piety and numbers, rarely, if ever, surpassed by any convention of our denomination." After a deliberate, thorough and prayerful investigation of the subject, they recommended to the churches the following resolutions:

"*Resolved*, That in the opinion of this conference it is the duty of every member of our churches who is a Freemason, to dissolve all connection with the Masonic Fraternity, and hold himself no longer bound by any ties of allegiance to the Masonic institution, or by its obligations, laws, usages or customs, and that he give to the church to which he belongs satisfactory evidence of the same, thereby practically disapproving of the same, provided, nevertheless, that he be not required to disclose the secrets of Freemasonry, nor verbally avow any opinion of its character or tendency.

"*Resolved*, That in our opinion the churches ought to live in peace and fellowship with all their Masonic brethren who comply with the above recommendation.

"*Resolved*, That this conference earnestly recommend to our churches to practice all Christian forbearance towards their Masonic brethren, but in case they cannot be induced to take the step above described, it will finally be the duty of the churches to withdraw the hand of fellowship from those brethren."

Churches of our denomination throughout the State pretty generally adopted these or similar resolutions. Hardly a church of any evangelical denomination could be found that would hold an adhering Mason in its fellowship. Zion was pretty thoroughly purged from that evil. Was this doing right then? It was. And it will be right to do the same thing now. This is just what the churches ought to do—expel from their fellowship every Masonic member who will not dissolve his allegiance to that institution.

I could not advise Bro. Wood or any other brother, to walk in fellowship with a church that will not take this ground. And I would not advise him to withdraw from the church, but to take the right ground and contend for it. And if the church will still hold on to the evil, let them expel him because he will not hold on to the evil with them. This will draw the line. And things are coming to this point. The time was when churches expelled members for being Masons. The time is now coming, if it has not already come, when they must either expel members because they will not become Masons, or fellowship Masons in the church of Christ. Will they do this? Will they expel those who will not walk in fellowship with Freemasons? Let us see. I for one am ready to meet the subject right here, in this shape. And I do expect to meet it here, even in the church where I hold my own membershp. As things are, they must either retrace their steps on this subject, or, to be consistent, they must expel me, just because I will not sacrifice the truth for which I have contended through my whole ministry, and in which I have been generally sustained and approved by the denomination, until recently. I shall stand my ground and defend it.

Clinton, N. Y. J. G. S.

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THE BOOK OF THE ANCIENT AND ACCEPTED SCOTTISH RITE OF FREEMASONRY; Containing Instructions in all the Degrees, from the Third to the Thirty-third and Last Degree of the Rite. Together with Ceremonies of the Inauguration, Institution, Installation, Grand Visitations, Refections, Lodges of Sorrow, Adoption, Constitutions, General Regulations, Calendar, etc. By CHARLES T. McCLENACHAN, 33°, Past Grand Master of Ceremonies of the Supreme Council Northern Jurisdiction, U. S. Fully Illustrated. New York: Masonic Publishing and Manufacturing Company, 432 Broome street. 1867. Sent free, price $5.

This great work, of 620 pages, on the Scottish Rite is destined to make a sensation in Masonic circles. We propose to make an extended notice of it next week.

* * *

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

BROOKLYN.

A Symposium.—Tuesday evening last the brethren of Adytum Lodge, No. 640, had a pleasant reunion at the residence of the Master, the occasion being to welcome home one of the founders who has been absent in Europe for some months in search of health which we are happy to add he has found. A moderate collation was discussed, after which Mr. Charles Heidsick was introduced, with a number of appropriate sentiments, eliciting responses which we are unable to reproduce, from the fact of having put our stenographic notes in some other man's hat by mistake. We have attended many affairs of greater pretension, but never one where the true cement and fellowship of Masonry was more apparent.

Adytum Lodge reminds us of the little darkey who rode the winning horse in a race. "I'se a little nigger,' said he, "but—O Golley!"

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Our regrets at not being able to have participated in the interesting exercises of conferring the Eastern Star Degree, Sept. 25. A piece of the *original corner stone of King Solomon's Temple* was presented to Hyatt Lodge.

MASSACHUSETTS AND R. I.

Our friend and Rev. Bro. Titus, M.·. E.·. Grand Master of Grand Encampment, celebrated his silver wedding at Taunton, 16th September; 500 persons were present, and three Lodges were represented.

VIRGINIA.

Lynchburg.—Sept. 21st the funeral services of our late esteemed brother Thomas McKinney, took place. Rev. Bro. Sutor acted as chaplain. The deceased was one of the oldest and most respected Masons of Virginia.

ILLINOIS.

GRAND ORIENT, BOSTON,
Sept. 10, 1867 (V.·. E.·.)

The Sovereign Grand Commander, to the Freemasons of the Northern Masonic Jurisdiction of the United States:

BRETHREN: In the midst of our rejoicings at the happy union of brethren long estranged from each other, we are afflicted with a heavy calamity. A pillar in our Temple has fallen!

Our Ill.·. Bro.·. Charles R. Starkweather, of Chicago, a Sov.·. Gr.·. Ins.·. General, 33°, and an active member of our Supreme Council, died on the twenty-seventh of the last month.

He was devoted to the teachings and sublime principles of our Order, and specially zealous for the welfare of the Ancient Accepted Rite.

Faithful to his duties in all the relations of life, he was a good man and a true Mason. While we mourn his loss, let us cherish his memory and strive to emulate his example.

In token of our sincere regard for our illustrious brother, and of our grief that he has been taken from us, let the altars and working-tools of bodies under our jurisdiction be draped with the violet badge of mourning for the space of sixty days, and these letters be entered upon their records.

Given at the Grand Orient the day and year aforesaid.

JOSIAH H. DRUMMOND, 33°, *Sov.·. Gr.·. Com.·.*

DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

WASHINGTON, Sept. 23, 1867.

NATIONAL FREEMASON: The friends of the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia not having occupied much space in the NATIONAL FREEMASON in defense of their position, I respectfully request the publication of the following facts relating thereto.

At the convocation of the Grand Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia, held in the city of Baltimore, on the 26th and 27th of March, 1867, the following resolution, introduced by Comp. E. L. Stevens, was adopted:

"*Whereas*, The time having now arrived when the interests of Capitular Masonry require a division of this Grand Chapter, and that the District of Columbia should constitute a separate jurisdiction, therefore,

"*Resolved*, That this Grand Chapter gives its full and cordial consent to a separation of the jurisdiction and to the establishment of a Grand Chapter for the District of Columbia, and when said Grand Chapter is legally formed and constituted the separation shall be complete, and the jurisdiction of this Grand Chapter over the District of Columbia shall cease."

Agreeably to the provisions of the foregoing resolution the several Chapters in the District of Columbia, to wit: Potomac Chapter, No. 8, Columbia Chapter, No. 15, Washington Chapter, No. 16, and Mount Vernon Chapter, No. 20, assembled in convention by delegates duly appointed by each, for the purpose of forming a Grand Chapter for the District of Columbia. The convention was organized and proceeded to business. At the second meeting of the convention the question was raised that the Grand Chapter could not be *legally* formed without first obtaining the consent of one of the first four officers of the G.·. G.·. Chapter. This question was very fully discussed, all the companions, except our late Comp. Geo. C. Whiting and the representatives of Potomac Chapter, taking the ground that such consent was not necessary, as all of the Chapters in the District were chartered by the Grand Chapter of Maryland, and where the consent of one of those officers was necessary was in the organization of a Grand Chapter by Chapters that had been chartered by the G.·. G.·. Chapter. The convention being fully convinced that they were right in the view they took, proceeded and organized the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia. Some who were dissatisfied with the course of the convention got the Grand Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia convened in special convocation, the express object of which was (as stated by some of them) to repeal the resolution granting the permission, inasmuch as they did not believe we had proceeded *legally*, not having obtained the consent of one of the first four G.·. G.·. officers. Previous to this meeting Comp. Whiting, of his own accord, who believed the consent necessary, wrote to Comp. Lewis, G. G. High Priest, giving him a full statement of all the facts, and requested that he would inform him, by telegraph, whether or not, in his opinion, the consent was necessary, and to write his views in full at his leisure, as he desired to have his answer *yes* or *no* before the meeting of the Grand Chapter. The following day Comp. Lewis telegraphed Comp. Whiting as follows:

"Consent probably unnecessary. Hereby granted, if it is. Will write. (Signed,) J. L. LEWIS."

This telegraph was received previous to the meeting of the Grand Chapter, and was, together with a copy of the letter of Comp. W. to Comp. L.; placed in the hands of G. H. Priest Smith, who, upon the assembling of the Grand Chapter, caused the same to be read, and stated that as the Grand Chapter of the D. C. had been legally formed, nothing remained for them to do but declare the division of the jurisdiction complete, which was done by the adoption of the following resolution:

"*Whereas*, The Chapters in the District of Columbia have proceeded to organize a Grand Chapter, in pursuance of the resolution adopted at the special communication of this Grand Chapter, held March 26th and 27th last, therefore

"*Resolved*, That the division of the jurisdiction is hereby declared to be complete."

Immediately after the adoption of the foregoing resolution, the G. H. Priest, Comp. J. G. Smith, stated, that as he was a member of a Chapter in the District of Columbia, he was no longer eligible to hold the position of Grand High Priest in that Grand Chapter, and he therefore took leave of the companions, thanking them for their many acts of kindness towards him, and called Deputy G. H. Priest Wentz to the East. The District of Columbia companions then left the Hall. Subsequent to this meeting Comp. Whiting received the following letter from Comp. Lewis, giving his views more fully on the question submitted by Comp. W. in his letter above alluded to.

"*Office of the General Grand High Priest of the G. G. Chapter of the U. S. A.*

"PENN YAN, N. Y., May 13, 1867.

"*George C. Whiting, Esq., Grand Master:*

"DEAR SIR AND M. W. BRO.: Yours of the 11th received a short time since, and telegram sent as requested. You may be surprised at the peculiar verbiage of the telegram, and I hasten to explain.

"The portion of the Constitution of the G. G. Chapter bearing upon the question you submit is Sec. 9 of Art. II., which provides for the formation of a Grand Chapter by three Chapters regularly instituted and consecrated '*by virtue of authority derived from this Constitution*,' and with 'the approbation of one of the first four officers of the G. G. Chapter.'

"Your communication does not inform me whether the Chapters were originally instituted by authority of the G. G. Chapter or by State Chapter authority. If by Maryland or any other State, then the "approbation" above required is clearly not required; if by the G. G. Chapter, then the question arises whether their subsequent independence by recognition of the latter body does not still obviate the necessity of consent.

"Please advise me as to these facts. The question is of little practical importance, except that the consent may be a work of supererogation, and I am too orthodox to believe in such works. The "approbation" will be cheerfully and promptly given, and the order will bear date as of to-day, as indicated by my telegram. For the present please regard this letter as *private* and *unofficial*, though not *confidential*.

"Very sincerely and fraternally,

"JOHN L. LEWIS, 33d."

In reply to that portion of Comp. Lewis' letter as to where our charters were obtained, Comp. W. replied that they were all obtained from Maryland. Nothing further was heard from Comp. Lewis. The time appointed for the constituting of our Grand Chapter and the installation of the Grand Officers arrived, and the ceremonies were performed by M. E. Comp. A. G. Mackey, Past General Grand High Priest of the United States. All things went on smoothly from this time until Comp. Lewis invaded our jurisdiction by issuing a dispensation to Potomac Chapter to work in disregard of our authority. This right we disputed, and declared said Chapter irregular, and forbid all intercourse with her as such.

This action being communicated to Comp. Lewis, he issued an *edict* (which has already been published) declaring the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia clandestine. This edict was issued by Comp. L. upon an *ex parte* statement of the case, as he never made any inquiry of the friends of the Gr. Chapter of the District, or made any efforts to become acquainted with the real facts in the case, *thus condemning companions without giving them a hearing*. Subsequent to these proceedings a companion from this District called upon Comp. Lewis at his home, and had a long conversation with him in relation to the matter, placing all the facts before him in a clear manner. Comp. Lewis admitted that the case had not been placed before him in that light before, and stated that he should revoke his edict, as he had issued it under a wrong impression. From that time to this nothing has been heard from Comp. L. on the subject, although he has been written to by several companions, but no reply has been received from him. Our communications *remain unanswered*.

The few facts here given we submit to the fraternity. We could add much more if we thought it necessary, but will let what we have said above suffice for the present.

Our *five* Chapters in this city are prospering finely, and entire harmony prevails among the loyal companions. HIRAM.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

From the Grand Orient of 'Ιεροδομ at Charleston, in the State of South Carolina, near the B.·. B.·. and under the C.·. C.·. of that zenith, which answers unto 32°, 46′, 33″, N. Latitude.

The Supreme Council (mother council of the world) of the Sovereigns, the Grand Inspectors General, Grand Elect Knights of the Holy House of the Temple, Grand Commanders of the Holy Empire, of the 33d and last degree of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry, for the Southern jurisdiction of the United States, whose See is at the Grand Orient aforesaid—

By the Sovereign Grand Commander:

To the M.·. P.·. Supreme Councils for the 33d degree, for the Northern jurisdiction of the United States, that for France, and that in the bosom of the Grand Orient of France, that for England and Wales, and the Dependencies of the British Crown, those for Ireland, Scotland and Italy, and those on the continent of South America, and for Cuba and the West India Islands, and to all Grand Lodges and Grand Orients of both hemispheres, except the Grand Orient of Belgium; and to all bodies and Freemasons of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of our obedience.

It is known unto all the Masonic world that this Supreme Council, having its See at Charleston, was established on the 31st day of May, 1801, for the whole of North America, and that from it, mediately or immediately, all the legitimate Supreme Councils in the world have derived their existence. In the year 1815 our said Supreme Council ratified the creation, by one of its members, of the Supreme Council for the Northern jurisdiction of the United States, having its See at New York, whence it afterwards removed to Boston, where it now has its Grand Orient, having jurisdiction over certain named States; and our Supreme Council, which became, by the creation of that for the Northern jurisdiction, the Supreme Council for the Southern jurisdiction of the United States, reserving unto itself all the other States and Territories of the United States.

In the year 1839, a body claiming to be a Supreme Council for the State of Louisiana was unlawfully established at New Orleans, and continued to exist until the 17th day of February, 1855, when, by a concordat on that day effected, it submitted to the Supreme Council for the Southern jurisdiction of the United States, as the supreme authority of the Rite in all that jurisdiction, including the State of Louisiana, and its members became members of the Grand Consistory of Louisiana, under the obedience of the Supreme Council at Charleston.

After the surrender of its powers by the body claiming to be a Supreme Council for the State of Louisiana, Jacques Foulhouze, once a member of that body, but who had retired from it before the effecting of the said concordat, associated with himself two or three others, who claimed to be 33ds, and set up a body, which he styled "The Supreme Council of the 33d Degree for the Free, Sovereign and Independent State of Louisiana." That State had always been within the jurisdiction of our Supreme Council for the Southern jurisdiction, the necessary consequence of which was, that the body so established was not only illegal and illegitimate, but spurious. Mons. Jacquez Foulhouze received his 33d degree from the Grand Orient of France, which then was and still is in alliance with us, our Ill. Bro. Albert G. Mackey, Sec. Gen. H. E., being its Grand Representative, and Garant d'amitie near us. Consequently, on the 4th of August, 1858, the Grand Orient of France addressed itself to the said Jacques Foulhouze, apprising him of its alliance with our Supreme Council, and its recognition of it "as the supreme constituting and governing authority of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite for the Southern jurisdiction of the United States;" and, claiming his allegiance, sworn to itself, invited him to dissolve, immediately, the organization which he had formed, on pain of its condemnation and forfeiture of his rank as an Inspector-General.

The said Foulhouze, refusing to obey, was, by the Grand Orient, formally divested of his rank and character of Inspector-General, and the body created by him declared illegitimate.

Nevertheless, the said body, though thus denounced, condemned as spurious by our Supreme Council, and acknowledged by no lawful Masonic power in the world, continued to exist, and still continues to maintain a precarious and unlawful being, under the presidency of M. Eugene Chassaignac. From the beginning it violated the Masonic Common Law of the United States, by establishing and chartering Lodges of Master Masons within the jurisdiction of the M. W. Lodge of the State of Louisiana, and was, therefore, denounced by the Sovereign Body, and all the Temples of Symbolic Masonry in the United States were closed against all who, pretending to be Master Masons, were members of the illegitimate Lodges created by the said spurious Supreme Council.

The Supreme Council of Belgium was created by authority from the Ill. Bro. Comte de Grasse, who derived his powers, in 1802, by commission from our Supreme Council at Charleston; and for it the Grand Constitutions of the year 1786 are necessarily the supreme law, to obedience whereunto it is irrevocably bound by the obligations of its original members. By these constitutions the number of Supreme Councils for North America was limited to two; and it is quite certain that, as the whole continent was originally under the jurisdiction of our Supreme Council at Charleston, which has never ceased to possess the requisite number of members since its origin in the year 1801, it has always been impossible for any lawful Council to be established in any part North America, except by its consent and authority. Accordingly, one of its first acts was to commission the Ill. Bro. De Grasse to establish a Supreme Council for the windward and leeward West India Islands.

These, illustrious peers and brethren, are all facts of history, known to the Masonic world, and which no one can dispute. It is to be presumed that they were known to the Supreme Council of Belgium. Nevertheless, that body, either in open disregard of the rights of this Supreme Council, and of the Grand Lodge of Symbolic Masonry of the State of Louisiana, or most improvidently, without inquiry and with a singular levity, has lately, upon application made to it by the spurious body at New Orleans, over which Eugene Chassaignac presides, recognized and acknowledged it as a Supreme Body and lawful Supreme Council of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, has appointed a representative near it, and accepted one near itself appointed by it, thus violating the fundamental law and constitutions of the Rite, and withdrawing itself from fellowship with all lawful Supreme Bodies of the Rite, and, in fact, illegitimating itself, by contracting an alliance, offensive and defensive, with an illegitimate body, and recognizing as Masons and receiving as visitors, in its Lodges and higher bodies, those who are denounced as clandestine Masons by this Supreme Council and many of its peers, and by the Grand Lodges of all the States of the American Union.

We do not appeal, by protest or remonstrance, to the Supreme Council or Grand Orient of Belgium, against this indefensible violation of our rights and those of the Grand Lodge of Louisiana, inasmuch as we cannot have any communication whatever with a body that is the ally of M. Eugene Chassaignac's illegitimate organization.

Wherefore, the Supreme Council for the Southern jurisdiction of the United States, placing this matter in the hands of its Masonic peers, the other Supreme Councils of America and Europe, invokes their prompt and decisive action in the premises, and prays them at once to suspend all communication and correspondence with the Supreme Council of Belgium, and to forbid the recognition of any of its subordinates, or the individuals of its obedience, as Masons, by any of their subordinates or the brethren of their jurisdictions, as visitors or otherwise howsoever, until it shall revoke its recognition of the said spurious body, and recall its representative near it, and respect the just rights of our Supreme Council from which it derives its existence.

And we do also invoke all the Grand Lodges and

Grand Orients of the United States, of Europe and of South America, and those of all other countries, by like prohibition of inter-communication, to vindicate the rights of the Most Worshipful Grand Lodge of the State of Louisiana, unjustifiably violated by the said Supreme Council and Grand Orient of Belgium.

And we do hereby command all Grand Consistories, and subordinate bodies, and individual Masons, of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, of all the States and territories of our jurisdiction, from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean, not in any way to recognize or receive as Masons any who are of the obedience of the said Supreme Council of Belgium; and do invite our sister Council for the Northern jurisdiction to do he same.

In testimony whereof, we, Albert Pike, Sovereign Grand Commander of the Supreme Council for the Southern jurisdiction of the United States, do hereunto set our hand, and cause these presents to be countersigned by our Ill. Secretary General of the Holy Empire, and the seal of our Supreme Council to be hereunto affixed, at the Grand Orient aforesaid, on this first day of the Hebrew month——, A. M., 5627, answering unto the first day of September, 1867, V. E.

ALBERT PIKE, 33D, *Sov. Gr. Commander.*

A. G. MACKEY, 33D, *Sec. Gen'l H. E.*

Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

FRANCE.

Bro. Albert Lenglé, Grand Master (adjoint) of France, and member of the Council of Order, died the 1st of September, after a brief illness. His body, after Masonic funeral services, was transported to Valenciennes to be interred in the family vault.

Our epistolary intercourse with Bro. Lenglé gave us a high idea of his integrity, urbanity and exactness.

∴

Angers.—Bro. Gregory Bordillon died lately and suddenly at his villa of Montbenon. He was an ancient Commissary of the Republic. An immense concourse (3,000 persons) followed the remains of this good man to the grave. Bro. Bordillon had not been very active in his Masonry in later years, as he thought it not keeping pace with progressive ideas.

∴

Toulouse—laments the loss by death of Bro. Mondouis, who consecrated much of his life to Freemasonry.

ITALY.

A new Lodge has been formed which permits those of all rites to be members, without abandoning their rites and Lodges. This is in the interest of an Italian Masonic unity. It is termed "*Propagators of Masonic Unity.*"

Garibaldi, Grand Master *usque ad vitam*, compliments the objects of the Lodge, and says: "If all the Italian Masons will be but three-degree Masons, Masonic unity can be effected in a single day."

∴

Naples.—Bro. Liborio Ramano, President of the Scottish Consistory, has lately deceased, greatly beloved for his good deeds and the persecutions he has endured from the papacy.

∴

At the general assembly of the Italian Lodges, held in Naples on the 21st June last, and at the fourth sitting thereof, the following Grand Officers were elected: 1st. Bro. Gen. Giuseppe Garibaldi, Grand Master *usque ad vitam*; 2d. Francesco De Lucca (the late Grand Master of the Order), Grand Master for the year 1867; 3d. Filippo Cordova, Acting Grand Master of the Masonic Order in Italy for the year 1867; 4th. L. Frapolli, 1st Assist. Acting Grand Master; 5th. Tamajo, 2d Assist. Acting Grand Master. Bro. F. Cordova having, however, after the announcement of his election, declined the office of Grand Master for the year 1867, he pleading as a reason thereof bad health, the assembly met again on the 7th July, when it was decided that the brethren to whom the right of *surrogation* was due were to take the place, and the correspondence was ordered to be addressed for the present to Bro. Frapolli, 1st Assist. Grand Master, acting as Grand Master. He is a deputy to the National Parliament, and resides at Florence.

ENGLAND.

London.—In the Strand, near Covent Garden, there is a Masonic beggar standing, wearing round his neck a brass square and compass.

∴

Cumberland and Westmoreland.—The Prov. G∴ M∴ of the province, Lord Kenlis, restores at his sole expense the parish church of Kirkby, Lonsdale, at an expense of £30,000. By their fruits are these Masons known. Lord Kenlis is the M∴ Ill∴ G∴ S∴ of the Red Cross Knights, and Chief of the Patriarchal Council of K∴ H∴ S∴

∴

Dr. Ladd, P. G. D. C., died September 10. He is said to have been the most accomplished Royal Arch Mason in England. He was initiated in Scotland, and exalted in Jappa Chapter, April 24, 1855, and was appointed by the Earl of Zetland, the Grand Z. (or H. P.), for the appointment of Director of Ceremonies in the Grand Chapter of England, in recognition of his special attainments as a Royal Arch Mason.

Comp. Brett is his successor.

CORINTHIAN CHAPTER, No. 159, meets at Odd Fellow's Hall, on the 2d and 4th Thursdays.
METROPOLITAN CHAPTER, No. 140, meets on the 1st and 3d Fridays, at Masonic Hall, 114 and 116 East 13th Street.
PURITAN LODGE, No. 339, meets at No. 8 Union Square, on the 1st and 3d Wednesdays.

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says Mrs. Harris to me, "a monthly nuss 'll come to be a weekly one soon, or thar'll be no nusses at all, which Mrs. Skimpington, my last lady as ever was, said, after one bottle of

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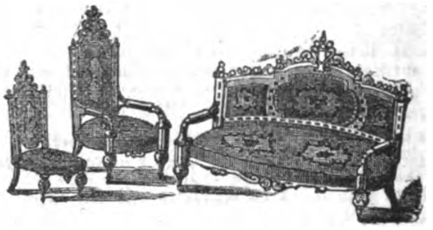

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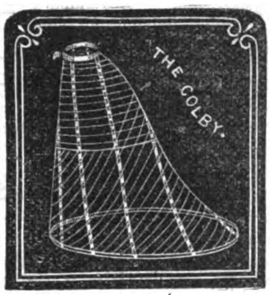

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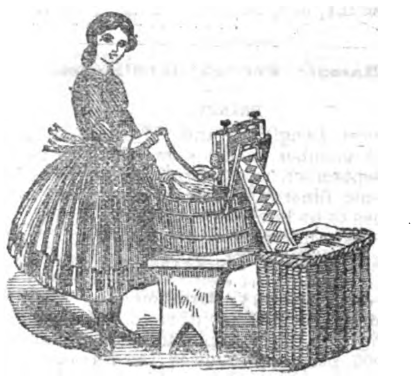

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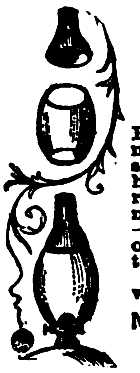

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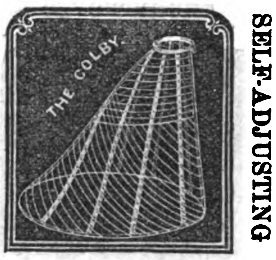

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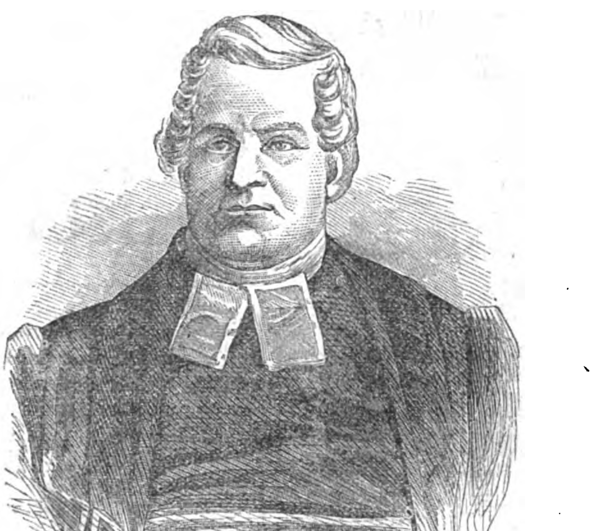

James Milnor

Rev. JAMES MILNOR, D. D., Grand Master of Pennsylvania, and Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of New York.

James Milnor was born in the city of Philadelphia, June 20, 1773. His school-boy days were moral and industrious, and, therefore, bright and happy. He was distinguished at the Pennsylvania Grammar School, where he received the rudiments of education, and at the University of Pennsylvania. which he entered at an early age, for soundness of judgment and kindness of disposition. He thus became the judge in boyish controversies, and by his industry the students' tutor. His father's resources grew straitened, and James generously resolved on the sacrifice of leaving the University without graduating. But his *alma mater* subsequently did not hesitate to confer upon him the degree of *Doctor of Divinity*.

About sixteen years of age he commenced the study of law with Mr. Howell, and became a member of "the Ciceronian Society," a debating club. His first argument was on a legal question—the Penitentiary System and the Criminal Code. 1793, Mr. Howell became a victim of the yellow fever, and Milnor entered the law office of Mr. Rawle, and was admitted 1794, before he reached his majority, as an attorney of the Court of Common Pleas for the County of Montgomery. He had before this period been also elected President of "The Law Society" in Philadelphia. When admitted to practice, as a regular and conscientious member of the Society of Friends, he did not take the *oath*, but *affirmed*. His practice at Norristown was extensive and lucrative.

1797, he removed to Philadelphia, and became again the President of the Law Society. He became an early friend of the African, and to his death remained a steadfast friend of the Colonization Society.

In his diary, which, for the greater part of his life, he faithfully kept, referring to an annoyance from a negligent neighbor, who borrowed money, he records two determinations, viz.:

"1. To be cautious of hastily and unadvisedly lending money to a man of whose ability and punctuality I am not well assured, unless it be accompanied with adequate security.

"2. To adhere religiously to a determination which I formed at the moment of my commencing business, never to incur a debt which I have the remotest apprehension of being unable or even finding it inconvenient to discharge. And, in order constantly to possess the means of keeping this resolution, whatever my income may be, always to live within it."

He was peculiarly strict touching funds collected for his clients, never allowing himself to have on deposit to their credit less than the full amount of his collections for them. Once he had less on deposit than the amount then due his clients. He writes in his diary:

"I have made it an invariable rule, since I have been in business, never to intrench upon clients' money, and although I am well persuaded that this first deviation will not subject me to any inconvenience, yet I have made a memorandum of it for two purposes:

"1. That I may with all diligence replace this $101.83 in bank.

"2. That I may be more careful in future, and not subject myself to the possibility of inconvenience or anxiety."

Such care won for him the distinction of "The Honest Lawyer."

The following system of Dr. Milnor's may prove valuable to our young Masons who are students:

"1. To rise early—say, at least, by five—take up Burrows' Reports, and apply myself to it till about a quarter of an hour before breakfast—this quarter of an hour to be spent in dressing.

"2. After breakfast, on entering my office, to attend to the most prominent and urgent business of the day, and devote the forenoon to matters of practice. This will comprise attention to the calls of clients, occasional out-of-door errands, keeping up docket, drawing declarations, preparing for trials and arguments, attendance at courts, which, for a few days from this time, will engross part of the afternoon also.

"3. After dinner, some historical, classical or miscellaneous book may occupy an hour; say, for the ensuing month, Smith's Wealth of Nations. The remainder of the afternoon may be devoted to"—perhaps had he finished the sentence, he would have added: "lighter kinds of reading."

"4. The evenings during this month are short and warm. and may, therefore, be given to exercise or to conversation."

Mr. Milnor practiced law for nineteen years with great success. He was at all times an invaluable friend, a safe counselor and a useful man, not only to his clients, but to the community generally.

During the year 1804 he held, by election, his first office—a place in the city council, and at this date there is one striking sentence in his diary, which is this: "O Washington, when will mankind have another friend like thee!"

He records, March 24, 1800:

"This evening I spent at Common Council. Not a quorum. How blameable it is in men to accept public trusts, and yet neglect the discharge of the duties which those trusts involve."

From October, 1805, to October, 1810, he was continuously elected a member of the Select Council of Philadelphia, and once to the Presidency of it.

1810, he was elected to the Congress of the United States as a member of the House of Representatives. Writing to his wife from Washington, referring to the entertainment at the British Minister's, he concludes: "Preferable to all which would be the salutation of my affectionate partner and sweet little innocents, in the old fashion of the times that are past." Mr. Milnor was re-elected to Congress, and at the next session he writes of another entertainment at the British Minister's: "Etiquette obliges me to go, yet, as I know very few of the company, as I *cannot* dance, and *will* not game, I do not look forward to the gala with any pleasure."

Mr. Milnor thus breaks forth:

"It is sickening to hear the eternal brawlings of clamorous demagogues for war, while a pitiful love of office or fear of displacement prevents their putting forth courage enough to provide the proper means for so awful a state of things."

Mr. Milnor was an industrious and useful member of Congress. He thus writes of the employment of his time:

"The forepart of each day, that is, from my time of rising till eleven or twelve o'clock, I spend in my chamber, chiefly in answering the numerous letters which I receive; but when that duty does not require the whole time, the residue I devote to useful reading. My public duty then requires my attendance at the capitol, and there I remain till the hour of adjournment, which is frequently as late as four or half-past four o'clock. If not invited out to dine, the dessert to every day's dinner at home is the letters and newspapers which the mail brings to the different gentlemen of our mess, and a great regale they very often furnish. Our evenings at home are generally in great part spent in our respective chambers; though sometimes we step into one of the neighboring boarding-houses, or receive calls from some of our friends. The frequent visits of gentlemem from Philadelphia tend to give a little variety to the scene."

His eminent brother, Henry Clay, was Speaker of the House, and he thus writes to his wife about a report which had reached her ears:

"The report arose out of some dissatisfaction manifested by a certain gentleman at the publication of a certain debate, in which I took a prominent part; but nothing *has* occurred, and nothing *will* oocur, which need excite any fears for the safety either of my person or of my reputation—both of which, I am sure, are precious in the estimation of my affectionate partner."

The report referred to was that Mr. Milnor was on the eve of a duel with Mr. Clay. Mr. Clay had taken offense at an account of the debate and ruling on the war issue published in a Philadelphia paper. Mr. Clay demanded satisfaction about the *authorship*. The following correspondence took place:

(No. 1.)

"House of Representatives,
21*st May*, 1812.

"To the Honorable Mr. Milnor:

"Sir—Your return to the city of Washington affords me an opportunity of inquiring of you if the sketch of the debate on Mr. Reed's motion, upon presenting the petition of the Boston merchants, which appears in the *Political and Commercial Register* of the 6th instant, was furnished by you? The place and manner of the appearance, for the first time, of this sketch, will apologize for the trouble I give you on this occasion.

"Yours, "H. Clay."

ANSWER.

(No. 2.)

"Coyle's, 21*st May*, 1812.

"To the Honorable Mr. Clay:

"Sir—Your note of this day was delivered to me in my place by the Sergeant-at-Arms, during the sitting of the House of Representatives. However willing under other circumstances I might have been to give any information in my power on the subject to which you refer, yet, as an important principle, as it respects both my representative and personal independence, might be affected by an acknowledgment on my part of the right to make and the obligation to answer an inquiry of such a nature, I trust that my now declining it will not be attributed to any intention of personal disrespect.

"Yours, "James Milnor."

(No. 3.)

"Mrs. Donson's, 21*st May*, 1812.

"The Honorable Mr. Milnor:

"Sir—Finding from your answer to my note of this morning that you have misconstrued the circumstances attending the place where it was delivered to you, and the mode of conveyance I employed, I think it due no less to myself than to you to declare that there existed no intention to violate your independence in any respect. As you have attached some degree of importance to these circumstances, altogether accidental, I have to request that if they constitute the only bar to the information solicited, you will consider this as a renewal of my inquiry. "Yours,

"H. Clay."

ANSWER.

(No. 4.)

"Coyle's, 22*d May*, 1812.

"The Honorable Mr. Clay:

"Sir—I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your second note last evening by the Honorable Mr. Bibb, of the Senate.

"In my answer to the one previously received, the expressions, according to my apprehension, did not impute to you an intention of violating my personal independence, nor represent the place where your note was delivered and the mode of conveyance as constituting the only bar to my furnishing you with the information asked for; at the same time I appreciate, as I ought, the frankness with which you have disavowed the intention alluded to. I am obliged, however, to repeat, that confirmed impressions of duty, as they respect the preservation of the privileges both of my public and private character, do not admit of my conceding the principle, under circumstances like the present, of your right to make or of my obligation to answer the inquiry which I understand to be renewed by your last note.

"Yours, '" James Milnor."

(No. 5.)

"Mrs. Donson's, 22*d May*, 1812.

"The Honorable James Milnor:

"Sir—I am gratified to learn by your note of to-day, delivered to me by Mr. Goldsborough, that you have placed a proper construction upon the circumstances attending the delivery of my note to you yesterday morning. I have, at the same time, to regret that the sense entertained by you of your duty will not allow you to communicate the information sought for by me. Your determination leaves to my choice a single mode of reparation for an injury of which I conceive I have cause to complain, and my friend Mr. Bibb is authorized by me to make the requisite arrangements.

"Yours, "H. Clay."

ANSWER.

(No. 6.)

"Capt. Coyle's, 23*d May*, 1812.

"Honorable Mr. Clay:

"Sir—Being utterly unconscious of having ever offered or intended you any injury, and having received from you no information of any part of my conduct against which you consider yourself as possessing cause of complaint, the same leading principle in reference to public and private duty that has hitherto regulated my course, obliges me to deem it improper to comply with the intimation of your note of this day. For such a compliance the most deliberate reflection that I have been able to give the subject suggests no justification on my part in any thing that has occurred between us, either before or since the commencement of the present correspondence. "Yours,

"James Milnor."

Mr. Milnor proved his moral and personal courage. He stood to the right and set senseless custom at defiance.

Years afterwards his eminent brother Henry Clay invited Dr. Milnor to dine with him, and the warm openheartedness of both put the past out of existence.

Mr. Milnor, upon returning home, was talked of as the candidate for Governor, and even for the Presidency, but his own mind was attracted to religion. When he became a Mason he makes this entry in his diary, relating to a friend who was religious, and wrote him:

"Bolton is wrong in supposing that I would ridicule or contemn his sentiments. I believe religion to be the grand bulwark of society; and I have long deemed it unjustifiable to insult its professors, even though I may believe their notions, in some particulars, absurd, or themselves too enthusiastically devout. I confess, the religion which I wish to see prevalent is that which is comprised in a monition not likely to be too often repeated, to do to others as we would be willing they should do to us."

1809 and onward he wrote reports, or abstracts from memory, of the sermons which his prelatical Masonic brother, the sainted Bishop White, preached in Philadelphia. He became a regular attendant of the Episcopal Church, and was elected a vestryman.

Sunday, September 16, 1810, he makes the following entry in his diary:

"Let me, O God, reverence this day as I ought, but preserve me from those errors of superstition or fanaticism which would exclude from its enjoyments the delights of social converse and innocent association with the friendly circle. Let revelry and intemperance be kept far away; let no trifling occasion induce an omission of attendance at the house of prayer; let a season for private reading and meditation be afforded; but let the heart remain open for the cheering emotions of friendship and regard to those we love, and let not a narrow and contracted disposition be induced by a mistaken apprehension of the true duties of Thy holy religion. Next to Thee, we are taught by the lessons of a blessed Saviour to 'love our neighbor as ourselves.' May we rightly appreciate this teaching as calling for the performance of the duties of our various allotments in life, 'visiting the widow and the fatherless in their affliction, and keeping ourselves unspotted'—not removing—'from the world.'"

1811, he was a delegate to the Pennsylvania Diocesan Convention of the Episcopal Church, and also, the same year, to the General Convention.

He was confirmed by his Masonic brother, Bishop White, and by him received to the communion.

His mind passed through conflicts severe and protracted before he fully committed himself to preparation for the Christian ministry. He speaks of his unworthiness, and then continues:

"I resign. I trust, cheerfully all prospects of fame, fortune and worldly pleasure, to enlist myself as a soldier under the Captain of my salvation; and trust in His support to aid me in every trial and conflict to which this measure, so strange and unexpected to my friends, will expose me. The natural man assents not readily to sacrifices of wealth, ambition, style of living, acquaintances, and a thousand other ligaments which tie him to the world and its enjoyments. But through God's grace, I hope to overcome the world, and willingly to relinquish every thing that may come in conflict with the the work of religion in my own heart, or the improvement of such humble means as the Lord may vouchsafe me of being useful to others."

He went to Norristown, his first Masonic home, and engaged as a lay reader and catechist in St. John's Church, Norristown. He removed to Philadelphia before his term of study for the ministry had expired. Mr. Milnor was ordained Deacon by the Right Rev. Wm. White, in St. James' Church, Philadelphia, Sunday, August 14, 1814, and by this same good bishop Bro. Milnor was admitted to the priesthood, August 27, 1815, and September 3d he administered the Holy Communion in Christ's Church, where so many eminent Masonic preachers had expounded the word, and so many eminent Masons had communed, and among them General Washington.

Dr. Milnor's Masonic training served him in the Church. It made him tolerant and charitable. He wrote to a friend:

"*Parties* in the Church, my dear friend, should not be countenanced. If an upright and consistent discharge of duty invite odium or persecution from others, let us receive with meekness and resignation any consequences to which it may lead. But opposition to the persons of men, the distinction of names, and the array of each other into conflicting ranks, must produce, whatever be the sincerity of intention, disastrous consequences to the interests of our Zion."

In the midst of party strife, no one in the church could say—"*Dr. Milnor is the leader of our party.*"

(To be continued.)

DIRGE.

BY REV. T. M. HARRIS.

Sung at the funeral of George Washington.

While all our nation, whelmed in grief,
Lament their General, Patriot, Chief,
Let us, his brethren, long revere
A name to Masonry so dear!
In mystic rites our Lodge displays
Its sorrows and its patron's praise,
And spreads fresh garlands round the tomb
Where the sweet cassia long shall bloom.
Look to the East; its splendors fail!
The lesser lights grow dim and pale!
The glory once reflected here
Now dawns upon a higher sphere.

THE PROUD LADYE.

A TEMPLAR STORY—BY MISS LANDON.

Oh, what could the ladye's beauty match,
An it were not the ladye's pride?
An hundred knights from far and near
Woo'd at that ladye's side.

The rose of summer slept on her cheek,
Its lily upon her breast,
And her eye shone forth like the glorious star
That rises the first in the west.

There were some that woo'd for her land and gold,
And some for her noble name,
And more that woo'd for her loveliness;
But her answer was still the same.

Many turn'd away from the deed,
The hope of their wooing o'er;
But many a young knight mounted the steed
He never mounted more.

At last there came a youthful knight
From a strange and far countrie,
The steed that he rode was white as the foam
Upon a stormy sea.

And she who had scorn'd the name of love
Now bow'd before its might,
And the ladye grew meek as if disdain
Were not made for that stranger knight.

"There is a steep and lofty wall
Where my warders trembling stand,
He who at speed shall ride round its height,
For him shall be my hand."

She sought at first to steal his soul
By dance, song, and festival;
At length on bended knee she pray'd
He would not ride the wall.

But gayly the young knight laughed at her fears,
And flung him on his steed—
There was not a saint in the calendar
That she pray'd not to in her need.

She dared not raise her eyes to see
If Heaven had granted her prayer,
Till she heard a light step bound to her side,
The gallant knight stood there!

And took the ladye Adeline
From her hair a jewell'd band,
But the knight repell'd the offer'd gift,
And turn'd from the offer'd hand.

And deemest thou that I dared this deed,
Ladye, for love of thee?
The honor that guides the soldier's lance
Is mistress enough for me.

Enough for me to ride the ring,
The victor's crown to wear;
But not in honor of the eyes
Of any ladye there.

I had a brother whom I lost
Through thy proud crueltie,
And far more was to me his love
Than woman's love can be.

I came to triumph o'er the pride
Through which that brother fell;
I laugh to scorn thy love and thee,
And now, proud dame, farewell!

And from that hour the ladye pined,
For love was in her heart,
And o'er her slumber there came dreams
She could not bid depart.

Her eye lost all its starry light,
Her cheek grew wan and pale,
Till she hid her faded loveliness
Beneath the sacred vail.

And she cut off her long dark hair,
And bade the world farewell,
And she now dwells a vailed nun
In Saint Marie's cell.

HENRY WHARTON.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

CHAPTER I.

"A man shall not be established by wickedness, but the root of the righteous shall not be moved."—SOLOMON.

The branches of two old oak trees, standing near the residence of Tom Thayer, rattled against the windows and scraped over the roof. The wind was high, the sky was leaden, but not a drop of rain had fallen during the live-long day. The faded yellow autumn leaves had drifted into piles against the fence inclosing the front yard, and the apartment wherein the master of the mansion sat was dark and gloomy. The ceiling was smoked brown, and so was a solitary picture of "Napoleon crossing the Alps" which hung in a cheap frame of wood over the fire-place. The furniture belonged to a remote age, and showed the marks of time and wear; the floor had been painted brown, but the paint had worn off, and left patches of dingy white before the cracked mirror, between the windows, and by the hearthstone, where the owner now sat before a blazing fire of wood.

Tom Thayer looked like a Spaniard. His hair was as black as night, his eyebrows were heavy, his eyes deep set yet piercing in expression, his complexion was sallow, his face long, and his skin shriveled. His clothes, moreover, hung about him loosely, although they had originally been made of good materials, and perhaps fitted the wearer. He sat, on the gloomy October night we have described above, alone, in moody silence, with his elbows propped upon his knees, his chin supported by his hands, and his eyes fixed steadily upon the bed of glowing coals before him. His thoughts could not have been pleasant or innocent; now and then a frown passed over his forehead —he started upright and ground his teeth together, as if meditating revenge or summoning courage for some villainous deed. While he was thus occupied, the door was pushed open, and the grizzled, capless head of old Polly Rudd, his housekeeper, was thrust in. Her faded calico dress was pinned up in front as if to preserve it from contact with the earth, her heavy leathern shoes were miry and well worn, and she carried in one hand a milk-pail, with a puddle of milk swimming about over the bottom. She was evidently somewhat flustrated and provoked.

"Mister Tom," she began, in a squeaking, cracked voice, "if you don't keep Ike Brown at home to help me o' nights, Ill give up my place and go to service somewhere else. That confounded brown heifer has kicked over the milk pail three times to-night, and knocked me over and almost broke my neck just because there is nobody to keep that pesky red calf of hers where it ought to be while I am milking."

"Why don't you tie it up?" queried the master, without raising his chin from his hands, or removing his eyes from the fire. "I've sent Ike up to Bill Waters after a load of fodder. I should think that you might manage to milk one cow without having Ike at your heels. You think you can't do any thing without he is tugging after you."

"*I can't do any thing, Mister Tom!* when I do every thing that is done about this house and lot! That shows how much consideration some folks have. Don't I milk the cow, and feed the hogs, and nail on the pailings, and cook every mouthful that is eaten here, and half of the time chop my own wood, because that lazy rascal of a hound boy won't do a thing when he is out of your sight and next to nothing when he is in it? Ike Brown don't earn the salt that it takes to season his victuals, but he has the knack of making *you* think that he does every thing that is done here."

"Well! well! why don't you tie the calf up, Polly, if it provokes you so?" said the master, now raising himself up and adopting a soothing tone; "why don't you tie the thing up, before you begin to milk, where the brown heifer can't see it or get to it? I should think you might manage some way to save the milk."

"I have tied it again and again, and that is all the good it does. The string is rotten and tender, and there isn't another cord about the lot. If Ike stayed at home as he ought to do o'nights, he might make a rope of cotton strong enough to hold it; but no, he is running hither and hither, nobody knows where, all day and all night. I'm tired of living such a dog's life. The wellpole has fallen off and the bucket is in the well, and there is no drawing water for supper. If he was here, he might go down after it, but he's gone, as usual. It looks likely to storm, and there isn't a stick of wood cut on the place. It is expected that I will tote a pile on my head from the old South woods, that I can hold the calf and milk the cow, that I can go down into the well and get the bucket, and cook supper, and have it all done by seven o'clock, and *then* I shall be told that I can't do any thing without Ike at my heels."

So saying, the old woman slammed the door, and disappeared from the threshold. Five minutes afterwards her gray head and slim, witch-like form were seen at the stable, in earnest combat with the brown heifer's calf. The nursling was made fast at last, and the business of milking was summarily dispatched.

Tom Thayer watched her until she was safely seated on a low stool beside the cow.

"Confound these women folks!" he muttered, as he leaned his face back again on his hands. "Where-ever you see one of them, the devil's to pay. I'll be shot if I ever marry. That old hag of a housekeeper is more than I can manage, inferior in social position though she is. But its time Ike and Billy were coming. I hope old Snowden won't see them. He might smell a rat, for he is devlish keen on the track. But there are some folks keener. If that fool of a Meachem comes to-night, as he promised, I shall be glad. But he is as slippery as an eel, and nobody knows where to find him. If it wasn't for *some things* he shouldn't be into this business with me. I'd quicker employ a hyena, or trust a pirate. But it is, and it can't be any *tiser*, as old man Carlisle used to say. I'm into it, and can't get out."

Tom Thayer stopped talking aloud at this point in his soliloquy, and the wrinkles on his sallow forehead seemed to deepen in the flickering firelight.

Polly Rudd had just managed to hook the well bucket on the pole, and was drawing it dripping to the curb, when she looked up and saw Ike Brown, accompanied by Billy Waters, a neighbor of theirs, entering the yard. If there was a man on *terra firma* whom she despised above all others, that man was Billy Waters. Of late he had been a constant visitor. He was a short, thick man with a bullet head set on close to his shoulders, a head covered externally with a crop of stiff, yellowish hair, worn short and bristled up like an Arab's. His hands and feet were thick and heavy and he moved them clumsily; his tongue, after a visit to a neighboring grocery, oftentimes partook of the same infirmity, and moved as if it was too large for his mouth. He wore a light drab overcoat and a low crowned hat. His jests were vulgar, and his words, at times, "sharper than the piercing of a sword." Polly Rudd was never too good natured with any one, to Billy Waters she was bitterness and gall. But she feared, as well as hated, and consequently when called, she went hastily, and waited upon him as demurely as a nun. She now muttered epithets of abuse to herself as she emptied the bucket, and then went to quarrel with Ike about building the kitchen fire.

Tom Thayer received his guest with much cordiality of manner and placed a kitchen chair for him before the decaying fire. They soon were buried in low, earnest conversation, which was instantly suspended when Polly, an hour afterwards, entered to announce supper.

The sky, which had been dark all day, now sent down an avalanche of sleet and snow. The wind wailed louder than ever, and the oaks wrestled like two huge giants with the stormy blast.

The supper was not a very inviting repast, but such as it suited Polly's irritated temper to procure. A few slices of fried meat swimming in a large quantity of grease, a few Irish potatoes, burned almost to a cinder, a cup of strong coffee and some smoking corn bread completed the meal. A dim oil lamp shed an uncertain light from the centre of the table, and the two men sat down one on each side, with Ike Brown at the foot of the board and Polly Rudd at the head, to enjoy the fare which the bachelor's establishment furnished. But little was said during the meal. Polly and Ike cast looks of defiance at each other, and the men ate the meat and bread, and piled the potato cinders by their plates, without apparently knowing or caring what they devoured. They could not have eaten for the enjoyment of the epicure. Their thoughts were far, far away from what was going on before their eyes or passing into their mouths. Perhaps they wandered abroad into the dark and stormy night, and conjured up scenes of guilt and crime. Perhaps —— I know not *where* they were; I shrink from the task of following them, for into the secrets of the sinful, my soul, come thou not, and "unto their assemblies mine honor be not united," for "*sin when it is finished bringeth forth death.*"

CHAPTER II.

DOCTOR MEACHEM.

"From the bottom stirs the hell within me."

The unsocial supper at Tom Thayer's was hardly completed before a heavy knock was heard at the door, and Polly, snatching the lamp from the table, went to obey the summons. A man clad to the ears in a thick fur overcoat, with a cap drawn closely to meet the collar, stood with a riding ratan in his gloved hand, on the snow-whitened doorstep without. He was covered with the feathery flakes until he looked in the dim light cast from the lamp in Polly's hand like a drift made by the storm. He however nodded his head to the domestic by way of recognition, and then asked if her master, Mr. Thayer, was at home. The old woman answered in the affirmative and led the way into the apartment where the men had resumed their seats before the fire. Both started up at the entrance of the new comer and shook him heartily by the hand. They called him Dr. Meachem, and aided him in divesting himself of his heavy overcoat and cap. Polly took the articles into her hand and carried them with her to the kitchen, where she proceeded to shake the snow off and place them on chairs before the fire to dry; but her temper was by no means pleasant. She muttered to herself between her half-closed teeth. Perhaps she feared that a supperless guest had come into the house, and that that there would be a fresh trial to her patience. But if so, her fears were groundless. Dr. Machem had supped, and when he had sat down before the blaze and thawed his fingers in the genial heat, he looked ready to proceed with the business which had called him, on that inclement night, to the remote and not very cheerful establishment of the bachelor.

He was a young man, and now that he was rid of his overcoat was by no means formidable in size. On the contrary, he was slender, and not very healthy in appearance. His dress was fashionable in the extreme, and rich in texture. He wore a heavy gold chain and watch, a faultless bosom of linen, a diamond breastpin, and a ring of massive gold sparkled upon his white and lady-like hand. His countenance was far from being frank. He had one of those cold blue eyes which we sometimes see, an eye that is transparent as glass—one can look clear through it without discovering any soul behind. His face was red and blotched, but his hair was as smooth and silken as an infant's. His manner was courteous, even bland, as he turned to address his companions. But his air lacked sincerity. One shrewd at guessing character would probably have hit at his, by calling him a "snake in the grass"—"a soulless man"—"almost a desperado." Tom Thayer, in his soliloquy, had called him "as slippery as an eel," and Tom Thayer knew, for he had dealt with him long and closely.

Gentle reader, would you know in the beginning for what purpose these bad men, so dissimilar in appearance, had convened on that dark October night? They had met by preconcerted arrangement, to plan the destruction of young Henry Wharton, a youth of family, of respectability—a youth of guileless heart and gentle purposes, who knew not, dreamed not, that the spoiler was abroad. But we will look in upon him in another chapter.

Dr. Meachem finished warming his hands, and Tom Thayer went to bar the outer door and lock the inner one. Every thing was made secure from intruding footsteps—even the precaution was taken of stuffing some cotton into the key-hole, lest some inquisitive ear might strive to catch their words. Tom Thayer was a cautious man. It was well that he was such, for he was steeped in iniquity, and the word of Jehovah is pledged that "the wicked shall fall by his own wickedness." With such a tremendous fiat hanging over his head, it becometh the unrighteous to walk cautiously, and speak guardedly, lest "a bird in the air carry his voice, and that which hath wings tell the matter."

This important preliminary attended to, Tom Thayer went back to the fire—the three drew their chairs into a row before the hearth-stone, and talked low and earnestly until the night was far spent.

"For my part," said Tom Thayer, "it is a portion of Wharton's *money* that I want, and money I will have. I have spent all that the old man left me. There is not a red cent left. There is a mortgage on this place, and I am obliged to raise the needful before many days. Wharton has got money, and money I mean to have."

The thin lips of Meachem curled into a significant expression.

"I care nothing for the money," he said, at the same time drumming with his delicate fingers upon the back of Waters' chair; "money is a good thing in its place, and the more a fellow has, the better the world thinks of him; but I always manage some way to get all that I want. If I can't get it by fair means I can by foul; but I have reasons for hating this Wharton—for heartily detesting him from the bottom of my soul. I have sworn to accomplish his ruin, and when I undertake any thing I generally accomplish it. A man had better not cross me in my plans. I am the very devil when I get started."

Tom Thayer looked gratified. Aye, he thought, "I knew all this before, and it is well that I do know the cause of your wrath, and the sincerity of your hatred. You never would have been let into my confidence if I hadn't known and studied you well beforehand. Old Snowden's pretty daughter, Mary, managed to touch a soft place in your heart, but Wharton proved a rival. He married the girl. I knew that all the fiend in your nature was aroused by that—else, my sharp boy, you would not have been here."

Billy Waters looked simple. "I believe, Doctor," he said, "that you used to think a good deal of that little gal Wharton married: little Mary Snowden. That gal *was* pretty, and that's the fact. I didn't blame you swearing vengeance on Wharton, when I learned that he had carried her off. But there is an old saying that 'there are as good fish in the sea as ever were caught out.' If I was as good looking as you are, I shouldn't fear being cut often by the women."

Dr. Meachem's face flushed to a crimson. "It was not the girl's beauty that captivated me so much," he said. "I never could tell why I liked her, but like her I did, better than I ever expect to love anybody else. But that's neither here nor there—it was enough for me to fancy her sufficiently to address her, and to have Wharton supplant me in her arms. If I hadn't have cared a peanut for the girl, I wouldn't have borne that."

Tom Thayer laughed a short, sarcastic laugh. "You may take all the women and go to the devil for me," he said. "I've got a housekeeper, and she manages to keep me on the coals all day long. Heaven knows what I should do with a wife. Old Poll is enough to try the patience of saint or sinner."

"If I had old Poll to deal with," said Billy Waters, "she would learn better than to cut up such antics about me as she does about you, Thayer. I whip my wife when she needs it, and I'd lay Poll straight or make her stop her clatter, one of the two, if she lived with me."

Just then the two were startled by a rustling noise outside of the door, and a half suppressed exclamation of anger. Tom Thayer jumped to his feet, turned the lock and swung open the door. There was nobody there. The entry was dark and long and silent. Violent gusts of wind shook the outer door to and fro, and rattled the bars which were thrown across to secure it. The noise of the outer door might have disturbed them, or the whining of Ike Brown's puppy in the yard. But Tom was not satisfied. He took a light and went into the kitchen. Polly Rudd sat before the fire, with her head dropped in her bosom, snoring audibly. Her knitting had dropped into her lap, at the same time letting down a whole row of stitches, and her ball was half consumed in the ashes. It could not have been Polly Rudd who was listening, and Ike Brown had gone to spend the night with John Waters. Tom Thayer aroused his housekeeper and bade her extinguish the kitchen fire, and retire for the night. He then returned to his guests, and secured the door as before. Here we will leave them for the present. How they planned and schemed for the destruction of a fellow-mortal remaineth yet to be written.

CHAPTER III.

On the dark, forbidding October night which we have spoken of, a very different scene was occurring at the residence of Henry Wharton from that at Tom Thayer's. The storm raged without, but within the young merchant's house all was rosy warmth, innocent hilarity and brilliant light. The merchant was seated by an elegantly carved table, from the centre of which an astral lamp shed a starry radiance over richly bound volumes, beautifully tinted carpets, and shining rosewood furniture. At his feet, Mary, his wife, sat on a low chair, busily at work over a cluster of paper flowers. The merchant looked noble, even handsome. He had a frank, open face and cheerful, genial manners. His wife was a delicate creature, with a slender form, soft, violet eyes, shaded by long brown eyelashes, and a cheek which, in the warmth of the heated room, glowed like the crimson heart of a rose. A half open volume lay upon the marble surface of the table before the young man, but he was not reading. Every now and then he reached down his hand to aid his wife in the adjustment of some leaf or petal in the flowers which she was weaving, and his dark eye grew tender and thoughtful as it rested upon the face of undimmed beauty at his feet.

A small clock upon the mantel-piece every hour gave out a silvery chime, and so rapidly did time fly by that the two married lovers declared that the reverberation never ceased, that that clock was always striking.

Henry Wharton had been left an orphan in early boyhood, and Col. Snowden, Mary's father, had been appointed the guardian of his estate. The boy grew up to manhood under the Col.'s eye, and had always depended more upon *his* judgment than upon his own. Henry and Mary loved each other while children, and when they grew to maturity their love took a more impassioned character, and so they joined hands, and vowed before high Heaven to live together, as clergymen say, "in the holy estate of matrimony."

At that period in existence life looked to them as fair as Eden did to our first parents, before the fall. They saw the flowers—they heard the music of singing birds, they felt a thrill of happiness at the heart, and never dreamed that a serpent *could* lay coiled beneath the clustering vines. But experience teaches that this is a world of stern realities. The vivid imaginings of youth are never fully realized. The sky at the outset may be as shadowless as midsummer, but clouds soon begin to darken the prospect, and almost before we are aware, we find that a snow storm has whirled over the foliage of June. Those who have trodden to the utmost verge of human existence, declare that earth is a valley of shadows and tears. Why, then, do the young so fondly imagine that only roses are maturing for them to pluck, and weep afterwards, when they feel the piercing of the thorns? Man begins life with a plaintive wail, and ends it with a groan. Anguish is his vernacular tongue. Around the tower of Babel all languages were confounded; but the groan, the sigh and the tear each have a language that was not lost. They are universally understood, because they are common to all mankind. But why are we led into such a melancholy digression?

Henry Wharton laid his book down at last, and lifted the heavy lace and crimson curtains from the window behind him.

"It is a dark night," he said, musingly. "One would hardly suppose from the cheerful aspect of things within that it could be so dark without. The wind is high, fairly boisterous, and I believe that it is beginning to snow. Are you quite certain, Mary, that the nurse will keep the baby warm? She had better bring it in here, or put some more wood on the fire in the nursery. Shall I ring the bell for her?"

Mary smiled by way of reply, and reaching up her hand, touched the ivory handle of a small bell. The tingle of it was answered by a respectable looking colored woman, who soon opened the parlor door and looked in with an inquiring expression upon her face, which said, as plainly as words could have done, "what is wanting?"

"Is Rosamond asleep, Susan, and have you got a good fire in the nursery?"

"No, *Miss* Mary," said Susan, "the child ain't asleep, and it looks like she never is going to be again. Her eyes are wide open, and she has been dancing in my lap, and springing towards the blaze of the candle for the last hour. She come pretty nigh burning her hand once, but I didn't let her quite *toch* it. Miss Rosamond is a mighty wakeful child anyhow. I can't get her to sleep. The fire has gone down and Dan won't fotch any lightwood."

"She had better bring the child in here," said the young merchant to his wife, while an expression akin to concern came over his expressive forehead. I don't like the idea of Rosamond being left so much alone with the servants. I am afraid she will be left to suffer sometimes through their carelessness."

"What a careful somebody you are, Henry," said the young wife, again smiling. "Susan takes as good care of the baby as I could do myself, I am sure. But bring her in, Susan," she continued, turning to the nurse. "There is plenty of room here, and a good fire. But you will have to stay and look after her. I want to finish my roses."

Susan disappeared, but soon came back with a blanketed bundle in her arms. When the covering was removed, as sweet a baby as ever smiled threw out its little hands and gave a merry spring towards its father. It was dressed in a white frock, the sleeves of which were looped up from its little dimpled arms by strings of coral, fastened on the outside with heavy clasps of gold. Its large blue eyes brightened at the sight of the parlor lamp, and then turned upon the gay colored paper in its mother's lap. Its little fat snowy fingers were thrust at first into its mouth and then grasped at all the pretty objects about it.

Henry took the treasure, and gazed upon it with all the pride and fondness which a father feels for his first-born. Mary laughed, as only a mother can laugh, at all its cunning ways, and felt quite sure that there was never such a baby in the world.

While they were thus engaged, there was a ring at the door bell. Both of the parents started at first, at the unexpected interruption, but Mary soon recognised her father's footsteps in the hall. The door opened and showed that she was correct. The tall form of Col. Snowden entered, divested of cloak and hat, which he had left, white with snow and moist from exposure, in the hall. He glanced quickly over the pleasant scene before him, and then seated himself in a large rocking chair which Mary had placed near her own more humble stool, at the time of his entrance. He was a noble looking man, one of Nature's nobility. His features were angular and some of them sharp. This was especially true of his chin, but his forehead was high and sprinkled over with thin locks of gray hair.

"We were not expecting you down to-night, father," said Mary, reseating herself and resuming her scissors and paper. "You see that we have got nurse and baby in here, making in all quite a family group. It was such a bleak night that Henry insisted upon having Rosamond brought into the parlor. He is more careful of the child than I am."

"You both think enough, quite enough of her, I dare say," said the grand-parent, snapping his fingers at the blue-eyed little creature, now restored to its nurse's arms. "People always think enough of the first-born. Come Rosa and see your old grandfather," and the Colonel reached out his hands and took the tiny thing into his lap. "The child is growing marvelously like you, Henry, of late," continued the Colonel. "She is going to be a pure Wharton."

"I'd rather she would be like her mother," said Henry, almost sadly."

"Why?" said Mary, archly. "You are the handsomest of the two. That is universally conceded."

"I don't think so, Molly," said the merchant. "The Snowdens were remarkable for their beauty, and I always thought you to be the prettiest of the race. But, compliments aside, the Whartons were rather an unfortunate pack, and I had rather the child would be like your folks."

Mary laughed outright. "You were fortunate once in your life, were you not?" she asked. "Fortunate when you maraied me, the very prettiest one in all the handsome, beautiful Snowden family! I should count myself a very lucky fellow were I in your place."

"It would be a dark sky indeed, Molly, that had no streak of sunshine in it," said the young man, musingly. "But I did not refer to myself individually when I spoke of the Whartons. I have had a good deal of luck, I am free to acknowledge, but there were my ancestors, some of them sick and some of them crazy, some of them bankrupt, and so on to the end of the chapter."

"There were none of them hanged, I hope, for the honor of us all," said the Colonel, laughing.

"No, not exactly hanged," said Henry, "although some of them I dare say deserved being hanged. But however unfortunate and culpable my ancestors may have been, I have always thought myself very lucky in having found, orphan as I was left, so good a guardian and so good a wife. At the time of my marriage, Dr. Meachem thought me fortunate, I am sure. He had my sympathies because he did not get my wife. I had much rather give him the former than the latter," and the merchant in his turn laughed, while a deep blush suffused the cheek of Mary.

Coionel Snowden's brow darkened. "That fellow is the greatest scamp now on the face of the globe. That is my candid opinion," said he, setting Rosamond down upon his knee, and drawing out his pocket handkerchief. "There is no knowing of what meanness he is capable. I never meet him without feeling very much like caning him. Of late he and Tom Thayer are together a great deal. I saw Billy Waters going down there, also, to-night, although he tried to escape my observation. The three together make a desperate trio, a trio who will do no good to any human being, I can promise. I cannot account for it, but of late they watch my movements as a cat would watch a mouse. They are purposing no good. Dr. Meachem has never been friendly since Mary discarded him, and if he can work mischief he will. The sight of him to-night ruffled my temper so much that I came down here to wear away my vexation. It is such a dark night that had I felt comfortable at home I should hardly have ventured out. Here, Susan, take the baby, she is well asleep," and the Colonel resigned his charge and sunk back into the large rocking chair in which he was so comfortably ensconsed, at the same time drawing his pocket handkerchief across its arms. Mary worked on in silence, and Henry looked down upon the book cover before him musingly.

(To be continued)

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The Scottish Rite.

The Book of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry: Containing Instructions in all the Degrees, from the Third to the Thirty-Third and Last Degree of the Rite, together with Ceremonies of Inauguration, Institution, Installation, Grand Visitation, Refections, Lodges of Sorrow, Adoption, Constitutions, General Regulations, Calendar, etc. By Charles T. McClenachan, 33d, Past Grand Master of Ceremonies of the Supreme Council Northern Jurisdiction, U. S. Fully illustrated. New York: Masonic Publishing and Manufacturing Co., 432 Broome St. 1867. Sent free of charge. Price $5.00.

Illustration No. 1 is the second illustration of this work:

Bro. McClenachan thus begins the proem:

This volume, now presented to the Masonic public, assumes to itself no special originality; but the apparent want of a complete and systematic hand-book for the assistance and instruction of those essaying the higher walks of Masonry, in the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite, would seem to justify the humble ambition which the collator of this volume has attempted. His personal experience, extending through a period of years, has taught him the necessity of some complete Monitor whereby the beauty and sublimity of the Rite could be more thoroughly and justly rendered.

Thus terminates the History of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite as given in this elaborate and beautifully illustrated work:

In 1867 this exalted Rite is in the full tide of prosperity and healthful progress; its sublime teachings find a ready response in every Masonic heart; fraternal association binds man to his fellow, and the profane world may receive a lesson of wisdom and humanity through a careful observance of its beautiful precepts.

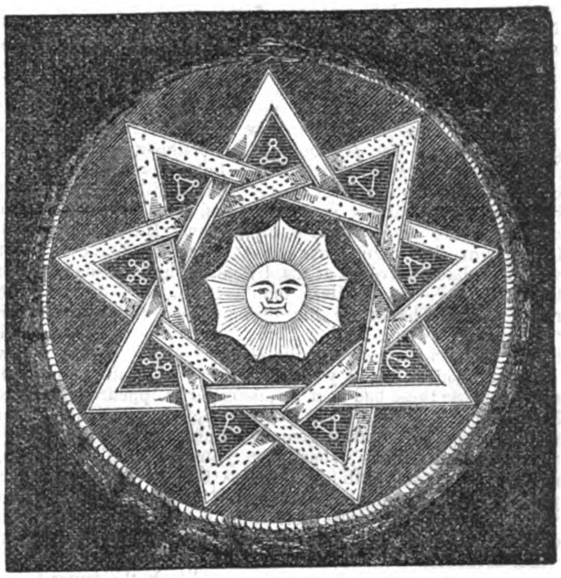
No. 2 is the illustration of the Movable Symbolic Transparency for the East:

The characters in the interstices are the initials of the nine sacred words. The Ineffable Tetragrammaton is in *Enochian* character, and the whole surrounded by the emblem of eternity.

In the Order of Business we like this upon the 24th page:

9. Passing the Box of Fraternal Assistance:—no body of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite can ever be closed without so doing,—and any member wishing to retire before being called upon by the Grand Hospitaller, must deposit his contribution in the box provided and placed near the seat of the Junior Warden.

The amount collected is under the immediate charge of the Grand Hospitaller or Almoner, and is dispensed by him with the consent of the presiding officer,—first to *a worthy distressed brother;* or *if there be none such, then to some needy and deserving profane; in either case not permitting the recipient to know from what source the relief comes.*

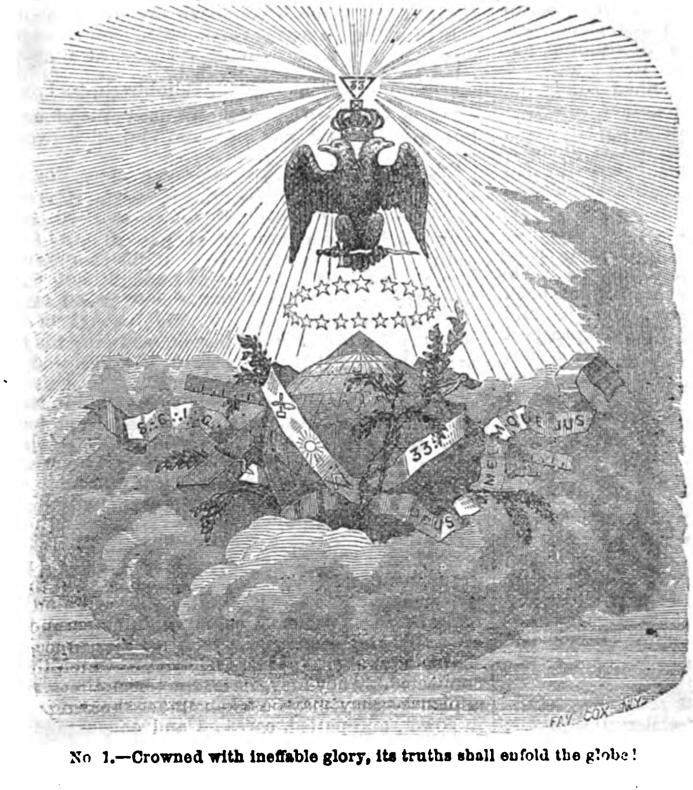


No. 2.

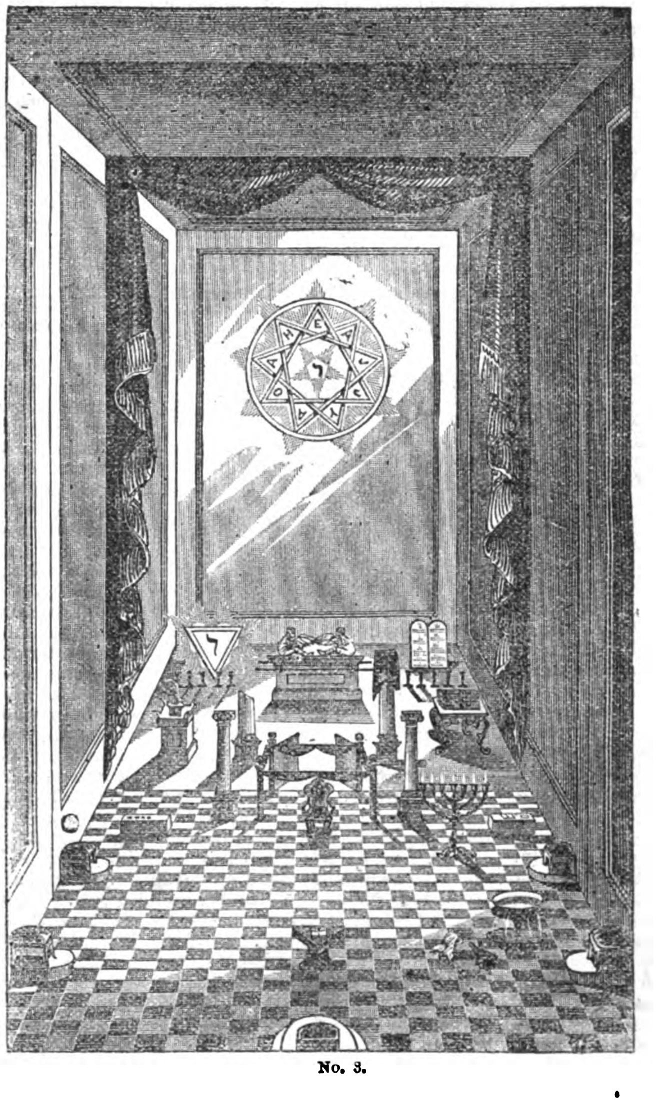
No. 3 is the illustration of *Secret Master.*

The following occurs under the head of Secret Master:

Ineffable Freemasonry is practiced with an eye single to the improvement of our morals, and a reference to those sublime truths which constituted its principal essence in the earlier ages of the world. It rises above all human institutions, and forms a beautiful auxiliary to the practice of religion. In no place, except in God's Holy Word, are the moral and social



No 1.—Crowned with ineffable glory, its truths shall enfold the globe!



No. 3.

virtues enforced by such awful sanctions and decrees.

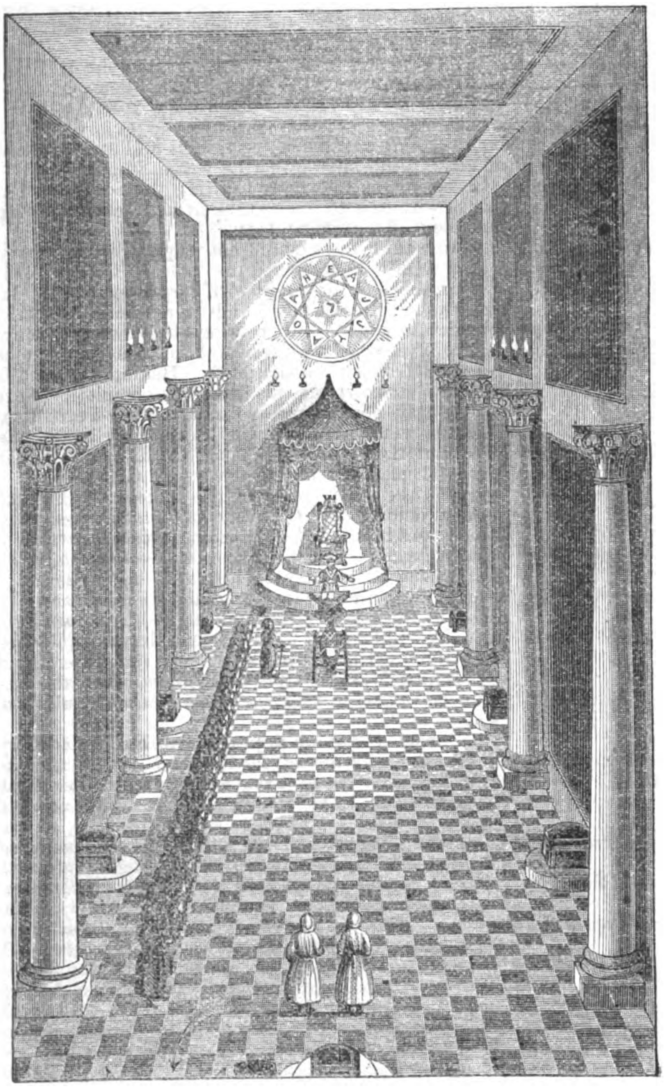
The degrees upon which you are now entering are called Ineffable, because they treat of the Ineffable name of the Great Jehovah, and of his Ineffable essence.

No. 4 illustrates the degree of PERFECT MASTER.

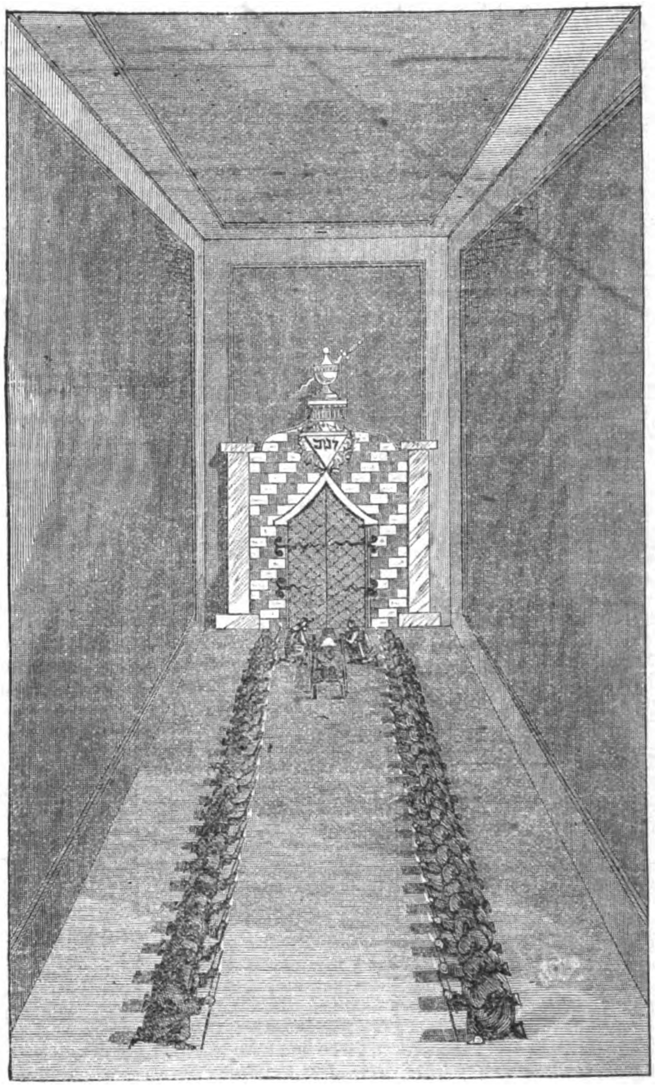
This degree represents and recalls to mind the respect due to the memory of a departed worthy brother.

No. 5 is another illustration of this degree.

(To be continued.)



No. 4.



No. 5.

Anecdotes and Sayings of Masons.

JOHN G. SAXE, who has been traveling in Europe, says he saw more pretty girls In Dublin than he did in London; that the sweetest voice he ever heard in conversation came from a German woman who sold beer and biscuits in the suburbs of Goetha, with smiles benignant enough to turn cakes and ale into ambrosia and nectar. He says he saw a good deal of peasantry of many countries, and thought the Irish the most and the Roman the least attractive of all he had the privilege to study.

∴

RUFUS CHOATE.—In a well known case against the Old Colony Railroad, when plaintiff sued for damages for injury by being run down by their train, Choate called some boys as witnesses. They swore they were shooting coots near by the crossing when the accident occurred, and that the train did not make the proper signal for a crossing. The defense called the Selectmen of Marshfield to prove that *coots did not fly in August*, and therefore the boys could not have been there shooting them, as they swore, in that month.

Choate, as he approached their testimony in his argument, said: "I do not suppose this boy was ornithological extensively. They call the Selectmen to prove there was no game for him there. The Selectmen! Why havn't they called the *sportsmen* of Marshfield? Why hav'nt they called those men who have learned this thing as they have learned other things, *from great example!*—'to throw the line, to point the tube, to recognize the game?'" Of course the allusion here was to Daniel Webster's neighboring residence of Marshfield, and the conversational instructions he had been so fond of giving to his farmer friends. In point of fact, too, the Selectmen were wrong, and the sportsmen would have corrected them; for although not frequent, still—coots *do* fly in August.

Mr. Choate made a great passage in the case of Shaw *vs.* Worcester Railroad, which was one of the last trials of much popular interest that he was engaged in. The person injured by the collision of the cars with his wagon, which was the subject of the suit, was said, by a witness, to have been intoxicated at the time he was driving. On cross-examination the witness said he knew it, because he leant over him and perceived his breath, which seemed as if "he had been drinking gin and brandy." Commenting on this with great power, Choate said, "This witness swears he stood by the dying man in his last moments. What was he there for?" he shouted out. "Was it to administer those assiduities which are ordinarily proffered at the bedside of dying men? Was it to extend to him the consolations of that religion which for eighteen hundred years has comforted the world? No, gentlemen, no! He leans over the departing sufferer; he bends his face nearer and nearer to him—and what does he do! (in a voice of thunder). What does he do? *Smells gin and brandy!*"

∴

In an insurance case, tried in the Supreme Court, Mr. Choate's vessel was alleged to be unseaworthy, and the evidence disclosed a plank started from her sides. It became pertinent for the orator to sear this place up, and he closed one of his long paragraphs with these words: "And, gentlemen, all this ship needed to set her right was two copper bolts, two wooden trennels—nay, two old candles."

It is impossible to describe the convulsions of laughter which followed this.

MUSIC.—*Laus Deo*—Poetry by Bro. Rev. Dr. Shears; music by Nash; published by Bro. Loomis, New Haven.

The Masons we Need.

[From an oration delivered before the Lodge of Journeymen Masons (No. 8), Edinburgh, in honor of the memory of Bro. James Smith, for twenty-four years Treasurer of the Lodge.]

Our deceased brother was a sincere, downright honest man. He was one of the few persons in the world to whom we would readily entrust our reputation, our worldly means, and even our very life. He had no flummery, no pretence. He made no promises which he did not fulfill; he held out no hopes which he did not realize. We were not deceived and disappointed by him. He did not come before us flaunting with Masonic jewels, and boasting of his Masonic knowledge, his Masonic services, and his attachment to Masonic principles. He did far better. He showed what the principles of Masonry are by his actions. He showed that its justice, its fortitude, its temperance, its truth, its brotherly sympathy and charity, were the objects of his affection; that they were implanted in his nature, and bore their ligitimate fruits. He was, in short, a real man, and no sham. We have Freemasons now-a-days that can be regarded as nothing better than sounding brass or tinkling cymbals. Great is their noise, their display, and their pretended regard to the requirements of our Order; but strip them of the cloak which they wear, and you will find them full of fraud, falsehood, calumny, intemperance and every abomination. Such men are a disgrace and a source of weakness to the society with which they are connected. They may, it is true, sometimes receive applause—they may be taken under the wing of men in power, and patted, caressed and encouraged; they may even gain triumphs, and be surrounded by troops of shouting scycophants; but it is fortunate, it is satisfactory, that they cannot long play the imposter. It is beyond their power to conceal their knavery. The Ethiopian could as well change his skin, or the leopard his spots. They are soon seen in their true colors. They soon stand forth detected and exposed, and then, by a righteous retribution, shame and discredit overwhelm both them and their abettors. But our late brother had no disguise to take off. He was no moral assassin under a mask. He was no preacher of purity and righteousness, while inwardly he was full of corruption, and secretly practiced the grossest iniquities. His virtues and his sturdy independence reflected honor on our ancient institution. It is by such men that its stability is maintained, because it is by finding such men within its pale that the well ordered are induced to join its ranks.

◆

Family Circle.

WOULD I WERE WITH THEE!

BY THE HON. MRS. NORTON.

Would I were with thee! every day and hour
Which now I spend so sadly, far from thee—
Would that my form possessed the magic power
To follow where my heavy heart would be!
Whate'er thy lot—by land or sea—
Would I were with thee—eternally!

Would I were with thee! when, the world forgetting,
Thy weary limbs upon the turf are thrown—
While bright and red the evening sun is setting,
And all thy thoughts belong to heaven alone:
While happy dreams thy heart employ—
Would I were with thee—in thy joy!

Would I were with thee! when, no longer feigning
The hurried laugh that stifles back a sigh,
Thy young lip pours unheard its sweet complaining,
And tears have quenched the light within thine eye:
When all seems dark and sad below,
Would I were with thee—in thy woe!

Would I were with thee! when the day is breaking,
And when the moon hath lit the lonely sea—
Or when in crowds some careless note awaking:
Speaks to thy heart in memory of me,
In joy or pain, by sea or shore—
Would I were with thee—evermore!

⁂

History of a Wooden Shoe.—Towards the end of September, 1832, it was announced among the artistic circles of Paris that Nicolo Paganini had fallen seriouly ill at the conclusion of a grand concert given by the illustrious violinist. He was attacked by a low, intermitting fever, which refused to yield to the remedies employed, and even gave rise to apprehensions for his life.

Paganini, whose leanness was already almost spectral, now seemed to have his frail existence suspended by a thread, which the slightest shock might sever. The physicians unanimously ordered solitude, absolute repose, and a strict regimen as to diet.

In order to carry out these prescriptions Paganini removed to the Villa Lutetiana, in the Faubourg Poissonniere. This excellent establishment, which no longer exists, was intended exclusively for the reception and cure of wealthy invalids. A spacious, comfortable house stood in a large, park-like garden, where each patient could ramble at will, and enjoy either solitude or society at his choice. A great charm of this house was that every one lived just as he or she pleased; in the evening either retiring to the solitude of his apartment, or joining in the games, music, and conversation held in the drawing-room. Paganini naturally belonged to those who preferred passing the evenings in quietness and retirement. There was plenty of gossip about him in the drawing-room; three or four four censorious old maids fell on him tooth and nail.

"Ladies," began one, "have you seen this great musician? He salutes no one, and never speaks a word. He takes his bowl of soup in an arbor in the garden, and then hastens away if any one approaches. What an oddity he must be!"

"That's part of his malady," said another; "people say that there is some terrible mystery about his life—some love story, I imagine."

"Not at all," added a third; Paganini is a miser; there's no mystery about that. Do you remember that concert which was organized in favor of the families who had suffered from the inundation of St. Etienne? The great violinist refused to take part in it because he would have to play gratuitously. Depend upon it, he fears that were he to mix in our society he might be asked for similar favors."

Paganini guessed pretty well how he was regarded by his fellow-boarders; but, like Gallio of old, he cared for none of these things. His health became gradually better, yet in the whole house he never exchanged a word with any one except Nicette. This was the house-maid who attended on him—a cheerful, innocent country-girl, whose gay prattle, when she served his meals, often availed to dispel the cloud which habitually darkened the brows of Paganini.

One morning Nicette presented herself with a sad, drooping countenance, and served breakfast without uttering a word. The musician, who was amusing himself with carving a piece of ivory for the handle of a dagger, noticed the change in the young girl, and questioned her upon it.

"What's the matter, my child? You look sad; your eyes are red; some misfortune has befallen you, Nicette?"

"Oh yes, sir."

"Would it be indiscreet to ask you what it is?"

"No, sir, not precisely; but—"

Paganini fixed his great black eyes on the girl's troubled countenance.

"Come," he said: "I see how it is. After having made you a thousand promises *he* has quitted you, and you no longer have any tidings of *him*."

"Ah! poor fellow! he quitted me certainly, but it was not his fault."

"How is that?"

"Because in the conscription he drew a bad number, and he has been sent away with a great long gun on his shoulder, and I shall never see him again!" sobbed poor Nicette, as she buried her face in her white apron.

"But, Nicette, could you not purchase a substitute for him?"

The girl, withdrawing her apron, smiled sadly through her tears.

"Monsieur is jesting," she said; how could I ever buy a substitute?"

"Does it cost very dear?"

"This year men are tremendously dear on account of the report that there is going to be a war. Fifteen hundred francs is the lowest price."

The musician pressed Nicette's little plump hand between his long sallow fingers as he said:

"If that's all, my girl, don't cry; we'll see what can be done."

Then, taking out his pocket-book, he wrote on a blank leaf:

"Mem.—To see about giving a concert for the benefit of Nicette."

A month passed on; winter arrived, and Paganini's physician said to him:

"My dear sir, you must not venture out of doors again until after the month of March."

"To hear is to obey," replied the musician.

During the winter a comparative degree of health and strength returned to Paganini. Having no longer the pleasant, shady arbors of the garden as a refuge, he began gradually to linger a little in the drawing-room. After dinner he used to throw himself on a sofa of crimson velvet, and pass half an hour in turning over a volume of engravings, or in sipping a glass of sugared water flavored with orange flowers. The old ladies of the Society gossiped on about him and his odd ways, but he affected not to hear, and certainly did not heed them.

Christmas-eve approached. On the anniversary of the birth of our Lord a custom exists in France very dear to its juvenile inhabitants. A wooden shoe is placed at the corner of the hearth, and a beneficent fairy is supposed to come down the chimney, laden with various presents and dainties with which he fills it. It is calculated that, one year with another, the Christmas wooden shoe enriches the trade of Paris with two million francs.

On the morning of the 24th December four of Paganini's female critics were in consultation together.

"It will be for this evening," said one.

"Yes, for this evening; that's settled," replied another.

After dinner Paganini was, according to his custom, seated on the drawing-room sofa, sipping his *eau sucrée*, when an unusual noise was heard in the corridor. Presently Nicette entered, and announced that a porter had arrived with a case directed to Signor Paganini."

"I don't expect any case," said he; "but I suppose he had better bring it in."

Accordingly a stout porter entered, bearing a good sized deal box, on which, besides the address, were the words, "*Fragile—with care.*" Paganini examined it with some curiosity, and, having paid the messenger, proceeded to open the lid. His long, thin, but extremely muscular fingers accomplished this task without difficulty, and the company, whose curiosity caused them somewhat to transgress the bounds of good manners, crowded around in order to see the contents of the box.

The musician first drew out a large packet, enveloped in strong brown paper, and secured with several seals. Having opened this, a second, and then a third envelope appeared; and at length the curious eyes of twenty persons were regaled with a gigantic wooden shoe, carved out of a piece of ash, and almost large enough to serve for a child's cradle. Bursts of laughter hailed the discovery.

"Ah!" said Paganini, "a wooden shoe. I can guess tolerably well who has sent it. Some of these excellent ladies wish to compare me to a child who always expects presents and never gives any. Well! be it so. We will see if we cannot find some method of making this shoe worth its weight in gold."

So saying, and scarcely saluting the company, Paganini withdrew to his own apartment, carrying with him the case and its contents.

During three days he did not reappear in the drawing-room; Nicette informed the company that he worked from morning till night with carpenter's tools. In fact, the musician, whose hands were wondrously flexible and dextrous in other things besides violin playing, had fashioned a perfect and sonorous instrument out of the clumsy wooden shoe. Having enriched it with one silver string, his work was complete. Next day a public notice appeared that, on New-Year's Eve, Paganini would give a concert in the large hall of the Villa Lutetiana. The great master announced that he would play ten pieces, five on a violin, five on a wooden shoe. The price of the tickets was fixed at twenty francs each. Of these only one hundred were issued, and it is needless to add that they were immediately purchased by the *élite* of the *beau monde*, who, during several months, had missed the pleasure of hearing Paganini. The appointed evening arrived; the hall, furnished with comfortable chairs, was prepared and lighted for the occasion, elegant equipages were stationed along the Faubourg Poissoniere, and expectation was on tip-toe to know what the announcement respecting the wooden shoe could possibly mean.

At length Paganini appeared, smiling, with every appearance of renewed health, and on his favorite violin played some of those marvelous strains which never failed to transport his auditors to the seventh heaven of delight. Then he seized the shoe, which, in its new guise of a violin, still preserved somewhat of pristine form, and his whole being lighted up with enthusiasm, he commenced one of those wondrous improvisations which captivated the souls of his hearers. This one represented first the departure of a conscript, the tears, the wailing of his betrothed, then his stormy life in the camp, and on the field of battle, and finally his return, accompanied by triumph and rejoicing. A merry peal of wedding-bells completed the musical drama. Long and loud were the thunders of applause; even the old ladies who disliked Paganini could not refrain from clapping, and bouquets, thrown by fair and jeweled hands, fell at the feet of the musician. In a corner of the hall, next the door, Nicette was weeping bitterly; the symphony of the conscript had gone straight to her heart. At the end of the concert the receipts were counted; they amounted to two thousand francs.

"Here, Nicette," said Paganini, "you have five hundred francs over the sum required to purchase a substitute; they will pay your bridegroom's traveling expenses.

Then, after a pause, he continued, "But you will want something wherewith to begin housekeeping. Take this shoe-violin or this violin shoe, and sell it for your dowry."

Nicette did so, and received from a rich amateur six thousand francs for Paganini's wooden shoe.

It is now, we believe, in the possession of an English nobleman, who was formerly British Embassador at Paris.

◆

Names Fitly Chosen.—In the history of the Cornwall (England) Lodges we find such good names of Lodges as Love and Honour, Mount Sinai, Fortitude, True and Faithful, One and All, Phœnix, Peace and Harmony, Druids, Love and Liberality, Three Grand Principles.

◆

Unfortunately Born with Nerves.

The "busy hum of labor" is a poetical idea enough, but unfortunately some of us are born with *nerves;* and I confess that the monotonous whir, *whir*, WHIR, of a Sewing Machine in the house, has sometimes sent me out of it. I have often wondered if this could not be remedied, without impairing its usefulness. This I find you have succeeded in doing. I have lately been making trial of one of the "Silent Sewing Machines"—the *name* attracted me—"*Silent!*" I find that one can easily listen to reading while operating it. This seems to me a great gain on all that have preceded it. My dressmaker, who has had ten years' experience with Sewing Machines, gives this her unqualified preference. I myself have owned one of another make for eight years, which, in my judgment, does not approach this in utility. For all the reasons above stated I give my hearty preference to the "Willoox & Gibbs Silent Sewing Machine."—Fanny Fern.

The National Freemason,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S., Editor.

John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

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* * *

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* * *

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* * *

A few copies of vols. 7 and 8 of the National Freemason, from September 1st, 1866, to July 1st, 1867, neatly bound, have been left at our office, and will be sent free on receipt of $8.00, by postal order or bank check. Address National Freemason, P. O. Box 5903, New York City.

* * *

Garibaldi.

A few years ago the popular political and news press was in raptures over this Italian chief. Now under arrest, and with no prospect of an immediate triumph, they deprecate the man and his cause.

With his political and revolutionary views we have nothing to do as a Freemason. When they are charged upon Freemasonry we shall indite a line.

We frankly admit that Freemasonry is no opponent or enemy of "liberty, fraternity and equality"—and yet she favors not these by any organized effort. Her teachings are full of peace. She looks forward to triumphs which are in their attainment patient, slow and without hatred or violence. She nowhere seeks to destroy, but to bless rulers and ruled—priest, governor and people.

Garibaldi favors a grand (Masonic) European Congress or association, which shall decide all international questions, so that hereafter there shall be no war. He says: "Absolutism shall be replaced by the right of peoples." He would abolish the Pope and tyrannical civil governments; but how? If by peaceful means and diffusion of intelligence, virtue and principle, he must be patient. (Garibaldi, with all his greatness, lacks patience.) If by war, he seeks right ends by wrong means, and understands not the philosophy as well as the religion of the saying: "He that taketh the sword shall perish by it." War begets war; war begets slavery and degradation and poverty. The true reign of peace and virtue will only come by peace.

As we wrote in a previous issue, Garibaldi's views of religion differ from ours, and his religious theory we regard as Utopian. Yet, in our estimate of them, we must locate ourselves in Italy, amid the corruptions by which he is surrounded, and meet the obstacles in the way of progress which he finds, and then we would be more charitable towards him and his views, and look for the wiser and better results beyond.

* * *

The late King of Belgium, Grand Master of the Belgic Masonic Jurisdiction, was not only liberal and charitable and a noble royal exemplar of Masonry, but he was wise and prudent. Foreseeing the revolutionary tendencies of Europe, he spent little money in mere pomp. As a king he ruled well his subjects and promoted their welfare; as the father of a family he was frugal, and left his children above want. "Carlotta," dear to every Masonic heart, was one of these children. In her devotion to her heroic husband she sacrificed much of her property. On Maximilian's property she has large claims. The Emperor of Austria is his chief executor, the King of Belgium is the natural and Masonic guardian of his sister. A difficulty is said to have grown up between these two about the estate. Injustice to "Carlotta" will rouse still more Masonic indignation against the Emperor of Austria, next to the Pope of Rome the chief foe of our fraternity.

* * *

We again call upon the post-office department, in behalf of a portion of the public, to look after some of their employees. The route between this and Westminster, Maryland, especially needs the detective. Two postal orders, dated Baltimore, were lost in one week.

The Sign of the Cross—Its Masonic Use—Symbols of Various Rites—Of Templar Interest—Its Varieties—The Cross Constantine Saw. (No. 3.)

These letters, *XP.* or Ch R, are plainly the initial letters of *ΧΡΙΣΤΟΣ* or C H R ist, Thus Xmas stands for Christmas, as if it was written Ch–mas. The I H S, or sometimes I H C (the first three letters of the Greek *ΙΗΣΟΥΣ* or J E S us), now so common on the Banner of Commanderies and Encampments, has very little early authority—we know only of two instances. The authorities for the C H R are numerous.

We proceed to show how the variety of the cross is known by the name of Constantine.

This leads us back to early years in church history.

Eusebius wrote a history of the Church down to his period, a few hundred years after Christ. He also wrote a life of the Emperor Constantine, an episode of which we here give from the Greek:

"CONSTANTINE MAKES HIS CHOICE OF CHRISTIANITY.

"Being convinced, however that he needed some more powerful aid than his military forces could afford him, on account of the wicked and magical enchantments which were so diligently practiced by the tyrant, he began to seek for Divine assistance, deeming the possession of arms and a numerous soldiery of secondary importance, but trusting that the co-operation of a deity would be his security against defeat or misfortune. He considered, therefore, on what god he might rely for protection and assistance.

"While engaged in this inquiry, the thought occurred to him, that of the many emperors who had preceded him, those who had rested their hopes in a multitude of gods, and served them with sacrifices and offerings, had, in the first place, been deceived by flattering predictions, and oracles which promised them all prosperity, and at last had met with an unhappy end; while not one of their gods had stood by to warn them of the impending wrath of heaven. On the other hand, he recollected that his father, who had pursued an entirely opposite course, who had condemned their error, and honored the one Supreme God during his whole life, had found Him to be the Saviour and protector of his empire, and the giver of every good thing. Reflecting on this, and well weighing the fact that they who had trusted in many gods had also fallen by manifold forms of death, without leaving behind them either family or offspring stock, name or memorial among men; and considering further, that those who had already taken arms against the tyrant, and had marched to the battle-field under the protection of a multitude of gods, had met with a dishonorable end (for one of them had shamefully retreated from the contest without a blow; and the other, being slain in the midst of his own troops, had become as it were the mere sport of death); reviewing, I say, all these considerations, he judged it to be folly indeed to join in the idle worship of those who were no gods, and after such convincing evidence to wander from the truth; and, therefore, felt it incumbent on him to honor no other than the God of his father.

"HOW, WHILE HE IS PRAYING, GOD SENDS HIM A VISION OF A CROSS OR LIGHT IN THE HEAVENS AT MID-DAY, WITH AN INSCRIPTION ADMONISHING HIM TO CONQUER BY THAT.

"Accordingly he called on Him with earnest prayer that he would reveal to him who He was, and stretch forth His right hand to help him in his present difficulties. And while he was thus praying with fervent entreaty, a most marvelous sign appeared to him from heaven, the account of which it might have been difficult to receive with credit, had it been related by any other person. But since the victorious Emperor himself *long afterwards declared it to the writer of this history*, when he was honored with his acquaintance and society, and *confirmed his statement by an oath*, who could hesitate to accredit the relation, especially since the testimony of after times had established its truth?

"He said that about mid-day, when the sun was beginning to decline, he saw with his own eyes the trophy of a cross of light in the heavens above the sun, and bearing the inscription, 'Conquer by this.' At this sight he himself was struck with amazement, and his whole army also, which happened to be following on some expedition, and witnessed the miracle.

"HOW THE CHRIST OF GOD APPEARS TO HIM IN HIS SLEEP, AND COMMANDS HIM TO USE IN HIS WARS A STANDARD MADE IN THE FORM OF A CROSS.

"He said, moreover, that he doubted within himself what the import of this apparition could be. And while he continued to ponder and reason on its meaning, night imperceptibly drew on; and in his sleep the Christ of God appeared to him with the same sign which he had seen in the heavens, and commanded him to procure a standard made in the likeness of that sign, and to use it as a safeguard in all engagements with his enemies.

"THE MAKING OF THE STANDARD OF THE CROSS.

"At the dawn of day he arose, and communicated the secret to his friends; and then, calling together the workers of gold and precious stones, he sat in the midst of them, and described to them the figure of the sign he had seen, bidding them represent it in gold and precious stones. And this representation I myself have had an opportunity of seeing.

"Now it was made in the following manner. A long spear overlaid with gold formed the figure of the cross, by means of a piece transversely laid over it. On the top of the whole was fixed a crown, formed by the intertexture of gold and precious stones, and on this two letters, indicating the name of Christ, symbolized the Saviour's title by means of its first characters—the letter *P* being intersected by *X* exactly in its centre; and these letters the Emperor was in the habit of wearing on his helmet at a later period. From the transverse piece which crossed the spear was suspended a kind of streamer, of purple cloth, covered with a profuse embroidery of most brilliant precious stones, and which being also richly interlaced with gold, presented an indescribable degree of beauty to the beholder. This banner was a square form, and the upright staff, which, in its full extent, was of great length, bore a golden half-length portrait of the pious Emperor and his children on its upper part, beneath the trophy of the cross, and immediately above the embroidered streamer.

"The Emperor constantly made use of this salutary sign as a safeguard against every adverse and hostile power, and commanded that others similar to it should be carried at the head of all his armies."

A standard of such costly material and splendid appearance was better suited for the throne-room of the Imperial palace than for the dust and slaughter of battle, and it is evident from the description that Costantine regarded the "salutary sign" with superstitious and idolatrous feelings. His subsequent treatment of the figure of the cross manifests still stronger those feelings. The inscription on his own statue, holding a cross, erected at Rome after his great victory over Maxentius, is as follows: "*By virtue of this salutary sign, which is the true symbol of valor, I have preserved and liberated your city from the yoke of tyranny. I have also set at liberty the Roman senate and people, and restored them to their ancient greatness and splendor.*"

He caused a picture to be set up of himself and his children, with the cross placed above his head, and below it the form of a dragon, stricken through with a dart, and falling headlong into the sea. He placed the picture in front of the portico of his palace, so as to be visible to all, and he applied to himself in that representation the fulfillment of one of the ancient prophecies.

He displayed in the principal apartment of the imperial palace, on a vast tablet, the symbol of the Saviour's passion: "*And this symbol the pious prince seemed to have intended to be as it were the safeguard of the empire itself.*" From this remarkable expression of Eusebius, it appears that Constantine regarded that symbol with feelings analagous to those that the Romans had towards Palladium, that celebrated relic, which had formerly been the safeguard of the ancient city of Troy, and transferred to Rome, where it was preserved with religious care by the vestal virgins, the order of Pagan nuns instituted in honor of the goddess Vesta.

The headings of some of the chapters of Eusebius' life of him show what passed in his mind, and what he performed in the field. "Constantine gives glory to God, confesses the efficacy of the standard of the cross, and prays for the churches and people." "He prays that all may be Christians, but compels none." "Defeat and conquest of the Scythians, through the standard of the cross." "He orders the sign of the cross to be engraven on his soldiers' shields." And he publishes a form of prayer to be said by his soldiers on every Dies Solis, or Sunday.

The army mustered every Sunday on an open plain near the city, and at a given signal the soldiers with one accord offered up the following prayer: "We acknowledge thee the only God. We own thee as our king, and implore thy succor. By thy favor we have gotten the victory; through thee we are mightier than our enemies. We render thanks for thy past benefits, and trust thee for future blessings. Together we pray to thee, and beseech thee long to preserve to us, safe and triumphant, our Emperor Constantine and his pious sons." The hum of the muttered prayers of the rough soldiers of the Roman legions, as they were drawn up under the standard of the cross, must have been very impressive. That standard was reared instead of the old idols under which the army marched to battle, for Constantine "commanded that his embattled forces should be preceded in their march, not by golden images, as heretofore, but only by the standard of the cross."

(To be continued.)

The Cure of Inebriates.

Several Masons, whom otherwise we highly respect for their virtues and charities, have acknowledged their Masonic fault of occasional inebriety, and have sought our advice.

It is always and emphatic, whenever a brother has *once* fallen, there is only one safe course, only one effectual remedy. It is to stop wholly, forever and at once, from the use in any form of whatever can intoxicate or awaken the demon again. A brother can better afford to be sick and die than to disgrace family, Lodge and human nature, and destroy his self-respect.

Dr. Day, superintendent of the New York State Inebriate Asylum, writes to an editorial brother:

"During the last ten years I have had under my care over 2,500 cases of inebriety, in all its various forms and conditions. More than 400 of these had delirium in its various stages. In the first years of my connection with the asylum for the treatment of their cases I embraced the common error that liquor could not with safety be entirely withdrawn from the habitual drinker. After two or three years of observation I found this was an error, and that the pathology of drunkenness was not well understood by medical men generally, particularly those who had ventured to write books on the subject. I found on trial that my patients did much better by withdrawing alcohol altogether, never allowing even alcholic tinctures of any kind to be given. Since I have been connected with this institution (about five months) I do not think I have given one drop of alcohol in any shape to a patient. I do not keep it here, because I think it is seldom, if ever, needed, and, more than this, I consider it dangerous to continue its use in these cases even in small doses. Permit me to state one fact. A man may habitually drink his quart or more of liquor per day, as most habitual drinkers do. Confine such a man in some place, and put him upon an allowance of one half his usual quantity, and he will suffer more than he will to cut him off entirely. I have tried this in a large number of cases, and have satisfied myself from actual observation. Of course these sufferers are found in all our reformatory and correctional institutions, as well as in private practice. They are usually found in a deplorable condition when medical aid is sought. They should be treated in the most skillful manner and faithfully nursed. Their blood is poisoned, which, no doubt, is the cause of the alarming and dangerous symptoms we meet with in the debauched drunkard. The symptoms in the advanced stages of such cases are not unlike cases of narcotic poisoning from opium, conium, cannabis indica and other such poisonous drugs. They do not need the same drug to cure when poisonous doses have been taken, even though administered in infinitessimal doses. I only state briefly and hastily the the result of my observation on this single point of 'tapering off' the drunkard we hear so much about these days. Absolute abstinence will cure the inebriate; nothing short of it will keep him cured after he is raised up from a life of inebriety and degradation."

The yellow fever at New Orleans is creating many orphans and sufferers, and a demand for asylums, nurses, medicine, food and ice. 12,000 human beings, some of them our brothers of the mystic tie, are calling for aid.

Will our brethren of New York city aid the general committee now at work for relief?

The postage on the National Freeeason is but twenty cents a year, or five cents per quarter, paid in advance at the post-office. We understand that carriers in some cities are charging two cents for each paper. Report such carriers to the post-office.

News agents, who get their papers by the week, must not take money for subscriptions and give receipts for this office, unless the money is also forwarded.

Bro. N. Frost is a fully accredited agent for the National Freemason. We have found him always faithful, honest and truthful.

A Masonic memorandum book has been found. Can be seen at this office.

Grand Lecturers.

Arrangements are on foot for a convention of Lodges in the city of New York to receive instruction from R. W. Jos. B. Chaffee, Grand Lecturer, in the standard work. We hear also that it is in contemplation to have a chapter of instruction under Comp. J. H. Chase at the same time, and we suggest that our Commanderies would do well to arrange for a conclave to be devoted to instruction and practice in drill and ritual. The interstices between the labors of the other two conventions might thus be profitably filled up, and a memorable epoch inscribed in the history of Masonry in New York.

The Masonic fraternities of olden time were *true builders*. The ancient buildings *grew*, not only in their plan and their forms, but in every detail and decoration. The builders were true workmen, and art will only live as sculptors turn their studios into workshops and architects are content to be chief masons.

True art is almost dead. Architecture at present is not an art, but a profession, nay, even a trade. We are only imitating, neither practicing nor developing an art.

What is wanted is a growth, not toys; buildings, not designs; edifices, things of life and beauty; honest workmen to build "Strasburg," "Cologne," "St. Paul's" and "Westminster," over again. A return to the old, the genuine Masonic associations; a union of practical artists for the interchange of worthy thoughts and the eliminating of feeble fancies; *a community in practice* such as the Craftsmen were—this is our want. The builders of the middle ages *by constant association perfected method*, and thus *became true* "Masters" *of their art*. Among our brethren in Greece are transmitted the names of Eucheir, Eupalamus, Cheirisophus (*good and cleave with the hand*), and Chersiphron, (*handy-minded*).

Buildings are enduring monuments of the character of our fraternity in every age. By them we know our ancient brethren. What idea of us would modern buildings give to our posterity?

Agricultural Gangs.

Years ago the British public were agitated about the frightful amount of human suffering in the manufacturing districts of England. Late investigations show that a million and a half of children, young persons and women, great sufferers by reason of excessive physical toil, are not within the provisions of the "Factory Bill."

Nothing more shocking has been brought to light than the "Agricultural Gangs," of certain counties of England.

The extensive employment of women and children in rural labor had its rise in two causes, first, in the extensive reclamations of waste land, and next in the destruction of cottages and the removal of the people that inhabited them, rendering labor difficult to procure and imposing upon the farmer the necessity of obtaining it through the means of middle men, who supply it at a cheap rate by organizing bands of women and children of whom they become the temporary masters.

The faculty of making little children work is the peculiar art of the gangmaster, and he obtains his living by pressing his gang to the utmost of their strength, striving to extort the most labor for the smallest remuneration.

The gangmasters are generally men of indolent and drinking habits and frequently of notorious depravity.

In some districts they control the entire labor.

* * * * * * * *

They collect their gangs very early in the morning, when five or six hundred women, boys and girls assemble at early dawn to be marshaled by their gangsmen and led off, to work.

There are to be seen youths who have never known either the restraints of parental discipline or the humanizing influences of a respectable home; girls depraved by constant association with some of the worst characters of their sex; married women who prefer the rude independence of the fields to the restraints of domestic life; little children who should be receiving their first lessons in the village school instead of imbibing those of premature and certain vice; and, above all, the gangmaster, often hoary with years, too certainly profligate in character, "*corruptus simul et corruptor,*" and therefore more disposed to encourage obscene language than to check it. As it is important to the gangmaster that the whole of his flock should arrive at the scene of their labor quickly and simultaneously, the pace at which the gang travels is trying to the strongest. When driving is found ineffectual, the younger children are tempted to over-exert themselves by the promise of sweetmeats. The ages at which young children commence work, and the distance they have to walk, or rather to run, before they begin the labors of the day, are astounding. Eight appears to be the ordinary age at which children of both sexes join the common gang, although seven is not unusual, and instances are mentioned in which children only six years of age were found regularly at work. One little girl only four years old was carried by her father to the fields, and put to work under a gangmaster, and it seems to be a common practice with parents to stipulate that if the elder children are hired the younger ones shall be so too. When the gangs are working at a considerable distance from home, the children leave as early as five in the morning and do not return before eight at night, and the few who attend the Sunday-schools after the labors of the week are described as in a state of exhaustion distressing to witness. A little boy only six years of age is stated to have regularly walked more than six miles out to work, and often to come home so tired that he could scarcely stand. Walking, the gangmasters themselves admit, is more trying to the children than working. When the gang has a long distance to go the children become so exhausted that the elder ones are seen dragging the younger ones home, sometimes carrying them on their backs. In the winter, the children often return from the fields crying from the cold. "Last night," said the mother of a little boy seven years of age, "when my Henry came home he lay up quite stiff and cold; he is often very tired, and will fall down and drop asleep with the food in his mouth." In some parts of the fen districts the children are compelled to jump the dykes, an exertion causing frequent accidents, and one poor girl died from the effects of an effort beyond her strength.

It is a common practice for the gangmaster to carry a stick or a whip, but rather, it is said, to frighten the children with than for use; but the treatment depends entirely upon the disposition of the gangmaster.

Answers to Correspondents.

ABSURD—is it in anti-Masonic writers to pretend that Freemasonry had its *origin* in 1717, for 8 years previously Sir Richard Steele, in the *Tattler*, for June 9, 1709, represents the Pretty Fellows as having "signs and tokeps like Freemasons." The sentence begins: "You have seen them accost each other with effeminate airs; they have their signs and tokens, like Freemasons," &c.

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DUNKIRK.—A Master Mason, by an unreasonable and viciously literal interpretation, cannot vouch for a brother being a Fellow-Craft, unless he has actually seen him in a Fellow-Craft's Lodge. All reasonable interpretation, however, makes it perfectly competent for a Master Mason to vouch for a F.·. C.·., although he may never have been actually present with him in a F.·. C's.·. Lodge. So of other degrees, bearing in mind that there are Templars, who have never taken the Cryptic degrees, and there are Royal Arch Masons who have taken the Council degrees before the Royal Arch, and in a Chapter, as in the Jurisdiction of Maryland.

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KING EDWARD III. OF ENGLAND—had an officer called the King's Freemason—the General Surveyor of his buildings.

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THE OLD TOAST AMONG SCOTCH MASONS—"God bless the King of the Craft," arose from the kings of Scotland very much encouraging the royal art. For hundreds of years the royal records and traditions testify the great respect of the kings for the fraternity.

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HARRY SEYMOUR—is a Sir Knight in good standing in Palestine Commandery.

A. and A. Rite.

Our oft-repeated prediction that the settlement of the differences so long existing in and impeding the progress of this system of Freemasonry would give it new vigor and prosperity, is rapidly being verified. From every direction the tidings come up that brethren are manifesting a degree of interest and zeal hitherto unknown, and bidding fair to elevate the Supreme Council to a position of dignity and power unequaled on the surface of the globe. The governing bodies in both jurisdictions stand shoulder to shoulder, and from them must hereafter emanate the law of Scottish Masonry. We had the pleasure of meeting in the city of Boston a few days since the chief officers and some of the more prominent members of the Northern and Southern Supreme Councils, and speak by the card when we say that there is a perfect and cordial understanding between them, and that as now administered the rite must prosper.

The Chair of St. Peter.

It turns out upon examination that, instead of being the veritable chair from which Peter preached the Gospel to the Romans, this chair, so much reverenced by the friends of the Pope, and from which consistorial fulminations against Freemasonry proceed, is the work of those very hated Freemasons themsèlves —the craftsmen of the 12th or 13th century.

Convention of the Scottish Rite in New York.

We learn that, in view of the abrogation of State Consistories by the new Constitution of the Northern Supreme Council, the several Deputies for States will convene at some central point the presiding officers of the various subordinate bodies for consultation and mutual instruction. The idea is a capital one, as the brethren will thus enjoy all the advantages of a consistory without being obliged to give any time to legislation.

So far as New York is concerned, we trust that Ill. Bro. Welch will find it convenient to assemble the brethren at Albany during Grand Chapter week, thus insuring a fuller attendance, as many of the brethren are connected with the Grand Chapter, and would be glad to kill two birds with one stone.

An Allegory.

BY MRS. SARAH A. KNIGHT.

When angels no longer wooed the daughters of men, and the holy flower-seeds of Eden had ceased to hallow the earth with celestial blossoms, an ancient man went forth with his staff in search of two GUARDIAN ANGELS, who once followed in the footsteps of Adam. Those sacred hierarchs, like Moses after his descent from Mount Sinai, were vailed, commemorative of the fall of man. They were seldom visible; when they were, their luminous colossal forms diffused refulgent halos, causing human hearts to glow with joy.

The ancient man walked onwards for many days, but no such divine beings as those he sought could anywhere be found. A voice was heard to cry: "*An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth!*" and wherever that warhoop resounded, Adam's guardian angels were unknown. The children of Israel rebuked the venerable sage, and said:

"Lo! thou art seeking for the Cherubim enshrined within the mystic arc, the HOLY of HOLIES!"

"Nay," answered the wanderer, "I seek for the guardian angels of man, and, sooth, I feel they are not far distant."

The patriarch beheld a battle-field afar off. The air was darkened with showers of arrows. Ponderous stones elanced from slings cleft the atmosphere on high. Hosts of armed men, maddened with fury, rushed upon each other.

Two combatants with swords and shields, more vengeful than their followers, battled apart, until within bowshot of the ancient wanderer. At length one gained the vantage ground; his brave opponent faltered, but, ere he fell, that vanquished warrior *made a sign!* The victor's weapons were cast aside. Antagonists no more; the twain locked each other in a BROTHERLY embrace! Smiling above them two gigantic winged forms appeared descending from the firmanent.

Satisfied with the travail of his soul, the good old man rejoiced with exceeding great joy, for in those heavenly sanctities he recognized man's guardian angels, who were known unto Adam as LOVE and RELIEF. As mother and daughter they worshiped the Supreme Architect, who proclaimeth unto every afflicted spirit:

"*The stone which the builders refused hath become the headstone in the corner.*"

Who after that can despair? The eternal key-stone of the Arc of God is IMMANUEL—God with us.

By the wisest of the sons of men were the symbols of benevolence established.

A *sign* is sufficient to rescusitate the glowing genius of charity, whose smile of love awakeneth sweet relief.

Those seraphim reign in every *Masonic Lodge.*

A wicked and perverse generation seeketh after a sign—the only true signs are to be found in MASONRY, whose *free and accepted* brethren *visit the widow and the orphan in their affliction, and keep themselves unspotted from the world.*

We present to the readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON the following correspondence sent us from South Carolina, illustrating the charity of the fraternity. It refers to a very costly and highly cherished jewel, which was purchased by Bro. Gorin and sent to Bro. Bruns, with the request that it be returned to its lawful owner:

DECATUR, Ill., August 16, 1867.

R. W. R. S. BRUNS, 32°, Grand Secretary Grand Lodge
S. C., Charleston, S. C.:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—I am in receipt of a letter from Bro. Timmerman Davis, who was in charge of your office during your absence, desiring me to send the jewel to you, as the family to whom it belonged resided in your city. Bro. Davis gets the impression from my letter that the Grand Lodge of Illinois had already taken action in regard to my action in purchasing the jewel from a jeweler, who had purchased it from a returned soldier. In this he is mistaken, as our Grand Lodge has not met since I came in possession of it, but I have no doubt that they will fully indorse my action at the communication in October. I to-day send by express the jewel as directed by Bro. Davis, to be returned to the family of the distinguished brother whose name is inscribed thereon, hoping that the little history connected with it for the past few years may not detract from the interest that may have been hitherto attached to it. I feel proud of being the medium through which this invaluable memento is restored, expressing the hope that the unhappy cause which has rudely torn from us many *precious jewels* and hid them from, the sight of those who prized them far above any made of gold or silver, may never distract our country again; but we have a lively hope that, through the mediation of the Redeemer of mankind, these jewels will be restored to us, and in the great day of accounts we shall see them purified, and their robes washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb. May God preserve us from cruel war and its desolating consequences, and may the healing wings of *Peace* overshadow our entire country, and the brotherly love which once prevailed among the inhabitants of this great empire be restored, and excite us to deeds of charity and more exalted usefulness.

With sentiments of high regard, I am, fraternally,
J R. GORIN, Grand Master of Illinois.

CHARLESTON, September 23d, A. L. 5867.

M. W. J R. GORIN, Grand Master, Illinois:

MOST WORSHIPFUL AND DEAR BROTHER:—Your noble letter, restoring a jewel taken from this State during the late war, is in the right spirit of Masonry, and admirably illustrates the efficacy of our venerable institution in promoting peace and good will among men. It is to the great glory and triumph of Masonry that, while all our hemisphere has been rocking with the convulsion, of civil war, while priests, forgetting their sacred offices were preaching havoc in a style and with a vehemence becoming in utterance only before the shrines of Molock, and while professing congregations of the church of God were forging spears for human massacre, Masonry held itself aloof from the councils of violence, and sought only with her assuasive acts to mitigate the ferocity of man and to soothe the asperities of strife. Both while the war was in progress, and now that it is happily over, we have the constantly recurring proofs among us, and in all quarters of our confederacy, of that loving temper, those close sympathies, that fraternal regard which contribute the living and vital essentials of our Order as embodied in the faith which we profess and the charity which shines pre-eminent our guiding light. Your independent action, without waiting upon that of the Grand Lodge over which you so happily preside, in this very restoration of one of the sacred jewels of the temple, is in proof of your perfect confidence in the fraternal spirit which prevails among your brethren. That the jewel in question thus restored to us is not the property of the Grand Lodge of S. C., but that of a citizen who was, while living, a most highly honored brother, does not impair or lessen the feeling of gratitude with which we receive it at your hands—simply that we may restore it to the representative of the family, one of the most esteemed among us, to whom it rightfully belongs. This, dear sir and brother, we shall do with equal promptitude and pleasure, and on behalf of the family, as of this Grand Lodge, I beg to return you our best thanks for the generous interest, the fraternal regard, and the true Masonic virtue which you have shown in this proceeding. I should do myself injustice and do injustice to our people at large, as well as to our fraternity, if I failed to respond in cordial sympathy with what you have so eloquently said in the expression of your hope and faith in the future peace, prosperity, and harmony of our beloved country. I know of none within this jurisdiction to whom war is now or has ever been desirable; and surely in this age of great intellectual if not moral enlightenment, with a prosperity which has been so wonderful, it is monstrous that war should ever be thought of as the only remedy for human wrong, the only arbiter by which to decide upon human rights. What we need everywhere is that simple sense of justice so well taught by our fraternity, which cheerfully renders to Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's, and blends with justice the full faith that God will assure to his people who live under these laws the prosperity and peace which faith is authorized to seek and charity to secure. We all join in your prayer for the continued peace of our country; not that peace which merely forbears violence, but the peace which is born of good will, love, charity, and the virtues which not only never do wrong, but never think of wrong-doing. Once more I refer to our noble Order as perhaps the only civil and religious institution in this country which has kept its charities warm and its virtues bright amid all the storms of war and faction in the past. Surely we may now rely upon the same institution for helping to heal the wounds which war has made, and for lifting up once more those virtues which were beaten down by the hoofs of violence and passion. Let us struggle with new hope of usefulness in the future, seeing what noble charities our Order has exhibited in the past.

With sentiments of the highest respect and regard, I am, M. W. sir and dear brother,

R. S. Bruns, 32°, Grand Secretary.

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW YORK CITY.

Welcome Home.—Palestine Commandery, No. 18, had an interesting time at its regular conclave on Monday evening last, the idea being to welcome home its Em. Commander, John A. Lefferts, who had just been unanimously elected Grand Commander of the State. The membership turned out in goodly numbers, and a number of visitors were present, among whom may be mentioned Sir Thomas Cassidy, Commander of Morton, No. 4, Sir George W. Walgrove, of No. 23, Sir R. G. Millard, of No. 4, Sir J. W. Simons, of the G. E. U. S., and many others. At 8 o'clock the lines were formed, and the R. E. escorted in knightly array to the ——, where he was welcomed in a few well chosen remarks by Gen. John F. Baldwin, eliciting a characteristic response from the Grand Commander. The usual business of the Commandery succeeded, when parade was dismissed and the assembled Knights took up the line of march to the banquet-hall, where a choice collation awaited them. It was kindly received, each man taking a share to his bosom with average dispatch, and then followed the symposium. Speeches were made by R. E. Sir Knights Lefferts and Simons, by Sirs Walgrove, Seymour, Hutchins, and ever so many more, and then the lights grew dim, the flowers faded and the banquet-hall was deserted. Sir Lefferts may well be proud of his boys and of their genial welcome home.

BROOKLYN.

Surprising.—On our return from the Grand Commandery we found awaiting us an invitation to meet the membership of Adytum Lodge, No. 640, to consider business of importance. The place of rendezvous was the residence of Bro. John C. Smith, and when all the brethren were seated the Senior Warden, Bro. Doe, informed us that this being the birthday of our host, the brethren desired to give it an appropriate notice in the calendar and requested us to present Bro. Smith in their behalf with a costly and elegant meerschaum pipe, which they had provided for the occasion. We performed the duty in our best style, which is all that need be said of that. Bro. Smith, in responding, was at first somewhat embarrassed, the whole affair being a complete surprise. He soon rallied, however, and proceeded to deliver a very neat and appropriate address, displaying his knowledge of the history and ethics of Masonry, by reference to its past history and progress, enlivened by apt citations from some of the most approved writers. Passing on to consider Masonry in its social relations, especially as connected with the foundation of Adytum Lodge, he gave the brethren some excellent advice, and expressed a hope that the sons of the present members, remembering with gratitude the efforts of their fathers, might continue the work so well begun and maintain the body, not as a mere vehicle to confer degrees, but as an association of friends and brethren, as a retreat from the searing cares of the world, where the brethren might learn how good and how pleasant it is to dwell together in unity. In conclusion he acknowledged, in graceful terms, the kindness of the brethren, and promised to spare no efforts towards imbuing the pipe with a coloring rich as the glowing fraternal love evinced in the presentation.

Scarcely had the applause with which his eloquent address was received subsided, and before any one had the opportunity of proposing that we should "take something" with Bro. John, who, by the way, is alarmingly tee-total in his habits, when Bro. Doe again approached us, and after a few introductory remarks presented us with an elegantly mounted cane, in recognition of our forty-sixth birthday, which occurs about this time. Under ordinary circumstances we should object to being publicly caned, but having long practiced the art of subduing our passions, we pocketed the implied challenge, and got even with the boys by boring them with a speech.

A neat collation followed, under the auspices of Mrs. Smith, and at an early hour the meeting adjourned. Adytum Lodge is "some pumpkins."

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A Lecture.—On invitation of various officers of Brooklyn Lodges, our Deputy Grand Master, R. W. Bro. John H. Anthon, recently delivered a lecture in the hall occupied by Joppa Lodge, No. 201. Absence from town prevented us from being present, but we are assured that it was one of his most eloquent productions, replete with wholesome instruction and sound advice, and fully appreciated by the crowded audience in attendance.

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Mistletoe Lodge, No. 647, by a unanimous vote, has enacted a by-law declaring any member of the same found guilty of electioneering for office for himself, shall be ineligible to any office for five years, and said ineligibility can only be terminated by a vote of the Lodge.

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A Grand Concert will soon be given under the auspices of Stella Lodge, for the benefit of the Brooklyn Board of Relief.

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Bro. John W. Simons, P. G. M., will deliver a Lecture before the Masters, Past Masters and Wardens of Brooklyn on the evening of the last Saturday of this month. Subject—French Rituals. The entire membership of the Western District are cordially invited to be present. Due notice will be given of the hall where the lecture will be given.

NEW YORK.

Grand Commandery.—The annual conclave of this Templar Legislature was opened at Saratoga Springs on Tuesday, 1st inst., in presence of the Grand Officers, the representatives of thirty-eight Subordinates and several visiting Sir Knights.

Sir Pearson Munday, as Grand Commander, made an admirable address. We find the following sterling paragraphs:

To the warm unison of hearts, to the marked and cordial unanimity of sentiment, which have always been the peculiarities of this body, may with justice be ascribed not only our wonderful prosperity as an organization, but the strong personal interest manifested by the Sir Knights in our conclave.

Here we realize in very deed "how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity." Here, year after year, we welcome the tried veterans who have so long and so faithfully stood at their posts, and pray that the Father may so order their declining years that at last, when they shall hear the summons to the conclave of immortality, others who have grown gray under their tuition and example may worthily take their places, fight the good fight as they have fought and answer the summons to duty with the same alacrity and unfailing promptitude which they have ever exhibited.

And here, too, we may annually learn how important it is to the welfare of this Order that it should be kept free from unseemly jealousies, undignified quarrels, and ever mindful of the truth of the saying that "peace and harmony are the support of all institutions, more especially this of ours."

Be it ours, Sir Knights, ever to maintain with scrupulous care the proud record made for us—ours to keep so displayed in the West our fair banners that the true and the faithful gazing upon them shall be animated and encouraged to the loftiest valor, the purest beneficence and the most unfeigned devotion to the cause of Him on whose name all the nations of earth shall yet believe, and our enemies, who in opposing us oppose the cause of Immanuel, the cause of the widow, the destitute and the helpless, be utterly confounded—ours to make due allowance for the frailties and errors of our common nature, and rising superior to the passions and weaknesses of the moment, to preserve inviolate our faith to the whole Order, our allegiance to its national head, and especially the union and harmony which are the blessed appenage of this Grand Commandery.

During the past official year peace has reigned throughout our jurisdiction, and prosperity has been her handmaiden.

Referring to the prosperity of Templarism, he says:

If our cause is a just and commendable one, as we know it to be, it cannot have too many adherents; the members of the Commanderies know full well that if they carelessly throw open the approaches to their asylums, and allow every one who chooses to enter, they themselves will be the first to suffer, and they will have to pay the penalty of their own folly and neglect.

We may trust somewhat to the instinct of self-preservation, common to bodies of men as well as to individuals, to teach our Commanderies the exercise of care in the selection of applicants—their own interest clearly being in the admission of good men, and, so far as possible, the exclusion of bad ones.

My own observation leads me to ascribe the marked prosperity and general favor attending the Masonic institution in its various branches to the natural law of compensation, to the fact that we have outlived the satanic crusade undertaken against us, that by carefully attending to our own business and allowing our works to show forth our faith, we have deadened the old venom, and in many instances made friends of those who, while under the influence of prejudice, were our declared enemies.

The people in our various neighborhoods have come to understand that such men as are well known to belong to the craft could not be retained in its membership for a single day were its principles less pure and its actions less praiseworthy than they discover them to be.

They perceive that while we have no system of proselyting, we are ever ready, through the press and by word of mouth, to explain our objects and make known the laws and principles which govern and unite us. The natural reaction of public sentiment against those who, in the past, have so maliciously traduced us, turns to our advantage, and we have only to be true to our mission, observant of our own duties, and unflinchingly faithful to our own covenants and regulations, to maintain the favor and good opinion which we now enjoy.

Let our Commanderies and Sir Knights take these facts to heart, always bearing in mind that we are but the depositories of a great trust which demands that our actions conform to our words, and from generation to generation the work will go on. Death will reap his harvest among us, but as the sword falls from one hand another will take it up, and the bright rays of the morning will ever greet our serried ranks advancing upward and onward, conquering and to conquer.

[Our readers are referred to the column "Jurisprudence" for Sir Munday's decisions.]

The E.·. G.·. C.·. recommended visitations of the Commanderies. He thus concludes:

I take occasion to thank, in your name, the Sir Knights of St. Louis and Ivanhoe Commanderies of Missouri for their exceeding kindness in caring for a Sir Knight of this jurisdiction during his last illness, and in forwarding his remains to the home of his friends. Acts like this touch the heart and draw closer the mystic bonds of the Order.

I notice some discussion in the journals of other State bodies touching the propriety of Templar Burial Service and its *quasi* interference with the right of Lodges to perform the last rites over the remains of a deceased Mason.

In the absence of any expression of preference by the dying brother, or by his friends after his decease, the Lodge rite would fairly seem to be paramount, otherwise not. But, apart from the mere verbiage, I know of no reason why at a Templar funeral the Lodge, if present, should not be furnished an opportunity to introduce the peculiar features of their ceremony. At the funeral of three of the Sir Knights of my own Commandery, during the past year, this course was adopted without any marring of the proceedings, and to the evident satisfaction of all concerned.

At the afternoon conclave, Sir John W. Simons presented and read the annual report on correspondence, which was ordered to be published with the transactions; he also presented a report on jurisprudence, which, at his own request, was referred back to report complete at next annual conclave.

The statutes were so amended as to fix the time for annual elections in Subordinates at the stated conclave next succeeding Good Friday in each year.

The Grand Commandery voted to Past Grand Masters Barnum, Lathrop and Simons a jewel each, in recognition of their long and faithful services to the Order.

Warrants were granted to St. Augustine, No. 38, Ithaca; Cyrene, No. 39, Rochester; Dunkirk, No. 40, Dunkirk; Zenobia, No. 41, Palmyra; Westchester, No. 42, White Plains.

An application for a warrant, without previous probation, was refused, but the petitioners were favorably recommended to the Grand Commander, and he will, doubtless, grant them an opportunity to exhibit their skill, U. D., and thus prove their fitness to hold a warrant of Constitution.

The name of Indivisible Commandery, No. 36, was changed to Ivanhoe.

A resolution was adopted deprecating the practice of expensive entertainments at the annual meetings, notwithstanding which the Sir Knights of Washington Commandery, No. 33, tendered a handsome banquet at the American House, at which addresses were delivered by Sir Knights Lefferts, Simons, Hendricks, and others.

The Grand Commandery elected the following officers for the current year:

John A. Lefferts, G. C.; H. Clay Preston, D. G. C.; George Babcock, Gen.; Robert N. Brown, C. G.; Rev. Chas. H. Platt, Prel.; Frank L. Stowell, S. W.; William B. Crandall, J. W.; John S. Perry, T.; Robert Macoy, Rec.; Mead Baldwin, Std. B.; E. A. Little, Swd. B.; James A. Read, W.; Richard England, Sen.; Joseph B. Chaffee, G. L.

The next annual conclave will he held at the Asylum of Palestine Commandery, No. 18, in the city of New York, commencing at 10 o'clock A. M. on Tuesday, October 3d, 1868.

CALIFORNIA.

California Commandery, No. 1, San Francisco, received its dispensation, Nov. 10, 1852, under the name of *San Francisco Encampment, No.* 1. Sir Knights Yale, Wakeman, and Bartol were the first three officers. Dec. 22, 1852, an organization was partially effected and Sirs Brinsmade, Abell, Tracy, Ransom and Field became the first original members.

The organization was completed Dec. 26. The Grand Encampment of the United States issued a charter Nov. 1, 1853, and Sirs Ransom, Knott, Brown, Brinsmade, Bowen, Preston, Cobb, Miller. Williams, Kendy, Watson and Field were elected the officers. Sept. 1856 the name was changed from "Encampment" to "Commandery." Sir Leander Ransom continued as Commander until 1858, when, declining a re-election, Sir. Alex. G. Abell was elected. Aug. 10, 1858, a Grand Commandery was formed.

Sir Alexander G. Abell having served as commander for seven years, and declining a re-election, Sir William Norris was elected; 1866 Sir W. G. Rundell was elected and re-elected 1867. The present officers are Sirs Rundell. Wiggin, Graves, Goodwin, Hinckley, Morse, Lyon, Bourne, Laidley, Eastman, Godley, and Oglesby.

There have been 220 members of this Commandery; 16 original members, 34 affiliated and 170 created: 22 have died, 45 honorably dismissed, 3 excluded, and 22 suspended from non-payment of dues. There are 29 honorary members.

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OAKLAND, Sept. 9th, 1867.

DEAR DOCTOR: Bro. Owens, the G. Lecturer, having extended to me the hospitalities of his home, I visited the Lodge located here, of which he is a P. M. I found it in a flourishing condition, numbering about sixty members. There is a Chapter here also, consisting of the most active members of the Lodge and enterprising citizens of Oakland. Independently of the thirteen Blue Lodges in San Francisco, there are two Chapters, numbering about three hundred members, a Commandery numbering one hundred and fifty members, and a Consistory. The Commandery is composed of the élite of San Francisco. and the admission thereto is a matter of considerable difficulty. I have met Bro. E. H. Shaw, the G. J. G. of the A. A. Rite for the Southern Jurisdiction of the U. S.

Last week I attended the funeral of a member of Occidental Lodge. The family being in the West (Ohio, I believe), his remains were placed in the Masonic receiving vault. The fraternity have a cemetery of their own, in which are to be found several beautiful monuments. One peculiarity prevails viz., the absence of iron work of any kind. This week has been devoted to stated meetings, in which the petitions for membership and affiliation, minutes of called meetings, bills, &c., are submitted and acted upon.

The first week in every month is specially devoted to this business; the remaining weeks are devoted exclusively to conferring degrees. Six months only are allowed for non-payment of dues, which, in the Blue Lodges, are one dollar per month. Extra time, however, can be allowed by the Lodge, and remission if deemed advisable.

The meeting of the Grand Lodge next month is looked forward to with considerable anxiety. J. L. W.

TENNESSEE.

This jurisdiction mourns the loss by death of Bro. Thomas McCulloch. The funeral services were at the Methodist Church, by Rev. W. Mooney. He was buried with Masonic honors, and interred at the city cemetery of Clarksville.

ALABAMA.

Past G. H. P. Jas. B. Harrison, who was shot while on his way home from Selma, Aug. 17, has died. The G. H. P. has ordered badge of mourning for thirty days.

ILLINOIS.

A brother at Chicago, Ill., in the jocular mood, writes us:

"The Memphis Rite is on the rampage here just now. There is a Burt Branch and a Seymour Branch. It is truly a "*Memphis Riot*," as somebody styles it in the secular papers. For my part, I am not in the fight."

VIRGINIA.

George W. Stone, W. M., assisted by Monitor Lodge, Fortress Monroe and other Lodges, and many brethren, laid the corner-stone of the monument to be erected in the Soldiers' National Cemetery, on Hampton Creek, and in rear of the Chesapeake Seminary.

TEXAS.

Grand Lodge.—We find the following of interest to the readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON, in addition to what has already been published of the proceedings of the late session.

The Grand Master disapproves of Subordinate Lodges giving Masonic balls and concerts.

The Grand Master utters the following stirring and needed words:

The standard of Blue Lodge Masonry is, I fear, not what it should be in some portions of our jurisdiction. Excuse me for speaking plainly, but when I hear a man who is recognized as a Mason pronouncing the sacred name of Deity in the most blasphemous manner; when I hear him giving utterance to horrid and profane oaths; when I see him reeling and staggering under the influence of intoxicating drinks, I am necessarily forced to the conclusion that the standard of Masonry in the Lodge to which he belongs is very low. And now, in all candor, let me say to all presiding officers of Lodges present, do your duty; let your imagination go back to your Lodge, take a survey of your membership, and if you know of any Brother within your jurisdiction guilty of any of the offenses enumerated, or any other unmasonic conduct in these demoralizing times, do your duty. When you return home institute the proper proceedings, no matter how influential he or they may be; no matter how bright he or they may be considered, cut them off. Purge your Lodges, remove him or them, thereby doing and fulfilling your duty to the whole body of Masonry. For I do most positively assure you that such unworthy persons will only soil and mar the work: he or they cannot assist in the noble and glorious undertaking of preparing their fellow-men for a reception into the Holy of Holies above.

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The Masonic Temple, of Texas, is being built of stone, and the only proper material for a Masonic edifice, and is being built only so fast as the money is obtained, so that there will be no indebtedness.

Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

SCOTLAND.

Bro. Capt. Speirs, of Elderslie, is nominated as a candidate to fill the office of Prov. G. M., vacant since the death of Bro. Sir Archd. Alison, Bart. The recommendation of Bro. Capt. Speirs will be forwarded to the Grand Lodge of Scotland, with whom the election of a suitable candidate rests. The next meeting of Grand Lodge takes place in November, when the subject of electing a Prov. G. M. for Glasgow will be one of the most important questions to be disposed of. At the meeting of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Glasgow, just referred to, Bro. Sheriff Strathern was also proposed as a candidate for the Prov. G. Mastership, but, upon the votes of the brethren being taken, 21 votes were given for Bro. Capt. Speirs, and 14 for Bro. Sheriff Strathern.

ENGLAND.

The Freemasons gave a grand dinner at Gravesend to the officers of Admiral Farragut's flagship, the *Franklin*, Oct. 3. Doubtless the vessel, the *Franklin* (a doubly Masonic name), the Masonic officers, and the Masonic Admiral had something to do with this compliment.

Cryptic Masonry.

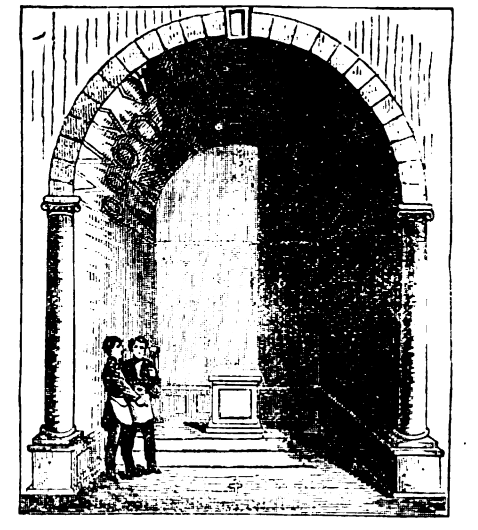
CRYPTIC MASONRY. A Manual of the Council, or Monitorial Instructions in the Degrees of Royal and Select Master, with an additional Section on the Super-Excellent Master's Degree. By ALBERT G. MACKEY, M. D. New York: Clark & Maynard, Publishers, No. 5 Barclay street. 1867.

This neat duodecimo, of 155 pages, is very creditably executed in its mechanical departments. It treats of the Royal, Select and Super-Excellent Master, and the the ceremonies of Cryptic Freemasonry.

Bro. Mackey does not appear disposed to extend the American Rite beyond the nine degrees; but as the Degree of Super-Excellent Master is in itself interesting, and supplies, in its ceremonies and legends, the exemplification of the Royal Arch, and as it has been admitted as a regular degree in several Grand Councils, having been taken from its honorary or detached position, its ritual is given in this work. Bro. Mackey insists, as the Masonic science of all degrees, from that of E.·. A.·. to the Select Master, begins and ends the search for the TRUE WORD, and as the Super-Excellent alone, of all the degrees, has nothing to do with this, it ought to be omitted.

Not wishing to detract from the credit of another, and willing to allow that the word "Cryptic" may have been also original to another (as it was certainly popularized by him), yet we used this word five years before this same gifted brother was made a Freemason, and we can find no one using it before us.

The following plate is the opening illustration of the Royal Master, or of the 8th degree:



Here the laborer is still seeking for his reward.

Throughout all the symbolism of Masonry, from the first to the last degree, the search for the WORD has been considered but as a symbolic expression for the search after truth. The attainment of this truth has always been acknowledged to be the great object and design of all Masonic labor. Divine truth—the knowledge of God—concealed in the old Cabalistic doctrine, under the symbol of His ineffable name, and typified in the Masonic system, under the mystical expression of the True Word, is the reward proposed to every Mason who has faithfully wrought his task. It is, in short, the "Master's wages."

Now all this is beautifully symbolized in the degree of Royal Master. The reward has been promised, and the time has now come, as Adoniram thought, when the promise was to be redeemed and the true word—the divine truth—was to be imparted. Hence, in the person of Adoniram, or the Royal Master, we see symbolized the speculative Mason, who, having labored to complete his spiritual temple, comes to the Divine Master that he may receive his reward, and that his labor may be consummated by the acquisition of truth. But the temple that he has been building is the temple of this life; that first temple which must be destroyed by death, that the second temple of the future life may be built on its foundations. And in this first temple the truth cannot be found. We must be content with its substitute.

This, then, is the symbolism of the Royal Master's degree.

HISTORICAL SUMMARY.

The events recorded in the degree of Royal Master, looking at them in a legendary point of view, must have occurred at the building of the first temple, and during that brief period of time after the death of the builder, which is embraced between the discovery of his body and its "Masonic interment." In all the initiations into the mysteries of the ancient world, there was, as it is well known to scholars, a legend of the violent death of some distinguished personage, to whose memory the particular mystery was consecrated—of the concealment of the body and of its subsequent discovery. That part of the initiation which referred to the concealment of the body was called the *aphanism*, from a Greek verb which signifies "to conceal," and that part which referred to the subsequent finding was called the "*euresis*," from another Greek verb, which signifies "to discover." It is impossible to avoid seeing the coincidences between this system of initiation and that practiced in the Masonry of the third degree.

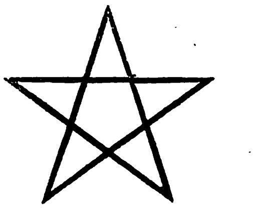
But the ancient initiation was not terminated by the *euresis* or discovery. Up to that point the ceremonies had been funereal and lugubrious in their character. But now they were changed from wailing to rejoicing. Other ceremonies were performed by which the restoration of the personage to life, or his apotheosis, or change to immortality, was represented, and then came the *autopsy* or illumination of the neophyte, when he was invested with a full knowledge of all the religious doctrines which it was the object and design of the ancient mysteries to teach—when, in a word, he was instructed in Divine truth.

Now a similar course is pursued in Masonry. Here, also, there is an illumination, a symbolical teaching, or, as we call it, an *investiture* with that which is the representative of Divine truth. The communication to the candidate in the Master's degree of that which is admitted to be merely a representation of or a substitution for that symbol of divine truth, the search for which, under the name of the *true word*, makes so important a part of the degree, however imperfect it may be, in comparison with that more thorough knowledge which only future researches can enable the Master Mason to attain, constitutes the *autopsy* of the third degree. Now the principal event recorded in the degree of Royal Master, the interview between Adoniram and his two Royal Masters, is to be placed precisely at that juncture of time which is between the euresis, or discovery, in the Master Mason's degree, and the autopsy, or investiture with the great secret. It occurred between the discovery, by means of the sprig of acacia, and the final interment. It was at the time when Solomon and his colleague, Hiram of Tyre, were in profound consultation as to the mode of repairing the loss which they then supposed had befallen them.

We must come to this conclusion, because there is abundant reference, both in the organized form of the council and in the ritual of the degree, to the death as an event that had already occurred; and, on the other hand, while it is evident that Solomon had been made acquainted with the failure to recover, on the person of the builder, that which had been lost, there is no reference whatever to the well known *substitution* which was made at the time of the interment.

If, therefore, as is admitted by all Masonic ritualists, the *substitution* was precedent and preliminary to the establishment of the Master Mason's Degree, it is evident that at the time when the degree of Royal Master is said to have been founded in the ancient temple by our "first Most Excellent Grand Master," all persons present, except the first and second officers, must have been merely Fellow-Craft Masons. In compliance with this tradition, therefore, a Royal Master is at this day supposed to represent a Fellow-Craft in search of and making his demand for that reward which was to elevate him to the rank of a Master Mason.

The triple triangle is one of the oldest symbols of mystical science. It is, perhaps, better known as the *Pentalpha*, from the Greek *pente*, "five," and *Alpha*, the first letter of the Greek alphabet, whose form is precisely that of the English letter A. It is so called because its peculiar configuration presents the appearance of that letter in five different positions.



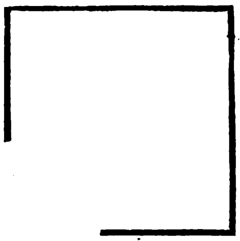
In the school of Pythagoras it was adopted as the symbol of health, and each of the five salient points was represented by one of the five letters of the Greek word *ITEIA*, "health." Hence the Pythagoreans placed it at the beginning of their epistles as a form of salutation.

* * * * * *

It is, in Masonic symbology, sometimes called the "Shield of David," and sometimes the "Seal of Solomon," and is said to have been inscribed with the tetragrammaton in the centre, upon the celebrated Stone of Foundation.

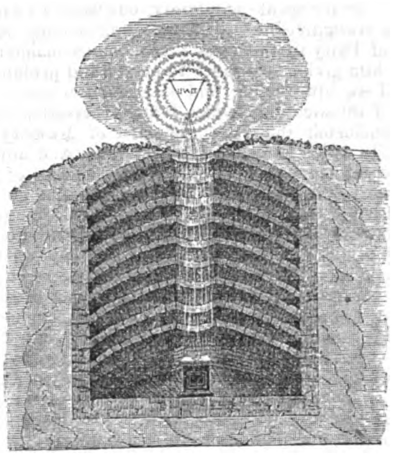
But as a Masonic symbol it peculiarly claims attention from the fact that it forms the outlines of the *five-pointed star*, which is typical of the bond of brotherly love that unites the whole fraternity, and alludes, therefore, to the *five points of fellowship*. It is in this view that the pentalpha or triple triangle is referred to in the Royal Master's Degree, as representing the intimate union that existed between our three Ancient Grand Masters, and which is commemorated by the living pentalpha at the closing of every Royal Arch Chapter.

THE BROKEN SQUARE.

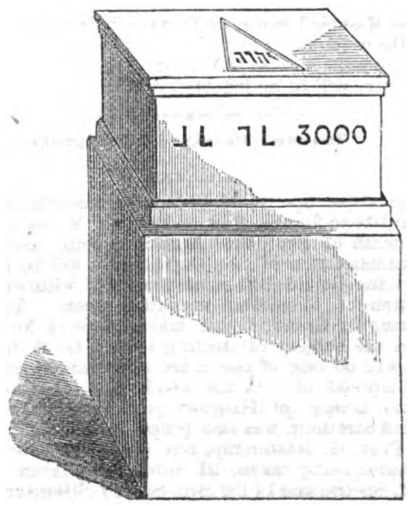


If, therefore, the triple triangle is peculiarly appropriate to the Royal Arch, as symbolic of the perfect union of the Illustrious Three, so is the Broken Square equally appropriate to the Royal Master, as symbolic of the unhappy dissolution of that union by death. The Broken Square is pre-eminently the symbol of this degree.

This is the opening illustration of the 9th degree, or that of Select Master:

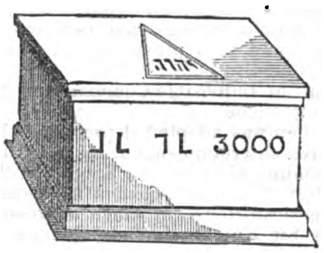


The altar is another illustration.

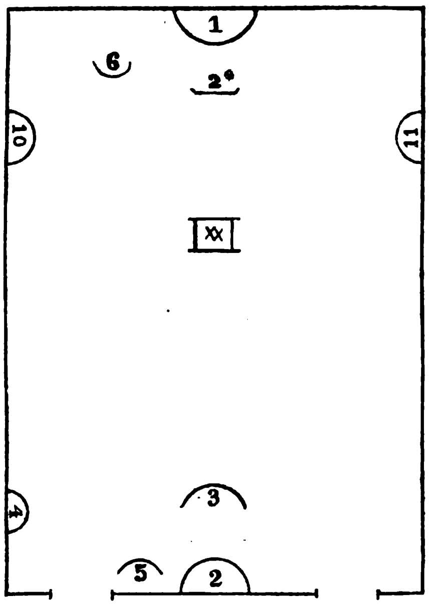


The altar in a Council of Royal and Select Masters, represents the celebrated Stone of Foundation in the temple, a notice of which will be found in a subsequent part of this volume. It should, therefore, unlike other Masonic altars, be constructed to represent a cubical stone, without other ornaments, and on it should be deposited the Substitute Ark. As the Masonic legend places the Stone of Foundation in the Sanctum Sanctorum of the second temple, but immediately beneath it in the first, and as that point is represented by the ninth arch in a Council of Select Masters, it is evident that during a reception, at least, the altar should be placed within that arch, and not, as is too often done, outside of it, or even in the centre of the room.

The Substitute Ark is another illustration.



The following is the diagram of a Council of Super Excellent Masters:



In this diagram, 1 represents the seat of the King; 2 that of Gedaliah, and 2* his seat at a reception: 3, 4 and 5 the stations of the First, Second and Third Keepers of the Temple; 6 that of the Captain of the Guards; 10 that of the Treasurer; and 11 that of the Secretary.

◆

What absurd stories are set afloat by Jesuits? Read the following:

Mgr. de Segur, in his recent work, "La Franc Maçonnerie," states that, in order to be admitted to certain Masonic Lodges, it is indispensable that the candidate should bring with him a particle of the adorable Sacrament, which he must procure by some means or other, and the first act of initiation consists in trampling on it. He assures us that this horrible rite is performed in several Lodges of Paris, Marseilles, Aix, Avignon, Lyons, Chalons, and Laval. He also states that the Masonic mass is celebrated in certain Lodges of the sect in Rome, on an altar lighted by six candles in black wax. Each member was obliged to bring a consecrated host, which was procured either by going to communion or buying it of some wretch willing to do so for hire. The ceremony observed was to place all these hosts in a receptacle on the table, while every new candidate trod on a crucifix, spat on it, and finally, drawing his dagger, struck repeated blows on the sacred pieces. Many Lodges in France and Belgium still preserve this horrible rite, and it is, dreadful to relate, of common occurrence in Italy. It is curious to observe, in the list given by De Segur, that the towns mentioned are those where the greatest piety exists. and which are, above all others the nuclei of Catholic life and devotion in France.

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The American Hotel, Saratoga Springs, Breslin & McCaffray, proprietors, is commended to the traveling public who care to have comfortable quarters, good fare and civil attendance. It is open all the year round, and merits a share of patronage.

◆

Bro. Gouley is informed that Charles Latour never had any connection with the **National Freemason**, except as an agent to solicit subscribers. His connection with the *Mail Bag* was short lived.

Criticisms Over-Sharp.

An observer, whose Masonic experience is quite extensive, writes a criticism upon certain lecturers he has heard and faults them thus:

The first one is always telling what he is *going to tell.* A hundred times he begins, "Now I am going," &c., but *never goes.*

The second speaks so low that nobody can hear him beyond the Junior Warden's station.

The third tells anecdotes that are low and contemptible.

The fourth aims his illustrations too high, and nothing less than the Pythagorean will serve his turn.

◆

Bro. Cooper makes the following suggestions for increasing the influence of the British organ. Some reader may take a hint:

1. Let each subscriber embrace every suitable opportunity of mentioning the *Magazine.* I have followed this course myself, and was greatly surprised to learn that the very existence of such a magazine was unknown to a great many. 2. Let brethren be urged to *join* in subscribing. If three or four were to combine in every locality, how insignificant would be the sum required from each. There are some, doubtless, who could not afford to take the *Magazine* except in this way. 3. Let energetic agents be appointed in each important town throughout the United Kingdom and the Colonies, who would canvass for subscribers. Surely there are many whose love for the Order is sufficiently strong to urge them to volunteer their services in so good a cause. I, for one, am ready to do so. 4. Small leaflets, setting forth the object, claims, &c., of the *Magazine,* might be supplied to those willing to assist. These leaflets might be slipped into our letters, and would thus serve to make known our periodical to both initiated and unitiated.

BOOK NOTICES.

Marie Antoinette and her Son. An Historical Novel, by L. Mulbach. New York : D. Appleton & Co., 443 and 445 Broadway. 1867.

These 300 pages are no less attractive than the other works of Mrs. Mulbach, to which we have called the attention of the readers of the National Freemason. All her works are unrivaled in the whole domain of historical romance. This novel describes the most thrilling epoch in the history of France. The romantic career of Marie Antoinette, the sister of that noble Mason, Emperor Leopold, and the Reign of Terror, are depicted with historical accuracy, and in a very happy style.

The password of Simon and Marat, "*Liberty, Equality and Fraternity,*" meant, in the reign of terror, what it never means in Masonic teaching.

Simon truthfully says, at the close of the first chapter: "Yes, fair Queen Marie Antoinette, thou hast thy Swiss guards, who fight for thee, and thou must pay them; but I, I have only one soldier who takes ground for me against thee, and whom I do not pay at all. *My soldier's name is Calumny.*"

Count Cagliostro, so well known in the Masonic historic world, figures in the several chapters of the book.

The name of Lafayette, dear to Masonic hearts throughout the world, but especially so to American Craftsmen, frequently appears in these pages.

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Alec Forbes of Howglen is a novel of 175 pages, by George MacDonald, M. A., just published by Harper & Brothers for 75 cents. It is No. 294 of their Library of Select Novels.

Its motto is an index to its matter. "A faith sincere, drawn from the wisdom that begins with fear."

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Manual of Physical Exercises, containing Gymnastics, Calisthenics, Rowing, Skating, Fencing, Cricket, Sailing, Swimming, Sparring, Base Ball, by Wm. Wood. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1867. Duodecimo in 320 pages, with 125 Illustrations.

Mr. Wood designs by this book to promote a love for physical culture.

Mr. Wood has been a practical teacher of the physical exercises in New York city for years, and profess to tell *what he knows.*

Harper's Writing Books are a School and Family Series for Writing and Drawing, consisting of Ten Numbers, issued by Harper & Brothers. The drawing lessons are on the margin of the copies.

This is a device of genius, and shows a clear perception of the philosophy of drawing and writing. These books are meeting with great favor among thinking educators.

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No Man's Friend, is No. 295 of the Select Library of Novels of Harper & Brothers. Its 200 pages are furnished for 75 cents. Its author is Frederick Wm. Robinson. Its introduction is in the two lines of Wordsworth:

"I exist,
Within myself, not comfortless."

Its closing paragraphs are:

"I thought that you were 'No Man's Friend?'" said Damares, archly.

"Ah! my dear," is the reply, as he looks into her trustful eyes, "but I never said, 'No Woman's!'"

MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE.

NEW YORK.

The Decisions of Sir Pearson Munday, Gr. Com.—He thus speaks in his address:

Considering the extent of our jurisdiction, but few questions of law have been submitted for my official action, and most of them are of so well settled a character that I do not feel justified in taking up your time with a report of them. A few of them only occur to me as being somewhat out of the usual routine, and these I submit to your judgment.

1. What members of a Warranted Commandery, uniting in a petition for the establishment of a Commandery U. D., should be required as a condition precedent to pay their indebtedness to the old Commandery up to the date of the letters of Dispensation?

2. That Sir Knights uniting in the formation of a new Commandery without dimitting from the old one, should, if they elect to remain with the new Commandery, give notice in person or in writing to the old Commandery of such election.

3. That an applicant for the Orders having been rejected by one Commandery, cannot be received in another without the consent of the rejecting Commandery, but that a majority vote at a stated conclave is sufficient to give such consent.

4. That the process of striking from the roll is not recognized in our statute; while, on the other hand, the Grand Commandery has repeatedly expressed its disapprobation of that process, and indicated that those who neglect or refuse to pay dues should be suspended until they comply with their own contracts.

5. That, while a Commander may permit a Sir Knight to officiate in his presence, in delivering the ritual to an applicant, the accolade should not be delegated to any one of inferior rank, but always be given by the Commander in person, or by the Grand Commander when present.

6. That none but the most imperative reasons can justify failure to obey a lawful summons, and that a Sir Knight duly summoned and neglecting to obey has no possible ground of complaint as to matters transacted in his absence.

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District Deputy Grand Masters.—By Past Grand Master Holmes.—The introduction of a new governmental feature into any institution is sometimes fraught with danger, and generally looked upon with distrust by those who are to be subjected to its influences. This remark more especially applies to Freemasonry, which has its foundation in landmarks and and traditions, and in all of its leading features is *sui generis.* While the young Mason, gazing through a dim and hazy light, to which his eyes are unaccustomed, sees much in the ritual and the working of the craft that, in his immature judgment, might be altered for the better, those who count their Masonic ages by long years, and have become accustomed to the atmosphere of Masonry, those who have learned how to see clearly, shrink from any thing that may be deemed new or novel, for fear that it may take the hue of innovation, and they rather bear the ills that exist than run the hazard of falling into error by an effort to amend them. The introduction into the Constitution of that which was a new element in this jurisdiction ten years ago, through which District Deputy Grand Masters were created, and their powers and their duties defined, was looked upon with doubt and permitted with hesitancy, by a great majority of the leading and most zealous working craftsmen, and the measure would not have become a constitutional feature of the State, had not those who made it such felt that the power resided in them to unmake it, should confusion, misgovernment, or trouble, be the sequel.

The official developments of year after year from the time referred to, down to the last communication of the Grand Lodge, have demonstrated beyond the reach of cavil, even of the hypercritical, that no error was committed in the creation of these officials, and those who opposed it are now the most zealous advocates of a continuance of the system. There may be instances of a disregard of duty on the part of some of them, but they are very few; there may also be evidences of lax performance of duty on the part of others; but they, too, are few, and are generally followed by a satisfactory reason. The transactions of the Grand Lodge, more especially those of the last few years, show conclusively that seven-eighths of them, if not more, have performed their whole duties in the most able and conscientious manner. It was the boast of Past Grand Master Holmes, during the two years that he held office, that he had not made a mistake in the appointment of any one of these officials, although the number amounted to twenty-five, and, as an evidence of his correctness, referred to their reports and to the enormous amount of labor that they had performed, by which it appeared that if the Grand Master and his Deputy had been without these aids, the whole time of both would have been absorbed, to the exclusion of private and personal duties and business, and even then, from stern necessity, much of importance would have been left undone to the great injury of the craft generally and to the prejudice of the rights and standing of individual Masons.

Aside from lessening the duties of the Grand Master and his Deputy, there is a feature connected with these officials which, although seldom alluded to, cannot be treated with reticence, and it is this. Those who assume to exercise the functions of the office of D. D. G. Masters must, from the pressure of necessity, be experts in matters of Masonic law, custom and usage; for in their visitations of Lodges they cannot anticipate the questions touching those various matters that may be propounded to them, and which they must have the ability to decide on the instant or after only very slight consideration. If this cannot be done a feeling of embarrassment will follow, and a lack of confidence on the part of those whom the official has assumed to instruct, lead and enlighten, be the result. Therefore, the office is a school for the education and perfecting of Masonic jurists, and the most indolent incumbent is forced to either use exertion and bring himself up to the stern requisitions of his official position, or to lose his power for good and fall under the censorious criticism of those to whom he should be an exemplar and a guide. Let D. D. Grand Masters take these things into careful consideration, to the end that their record will be as bright in the future as it has been in the past.

MAINE.

Grand Commandery.—The question has been proposed, "Is a notice published in a newspaper legal and binding?" My answer is "No;" it is based upon the fact that it was so decided by M. E. Grand Master, Wm. B. Hubbard, several years since, and concurred in by the Committee of Jurisprudence, to whom his decisions were referred.

His language is strong and definite in relation to it. "A notice in a newspaper is not a regular summons, nor can it be made made a substitute for such summons.

"*Due and timely notice,* implies a personal notice or summons, either verbal or written.

"Notices of meetings, &c., through newspapers, are often, perhaps always, useful as cumulative information to members, as well as to transient or sojourning Knights. But in themselves, such notices are without legal authority, having been unknown to any of our Orders of Masonry, and never having been sanctioned by any competent authority."

TEXAS.

The Grand Lodge thus determines:

The office of District Deputy Grand Master is wholly unknown to ancient Masonry. It is one originating in modern times, and was created for the purpose of subserving the convenience of Grand Masters in large jurisdictions. This Grand Lodge has quite frequently expressed its opinion that a District Deputy Grand Master possesses no power not conferred on him by the Constitution and resolutions of the Grand Lodge, or the specific delegation of the Grand Master.

With regard to entertaining by Lodges in our jurisdiction applications for the degrees in Masonry from persons in the Indian territory, and believing that the Grand Lodge of Arkansas has exercised jurisdiction over said territory, Lodges in our jurisdiction can entertain such applications no longer.

The Grand Lodge adopted the report of the committee in their report as follows:

Have I the authority to demand of the W. Master to call a special meeting for work? On refusal, what is my course? 2d. Have I the authority to demand the gavel, when present in the Lodge, and the business or work is going on irregularly? On refusal, what is my course? 3d. Have I the authority to prohibit a degree being conferred upon a candidate who cannot understand our language, and requires an interpreter? If so, and it is not obeyed, what shall I then do?

Your committee are of the opinion that all these questions should be answered in the affirmative; and should the W. M. refuse to obey the orders or directions of the D. D. G. Master, the facts should be reported to the Grand Master for his immediate action in the premises.

1st. When a brother objects to the correctness of the minutes of the Lodge, when read by the Secretary, has the W. M. the right to decide that the minutes are correct, notwithstanding said objection, without taking the vote of the Lodge? 2d. When the vote of the Lodge is taken on an amendment, and results in favor of said amendment, has the W. M. the right to set aside such vote by deciding the minutes to be correct, notwithstanding said vote?

To the first question we answer—the W. M. has the *power* to decide when the minutes are correct; and if any brother is dissatisfied with the decision, he has the right to appeal to this Grand Lodge. The minutes should fully show all the actions of the Lodge proper to be written, just as they take place, and for this reason he should call upon the members present to aid him in determining whether the minutes are correctly made up by the Secretary.

To the 2d question we answer in the affirmative, and say, as above, if any brother is not satisfied with said decision, he has the right of an appeal to the Grand Lodge to settle the question.

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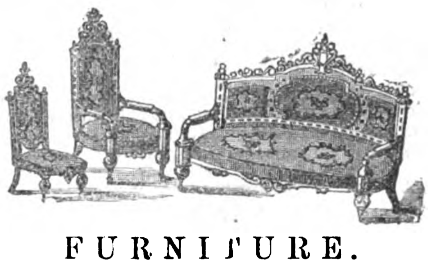

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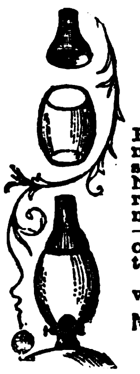

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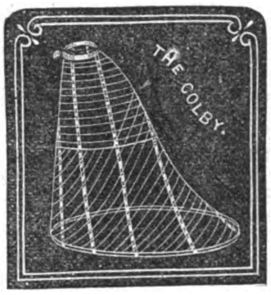

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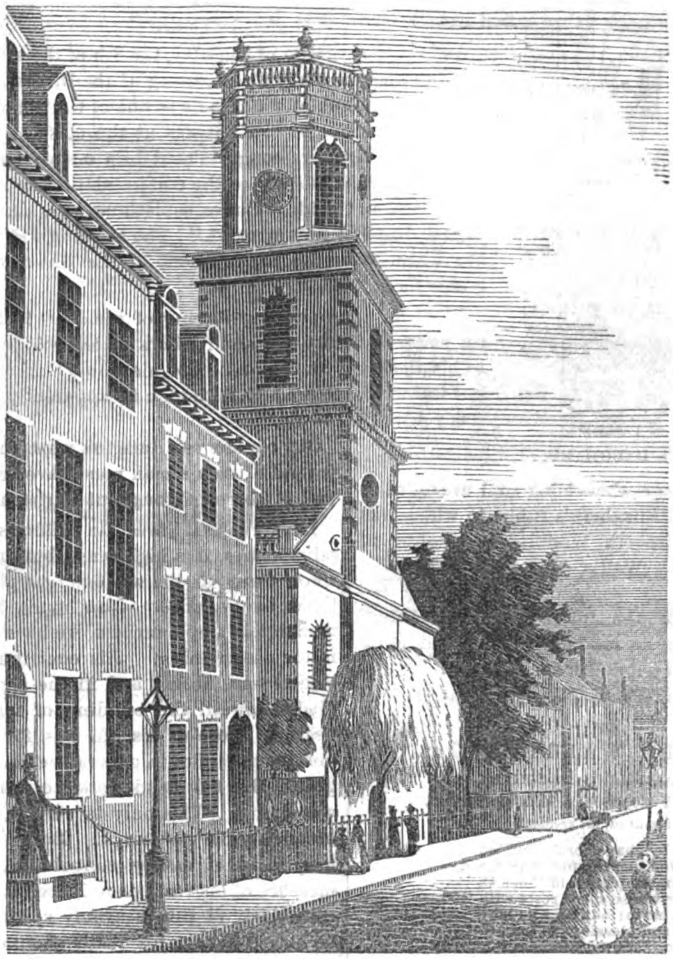


ST. GEORGE'S CHURCH AND RECTORY, BEEKMAN ST.—THE SCENE OF DR. MILNOR'S LABORS.

Rev. JAMES MILNOR, D. D., Grand Master of Pennsylvania, and Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of New York. (No. 2.)

Dr. Milnor labored in the ministry of the Episcopal Church at Philadelphia until 1816, when he removed to New York city; and became the Rector of St. George's.

There is little doubt that in Philadelphia he originated the idea of the American Bible society, which he fostered and vitalized in this city. 1819 he was appointed Domestic Secretary, and thus gave life to its operations all over the country, by correspondence. He prepared the fourth annual report (1820), and the same year he was appointed Foreign Secretary, and in this capacity his correspondence with the British and Foreign Bible Society is voluminous, and in 1830 he was the Representative of the American Bible Society in London.

But his most important services in this cause were rendered, in connection with *committees* and the board, in the transaction of business. For many years he was chairman of the committee on versions—a committee whose duty it was to examine and certify the correctness of all the Scriptures published and circulated in various languages, at home and abroad. After the publication of the *fac-simile* copy of "King James' Bible," in 1837, he and his associates on the committee, aided by a skillful proof-reader, compared that issued by the society with the copy referred to, and carefully noted every instance of change which, in the course of two centuries, had occurred. This, of itself, was a labor of no ordinary magnitude, and resulted in giving to the society a STANDARD, for which all its members and friends should be grateful.

Dr. Milnor was emphatically the fostering father of the American Tract Society. From the first, one of the founders, and to the end of his life one of its most active officers; the alterations made at his suggestion in its Constitution still remain. The first meeting of the Executive Committee of the American Tract Society was held at Dr. Milnor's study, on Beekman street. Dr. Milnor was the chairman of the first meeting of delegates from various Tract Societies, under the auspices of the American Tract Society, May 10, 1825.

Dr. Milnor was chairman of the first Executive and also of the Publishing Committee, and so continued until the day of his death. *Twelve hundred publications were stereotyped under his sanction, and* 2,000 *approved* for circulation in foreign lands, and he wrote a decision out for each work.

Rev. Dr. Hallock wrote of him to Dr. Stone: "I think it no disparagement to any other man, living or dead, to say that I know of no one who exceeded Dr. Milnor in genuine catholic feeling."

[Had his Freemasonry any thing to do with this ?]

Dr. Hallock continues:

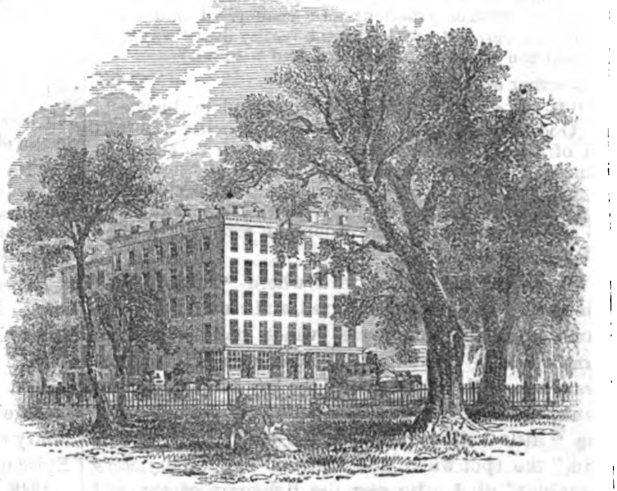
"Every important measure adopted by the society previous to his demise passed under his sanction, and received his cordial concurrence. Every annual report was prepared under his supervision, and every anniversary was honored by his presence, except when a delegate to London."

No "*nay*" in his twenty years' connection with the American Tract Society, was ever heard to any suggestion of his.

Dr. Woods, of Andover, writes:

"I remember with unutterable satisfaction the time when we met in Boston a committee from New York to deliberate on the best way of promoting the Tract cause, and when we knelt together in the parlor to seek wisdom from above, our dearly beloved Dr. Milnor led us in prayer."

In connection with our sketch, we deem it just to the memory of our Masonic brother to present here a view of the great building of the American Tract



American Tract Society Building.

Society, so identified with Bro. Milnor, Grand Master of Pennsylvania.

Its directors and officers have generally been Freemasons. Some idea of its great operations may be gathered from the fact that it issues 126 new publications annually, in fifteen different languages, and 6,000,000 copies of religious serials. It circulated last year 950,000 volumes and 9,000,000 publications. It has circulated 24,000,000 volumes and 300,000,000 publications. It has issued 8,000 different works.

1830, Dr. Milnor went with Capt. and Bro. Tinkham to England (under the same captain we once crossed the water), as a delegate to the British and Foreign Bible Society from the American Bible Society. He was clothed with more or less formal commissions and instructions from the American Bible and Tract Societies, the American Sunday-school Union, the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, the American Education Society, the American Temperance Society, the American Seaman's Friend Society, the Prison Discipline Society, the General Union for Promoting the Observance of the Christian Sabbath, and the Domestic and Foreign Missionary Society of the Protestant Episcopal Church, and with important business commissions from the Deaf and Dumb Asylum, Bro. Bishop Chase and Kenyon College, the Savings Bank in New York, and the patrons of the Episcopal Recorder, Philadelphia, and with numerous private commissions also.

While abroad, as illustrative of his conscientiousness, we quote from his diary the following:

"Received a letter to-day from a Mr. ———, dated Derby, June 7, in which he states that a benevolent gentleman in his neighborhood was about to send out to our Tract Society a set of stereotype plates of a work about which he had corresponded with Mr. Halleck," our secretary, "and inquires whether I could take them with me as passenger's baggage, in order to avoid the heavy duty chargeable upon them in the United States. If I could do so, he requests me to return an immediate answer. If not, he says *I need not write.* As these plates are unquestionably dutiable, and as passengers' baggage undergoes the official inspection of the custom-house, and I understand the passenger also makes oath that he has no dutiable articles among his baggage, even if the act proposed were not morally wrong, I could not accede to the proposal. But I hold any contravention or evasion of the revenue laws of my country to be morally wrong; and, therefore, if I could by stealth get these plates to their destination free of duty, I would not; so I returned no answer to the letter."

Dr. Milnor at Paris engaged an instructor for the New York Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb.

The American Tract Society publishes no *narrative* tract which is not substantial truth. Dr. Milnor visited the Isle of Wight, to verify, if it admitted of verification, the descriptive part of that incomparable work, "The Dairyman's Daughter," by Leigh Richmond, as also that of "The Young Cottager" and "The African Servant."

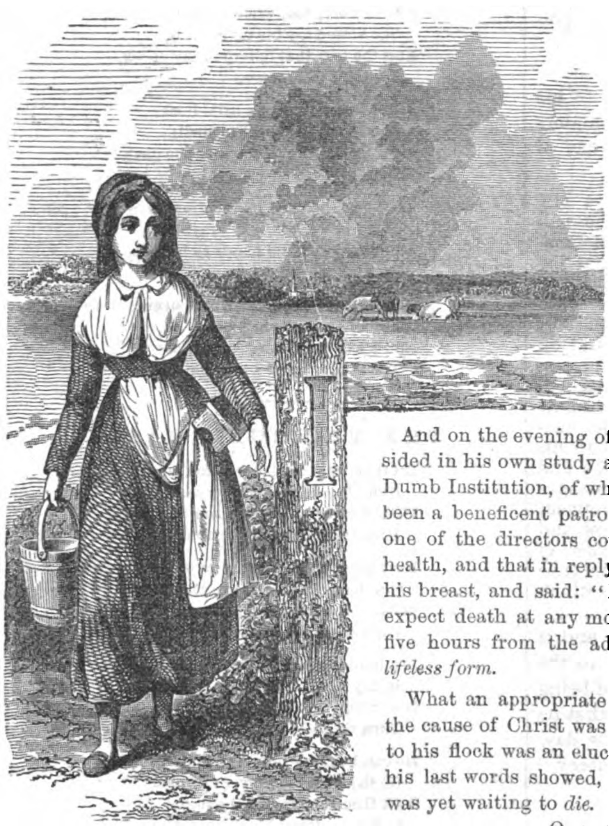
After passing over the isle, he says:

"I find myself utterly incompetent to describe the scenes of natural grandeur and beauty. I had often read and heard of them; but the reality every way surpassed the expectation which I had formed."

Another says:

"It was scarcely possible to contemplate the works of God in that lovely island, without being reminded of that paradise which contributed to the happiness of our first parents in the days of their innocence, and which could not then fail to excite their holy admiration, and to elicit from them that glory to the Creator which corresponded with the powers with which they were endowed."

He visited the church-yard where "Little Jane," the young cottager, was interred, and read the inscriptions upon the tombstones which had so affected Jane's heart. He visited the old church erected 1100 years ago, with its parsonage, the bay and the sloping bank, the high "Down," the cottage of John Wilkes, the "little hollow recess in the cliff," "the undercliff," the spot where the *sister* of the "Dairyman's Daughter" died. He saw the "summit of the hill adjoining," the venerable mansion, the triangular pyramid of stones, and the church-yard where lie interred the mortal remains of Elizabeth Wallbridge, the sainted daughter of the dairyman.



THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER.

He visited the cottage whence her soul ascended to its rest. He handled Elizabeth's Bible, in which was simply written, "Elizabeth Wallbridge, daughter of Joseph and Elizabeth Wallbridge; born 1771, died 1801." He followed the same path over which the funeral procession of the "Dairyman's Daughter" moved. At the grave he read the following lines on the stone erected as a tribute to her memory:

"TO THE MEMORY
OF
ELIZABETH WALLBRIDGE,
'THE DAIRYMAN'S DAUGHTER,'
WHO DIED MAY 30, 1801, AGED 31 YEARS.
'*She being dead, yet speaketh.*'

"Stranger, if e'er, by chance or feeling led.
Upon this hallowed turf thy footsteps tread,
Turn from the contemplation of this sod,
And think on her whose spirit rests with God.
Lowly her lot on earth; but He who bore
Tidings of grace and blessings to the poor,
Gave her, His truth and faithfulness to prove,
The choicest pleasures of His boundless love:
Faith, that dispelled affliction's darkest gloom,
Hope, that could cheer the passage to the tomb,
Peace, that not hell's dark legions could destroy,
And love that filled the soul with heavenly joy.
Death of its sting disarmed, she knew no fear,
But tasted heaven e'en while she lingered here.
Oh, happy saint, may we, like thee, be blest—
In life be faithful, and in death find rest."

Before leaving England, the Committee of the British and Foreign Bible Society, through Lord Bexley in the chair, addessed him, and said:

"Be assured, reverend sir, we shall retain a grateful remembrance of your public services, and of the personal intercourse which we have had with you. You carry with you our high respect and esteem, our Christian affection and regard."

He was of great service, both in England and America, to his Masonic brother, Bishop Chase (of Ohio), and to Kenyon College, and to this day a professorship in that institution bears his name.

Rev. Dr. Milnor, in addition to the care of St. George's Church, 1835, was elected the General Secretary of the Committee on Foreign Missions of the Episcopal Church.

1842 he was elected one of the counselors of the Board of the New York Lyceum, a member of the Council of the University of New York, and President of the New York City Tract Society.

On Sunday morning, the 6th of April, he preached an admirable discourse on the subject of "*A charitable judgment of the opinions and conduct of others,*" in which, without professing to do so, he yet really and ably illustrated and defended his own principles and life, in all his past intercourse with Christians of different names.

The last sermon which he ever preached was to the inmates of the "Asylum for Respectable Aged and Indigent Females," on the afternoon of Sunday, April 6th, two days before his death. Those inmates were much attached to him, and at the close of the service crowded around to bid him, what they little thought was to be, a last farewell.

And on the evening of Tuesday, the 8th of the same month, he presided in his own study at a meeting of the Directors of the Deaf and Dumb Institution, of which he was one of the founders, and had long been a beneficent patron. It was at the close of this meeting that one of the directors congratulated him on his appearance of good health, and that in reply to the congratulation he laid his hand upon his breast, and said: "I have something *here*, sir, that warns me to expect death at any moment." The warning was not causeless. In five hours from the adjournment of the directors, his body lay a *lifeless form.*

What an appropriate gathering of incidents! His last deed for the cause of Christ was amid labors of *benevolence;* his last sermon to his flock was an elucidation of his whole Christian *life*, and one of his last words showed, that though in apparently perfect health, he was yet waiting to *die.*

Our readers can imagine what the character of the funeral of such a man must have been—how loud the wail of sorrow throughout Christendom for the dead.

Love was the life of Dr. Milnor's religion, and his religion was, in a high sense, but love in activity. His whole Christian life was enlarged philanthropy—sanctified benevolence. How much he gave from his moderately ample income, we have no means of definitely ascertaining. His contributions to all good objects were liberal, and in the aggregate large. His pledge toward the building of a free chapel, made near the close of his life, was, for one of his means, munificent. But in general we find no record of his gifts. His left hand knew not what his right hand was doing. This only is certain, that, according to his ability, he gave much. But his giving, in the ordinary sense of money contributed, was not the true measure of his real benevolence. His *life* was one great expression of this heavenly spirit. And it will not be forgotten that his really abounding labors in the Bible and Tract Societies, and in the general agency of our Foreign Executive Committee, were all gratuitous. So, in part, was his visit to Europe, as their first and most laborious delegate, and it would have been wholly so, had not the vestry of his parish generously relieved him of a portion of the expense. Much of his benevolence expressed itself in behalf of objects of which, ordinarily, the wealthy world knows as little as it may.

His ear was always open to the tale of woe, and his hand was never shut against the friendless and needy. And as his private resources were inadequate to all the calls on his purse, he took peculiar pleasure in carefully cherishing and wisely applying the charity fund of his parish. This consisted of the revenues of the offertory at communion seasons, and amounted to a considerable sum per annum. His regular pensioners, the old, the sick, the needy and the helpless, received each quarter-day their allotted portions. If he was obliged on that day to be absent from home, he invariably left neat little parcels for them in charge with some member of his family. He furnished them with wood and coal and other necessaries during the inclemencies of winter, his own purse supplying any deficiency which unusual calls might create. Bitter were the tears which these poor old people shed when they came, one by one, to look for the last time upon the face of their old pastor.

It was the lovely benevolence of Dr. Milnor's character which gave their most touching pathos to his scenes at St. George and its rectory, immediately after his decease was announced, and on the day of his funeral.

"The moment this event was known," says Mr. Peet, in his discourse, "the throng around the well known rectory, the groups of lingering parishoners, *the eyes strained with weeping*, the old friends from distant parishes, whom the growth of the great metropolis had separated from his ministry, proved the depth and sincerity of the feeling which prevailed, and bespoke the pressure of some great calamity. And on the day of the funeral men of all ranks and professions, and clergymen of various denominations gathered around the house of mourning; and as his inanimate remains were borne sadly and solemnly into the sanctuary, which for so many years had re-echoed to his voice, the vast multitude crowded every niche and corner, from floor to roof; and there, in the passages and open vestibules, closely and densely thronged, were seen men of high degree, judges and senators, and doctors of divinity, *mingled with the poor daughters of Africa*, whose *tearful faces*, if apology for their presence were needed, told the story of those emotions which had brought them thither."

Dr. Milnor had no dread of sudden *death*, and it was his special desire to make his *life* speak to the last. "He had a great dread," says his son, "of being obliged to give up duty, and earnestly desired that he might be enabled to work to the very end of the day. A sudden death was to him a visitation of mercy." He had his wish; for almost literally,

"He ceased at once to labor and to live."

(To be continued.)

WHAT DO MASONS LIVE FOR?

What do we live for? is 't to be
The sport of fortune's power?
To launch our bark on pleasure's sea
And float perhaps an hour?
To waste our time in idle dreams
Of what may be to-morrow,
To glean with care from present scenes
The source of future sorrow?

What do we live for? is 't to find
The ties of friendship broken,
That love's a sound to cheat mankind
And dies as soon as spoken?
To mark the woes on others hurled,
Nor weep their hapless lot?
To hate our fellows—curse the world—
To die and be forgot?

No! we were formed to seek for truth
Through paths made plain by reason;
To hail that light in earliest youth
Which shines in every season.
Yes! we were made to win below
The boon hereafter given;
To calmly smile at earthly woe,
And find our home in Heaven.

THE ORPHAN GIRL.

I have no mother! for she died
When I was very young;
But her memory still around my heart
Like morning mists has hung.

They tell me of an angel form
That watched me while I slept,
And of a soft and gentle hand
That wiped the tears I wept;

And that same hand that held my own
When I began to walk,
And the joy that sparkled in her eyes
When first I tried to talk—

For they say the mother's heart is pleased
When infant charms expand:
I wonder if she thinks of me
In that bright, happy land?

For I know she is in heaven now—
That holy place of rest—
For she was always good to me,
And the good alone are blest.

I remember, too, when I was ill,
She kissed my burning brow,
And the tear that fell upon my cheek,
I think I feel it now.

And I have still some little books
She learn'd me how to spell;
And the chiding or the kiss she gave
I still remember well.

And then she used to kneel with me
And teach me how to pray,
And raise my little hands to heaven,
And tell me what to say.

Oh, mother! mother! in my heart
Thy image still shall be,
And I will hope in heaven at last
That I may meet with thee.

THE PRODIGAL MASON.

Brother, hast thou wandered far
From thy father's happy home?
With thyself and God at war?
Turn thee, brother, homeward come!

Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave?
Squandered life's most golden hours?
Turn thee, brother, God can save!

Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul?
Discontent upon thy brow?
Turn thee, God will make thee whole!

He can heal thy bitterest wound,
He thy gentlest prayer can hear;
Seek Him, for He may be found;
Call upon Him, He is near.

THIS WORLD OUR MASTER PLANNED.

BY CENTRAL.

Music, "Conflict."—S. M.

This world our Master planned,
He squared earth's corner-stone;
Yon ether dome, majestic, grand,
Was arched by God alone.

Yon glittering vault o'erhead
Wisdom and strength portrays;
This rolling earth our Master spread,
Glad nature sings His praise.

Day's king round orient skies
In majesty doth move;
Lord, while our grateful offerings rise,
We trust our Father's love!

Pale moon with visage bright
Her queenly rights maintain;
And countless silver isles of light
Assert night's silent reign.

There suns shall set no more,
No more shall moons go down;
When, landed on that peaceful shore,
Each wears a star-decked crown!

THE BUILDER.

BY SMOKO, OF WESTMINSTER, MD.

All alone he stood, the Builder,
With calm and thoughtful eye,
He was planning out a mansion
In realms beyond the sky.

Not with dark granite built he,
Nor reared a marble shrine,
His granite blocks were golden words,
His marble pure design.

And he mixed him up the cement
To suit the Builder's needs;
The lime he used was earnest acts,
Was burning, hearty deeds;

The water, pure and limpid thoughts,
His sands the sands of time;
His corner-stone a conscience clear,
Unsullied by a crime.

All alone he wrought, the Builder,
With thoughtful, earnest eye,
And all his life he toiled to build
That mansion in the sky.

And when at last the sun's bright rays
Were slanting in the west,
The Builder's bones were laid away
To take their long, last rest.

He had built himself *two* mansions,
One 'mid those fiery darts
That shot up in the west, and one
In many human hearts.

Even so we all are Builders;
So let us work with care,
That when the Grand Inspector comes
He'll find all plumb and square.

HENRY WHARTON.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

CHAPTER IV.

"Domestic Love! to thy white hand is given
Of happiness the golden key."

The evening had begun, and advanced thus far, pleasantly, but after the Colonel uttered the above words, a feeling of uneasiness that could not be accounted for crept to both Harry's and Mary's heart. Presentiments of evil are strange things; they cling to the soul, saddening its lowest depths, and clouding the brow ofttimes, although the coming misfortune cannot be discerned, or at best is dim and disguised in the future.

Mary had never liked Dr. Meachem. She had always avoided his society. In her girlhood she had shunned him, and for a long time strove to prevent a declaration of his sentiments towards her; but her efforts had proved in vain, and when at last he made a formal offer of heart and hand, she politely but firmly refused to accept of either. She knew his disposition well enough to be aware that she had wounded him deeply, but she did not dream that an Indian-like hatred towards Henry, his fortunate rival, had been born in his heart. On the night in question she never surmised, as she sat there surrounded by those whom she loved, with her infant smiling in its nurse's arms, that the avenger was abroad with scorpion tongue, and blasting breath.

"Oh, blindness to the future kindly given,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heaven."

"I seldom meet Doctor Meachem now," said Henry, at length, breaking the silence. "But Billy Waters, strange old mortal that he is, is always thrusting himself in my way with a word or two of advice—advice which I oftentimes adopt, even in opposition to my better judgment, just for the sake of getting rid of him. He is one of the most officious men I ever met with. He can have but little business of his own, or else he is of a most generous disposition, for he attends faithfully to that of his neighbors. Old Polly Rudd despises him above ground. She never comes into the store without muttering something about his meanness. He and Ike Brown both share her hatred. Neither does she entertain, one would suppose, the highest opinion of Tom Thayer, but she rules him, and where she can rule, I suppose, she is content—as most women are"—he added, in a laughing under-tone to Mary.

The Colonel did not reply. On the contrary he drummed moodily with his fingers upon his outspread handkerchief over the arms of his chair. At length he arose as if to depart, but seeing the piano open, he sat down again, and requested Mary to play for him. She laid down her work, and going to the instrument ran her fingers over the keys. Her husband came and stood behind her and turned the leaves of her music for her. Susan, who was half asleep, opened her eyes and listened. Even little Rosamond, in her lap, opened at first her wide, blue eyes, dreamily, but closed them again, as flowers close at sunset in summer.

Somehow or other, Mary played, without intending to do so at first, pieces that she had learned and practiced in her girlhood. Memories of *old lang syne* came over all three. The Colonel leaned back his head, closed his eyes, and gave a half hour to reverie. Henry seemed to himself to be the fond lover of other days, and Mary, herself, lived over again the freshest and best period of her existence.

Blessed Memory! it hath at times the comforting, soothing office of an angel.

Before any of them were aware, the clock upon the mantelpiece struck eleven. All started in surprise. The Colonel shook hands with his children, and then went into the hall after his hat and cloak. Both Mary and Henry followed him to the door, with a candle in their hands, regretting his determination of venturing again into the black storm raging without. Mary clasped his cloak close about his throat, and drew it, with loving hands, into close folds about his person. Both stood in the sweeping blast, admitted through the outer door, until they heard the gate clasp to after the Colonel's retreating form, and then they barred the door and retired. Darkness and silence reigned throughout the before well lighted mansion, and God gave another family of "His beloved, sleep."

CHAPTER V.—THE MYSTERIOUS NOTE.

"Disasters on disasters grow,
And those which are not sent we make."

Several months went by, after the night spoken of above, without any change, either in the business or prospects of the young merchant. Customers came, in throngs, to his counters—his sales were heavy—his profits good, and he never dreamed that Slander might be whetting her scorpion tongue, and making ready for her victim. One day he came in to dinner, with an open letter in his hand. He seemed very much absorbed in its contents; so much so that Mary forbore to make her usual remarks, but rocked the cradle with her foot, and went on with the book that she was reading. He sat down on one end of the sofa, and threw his feet carelessly over a chair that stood by. He re-read the letter from beginning to end. When he got through, he folded it, and taking a key from his pocket, arose and went into the library. Mary did not see him again until they met at the table.

"Were there any letters in the office for me, today?" she asked, "or any news of importance from any quarter of the globe? You seemed very much occupied when you first came in."

"No letters for you, my love—hardly one for me—nothing but a business note," he said, in a careless tone; but, nevertheless, he seemed thoughtful beyond his wont—excited and absent-minded. He ate any thing and every thing that the servants handed to him, evidently bestowing no thought upon the matter, and, before the dessert was served, pushed back his chair, remarking, that his business was pressing and that he should go back immediately to his store. He did not stop on his way to bestow a caress upon his child, although the little creature crowed and stretched out her dimpled hands, as he passed by her cradle. That business note, lightly as he had spoken of it, had robbed him of ease at home for that day it seemed. Mary was surprised, but she finished her dinner, and then went back to her babe and book.

"Men have strange moods, I have always heard," she said, mentally, as she turned the leaves of her volume, without knowing, for the first few minutes, what she was reading; "but I had supposed Henry to be an exception. I do wonder what that business note was about. Perhaps somebody has ordered a larger bill of goods than usual, but he would have said so had such been the case, I should have thought. Well, I dont know *what* has happened. Nothing bad, I hope. Where did I leave off? O! here, at the horseman coming up the hill," and the young wife soon forgot, in the interest awakened by the tale that she was reading, her husband and his frugal dinner.

But she was doomed to be interrupted. She heard a heavy step in the hall, and presently some one knocked at the door of the room where she was sitting. She arose and opened it. Old Polly Rudd stood on the mat outside, with a bag over one shoulder. Mrs. Wharton started. It was the first time that Tom Thayer's house-keeper had ever honored her with a visit. She was hesitating whether to invite her in or not, when the old woman addressed her.

"*Miss* Wharton, I dare say," she began, by way of introduction. "I've often seed ye, and I know ye very well by sight, but I never spoke with ye as I remember of afore. Don't mind about my coming in. My shoes aint fitten no how to step on the carpet, but I was coming by this way, and as I thought mought be you hadn't got any fine winter apples, I'd bring ye a few, seeing we's got more than we knows what to do with, and if you'll accept of 'em, you's welcome to um," and Polly, stooping down, emptied the contents of her bag on the floor. The large red apples rolled every way over the smooth straw carpeting.

Mrs. Wharton hardly knew in what manner to receive a present so gratuitously bestowed. She had no great desire for cultivating an acquaintance with Polly Rudd. But the apples were really very nice, and she did not know how to refuse them. She therefore told Old Polly that she was much obliged to her for the gift, and called for Susan to gather the apples up, and convey them to the store-room. The old woman smiled, and began fumbling in the pocket of her dress. She soon drew forth a dry, brown-looking ginger-cake, and a sugar toy.

"Maybe your baby will like these, too," she continued, holding out her brown, withered hand. "I've seed your baby a heap o' times, when Susan had it, of mild days, out a walking, and somehow, the little one has quite got my heart. I always did fancy babies, but yours is prettier than common, and I hopes you'll take an old 'oman's gift, though its neither grand nor oncommon. I'm a lonely old cretur, and have few things to love. Its nat'ral for all of us to love something, and I hopes you won't be offended if I loves your baby, and comes sometimes to see it, and brings it such little things as I gathers up."

Mrs. Wharton bowed and took the cake and toy. The tones of the strange, uncouth being before her, touched her heart, now that she spoke of her darling. Old Polly had, wittingly or unwittingly, found the "*open sesame*" leading to every mother's affections. Perhaps she saw the tear that sprung to Mary's eye, for she kept on, as if conscious that she, at that moment, stood on vantage ground.

"I'm a poor lonely old 'oman, and I works mighty hard for them that neither knows nor cares for me. When I sees a little baby looking so innocent-like and happy, it makes me think of my little Sally Ann, who died with the measles when she was a year older, it mought be, than yourn here. She was all I had to love and work for in the world, and since she died, I hasn't cared much which way the world's went with me." Old Polly brushed away a tear, with the back of her rough hand, and took up the bag lying at her feet. "When Sally Ann lived, I thought I should like to stay with the quality, in such a fine house as this, and learn their genteel ways, so that I mought teach them to my little gal, but I made, maybe, too much of an idol of her, and so God took her away. I'm mighty lonely, and its only now and then that any thing or anybody gets much of my thoughts; but your little baby, as I was saying, looks so innocent-like and pretty, that I couldn't help loving it, and that's one reason why I took the apples and made bold to come here today. I hope you won't think me impudent, nor saucy, nor nothing of the kind—I'm a rough old cretur, but I've got some soft and tender places left in my heart yet, and though I quarrels more, maybe, with Tom Thayer, and that scape-gallows of a wretch, Ike Brown, than I ought to, yet they's mightily to blame, I tell ye." The old woman scraped her foot over the mat and sallied back, with a swinging motion, as if she fain would have made a courtesy. Mrs. Wharton gave her a respectful parting salutation, and told her that she must come again; that she should feel truly obliged to her for any little present which she might feel disposed to make. The words were few and simple, and easily said on the part of Mary, but they fell like oil on poor old Poll's rough and troubled nature. —Kind words! Oh, speak them often. They are cheap, but precious things. No matter how simple, how rough, how low, how mean and abject may be the one with whom you come in contact, speak gently. You do not know what wild blasts of Temptation may, simoon-like, have passed over and scathed the soul. You do not know how Want and Vice, twin sisters, often in this world of misery, may have come, with skeleton form and sensual leer, and dragged their victim down, down, to horrible depths of degradation, almost before it was aware of their approach. You cannot see how some prop to pride and virtue was wrested away, leaving a heart withered and worthless: a soul sick and famishing for the bread of love. Polly Rudd said truly, she was a rough old creature, but the world saw the worst side of her character.

Mary Wharton went back to her seat by the cradle, but her book had lost its interest. She had been reading a more interesting page than it could show, in the great volume of Human Life—that book which is everywhere open for inspection—which has so many varied passages in it that almost any one, it would seem, might be interested, but which is seldom perused by the great mass of mankind at large, or if perused, its most important and solemn lessons fail, perhaps, to impress themselves upon the heart. The babe was asleep, and Mary bent over and contemplated, in silent admiration, its calm, delicate and beautiful little face. "Sweet little innocent!" she thought. "No wonder that even old Polly Rudd—the most graceless woman in the neighborhood—was touched by infantile innocence and your matchless loveliness! If she loved her flaxen headed, sun-burned and uncultivated little Sally Ann half as much as I love you, no marvel that the world looks dark and dreary in her eyes now. No wonder that her pride is dead—that her interest in life is abated, for she is alone, and she feels that few care for her. *I* will care for her—I will be kind to her. I will love her, because she first loved you, my darling."

The young mother kissed the ruby little lips before her, and when the child stirred at her touch, she sung a soothing lullaby. There is not in all this wide world a sentiment so pure and deep, and beautiful, and unselfish as maternal love.

(To be continued.)

The Great Light in Masonry.

ARTICLE SECOND.—THE SOUTHEAST CORNER.

To those readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON who have enjoyed the privilege of personal inspection of that thrice-sacred area in which the Temple of Solomon once stood,[*] every portion of *the Great Platform* is full of interest. Not a block of the original foundation wall, however weather-stained and weather-worn, but is a feature in the grand old physiognomy upon which we love to dwell. The same class of interest, though in less degree, is felt by all Freemasons when contemplating the local peculiarities of the sacred work. In the present article we shall describe, of the Great Platform, simply *the southeast corner.*

Above ground, there is nothing that particularly attracts the observer's attention in the southeast corner. The splendid Mosque of Omar, nearly a quarter of a mile to the northwest, would most probably fill his eye and occupy his thoughts for the brief period that he is permitted to remain in this part of the sacred enclosure. Looking over the battlement of the wall he would see that he is seventy-seven feet from its base, and if his head does not become giddy—as Josephus says it will[†]—he may note the great size of the blocks of which it is constructed. These are truly cyclopean, and stand, range upon range, sixteen courses high of the original ashlars, each stone beveled clear around the exposed surface. Near him, and immediately in the corner of the enclosure, he will observe a small building covered with a dome, called by the Moslems, *Sidna Issa* ("of our Lord Jesus"), in the lower room of which is an irregularly shaped trough, made of Jerusalem marble, quarried in the great excavation on the northern side of the city, to which we shall call attention in a future article.

But it is *below ground* that the chief interest of the Masonic explorer of this immense Platform will extend. Here are substructures worthy, in magnitude and the architectural skill necessary for their construction, of the genius of Hiram himself, the Sir Christopher Wren of his day. As he stood upon yonder spur of Mount Olivet, a quarter mile east, and looked across the valley to Moriah, then a narrow, sharp-backed ridge, and computed the amount of material necessary to bring up the Platform, seventy-seven feet, to its present level, he might well ask himself from whence should come the supply of earth and stone? The country around presents, and ever did present a rocky surface hard to loosen and break up, and it were a design worthy of the prince of architects to devise a method *to save earth and stones* where earth was so scarce. This was done by the substitution of arches for solid filling. All this southeast corner inside of the foundation walls is hollow, being made up of arches. Of this great underground work, Bonar (*Land of Promise*) says it forms the foundation for the platform of the Temple area. The arches are singularly massive and strong; *strength* alone, not beauty or grace, has been consulted here. Not that there is any thing *out of taste* in that interminable vista of arches, but it is *its solidity* that impresses the mind from first to last. There is nowhere any thing like it. As we moved slowly down the slope of the hill, and felt the arches increasing in height and massiveness as we advanced, we seemed to be wandering through the rock-cut crypt of some vast Egyptian temple. It looked more as if the hill had been excavated into these hills, than that these cells had been built upon the hill. The cost and labor must have been great, and the engineering skill which they indicate is much beyond what modern ideas are inclined to allow to ancient science. The level platform which they produced above forms a large addition to the ancient hill, whose summit, as it stood originally, must have been narrow and quite unsuited for any building beyond that of a tomb. As you first enter by a kind of trap-door from the platform above and go southward, you think you might touch the roof with your hand, for the supporting pillars cannot be more than nine or ten feet high; but as you move down the long slope you seem to be receding from the roof till at the extremity you find that it must be about thirty feet above you. Wherever we looked we saw the same massiveness in wall, or arch or pillar. There appeared to be no small stones in any part; these would have been inadmissible in such a structure. We measured some of the stones and found them to average fifteen by eight feet.

Concerning these great works, Dr. J. T. Barclay

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[*] "Then Solomon began to build the house of the Lord at Jerusalem *in Mount Moriah*, where the Lord appeared unto David his father, in the place that David had prepared in the threshing floor of Ornan the Jebusite." 2 *Chronicles*, iii., 1.

[†] "If any one looked down from the top of the battlements, or down both those altitudes, he would be giddy, while his sight could not reach to such an immense depth." *Antiquities*, xv. 11, 5.

(*City of the Great King*) writes: "They are doubtless those alluded to by Josephus in his description of the construction of the Temple wall. The declination of the hill at the southeast corner being greater than at any other part, it was found more advantageous to bring it to a general level by erecting vaults upon lofty columns than by filling up either with solid masonry or by earth, as in the case of the narrow ravines. The length of these rock galleries, measured westward from the wall on the east, is 319 feet; from the wall on the south, measuring northwards, the different measures vary considerably; the one from the Triple Gate (277 feet from the east wall) being 247 feet in length; the third row from the eastern wall and the seven next rows to the west of it are each 188½ feet in length. To sum up, then, the space occupied by these substructures, and which otherwise must have been filled up by solid masonry or earth, is represented by a mass 319x247x30 feet—less the space occupied by the rough spurs or projections of the ancient hill.

The stones in the wall near the southeast corner, though not quite so large as those in the northeast and southwest respectively, are yet cyclopean in magnitude, as has been shown before.

Kind Words, Good Deeds and Evidences of Progress.

A Beautiful Legend.—They tell the story that one day Rabbi Judah and his brethren sat in the church on a fast day, disputing about rest. One said it was to have sufficient wealth, yet without sin. The second said it was fame and praise of all men. The third said it was possession of power to rule the state. The fourth said it must be only in the old age of one who is rich, powerful, famous, and surrounded by children and children's children. The fifth said it were all in vain, unless a man kept all the ritual of Moses. And Rabbi Judah, the venerable, the tallest of the brethren, said: "To have spoken wisely, but one thing more is necessary. He can only find rest who to all things addeth this: that he keep the traditions of the elders." There sat a fair-haired boy, playing with lilies in his lap, and, hearing the talk, dropped them in astonishment from his hands, and looked up—that boy of twelve—and said—"Nay, father, he only finds rest who loves his brother as himself, with his whole heart and soul. He is greater than fame, wealth, and power, happier than a happy home without it, better than honored age; he is a law to himself above all traditions."

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Grace Darling.—One of the most pleasing incidents in human life, within the present century, was the heroic achievement of Grace Darling. Her very pretty name, too, had something to do with the popularity which she acquired; for, without attaching over-importance to the matter, there can be little doubt that loveable actions become more fixed in the public mind when connected with such gentle and pleasing names as Grace Darling and Florence Nightingale.

Grace Darling, born November 24, 1815, was the daughter of William Darling, keeper of the lighthouse on the Longstone, one of the Farne Islands, off the coast of Northumberland. They are scarcely islands, indeed, being little more than barren and desolate rocks, in most parts very precipitous, and inhabited by little besides sea fowls. The sea rushes between the islands with great violence; and the spot is also dangerous to ships passing near, that a lighthouse has long been maintained there.

Almost shut out from the world in such a spot, Grace Darling saw very little society; yet her parents managed to give her a fair education for a girl in her station. She was described as being "remarkable for a retiring and somewhat reserved disposition, gentle in aspect, and mild and benevolent in character; of a fair complexion and comely countenance, with nothing masculine in her appearance."

It was on the 6th of September, 1838, when Grace was about twenty-two years of age, that the event took place which has given her celebrity. The Forfarshire, a steamer of about 300 tons, John Humble, master, was on its way from Hull to Dundee. She had a valuable cargo, and sixty-three persons on board—the master and his wife, a crew of twenty men, and forty-one passengers. A slight leak, patched up before her departure, broke out afresh when off Flamborough Head, and rendered it difficult to maintain the fires for the engine. She passed between the Farne Islands and the mainland about six, on the evening of the 5th, and then began to encounter a high sea and a strong north wind.

The leak increasing, the engine fires gradually went out; and, although the sails were then used, they could not prevent the vessel from being driven southward. Wind, rain, fog, and a heavy sea, all beset the hapless vessel at once.

About four o'clock on the morning of the 6th she struck, bows foremost, on a precipitous part of one of the rocky islands. Some of the crew and one of the passengers left the ship in one of the boats; two other passengers perished in the attempt to throw themselves into the boat.

The females on board clustered around the master, shrieking and imploring aid which he could not afford them.

A heavy wave, striking the vessel on the quarter, raised her from the rock, and then caused her to fall violently on it again; she encountered a sharp ledge, which cut her in twain about midships; the fore part remained on the rock, while the hinder part was carried off by a rapid current through a channel called the Pifa-gut. In this fearful plight the remainder of the passengers and crew awaited the arrival of daylight, no one knowing how soon the waves might destroy them altogether.

At daybreak, William Darling descried them from Longstone, about a mile distant; and it soon became known at Bamborough that a ship had been wrecked.

So fearfully did the waves beat against the rock, that the boatman at Bamborough refused to push off; and Darling, accustomed to scenes of danger as he was, shrank from the peril of putting off to the wreck in a boat. Not so his gentle but heroic daughter. She could see, by the aid of a glass, the sufferers clinging to the wreck; and, agonized at the sight, she entreated him to let her go with him in a boat to endeavor to rescue them. At last he yielded; the mother helped to launch the boat into the water, and the father and daughter each took an oar. And so they rowed this fearful mile, at each instant in danger of being swamped by the waves. They reached the wreck, and found nine survivors. One of them, a weaver's wife, was found in the fore-cabin, exposed to the intrusion of the sea, and two children lay stiffened corpses in her arms. The whole nine went with Darling and his daughter into the boat and safely reached the lighthouse, where, owing to the severity of the weather, they were forced to remain two days, kindly attended by the three inmates.

When the news of this exploit reached the coast, all Northumberland was filled with admiration, and speedily the whole kingdom was similarly affected. Grace Darling's name became everywhere known, and she herself received attentions from all quarters. Tourists came from all parts to see the Longstone light-house, and still more to see Grace herself. The Duke and Duchess of Northumberland invited her and her father to Alnwick Castle, and gave her a gold watch; the silver medal of the Shipwreck Institution was awarded to her, and testimonials came from various public bodies. A purse of seven hundred pounds was presented to her by public subscription. Portraits of her were eagerly sought for and purchased; and a speculating manager of a London theatre even offered a large sum to her, if she would merely sit in a boat on the stage for a few minutes, during the performance of a piece written for the occasion. But her modest and retiring disposition revolted from the last named notoriety; she rejected the offer, and throughout the whole of this novel and tempting career, she never once departed from her gentle, womanly demeanor. Lovers, of course, she had plenty, but she accepted none of them; she continued to reside with her father and mother at the light-house. And there she died of consumption, on the 20th of October, 1842, at the early age of twenty-seven, about four years after the event which had given her fame. Long before her death, she had the means of seeing how literature was invoked in her honor; for memoirs, tales, and poems relating to her, were issued from the press—such as "Grace Darling, the Heroine of the Farne Islands," "Grace Darling, the Maid of the Isles," and so forth. Nor did English artists neglect to commit to canvas so extraordinary a scene.

The Orpheus, a Repository of Music, Art and Literature, by Pond & Co., Broadway, says:

The National Freemason is a very valuable weekly.

The Dew of Hermon.

The frequent and copious dews and fogs of Palestine—much more abundant than one would suppose in such an arid climate—have furnished the inspired writers with many of their beautiful and expressive figures. Our readers will of course recall the beautiful extract from Psalm cxxx. introduced into our ceremony of Entered Apprentice: "As the dew of Hermon and as the dew that descended upon the mountains of Zion," &c. In the summer the dew of Palestine is so copious as to supply to a considerable extent the absence of rain, and becomes important to the farmer. In proof of this, the well known sign of Gideon may be adduced, Judges vi., 37, &c. In the divine blessing (Genesis xxvii., 28) it is coupled with rain or mentioned as a prime source of fertility. Its withdrawal is attributed to the divine curse. In prophetic imagery it becomes a leading object, by reason of its penetrating moisture with the apparent effect of rain, while its speedy evanescence typifies the transient goodness of the hypocrite. In several places it is named as a token of exposure in the night.

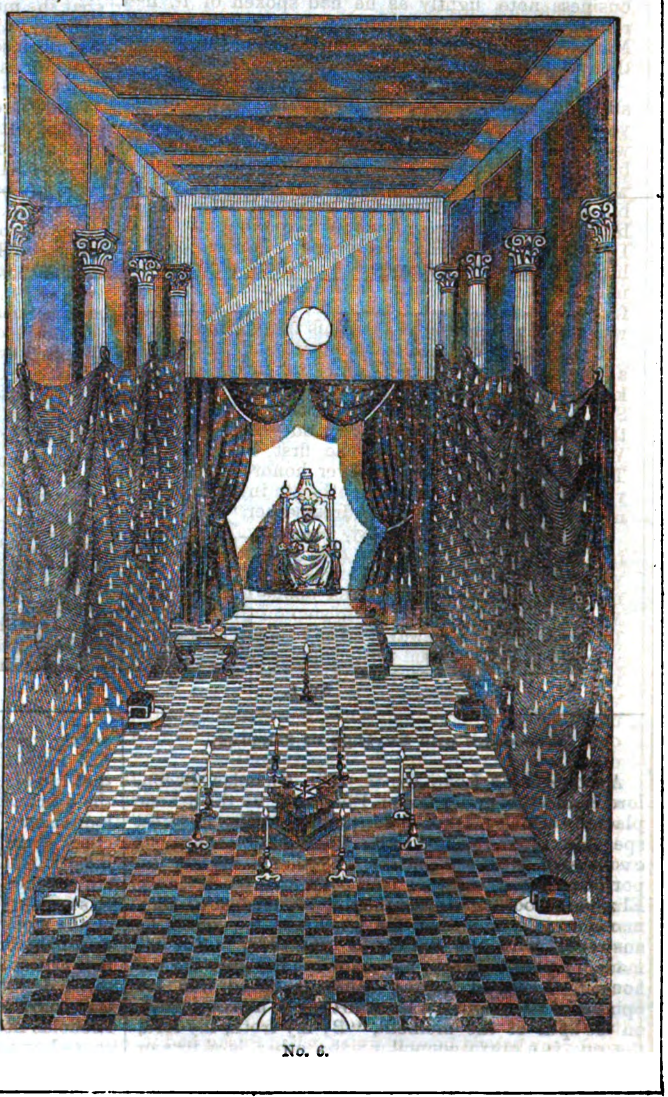
The Aged Mason.

In no class of persons does Freemasonry appear so charming, upon none does it sit with so much grace and dignity as *upon the aged*. To such, it is truly a crown of glory. I always feel like doffing my hat in the Lodge-room, even when I am presiding as Master, when an old man comes in. I have paid many a grateful pilgrimage to the graves of aged Masons. The influence of the aged in Masonic workings is deservedly large. Our Order having so much of a traditionary character, this is both natural and creditable to the members.

Scottish Rite.

McClenachan's Book of the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite of Freemasonry, as published by Masonic Publishing Company, 432 Broome st.

No. 6 illustrates the degree of the Knights Elect of Nine.



No. 6.

That we should be careful how we allow ourselves to be led away by an excess of zeal, even in a good cause, to inflict, as an individual, the punishment justly due for the violation of human or divine laws.

In the fourteenth degree the Lodge represents the Secret Vault under the Sanctum Sanctorum, in which is the Pillar of Beauty, and on this is placed the Holy four-letter name. This degree reveals and explains the tetragrammaton, completes the construction of the Holy Temple, and narrates the destruction of both it and the city of Jerusalem, together with the death of Solomon.

No. 7 is an illustration of the degree.

The following is the argument and No. 8 the illustration of the fifteenth degree, or Knight of the East or Sword:

This degree, which is intimately connected with the one that succeeds it, relates to the Babylonish captivity, which lasted seventy years, the release and return of the 42,360 captives to Jerusalem, and the attempt to build the Second Temple under the direction of Zerubbabel or or Sheshbazzar. King Cyrus also permitted the return of the holy vessels and ornaments which had been removed by Nebuzaradan at the time of the destruction of the First Temple.

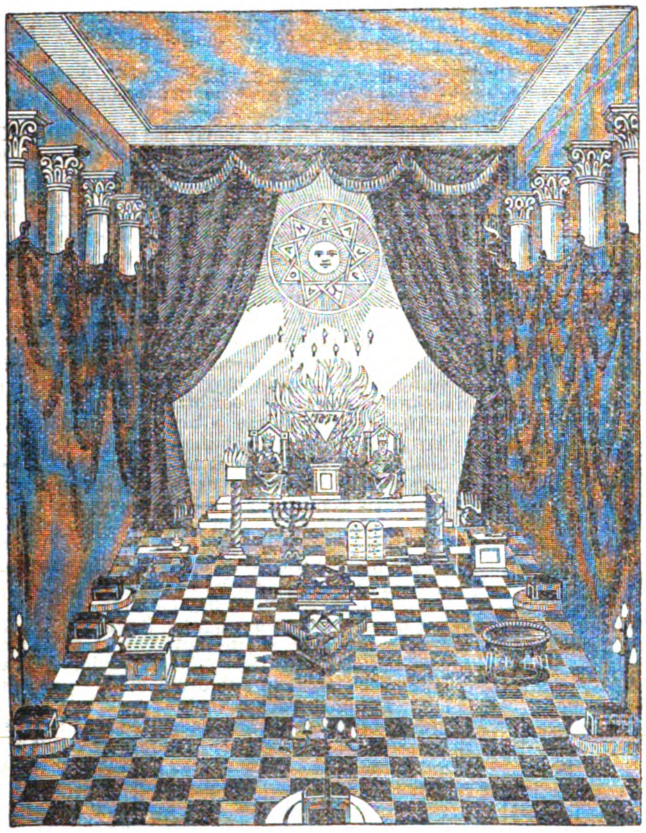
The return of the captives was contested at the bridge over the river Euphrates, but unsuccessfully; and finally, when laboring to lay the foundation of the Temple, beset on every side by enemies, Zerubbabel ordered that the Masons should work with the sword in one hand and a trowel in the other, that they might be able at any moment to defend themselves from attack.

The Second Temple was forty-six years in construction.

We present here a portion of the argument and Nos. 9 and 10 in illustration of the seventeenth degree, or Knights of the East and West:

When the Knights and Princes united to conquer the Holy Land, they took an oath to spend, if necessary, the last drop of their blood to establish the true religion of the Most High God. Peace having been made, they could not practically fulfill their vows, and therefore, on returning to their respective countries, they resolved to do in theory what they could not do in practice. They took the name of Princes of Jerusalem and Knights of the East and West, in memory of the place where this Order was first instituted, and because their doctrines came from East and West. They have, ever since their first establishment, adhered to their customs and forms of reception. In the year 1118, the first Knights of the Order, to the number of eleven, took their vows between the hands of Armelfo Guavi Mundos, Prince and Patriarch of Jerusalem, who hailed from the province of Amiens, in France.

(To be continued.)



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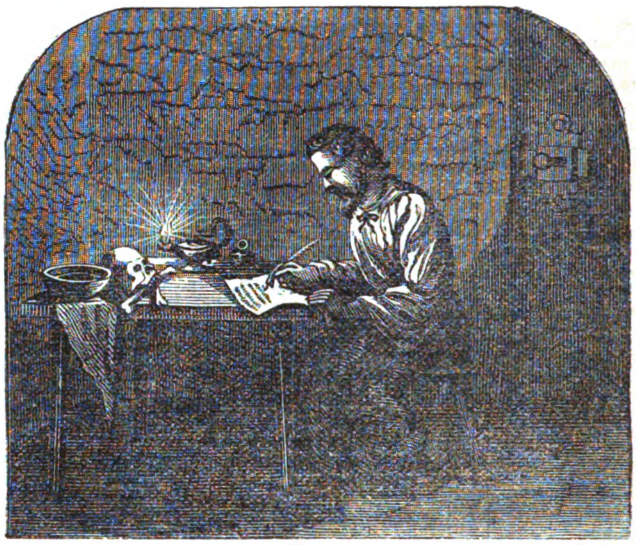

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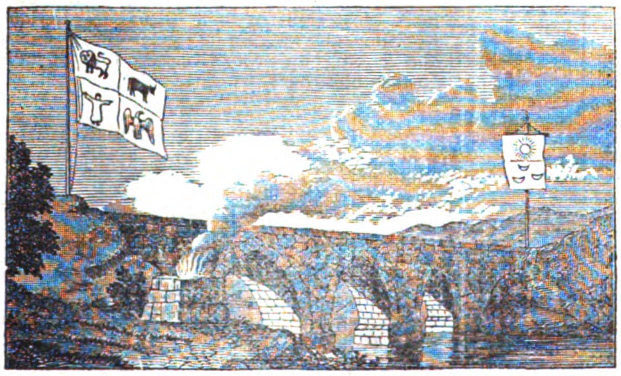

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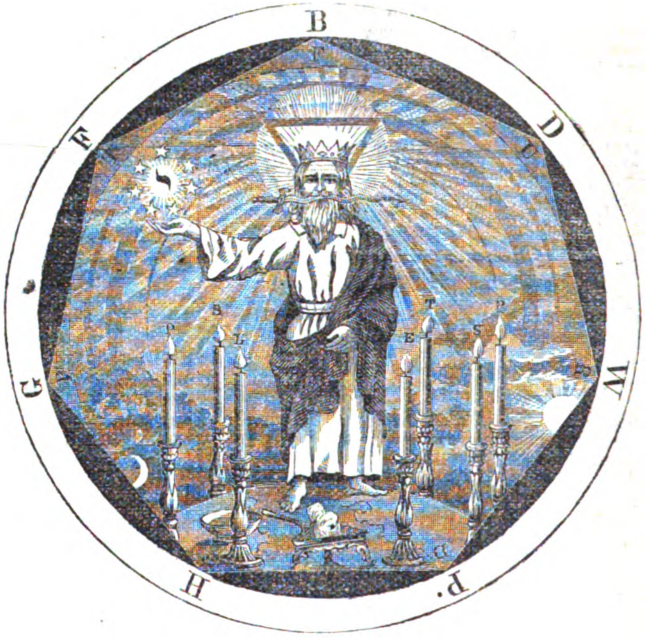

No. 10.

Anecdotes and Sayings of Masons.

Anecdotes of Lord Bacon.—Sir Nicholas Bacon, lord chancellor under Queen Elizabeth, by the urbane placidity which marked the utterance of his happiest speeches, often recalled to his hearers the courteous easiness of More's repartees. Neither satire nor importunity could ruffle or confuse him. When Queen Elizabeth, looking disdainfully at his modest country mansion, told him that the place was too small, he answered, with the flattery of gratitude, "Not so, madam; your highness has made me too great for my house." Leicester having suddenly asked him his opinion of two aspirants for court favor, he responded, on the spur of the moment, "By my troth, my lord, the one is a grave councilor; the other is a proper young man, and so he will be as long as he lives." But notwithstanding his deliberation and the stutter that hindered his utterances, he could be quicker than the quickest, and sharper than the most acrid, as the loquacious barrister discovered who was suddenly checked in a course of pert talkativeness by this tart remark from the stammering lord keeper: "There is a difference between you and me—for me it is a pain to s-speak; for you a pain to hold your tongue." Some of the stories of his facetiousness on the bench are so unworthy of his powers that their badness inclines the critic to question their authenticity. Among these doubtful anecdotes may be placed the story of the convicted felon named Hog, who implored Sir Nicholas not to pass sentence of death upon him, because hog and bacon were near akin to each other; to which piece of improbable sauciness Sir Nicholas, then acting as a judge on the Northern Circuit, is said to have answered, with brutal jocularity, "Nay, my friend, you and I cannot be kindred except you be hanged, for hog is not bacon until it be hanged; so the sentence of the court is," etc., etc. More appropriate to the dignity of his office than this outburst of savage pleasantry was the silence which he maintained when a rogue in the dock, pointing to him, exclaimed, "I charge you, in the queen's name, to seize and take away that man in the red gown there, for I go in danger of my life because of him!" But though he refrained from laughing at the interruption in court, he often laughed over the recollection of it at his dinner-table. That the familiar story of his fatal attack of cold is altogether true one cannot well believe, for it seems highly improbable that the lord keeper, in his seventieth year, would have sat down to be shaved near an open window in the month of February. But though the anecdote may not be historically exact, it may be accepted as a faithful portraiture of his more stately and severely courteous humor.

"Why did you suffer me to sleep thus exposed?" asked the lord keeper, waking in a fit of shivering from slumber into which his servant had allowed him to drop as he sat to be shaved in a place where there was a sharp current of air.

"Sir, I durst not disturb you," answered the punctilious valet, with a lowly obeisance. Having eyed him for a few seconds, Sir Nicholas rose and said, "By your civility I lose my life." Whereupon the lord keeper retired to the bed from which he never rose.

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A Chief Justice in the Stocks.—Readers of Sir Edward Lytton Bulwer's novel of "Varieties in English Life," will remember the amusing episode of Dr. Riccabocca's rescue of Leonard Fairfield from the stocks, and his own incarceration therein. Sir Edward had his authority for this ludicrous scene, though the original of the story did not prove such a philosopher as did the worthy Italian under the same circumstances.

While Lord Camden held the chiefship of the Court of Common Pleas of England, he was walking with his friend Lord Dacre on the outskirts of an English village, when they passed the parish stocks.

"I wonder," said the chief justice, "whether a man in the stocks endures a punisment that is physically painful? I am inclined to think that, apart from the sense of humiliation and other mental anguish, the prisoner suffers nothing, unless the populace express their satisfaction at his fate by pelting him with brickbats."

"Suppose you settle your doubts by putting your feet into the holes," rejoined Lord Dacre, carelessly.

"By Jove, I will!" exclaimed the chief justice; and in a trice he was sitting on the ground, with his feet some fifteen inches above the level of his seat, and his ankles encircled by hard wood.

"Now, Dacre!" he exclaimed, enthusiastically, "fasten the bolts, and leave me for ten minutes."

Like a courteous host, Lord Dacre complied with the whim of his guest, and having placed it beyond his power to liberate himself, bade him "farewell" for ten minutes. Intending to saunter along the lane and return at the expiration of the stated period, Lord Dacre moved away, and falling into one of his customary fits of reverie, soon forgot all about the stocks, his friend's freak, and his friend. In the mean time the chief justice went through every torture of an agonizing punishment—acute shootings along the confined limbs, aching in the feet, angry pulsations under the toes, violent cramps in the muscles and thighs, gnawing pain at the point where his person came in immediate contact with the cold ground, pins and needles every where. Among the various forms of his physical discomfort, faintness, fever, giddiness, and raging thirst may be mentioned. He implored a peasant to liberate him, and the fellow answered him with a shout of derision. He hailed a passing clergyman, and explained that he was not a culprit, but Lord Camden, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and one of Lord Dacre's guests.

"Ah!" observed the man of cloth, not so much answering the wretched culprit as passing judgment on his case, "mad with liquor. Yes, drunkenness is sadly on the increase; 'tis droll, though, for a drunkard in the stocks to imagine himself a chief justice!" and on he passed. A farmer's wife jogged by on her pillion, and hearing the wretched man exclaim that he should die of thirst, the good creature gave him a juicy apple, and hoped that his punishment would prove for the good of his soul. Not ten minutes, but ten hours did the chief justice sit in the stocks, and when at length he was carried into Lord Dacre's house, he was in no humor to laugh at his own miserable plight. Not long afterward he presided at a trial in which a workman brought an action against a magistrate who had wrongfully placed him in the stocks. The counsel for the defense happening to laugh at the statement of the plaintiff, who maintained that he had suffered intense pain during his confinement, Lord Camden leaned forward, and inquired in a whisper,

"Brother, were you ever in the stocks?"

"Never, my lord," answered the advocate, with a look of lively astonishment.

"I have been," was the whispered reply; "and let me assure you that the agony inflicted by the stocks is—*awful!*"

Remedy for the Indian Troubles.—The Golden or Masonic Rule.

Family Circle.

BE GENTLE TO THY WIFE.

Be gentle—for you little know
  How many trials rise—
Although to thee they may be small,
  To her of giant size.

Be gentle—though perchance that lip
  May speak a murmuring tone,
The heart may speak with kindness yet,
  And joy to be thy own.

Be gentle—weary hours of pain
  'Tis woman's lot to bear;
Then yield to her whate'er thou canst,
  And all her sorrows share.

Be gentle—for the noblest hearts
  At times must have some grief,
And even in a pettish word
  May seek to find relief.

Be gentle—none are perfect here—
  Thou'rt dearer far than life;
Then husband, hear and still forbear;
  Be gentle to thy wife!

IN MEMORIAM.

BY HUGH MACKAY.

New York, *Oct. 6th*, 1867.

National Freemason: Reading the sweet, mournful lines by Lockhart in your last number, recalled to my mind lines that I had written years ago in memoriam of a darling daughter, who died while I was away on the ocean, and connected with whose death was a singular case of premonition or forewarning of her own death. The morning that I was to sail, being in somewhat of a hurry, I took my carpet-bag hurriedly, bade my wife good-bye, unmindful of my little Bella, who was sitting by her side, but as I was going out of the door she came running to me, crying, as though her heart would break, saying, "Papa, papa, you are going away without kissing me, and I shall never see you again." I was forced to stay and pacify her, at the risk of being late for my vessel, and although I was away but once that month, and left her in perfect health, when I came back my home was desolate, for my sweet Bella lay beneath the shadows of Greenwood.

Oh, why was I away, why was I not at home?
Although I could'nt stay the spirit that hath flown,
I might have kissed farewell the dear departed one.

They say she lay in death fair as death could be,
And that her latest breath was a whisper'd wish for me—
A prayer for dear papa, for I was on the sea.

They ravished from her brow a tress of golden hair,
And they show it to me now as a relic rich and rare
Of a dear and darling babe, and I kiss it in despair.

They tell me that a smile of heavenly delight
Lingered for a while on that sad and fatal night
O'er the features of my child—on that fatal, fatal night.

Oh! had I seen that smile, it would have been a boon,
To my sad heart a sign of life beyond the gloom
Of this dark world of ours, 'twixt night and noon.

But I was far at sea, and I only know she's gone
By this sign they bring to me and the stillness of my home;
By this sacred lock of hair and the stillness of my home.

THE MOTHER'S DIRGE OVER HER CHILD.

Oh, what upon this earth doth prove
So steadfast as a mother's love!
Oh, what on earth can bring relief,
Or solace, to a mother's grief!

No more, my baby, shalt thou lie
With drowsy smile and half shut eye,
Pillow'd upon my fostering breast,
Serenely sinking into rest!

No taint of earth, no thought of sin,
E'er dwelt thy stainless breast within;
And God hath laid thee down to sleep,
Like a pure pearl below the deep.

Yea! from mine arms thy soul hath flown
Above, and found the heavenly throne,
To join that blest angelic ring
That aye around the altar sing.

Methought, when years had roll'd away,
That thou wouldst be mine age's stay;
And often have I dreamt to see
The boy—the youth—the man in thee!

Farewell, my child, the dews shall fall
At morn and evening, o'er thy pall;
And daisies, when the vernal year
Revives, upon thy turf appear.

The earliest snow-drop there shall spring,
And lark delight to fold his wing,
And roses pale and lilies fair
With perfume load the summer air!

Adieu, my babe! if life were long,
This would be even a heavier song;
But years, like phantoms, quickly pass,
Then look to us from memory's glass.

Soon on Death's couch shall I recline;
Soon shall my head be laid with thine;
And sunder'd spirits meet above,
To live forevermore in love!

Little Nell.—A writer thus recognizes the immortal Little Nell:

This Little Nell of to-day had come with her grandfather from New York, and this car-ride was the last stage of their journey. She carried, swung on her arm, a leather bag and two uncomfortably bulging bundles, and clasped tight in her womanly little arms a coverless pasteboard box, broken down at each corner and tied up with a cord, and holding five tiny flowerpots and a tumbler. In the tumbler were cuttings of rose geranium and heliotrope, and in the pots a fuschia, two roses, an oleander and horse-shoe geranium, none of them more than six inches tall, and all looking feeble and lifeless, except the geranium, which, true to its sturdy race, had a bunchy cluster of buds set like an absurd plume on its poor little head.

The grandfather was a huge old man, and looked like a very bad grandfather, indeed. His face was bleared and bloated, and his eye vacant. He carried a shabby portfolio, apparently of drawings, and an enormous wooden toy horse, of the cheapest sort, with a long vermilion-colored tongue, which got in everybody's way. But everybody helped him for the sake of the brave little Nell, who stood in the middle of the crowded car so cheery and alert that every heart warmed to her. When it came to the fare-paying she put the precious flower garden down on the old man's knees and taking out the forlornest of porte monnaies gave ten cents to the conductor, saying, "That is for both of us, sir," and shutting up the porte-monnaie and putting it back into her pocket with a resolute nod of her head, which would have deterred any conductor in the world from asking for the two cents more which were due. The grandfather took little notice of any thing, but she kept close watch of the streets we passed; and just as I was making up my mind that I must speak to her she called to the conductor, "We get out here sir," and in a few minutes more I lost sight of them as they turned down a narrow alley, she walking just in advance of the old man, and looking up protectively at him at every step. Heaven bless her!

∴

Name of the Deity—It is singular that the name of God should be spelt with four letters in almost every language. It is in Latin, Deus; French, Dieu; Greek, Zeus; German, Gott; Scandavinian, Odin; Sweden, Codd; Hebrew, Adon; Syrian, Adad; Persian, Syra; Tartarian, Idga; Spanish, Dias; East Indians, Esgi or Zeul; Turkish, Addi; Egyptian, Aumn or Zuet; Japanese, Zain; Peruvian, Lian; Wallachian, Zene; Etrurian, Chur; Tyrrhenian, Eher; Irish, Dieh; Crotian, Doga; Magyarian, Oese; Arabian, Alla; Dalmatian, Rogt.

An Appropriate Use of Scripture.

A "rusty" brother, a minister, applying for admission to a Lodge, and complaining because he was refused on the score of his "rustiness," was referred to John vi. 30, which, being looked up, reads thus: "What sign shewest thou then that we may believe thee? What dost thou work?"

But One Thread.

As the public already know, the "Best Sewing Machine" uses only one thread. This gives it many important advantages; two of which are described in the published "Decisions" of the Judges at the great "Island Park Trial," in these words: "It uses but one thread, and thus avoids the necessity for complicated machinery which is required for *two* threads." It sews directly from the spool; which makes it unnecessary to re-wind the thread and adjust it in a shuttle. To these they add thirty-three other reasons why the Willcox & Gibbs is "The Best."—"*Report of Grand Trial.*"

The National Freemason,

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 19, 1867.

R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S., Editor.

John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

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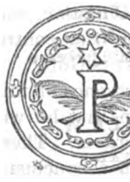
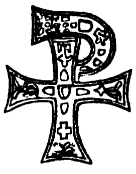
The Sign of the Cross—Its Masonic Use—Symbols of Various Rites—Of Templar Interest—Its Varieties—The Cross Constantine Saw. (No. 4.)

To enlighten our Templar bodies we call attention to the following:

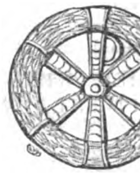


I.



II.

The first is from an engraved gem. It may not at first sight strike the observer as the monogram of which we have been speaking, but a moment will show that the two branches crossing the *P* are ingeniously made to form the *X*; and what more appropriate than the palm-branch, that emblem of "victory?" Note also the star shining above, and the wreath of flowers encircling the whole. In No. III. also we see the same idea shadowed forth—the wreath of victory entwined round the symbol of Christ; and in No. IV. the introduction of the palm-branches again speaks of "honor" and "triumph."



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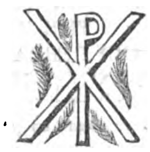


IV.

In the account given by Eusebius, the words inscribed over the Labarum were "Conquer by this." We have seen the representation of a coin of Heraclius (one, we believe, is in the British Museum), on which the ☧ appears, surmounted by the words, in early Greek characters, *EN TOYTΩ NIKA*—the very same as mentioned by Esebius. Again, in Greek sculpture of the tenth and eleventh centuries (there has as yet been very little explored of earlier date in Greece), the *NIKA* constantly occurs, but generally with the ordinary form of a cross, the *NI* on one side and the *KA* on the other, and above the IC and the XC (i. e. I—s Ch—s). But in the Roman Catacombs we do not expect to find the Greek form of inscription preserved; we find, however, the translation. There is an early inscription discovered by the learned Bosio which may well be assigned to a time very little later than that of Constantine's vision. It is as follows:

IN HOC VINCES.
☧
SINFONIA ET FILIIS.
V. AN. XLVIII. M.V. D.IIII.

Which may be translated thus:

IN THIS THOU SHALT CONQUER.
☧
SINFONIA. Also for her SONS.
SHE LIVED XLVIII. YEARS, V. Mo. IV. Days.

How simple this epitaph, and yet in its few words telling a tale of a warmer, purer faith in those who wrote it than the crowded eulogies and praises paraded in golden letters, which fill so often the tombstones of our cemeteries of modern times.

Similar in spirit and meaning is the following:

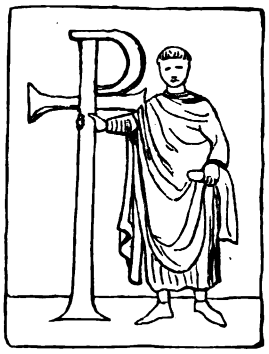
IN ☧ VICTRIX.

Which may be rendered:

IN CHRIST VICTORIOUS.

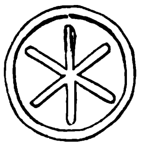
At the same time it is possible that the name of the deceased was Victrix (not an uncommon one for a Roman woman), and thus giving to the epitaph a double meaning.

The *X*, as the reader may perhaps have remarked, is exactly similar in form to the St. Andrew's Cross, but the faithful Christian, in order to render his symbol still more full of meaning, changed that particular form of cross into the one more generally received, and thus we arrive at the form marked No. II. This is an ornamented example, but it is found very often quite plain, especially in the earlier examples—which are as common, if not more so, than those of the other forms. The engraving is taken from a lamp found in the Catacombs.



V.

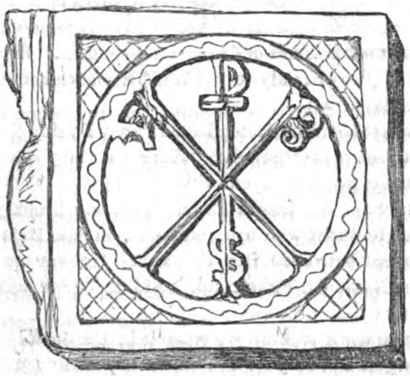
We now pass on to No. V. Here, again, we find the change just alluded to. The example is taken from some very early sculpture in the Catacombs, and clearly represents a young Roman Christian bearing this form of cross as a standard. Nothing is known as to its meaning or history; there is no inscription attached to afford any clue; and, as far as we know, no other similar example has been found.



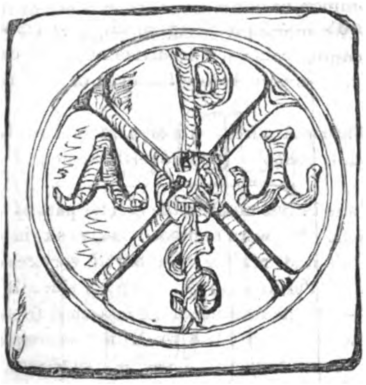
VI.

In No. VI. we have again another form. It does not properly belong to the present article, as it is a different monogram; but is so constantly found amongst the others, and evidently of the same date with them, as well as possessing the same meaning, that it is best to mention it here. The *X* is the same, but instead of the *P* we have simply the *I*; that is, instead of the two first letters of our Lord's second title, we have the one first letter of each, shadowing forth to those who had been instructed in the Gospel, "Iesus CHrist." In many cases the *I* is made much longer, and stands out more prominently than the *X*, which seems as if only attached to it.

The examples marked No. VII. and VIII. are instances of the use of the monogram in much later times. They are taken from the consecration stones of two churches in the south of France, but preserved in the museum at Toulouse. They are certainly not earlier, and probably not later, than the eleventh century. It may, perhaps, be worth while to point out in these two instances how complete the word *XPIΣTOΣ* is formed; in the first, the *XP* are as usual, but near the top a *T* is formed, and the Σ is placed at the foot (but of the Latin, not the Greek type). In this the O is omitted, but in the second example (No. VIII.) the O is inserted in the centre; thus, allowing for the duplication of the S, all the letters are formed, In both instances the *A* and *Ω* are prominently marked on the side.



VII.

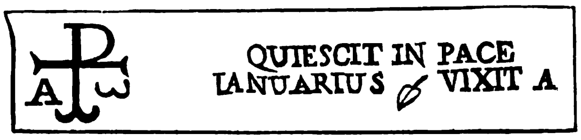


VIII.

A very common addition to the monogram was this *A* and *Ω* (the *Alpha* and *Omega*), the first and last letters of the Greek alphabet, signifying that Christ was "the first and the last." This we mention as interesting from the evidence which it affords of the acquaintance which the early Christians possessed with the Book of Revelations, and, by the frequent occurrence of the symbol, the very general reception which it had already met with. The following example of an inscription from the Catacombs shows the presence of the *Alpha* and *Omega*, and may be taken as a type of a vast number as to the rude style of writing, as to the position of the monogram, and finally as to the wording:

JANUARIUS RESTS IN PEACE. HE LIVED
[ ] Y[EARS].

That is all, and many are even still shorter; the name of the deceased, with the words IN PEACE, being all that the Christian thought necessary in order to inform the passer-by that his friend or relative had departed to his rest in the fear and love of his Lord.



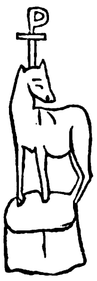
QUIESCIT IN PACE
IANUARIUS VIXIT A

IX.

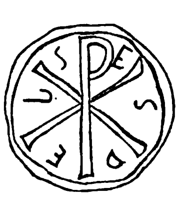
If there had been any doubt as to the signification of the inscription, an instance occurs on one of the bas-reliefs in the Catacombs of a rude representation of a lamb, whose head is surrounded by the Labarum. We cannot affix any precise date, but it is probably of the latter part of the fourth century. We remember also having seen a design taken from the same source, in which a figure occurs bearing a sheep on his shoulders; the monogram *XP* surrounds the head of our Lord, in order to denote the divine character of this Good Shepherd.

One other example, also to the same purpose, we must give. It was found marked upon the plaster of an early tomb, in the same series of subterranean vaults. (XI.) Between the lines of the monogram will be found traced the letters

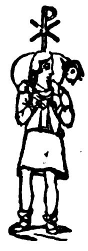
ES[T] DEUS.



X.



XI.



XII.

It is the work of some zealous Christian, who, perhaps, in the troubled days of the Arian controversy, had "set to his seal" that "CHRIST IS GOD."

Some have supposed that the presence of this monogram upon the tomb was a sign that he who was buried beneath had suffered martyrdom. There is no reason, however, to come to such a conclusion. It cannot but mean simply "Christ."

We thus continually find the following form of epitaph:

IN ☧ ASSELUS D . . .

Which may be read thus:

IN CHRist ASELUS SLEEPS.

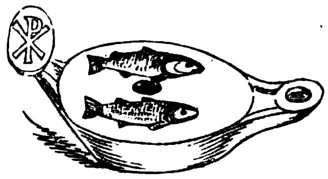
The next one is more rare, but it shows very clearly the use of the monogram:

SIGNV ☧
CELIX · ET · CEREALIS · PATRI BENEM.
QUI VIXIT A NNIS LXXV M. VIII. D.V.
DORMIT IN PACEM.

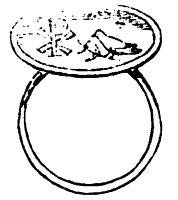
Which in English would stand thus:

THE MARK OF CHRist.
CELIX AND CEREALIS, TO THEIR WELL-D [E-SERVING] FATHER, WHO LIVED LXXV.
YEARS, VIII. Months, V. Days.
HE SLEEPS IN PEACE.

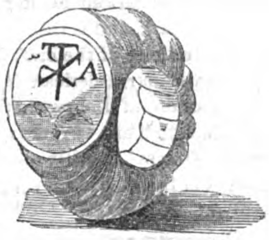
But we must now leave these simple epitaphs, that in their few coarse strokes speak more forcibly and tell more plainly than ponderous written volumes of the loving faith which animated the early followers of our Christianity. Not only the tombs of the dead were honored with our Lord's initials, but the rings and and seals of the living bore also the sacred symbol; and to these should be added the coins of the empire, which, for many years afterwards, were stamped with the cross of Constantine. We see here a lamp (No. XIII.) exhibiting the monogram on the handle, and such lamps are found very frequently in the tombs of the Catacombs. In this example, the introduction of the two fishes is the most remarkable feature; but on the emblematic meaning of the fish we cannot here enter, as it would require an article to itself. In the larger seal-ring (No. XV.) the engraving beneath the monogram is not very clear; it is supposed to represent two doves, as this bird is very commonly introduced into the symbolical sculpture of the Catacombs. The smaller ring (No. XIV.) requires no remark, further than that it affords also a representation of the dove, and this time with the addition of the olive-branch; indeed, a beautiful picture. The star shining above her head, and reminding us of the ark of God as it floated over the troubled waters of the deluge, till that pure and holy bird brought the emblem of "peace" and "reconciliation," typical, indeed, of that star which shone over the manger of Him who came to save, and which heralded to the troubled world "peace" and "good will" toward men.



XIII.



XIV.



XV.

The Templar looks upon the cross not as a representation of agony and suffering, but as a token of joy and victory.

(To be continued.)

The Two Theories of Masonic Government.

There are two theories of Masonic government; one, that Grand Masters and Grand Lodges govern by an ancient, indefinable, indisputable, if not by a divine right, and all popular privileges are a concession; the other is that Masonic government is founded on consent, originating from the whole body of the craft, and is a power held in trust, and if abused it may be forfeited, and the craftsmen may resume their rights. From these theories deductions may be drawn, by the strictest logic, utterly inconsistent with the welfare of Freemasonry. If you adopt too rigidly the former you establish a tyranny, and every invasion on the prerogatives of a Grand Master, unless he consents, is an usurpation, and the craft are nailed down to a servitude which no wisdom can soften and no time remove.

If, on the other hand, you say that the Grand Master (and Grand Lodge) holds his power in trust, and the craft may resume their delegated rights, it then becomes a question—when, how; in whose judgment has the trust been forfeited, and who shall say when the power shall be resumed? If it is answered each man must judge for himself, how can any government stand? For as soon as its laws pinch on my interest I denounce their justice; I say the trust is forfeited; I resume my original rights. The whole body of Masons are the judges in the last appeal, and I am one of them.

One of these theories leads to anarchy and the other to despotism; the one is a river that stagnates and fills the atmosphere with putrefaction, the other is a torrent which roars to destruction.

Both theories are partially right, and each is to be prominently presented as necessity demands—like the boatman, who leans to the one or the other side of his skiff, as he sees it incline by the passengers or dip in the waves. When the influence of Grand Masters and Grand Lodges is too strong, we would be on the side of Masonic liberty and the whole body of the craft. When we see the principles of the other theory breaking in like a torrent, we change our ground only to meet the change of circumstances. This is true consistency. No general principles can be found which suit all occasions, and T.·. G.·. A.·. O.·. T.·. U.·. has decreed that we should feel our way through fragmentary knowledge, and that to complete a system is a proof rather of ambition than of the wisdom of him who attempts it.

General principles show an object on one side, or rather on one point, and will always be followed out by all analytic minds. Yet the most general side is always the darkest. It teaches the least of the nature of an individual action, and that the value or worthlessness of general principles always depends on the application a man makes of them, and he is never to be charged with an application which he disavows. Oh how much charity would this single recollection spread through the world! It would be oil to the breakers of a troubled sea.

We are living in an excited age, and an excitement which comes, as usual, from some metaphysical principle. We are treading the old track, and are fighting because our maxims are too general to be fully understood. The cloud is dark, and is therefore surcharged with thunder. The troubles of the craft in the District, the smallest portion of our American Masonic family, and in the jurisdiction of Delaware, the second in size, are not clouds which are to remain of the size of a "man's hand." Unless speedily dissipated by the breath of charity and fraternity, they will spread over the entire continent.

Investigating Committees.

There can, we think, be no question as to the proposition that the investigating committee is the very safeguard of a Lodge. If they understand their duty and fearlessly execute it, the chances of receiving unfit material will be greatly diminished, if not altogether avoided. The trouble is, however, that in many instances they do not appreciate the weighty responsibility with which they are clothed, nor the trouble likely to ensue if they neglect to make full and satisfactory inquiry.

The following instructions, given by one of our French Lodges (La Clemente Amitié Cosmopolite, No. 410), to its committees of investigation, should be carefully studied by the brethren as embracing the salient points to which attention should be directed. We translate:

"The society of Freemasons is an association of virtuous men, whose object is to live in perfect equality, and as brethren to be intimately united in the bonds of esteem, confidence, and friendship, and to excite each other to virtuous acts."

"According to this definition, it is the interest of all Lodges to admit to participation in our privileges only such persons as may be found worthy of our privileges, capable of attaining the ends we seek, and proper to represent us before the Masons of the universe."

"Hence, when about to admit a profane, the Lodge to which he presents himself should consider that it is about to give a member to the craft universal as well as a brother to each member; that once admitted, all Masons, of whatever rank or degree, will have to recognize him as such, and that hence it is for the honor of such Lodge as well as for the interest and prosperity of the Order in general that the aspirant should be worthy; that on the recommendation of his Lodge he should be received by all brethren as an upright man and brother, having a claim upon their friendship. The Lodge, in fact, when it admits a profane, becomes the guaranty of his moral qualifications."

"Lodges, then, cannot be too exact nor too severe in inquiries as to the character and standing of candidates, and committees of investigation should be governed by these rules and carry out these instructions to the utmost degree of exactitude. While assuring themselves that the presenting brother has not been deceived, they will, of course, pursue their inquiries with that care and with all the amenities which should distinguish the brotherhood."

"But three brethren are specially named, it is true, but as the matter is one in which every Mason is interested, the members generally have a right which they should exercise to participate in the necessary inquiries."

"The ballot is a two-edged sword, which should be handled with extreme delicacy. The true Mason will not hesitate to strike with it an unworthy profane, but he will not use it to injure the innocent. No man should deposit his ballot but with the approbation of his conscience."

Attention to these rules will secure good men, and, as far as merely human foresight can go, guard us against the unworthy. Let the brethren lay them to heart and be governed by them.

The letter of Bro. Gray, of Mississippi, under "Jurisprudence," will attract attention, both from its merits and the reputation of its author.

Virtue-Making Powers.

Masonry regards not so much those shrewd observers of human nature, which are so keen to discern the weakness and foibles of men, and even to exaggerate them, and who are at the same time slow to perceive the finer traits of heart which lie deeper. Give us the men for our institution who have a fine and deep perception of the higher moralities of character, who have eyes open to see and hearts sensitive to feel the higher excellences of human nature—a spirit the very opposite of that of the cynics among us—one which, while it looks steadily at the moral maladies and even baseness into which men fall, yet, without being sentimental, loves more to contemplate the nobler than the baser side—which, behind the common-places and trivialities, can seize life's deeper import, and look up and aspire towards the heights which have been attained, and are still attainable by man. To have seen and known lives which have embodied these fair qualities, to have felt the touch of their human goodness, to have companioned with these,

> "Whose soul the holy forms
> Of young imagination hath kept pure,"

to have fed on high thoughts, and been familiar with the examples of the heroes, the sages, the good, the unselfish of all time, so as to believe that such lives were once on earth, and are possible even now—these are beyond all teaching the "Virtue-making" powers.

The "National Freemason," many think, is doing a good work in this direction. It sets before Masonic learners that character, in the concrete, truthful, solid, pure, high, is "better than gold, yea, than fine gold, its revenue than choice silver"—as the best thing known in all experience, the one thing needful for man, which to have secured is to have secured all, to have missed is to miss all.

Masonry would so well train all her pupils in their habits that they may study aright God and man, and all things beautiful and just; would nurture that greatness and teaching of moral perception, which is more a moral than an intellectual gift, and is the same antidote for materialism. * * * *

Freemasonry aims to furnish men with a standard of action, and a motive to work by, which shall not intensify each man's selfishness, but which shall raise him in a great measure above the thought of self. It teaches the craftsman that before he can become truly moral and a veritable Freemason, self-regard must have been wholly subordinated to, if not exchanged for, a higher principle of action and a purer affection.

It teaches him that the higher a man advances in virtue the greater his delight in it—that the pleasure-seeker is not the pleasure-finder—that a man must make not pleasure, but some higher object the end he lives for, and to show also to him, immersed in wealth, trade, population, bodily health and strength, that he finds not here true well-being, that sweetness, or the love of beauty, harmony, goodness—light, or the large and high intelligence open to all truth—these are the ends that make man's real welfare; these Freemasonry urges men to seek and to make all their other seekings subserve.

We consider the National Freemason one of the very best advertising mediums in New York city. There are others who think with us. The readers of the National Freemason, we are satisfied, do not slight even our advertisements. We pretend not to be responsible for them, but we do advise our patrons to examine for themselves the claims of our advertisers to their patronage.

We have just tried Bro. Gardner, on 9th street, for an article in his line, and are more than satisfied with his taste, capability, integrity and price as a tailor. Our city and country friends would do well to give him a call. (See his advertisement.)

If our friends desire to sell real estate, stocks, bonds, furniture, or to rent houses or stores, let them call upon the old and wide-renowned house of Bleecker & Co., 77 Cedar street, where the Treasurer of the Freemason Co. can be found. (See advertisement.)

Then there is the "Colby Skirt," so universally sought after now by ladies and dealers. (See advertisement, "Wonder of the Age.")

Our brethren from the country needing church or parlor Organs, or instruments for the Lodge, seldom fail to call at the old house of Carhart & Needham. Bro. Needham is always ready to exhibit his instruments. (See advertisement.)

Then there is the Staten Island Fancy Dyeing Establishment (see advertisement), where so many shawls and garments go to be dyed without ripping. This House has its branch offices in Philadelphia and Brooklyn.

Our brethren who are interested in the Hebrew department patronize Bro. Frank, the Hebrew publisher, in the National Freemason building. (See advertisement.

Braunsdorf & Metz are reliable in the furniture line.

Carpets not only for houses, but especially for Masonic Lodges, can be found at Hyatt's, 273 Canal street. (See advertisement.)

Willard's Hotel (Washington city), so convenient to the President's house and departments, under care of Bro. Chadwick, has been before the eyes of our readers for years.

The Barber Academy, under care of Bro. Lewis, is a good family school. (See advertisement.)

We issue in this number the second part of the life of Dr. Milnor. We were reminded last week, in delivering an address and reading the burial services—the first occasion of the kind in St George's since it has been rebuilt—over the remains of an esteemed friend, of how great a work not only had Dr. Milnor accomplished, but also of its continuance under his successor, Rev. Dr. Tyng, who has always responded to his Masonic duty, as did Dr. Milnor before him.

Lines Inscribed to George Washington Lodge, No. 94, Westminster, Md.

BY BRO. GEO. S. FOUKE.

Oh, the Lodge, my Brothers.

When the Lodge is meeting, in the evening hour,
When the mystic emblems beam in orient power,
When the Master's gavel gives its gentle call,
May no faithful brother be missing from the hall!
Oh, the Lodge, my brothers, that's the place for me!
In her happy borders all are just and free,
And her mystic honors, may they ever be
Only won by worthy hearts, the sons of Masonry!

Come together, brothers, list the opening prayer!
Though but few assemble, yet our Master's *there!*
Meet all faithful Masons on the chequered floor!
Seek the bright celestial Lodge, we there shall part no more!
Oh, the Lodge, my brothers, that's the place for me!
In her happy borders all are just and free,
And her lofty prayers, may they ever be
Only lisped by faithful hearts, the sons of Masonry!

All our valued emblems, girded on with care—
"We meet upon the level, we part upon the square"—
May our peaceful meetings and the pleasant hours
Prove there is no Lodge on earth like this good Lodge of ours!
Oh, the Lodge, my brothers, that's the place for me!
In her happy borders all are just and free,
And her lofty lessons, may they ever be
Only learned by faithful hearts, the sons of Masonry!

El Espejo Masonico, by our esteemed Bro. Cassard, 33°, has been laid upon our table. This second volume of 384 pages is replete with interest to the craftsmen of the Spanish world. It has been edited with great zeal and ability, and has met with marked favor from the Masons of Castilian blood. Success still attend it, in its promotion of love, relief and truth.

Erratum.—In our issue of the 14th Sept., under head of "California," read, "I took *the brother* to the hospital," instead of "Bro. E.," who is now unfortunately ill in Brooklyn. The error was not that of the National Freemason, but of the writer.

Answers to Correspondents.

The article you refer to—is from Lyon's "The Lodge Militant," and reads:

"History records that in 1777, with America in open rebellion against her sovereignty, and menaced by more than one of the continental powers thirsting for her humiliation, Britain called for an extraordinary levy of men wherewith to meet the emergency. Carried away by the patriotism which filled their bosoms, many Lodges seem fairly to have lost sight of their principles as members of the Fraternity. They, at the period we speak of, not only devoted their funds to the payment of large sums to volunteers, but offered the rite of initiation free to all who chose to join the regular army."

He continues:

When in apprehension of the threatened invasion by Revolutionary France (1794), the British nation flew to arms, the Craft were not wanting in their expression of sympathy with the Volunteers—many of the Lodges having so far acknowledged the patriotism displayed by the citizen soldiers as to admit, at half-fees, those of them who were inclined to enter, and who were approved. But long anterior to either of the events to which we have adverted, Volunteers were wont to receive special consideration at the hands of the Fraternity. It is shown by the minutes of the Ayr Squaremen Incorporation that when, in 1715, the Chevalier de St. George attempted to regain for his dynasty the throne, from which their misrule had driven them, the Fraternity's attachment for the House of Hanover developed itself in the facilities to become "maisters of craft," that were presented to those who volunteered to take up arms wherewith to defend the King and constitution.

"June 9, 1720. . . . John M'Galloch, who was received freeman of the trade and allowed to exercise his imployment, on account of his inlisting himself in the Town's Company and serving as Volunteer the time of the late rebellion, in defense of His Majestie's person and government, craved to be admitted to the haill privileges of the trade by voting in the election of a deacon and in all other matters falling under the trades consideration, which being considered by the trade they hereby admit the said John to the haill privileges any other member of the Incorporation bruiks and enjoys."

We condemn all infractions of the great universal principle of Freemasonry. Freemasonry deals with governments as *de facto*—as actual existences—but not as *de jure*. She decides not upon their rightfulness or wrongfulness, and is not concerned in "plots or insurrections." Yet she seeks to sustain all that is good, and fill all communities with "Love to God and love to man."

∴

An American Christian Brother—would be received into a Lodge in heathen lands, not as a Christian, but as a believer in one God and in immortality.

∴

The First Grand Lodge—of England was convened by St. Alban, A.D. 287. The Earl of Pembroke resigned his Grand Mastership 1630, in favor of Henry Danvers, Earl of Arundel, progenitor of the Norfolk family.

∴

Furnish the Lodge—where you now reside evidence that you took the E. A. degree in a regular Lodge in Georgia, and that that Lodge is not in existence. The Grand Secretary will certify of the death of the Lodge, and evidence from the members can be procured that you took the degree.

∴

No Lodge or Chapter—can refuse to deliver up its Charter when summoned by the Grand Master or Grand High Priest, whether he is right or wrong. There is no discretion.

∴

Moulin.—You will see by reference to our report of the transactions of the Grand Commandery, that R. E. Sir Knight Mundy decided that where a candidate has been rejected in one Commandery he cannot be received in another, without the consent of the rejecting Commandery. A majority vote is sufficient to give such consent.

∴

C. S. Y.—"A candidate was proposed and elected in my Commandery, but before the conclave at which he was to have received the order of the Red Cross, he was thrown from a vehicle, his leg so badly broken that it had to be amputated, and he made a permanent cripple. In view of the circumstances, ought he not to be allowed to proceed?

Answer.—No. The practice in this State is founded on that of the Lodge which requires a man at his initiation to be hale and sound, but regards a maim afterward received as no bar to progress. Thus a Chapter would refuse to confer the Mark on a Master Mason not hale and sound, but would advance a Mark Master becoming maimed after the reception of that degree. In like manner with the Commandery, an applicant for the first Order must be physically whole; an accident after receiving that Order would make no difference.

∴

Judgment.—"A Lodge at the regular time of choosing elects a Master and Wardens, and, the hour being late, puts off the installation to another meeting. At that meeting the Master elect declines to be installed. Under these circumstances the old Master claims to hold over, while others claim that the Wardens should be installed and the Senior Warden act as Master. What is your opinion?

Answer.—In our judgment the old Master would be obliged to hold over. Every Master is elected for one year, or until his successor is elected and installed. An elected Warden is not the successor of an actual Master; when installed the Warden becomes under certain circumstances the *locum tenens* of the Master, but he remains a Warden still, and is therefore not a lawful successor of a superior officer. It might appear that the Master elect refusing to be installed, the Warden would naturally take his place; but when we reflect that the Warden is elected Warden, and nothing else, we see that he cannot assume functions not belonging to him or his office.

∴

Benton.—The Master has full power to prevent a member from entering or leaving the Lodge during the ceremony of a degree, and the only fault we can think of in connection with it is, that it is not more frequently and fully exercised.

∴

Masonic Wants of Spring Valley, Rockland Co., N. Y.—The village of Spring Valley, N. Y., is located in the centre of Rockland County. Thrift, taste, wealth and intelligence mark its rapid growth. The country around is rich in verdure and fruitfulness. The farmers are industrious, honest and prosperous, and comparatively wealthy.

A large number of merchants and professional gentlemen, with their families, have located in the neighborhood, to escape the din and turmoil of the city and enjoy the fine scenery and breathe the invigorating air.

Among these are very many who are bound by the "mystic tie," and who seek for a convenient Lodge in which to offer their Masonic orisons. But no such home is open to them. All the Masonic Lodges are located miles away, on the extreme outskirts of the county; the very great distance and the long hilly roads, rendering a visit to their brethren, after a long ride from the city, and a late vesper repast, out of the question.

Between thirty and forty Masons, "good men and true," thus situated in and about Spring Valley, ask for a home where they can square their actions and circumscribe their passions according to the "true light." Shall not their wants be met, and the interests of Masonry be promoted by the establishment of a Lodge here?

Nanuet and Mechanicsville, each only two miles distant, join in the expression of this same want. A Lodge at Spring Valley will give the Masons of these prosperous places what they seek for.

Besides, the brethren have secured a fine Lodge-room, and wait only for a dispensation to begin the work. Will not the "powers that be" furnish the authority for labor? Or shall this be withheld, and laborers be left to adopt the "*Odd way*" as a substitute for true labor? We trust that no such disagreeable alternative will be forced upon them.

Answer.—Get the recommendation of a majority *of the surrounding Lodges*, and the Grand Master will undoubtedly issue a dispensation. We should think that a Lodge would do well in your locality.

∴

O. W.—Bill received and paid. Please convey to the brethren our kind acknowledgment for the honor conferred as well as for the fraternal remembrance.

∴

D. D.—To what extent is a summons binding? If a brother summoned neglects to obey, is summoned again and then offers an excuse, who is to judge of the validity of such excuse, and what, in general terms, is to be done about it?

Answer.—The reasons by which disobedience of a summons may be justified are so few and of such a nature as to be nearly connected with the word impossibility. The body to which an excuse is offered are, however, to be the judges, and each body is fully invested with power to administer suitable discipline. We venture to remark that we greatly need the exhibition of this remedy for the general want of attention to summons when issued. A case here and there followed out to its natural conclusion would prove of great benefit to the craft in general, by calling attention to the fact that a man is not obliged to become a Mason, but having been admitted to the privileges of the craft that he is obliged to obey its well known rules and regulations.

∴

Vincit.—We have no copy of the constitution of your Grand Lodge, but we do not hesitate to affirm that there is no law authorizing the Master of a Lodge to decide an accusation against a brother without allowing him to be heard in self-defense. So far as we can judge by your note, the remedy would be in preferring charges against the Master for malfeasance in office.

∴

Discharge the Craft, O Master—was original to the National Freemason. You will see it floating about, credited to papers, by contemporaries, who are in the regular receipt of the National Freemason.

∴

No Attention—paid to anonymous communications.

∴

The Mails—are utterly unreliable for sending money. Send money by postal order or bank check, or by express.

∴

Yes.—Some papers take our heading, as well as matter under it, without credit, such as "Kind Words," &c., "Anecdotes and Sayings of Masons."

∴

Freemasonry is a Beautiful System of Morality, &c.—We have no new light upon the authorship of this sentence. It cannot be Henning. It was a part of the English Blue Lodge Ritual, used prior to the Henning Lectures of 1813. While it is generally attributed to Preston, and is much in his style, it is undoubtedly older. We can go no farther back than was stated in a previous number.

Practical Psychology.

Our readers will have noticed that we have recently devoted considerable space in refuting certain broadsides from the *American Baptist* and other so-called religious journals, which broadsides were characterized by garbling, unfairness and mendacity. We call the religious articles in question "broadsides," not because they were specially funny or heavy with logic or sharp with home thrusts, but because they occupy whole pages of the estimable sheets in question.

We have been at considerable trouble in cudgeling our brains to discover the motive of these sudden and *liberal* attacks upon the institution of Freemasonry without arriving at a solution which offered a reasonable satisfaction to our mind. At first we supposed that perhaps the topics usually treated in such journals might be exhausted, owing to the long season of dullness in the dry goods trade, or that the editors, becoming constitutionally tired, had resorted to the forgotten literature, whilom furnished by drunkards and perjurers, to "fill up" their gaping columns and give a certain worldly spice to their habitual droning. Then, again, it appeared to us that, perhaps, our contemporaries had been so wrapt in the matters pertaining to a future world that they had effectually closed their eyes to the realities of this, and supposed themselves to be still living in the flush times of 1826, when anti-Masonry was fashionable and lying was considered a virtue. It occurred to us, also, that, perhaps the editors, seeing how flourishing is the condition of our fraternity, how daily it increases in numbers and influence, had blindly concluded that it was about to absorb all the able-bodied men, and that they would have none left to fill up their ranks; or, perhaps, from long contemplation of their own beatitude, they felt it their mission to save the world by a blast of their bugles, the very echoes of which should put down all wickedness in high or low places; or convinced at last that the true apostolic succession dates from Rome, and that the Holy Father is, indeed, the very head and front of the true church militant, they had thought to to imitate the illustrious but departed Mawworm, and by clinging to the skirts of the true episcopacy, find their past sins unloosed and their future virtues made fast.

This supposition appeared the more probable, because it is evident that the model of the articles in question has been found in the Papal thunder fulminated from time to time, in vain the hope that the miracle told us in fairy lore, of blowing down stone walls and blowing up strong castles, might be repeated in favor of mother church. Still, as every one knows that no very encouraging degree of success has thus far attended the bulls which have been launched at us, it is hardly possible that the gentlemen of synodical tendencies could hope to obtain greater success than their illustrious predecessor.

We were about to give it up in despair, as too steep for our guessing faculties, when, by the merest accident in the world, the riddle was solved, as it were, by a stray glance cast earthward, and resting momentarily on a "gutter snipe." Instantly, and by intuition, we saw it all. The pretended horror of Masonry, the long tirades of matter jumbled together from every source within the editorial grasp, the frantic mendacity, the well simulated care for the souls of their paying subscribers, summed up, amounted to a simple advertising dodge.

It is somewhat mortifying to find one's self thus made use of, but, on the whole, we do not regret it. Our senior has administered some heavy knocks to the pharisaical corps, and set them a copy of how the truth stands by its friends, which may benefit the corps aforesaid morally, while the pecuniary benefit they may derive certainly will not hurt us, nor will it probably do them much good. But to think of it!

Eastern Star Degree.

MY DEAR DOCTOR.—Until I saw you the other day, I thought I had said all that was worth saying about the "Eastern Star Degree." You said, you thought otherwise. Publish, then, what follows, if you please, in reference to "the new-fangled fancy of folly," and permit me to say that I have the same opinion of women who allow curiosity to take them to a "side degree" Lodge-room that I have of strong minded ones who run for Congress, or gab glibly on political questions. "*Will they never go home?*"

Truly yours,

D. CAVAN.

The time once was, when knowledge ran
To woman one way and to man
    Through quite a different channel,
The latter wrought in outside life,
And doing so expected wife
To stay at home and closely tend
To matters of domestic bend,
    Say—diapers and flannel!

But now all's changed, and man permits
His rib to worry out her wits
    O'er mystic sign and symbol.
She leaves her home to visit Lodge
And swallow down a strange hodge-podge
Of Eastern Star, Masonic lore,
That's neither fish or flesh, or more
    Than but a "tinkling cymbal!"

Begging Masons.

The readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON can narrate similar incidents in American mendicity to that falling under the notice of the late Dr. Oliver, as detailed below:

The *Treasurer* of the Lodge thus speaks:

About a fortnight ago, he said, I was applied to by a brother in deep distress, who described himself as a stonemason out of work. He was a man of medium height, neither tall nor short, with light hair, and a beard of a month's growth. His dress was a light-colored fustian jacket, with horn buttons, a long leather apron, with the skirts tucked under his belt to allow free motion for his legs in walking; and on his head a dirty white hat, with a broad brim and a low crown. Altogether his appearance was that of a common working mason. He had a mallet in one hand, and a piece of rough stone in the other, and humbly begged relief.

In the exercise of my discretionary power of relieving any indigent brother to the amount of one shilling, with out reference to the R. W. M., I proceeded to ascertain whether the applicant were really a Mason, for I had some doubts about his certificate. I was, however, soon satisfied on that point, for he met all my inquiries very adroitly.

"Your name is ——?" I said.

"John Wilkins," he replied, "or Lewis, if you like it better. But here, some would probably answer by using the word Caution."

"Then I am to understand that you are a Mason?" I rejoined.

"I am so taken and accepted," was his prompt reply.

"Where were you made a Mason?" I asked.

His answer was perfectly orthodox, although it was accompanied by a sardonic smile, which indicated, if it did not absolutely express, knavery.

"What is that in your left hand?"

"If I answer as a *Free*-mason," he replied, "it is a rough ashlar or broached thurnel; but as a working Mason I should say it is a boulder-stone."

"So far, so well," I thought; and said aloud: "Since you appear so confident, can you tell me what that stone smells of?"

"The rogue put it to his nose scientifically, and, with another smile, gave me a direct and proper answer.

"What recommendation do you bring?" was my next inquiry.

The fellow knew his points, however he might have become acquainted with them, and told me without the slightest hesitation. And, being satisfied that he was a Mason, I gave him the shilling, and he thanked me and went about his business.

A few days after, a poor shoemaker applied to me for assistance, with hammer in hand, apron before him, buttoned up to his chin, and an awl stuck in his girdle, which was fastened with a waxend. His hair was black, his face dirty, his hat divested of its brim, and fitting close to his head; ribbed worsted stockings, and shoes very much the worse for wear. Divested of his apron, he might have passed for a respectable chimney-sweep, or a worn-out coal porter. Altogether he was a disgusting object, and redolent of the combined odor of stale tobacco and shoemaker's wax. He said he was on tramp, and could not fall into work. He was averse to begging. as he had not been used to it, and the necessity was galling to his feelings. But being hard up, he was obliged to have recourse to the liberality of his brother Masons for assistance.

I asked his name, and he answered the question by inquiring whether I alluded to his paternal or his Masonic appellation.

"Your Christian and surname, sir?" I replied, sternly, for I was piqued at the fellow's pertinacity.

"James Patchett."

"And your place of abode?"

"Faith," said he, "I can scarcely tell you that; for my whereabouts has been sufficiently diversified of late; but I was born and brought up at Hinckley, in Leicestershire.

"You say you are a Mason," I continued; "will you do me the favor to describe the mode of your preparation?"

"Describe to *you*, sir!" he said, with some humor. "Come, that is a prime joke. As if you did not know all about it! If you must have it, it was thus," and he satisfied the inquiry correctly. "Certes," he added, "I remember my initiation as well as if it had occurred only yesterday."

I then tried him with a few of Grand Master Sayer's quaint examination questions, and found him *au fait* even there.

"Will you give or take?"

"Both, or which you please?"

"Are you rich or poor?"

"Neither."

"Change me that?"

"With pleasure?"

The fellow knew his catechism, and I failed to puzzle him.

Seeing in his hand a hammer (the Treasurer continued), I asked him whether it had any moral or Masonic reference.

"Call it a mallet, if you please," he answered, with a knowing smile. "Crispin's hammer is the Mason's gavel, though one is made of wood, and the other of iron; but iron tools ——" and he gave me an orthodox illustration of the implement.

I then observed, for the purpose of hearing his reply: "I see you wear an apron *out* of the Lodge as well as *in* it."

"I belong to the gentle craft," he replied, "which is the designation of my *trade* as a cobbler, as well as of my *profession* as a Mason. The apron, sir, is common to both. I cannot, indeed, say much in favor of the whiteness or purity of my present badge, but, for all that, I may be as innocent as a new-born babe," laying a peculiar emphasis on the word *may*.

"You carry your awl about with you, I observe."

"My *awl*, sir," he replied, "is under my hat, and a shocking bad hat it is! and my *end* will soon overtake me, if not prevented by the exercise of your kindness and commiseration."

The fellow's ready wit amused me, and I freely tendered him the usual amount of relief, which he pocketed, and took his leave.

The next day I had another and very different applicant. He was a man of rather fashionable appearance, well dressed, and his brown glossy hair neatly arranged; a round hat, nearly new, tight pantaloons, with Hessian boots well polished and tasseled, and in his hand a dragon cane. He introduced himself by the aristocratic name of Walter Beauchamp, and apologized profusely for troubling me; but he added: "*Necessitas non habet legem;* and here I am—a free and accepted Mason in deep distress."

I was not at leisure to dally with this gentleman, and therefore I determined, after having ascertained that he was really a Mason, to relieve and dismiss him. I asked him successively: "What is the first point in Masonry?—What is the chief point—the original point—the principal point—the point within a circle?" He answered these questions without the slightest hesitation or mistake; and I then said carelessly, to catch him tripping, if possible: "By the bye, supposing a brother to be lost, where might we hope to find him?"

He said nothing, but with his cane traced a square and compass on the office floor. I then asked him whether he had seen a Master Mason to-day?

He laughed, and answered curtly by another question: "Do I see one now?"

I was perfectly satisfied, and while I took out my purse, I inquired what was his trade or profession.

"A short time ago," he said, "I was the conductor of a flourishing academy in the west of England, and my circumstances were promising. I filled the chair of the Rural Philanthropic Lodge, at Huntspill, with credit and success, though I say it myself, who ought not to do so, because the poet tells us: On their own merits modest men are dumb. You have heard the anecdote of a schoolmaster, who, being seasick when crossing the Bristol Channel, and seeing the waves run mountain high, hiccupped over the side of the vessel—'It's all very well to say, 'Britannia *rules* the waves,' but, for my part, I wish she would rule them straight.' You have heard this? Very well. I am the man, sir. True. upon my honor. But *quid rides?* If I did not sound my own trumpet, there is no one here to lend me his breath, and, therefore, you must excuse my blushes. Being foolishly kind-hearted," he rattled on, "I was persuaded to become security for a brother Mason, *hinc illæ lachrymæ*, who was a Mason in word but not in deed, for he vanished in some mysterious manner when the bills became due, *non est inventus*, and left me to bear the responsibility at my own discretion. As I was not in circumstances to meet the payment, I had no alternative but to copy his example—d'ye take? In a word, I absconded without beat of drum, leaving birchen rods, dunces' caps, and a whole troop of little boys and girls to satisfy my imperious creditor. Being unmarried, I occupied furnished lodgings, and consequently had no available assets to leave behind. Rather hard upon me, was it not, sir? But *jacta est alea*, and I must bide the result."

Thus he went on, the Treasurer added, and talked so fluently and well, that I became rather prepossessed in his favor. To test his qualifications, however, I produced pen, ink and paper, and desired him to write the word ——. I mentioned the pass-word.

"Pardon me, sir, was his modest reply. "I cannot conscientiocsly do that. Do you think poverty can ever induce me to disregard my O.B.? Fie on it! How poor soever a man may be, let him be honest. Does not the O.B. forbid us to——. He repeated the clause. But to convince me of his calligraphic attainments, he wrote half a dozen lines applicable to his own circumstances, in a free and beautiful hand, which excited my admiration. I never bestowed a shilling with greater pleasure, and the poor fellow's agreeable conversation drew an additional half-crown out of my pocket. And I must say I never met with a begging Mason who acquitted himself so creditably throughout an examination as either of these three poor fellows did.

About a week after this interview (the Treasurer continued) I was walking down the Strand with a friend and brother, who is Treasurer of the St. Alban's Lodge, Dover street, Piccadilly, and the above transaction formed the subject of our conversation, so much had I been charmed with the poor schoolmaster's address. My friend observed that applications for charity had been rather numerous of late, and the last person he had relieved was a poor carpenter out of work, who proved himself to be a clever and intelligent Mason; "and, if my eyes do not deceive me, yonder he is, with his square and rule under his arm. Let us cross the street and question him; you will be pleased with his answers."

(To be continued.)

The following prayer was in use in English Lodges till the time of Preston:

"Most Holy and Glorious Lord God, thou Architect of heaven and earth, who art the giver of all good gifts and graces, and hath promised that where two or three are gathered together in thy name, thou wilt be in the midst of them, in thy name we assemble and meet together, most humbly beseeching thee to bless us in all our undertakings; to give us thy Holy Spirit; to enlighten our minds with wisdom and understanding, that we may know and serve thee aright, that all our doings may tend to thy glory and the salvation of our souls. And we beseech thee, O Lord God, to bless this our present undertaking, and to grant that this our brother may dedicate his life to thy service, and be a true and faithful brother amongst us. Endue him with Divine wisdom, that he may, with the secrets of Masonry, be able to unfold the mysteries of godliness and Christianity. This we humbly beg, in the name and for the sake of Jesus Christ, our Lord and Saviour. Amen."

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW YORK CITY.

The beautiful testimonial presented by the Grand Lodge of Connecticut to W.·. P.·. M.·. Lockwood, author of "Masonic Law and Practice," is on exhibition at the Fair of the American Institute.

The Past Grand High Priest's Jewel voted to Bro. Lockwood will shortly be added to the testimonial of the Grand Lodge.

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Bro. Merriam, P.·. D.·. G.·. M.·., received on Friday evening a fine testimonial, presented by Bro. Geo. E. Simons.

∴

Twenty-eight Lodges have united in a call for a convention to commence Oct. 21, to exemplify the standard work by the Grand Lecturer, R.·. W.·. Bro. Chaffee.

VERMONT.

Grand Chapter.—The late meeting was largely attended. In the forenoon the Grand Chapter in a body proceeded to the cemetery and visited the monument of the lamented Philip C. Tucker. Remarks were made by Deputy Grand High Priest Squire Marcy and Companions George M. Hall, of Swanton, and others. Prayers were offered by Grand Chaplain Stewart, and after singing Pleyel's hymn the companions formed a hollow square and gave the "grand honors." The occasion was a solemn and interesting one to the craft.

A resolution was adopted complimentary to the Past Grand High Priest Barzillai Davenport, of Brandon, who is in quite feeble health, and a handsome gift tendered to him by his companions in consideration of his eminent Masonic services.

At the Annual Convention of the Grand Council of Royal and Select Masons of the State of Vermont, held at Vergennes, October 2d, the following officers were elected:

Squire Marcy, G. M.; Sidney M. Southard, D. G. M.; George F. Skiff, G. M.; Milton K. Paine, G. M.; John B. Hollenbeck, G. R.; Chas. W. Woodhouse, G. T.; Robert R. Drake, G. C. of the G. C.; Henry L. Sheldon, G. C. of the G.; Ozro Meacham, G. M.; Rev. T. F. Stewart, G. C.; Wm. Brinsmaid, G. S.; Gamaliel Washburn, G. L.; F. S. MacFarland, A. G. L.; John B. Copeland, G. S.

∴

Bro. and Capt. S. M. Southard has sent us a colored Lithograph of Vergennes, Vt. During the late war Bro. S. lost his leg, and Vermonters, by purchasing the picture, get a view of a home scene and aid a deserving brother.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Erie.—Tyrian Lodge, we learn from that unexcelled weekly, the Erie *Dispatch*, was the recipient of a visitation from a large number of the craft, chiefly from Cleveland, Ohio. A candidate was duly raised, which scene was somewhat novel to our Ohio brethren, many of whom had never before seen the "Pennsylvania work." Cleveland City Lodge, which had brought its Charter along, then exhibited how Ohio conferred the degree. Our poetical contributor, Capt. Whiting, then recited a poem, "Cleveland City Lodge Greeting Tyrian Lodge, Erie." Poetic addresses were made to the Master, Wardens and other officers. The following are the last two verses:

My brethren! let us ever "*meet upon the level*" here,
"*Act by the plumb*," and then we need have little cause to fear,
And when the final summons comes, for which we should prepare,
In Truth and Hope and Charity, "*we'll part upon the square.*"

Thus, brethren, when our mortal part in "cold obstruction" lies,
The soul will enter that "Grand Lodge" beyond the starry skies,
And the "Great Architect" divine, by signs and tokens known,
Will welcome us among the host, around the Eternal Throne.

KENTUCKY.

Louisville.—Our thanks for especial invitation and complimentary tickets to the first annual Masonic Festival of Howe Lodge of Perfection, No. 2, A. & A. S. R., Oct. 25. The following rank and color are designated upon the invitation:

Master Masons, blue; Royal Arch Masons, red; Knights Templar, black; 14th Degree Masons, crimson; 16th Degree Masons, orange; 18th Degree Masons, green; 30th Degree Masons, black and yellow; 32d Degree Masons, white; 32d Degree and Knights Templar, white and gold.

Gentlemen are requested to come in full "regalia," or wear a "sash" of suitable color.

Ladies are entitled and requested to wear a "rosette or sash" designating rank of gentlemen accompanying them.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Office of the Grand High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of South Carolina:

CHARLESTON, S. C., Sept. 19th, A. I. 2397.

To all Companions, Royal Arch Masons, within the jurisdiction of the Grand Chapter of South Carolina, Greeting:

Whereas, by a circular issued by M. E. Comp. John L. Lewis, 33d, General Grand High Priest of the General Grand Chapter of the United States, dated at Penn Yan, N. Y., July 13th, 1867, it is announced to the companions within this and other jurisdictions within the United States of America, that a body claiming to be the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia has usurped powers which are inconsistent with its rights, and totally subversive of those of the General Grand Chapter of the United States, in claiming jurisdiction over other Chapters and the members thereof, presuming to suspend the latter and to declare the former irregular:

And whereas, after due examination, it is found by the said General Grand High Priest, John L. Lewis, 33d, as aforesaid, that the self-styled Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia has, in fact, no legal existence as a Masonic body:

And, therefore, the said General Grand High Priest has, by his aforesaid letter circular, ordained, declared, and proclaimed, that the said body, calling itself the Grand Chapter of R. A. M. of the District of Columbia, has in fact no valid legal existence, is clandestine and irregular; and accordingly he has enjoined upon the several Grand Chapters, Subordinate Chapters, and all Royal Arch Masons within the jurisdiction of the General Grand Chapter of the United States of America, and strictly forbidden them and their companions from having any Masonic intercourse with, and from giving any recognition whatever to, the said irregular and clandestine body calling itself and claiming to be the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia:

Now, therefore, I, Robert S. Bruns, Grand High Priest of the Grand Royal Arch Chapter of South Carolina, do issue this my circular to the several Chapters and companions, Royal Arch Masons within this our jurisdiction of South Carolina, to the same effect and purpose with that of the General Grand High Priest of the General Grand Chapter of the United States of America, confirming to them the tenor of the aforesaid circular, and duly enforcing its purpose; to the end that this irregularity of the so-called Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia may be abated; its usurpations arrested; and due subordination be shown to the paramount authority of the General Grand Chapter of the United States of America by the aforesaid irregular and clandestine body.

And I would earnestly and fraternally exhort all companions, Royal Arch Masons within this jurisdiction, not only to take due heed of this mandate, issuing from the aforesaid paramount authority of the General Grand Chapter of the United States of America, and which this our circular is designed to confirm and enforce within this jurisdiction of the Grand Chapter of South Carolina, but give no encouragement to the irregular body claiming to be the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia, but to set their faces against every irregularity or usurpation of a Masonic nature; and to seek, by adherence to the laws and traditions of Royal Arch Masonry, to preserve the sacred character of Masonry intact; restore order, and maintain the fraternity in that securiry and bright estate which can only be endangered by such usurpations of irregular bodies.

In witness whereof I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the Grand Chapter to be fixed.

R. S. BRUNS, 32d,
Grand High Priest of South Carolina.

Attested, EBENEZER THAYER, *Grand Secretary.*

MARYLAND.

The Grand Secretary, under the seal of the Grand Lodge, sends us an announcement that—

At a meeting of Doric Lodge, No. 124, held on the 26th ult., Wm. H. Richardson and John B. Lose, proprietors and publishers of the "*Masonic Review and Keystone*," were expelled from all the rights and benefits of Masonry for gross unmasonic conduct.

Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

INDIA.

Bengal.—In the register of Bengal Masons, in the Lodge "True Friendship," Calcutta, as given in the Indian *Freemason's Friend*, we find the name of Prince Khyroolah Khan, one of Tippoo Sahib's family, residing in the suburbs of Calcutta, at Rassapuglah. The Prince was initiated in this Lodge.

WESTERN INDIA.

Bombay.—A new Lodge, *Eastern Star*, composed chiefly of Parsee brethren, is opened at Bombay, under the English banner.

∴

The *Masonic Record of Western India*, in a notice of Lodge held at Calaba, gives the following as the list of officers and members, proving that the universality of Freemasonry is no myth:

R. W. Bro. R. C. Batherjee, W. M.; M. M. Setna, Sub. M.; D. R. Colah, P. M.; Bros. Muncherjee, Cowasjee, Murzban, S. W.; Jehangeer Merwanjee, J. W.; Jehangeer Gustadjee, Sec.; Sorabjee Frammurze, S. D.; D. D. Ghandy, J. D.; Cowasjee Sorabjee Patel, Tyler; Jamsetjee Furdoonjee, Steward; Jejeebhoy Jehangeer, Director of Cer.—MEMBERS: Bros. Cursetjee Framjee, Dossabhoy Byramjee, R. J. Nadershaw, E. C. Jussawalla, Pestonjee Dajeebhoy, Hormusjee Dadabhoy, Cursetjee Rustomjee Setna, Rustomjee Heerjeebhoy, Jamsetjee Dhunjeebhoy, Muncherjee C. Lungrana, Dinshaw Dorabjee, Nowrojee Dajeebhoy, Darashaw Ruttonjee, Hormusjee Pestonjee Framjee, Hormusjee Nowrojee, Framjee Rustomjee Vicajee, Sorabjee Pallonjee, N. M. Lungrana.—VISITORS: Bros. Jehangeer Burjorjee, Jamsetjee N. Tata, Nusserwanjee Burjorjee, W. B. Johnston, J. H. Smith, A. E. Abbott, B. Ruttonjee, M. Burjorjee, Jamsetjee Nusserwanjee, J. W. Burgess, E. H. Oliver.

The Lodge having been opened in the first degree, the minutes of the last meeting and those of the Standing Committee were read and confirmed.

The first business of the evening was to ballot for the initiation of Dr. Burjorjee Framjee, Dr. Rustomjee Nusserwanjee, and Mr. Herrjeebhoy Framjee Cooper, the result of which was clear.

Bro. Sorabjee Pollonjee then passed a satisfactory examination in the first degree preparatory to his admission to the second degree. The Entered Apprentices having retired, the Lodge was opened in the second degree, and Bro. Sorabjee Pallonjee, having been properly prepared, was passed to the Fellow Craft's degree in due and ancient form. The Worshipful Master explained to him the working tools appertaining to that degree.

The Lodge was then lowered to the first degree.

BOOK NOTICES.

THE EARLY YEARS OF HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE CONSORT. Compiled under the direction of Her Majesty the Queen, by Lieut.-General the Hon. C. Gray. New York: Harper & Brothers, publishers, Franklin square. 1867. Duodecimo, 400 pages.

This volume was compiled originally for the members of the Queen's own family, but fearing a garbled and surreptitious publication the Queen consented to its use by the public.

Prince Albert at one time was very desirous of being made a Mason, and took the preliminary steps thereto. But Lord Palmerston advised against it, fearing it might create the suspicion that the Prince was desirous of unduly interfering in England's domestic affairs. The Queen's father, the Duke of Kent, was a Past Grand Master, and the Duke of Sussex was Grand Master of England for a part of Victoria's reign. King Leopold, of Belgium, the Prince's uncle and adviser, was Grand Master of his jurisdiction. It was the Prince's earnest desire to become a Freemason, and he made application for initiation, but was yielded on the principle on which he always acted—"to sink his own individual existence in that of his wife—to aim at no power by himself or for himself—to shun all ostentation, and to assume no separate responsibility before the public."

This work will do good in every household, and will be read by our whole people with intense interest. It is full of the Prince's goodness and of his irreproachable life. His carriage, this book says, was "never at the door of fashion. Scandal itself could take no liberty with his name." He was ever seeking to promote the health or recreation of the working classes, ever doing some good work, or encouraging some effort for the benefit of the whole people.

Reminiscences of King Leopold, the Prince's uncle and Grand Master of Belgium, are also given in the Memoirs.

⁂

The Bench and the Bar: A Complete Digest of the Wit, Humor, Asperities and Amenities of the Law. By L. J. Bigelow, Counsellor at Law. With Portraits and Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers, Publishers, Franklin square. 1867. Pp. 375.

This interesting work contains anecdotes of the Lord Chancellors of England, celebrated British barristers, Chief Justices of the United States, distinguished advocates of the United States and of the West, and miscellaneous legal epigrams, puns and poems.

We give in the column appropriated to anecdotes and sayings of noted Freemasons several extracts from this entertaining work. Of the characters noticed in Europe and America, more than one-half were Craftsmen.

⁂

The Gospel among the Animals, by Dr. Osgood. S. R. Wells, 389 Broadway, N. Y.

This striking passage of Masonic import occurs in the preface:

The cherubim that were the insignia or cipher of God in the Hebrew temple presented the ox, the lion, the eagle, and man in combination, and thus taught the manifestation of God in the whole compass of creation.

Here is a choice extract:

A distinguished author asked me, last evening, if I thought that our fathers adopted the eagle as our national symbol from any prevalent notion of the place of that bird in heraldry. I replied to him that I had not studied heraldry much, and cared little about its antiquated conceits, but it was my belief that our national progenitors knew more of the Bible than of the books of chivalry; and they were more likely to have taken their idea of the eagle from seeing the noble bird for themselves in the air or in the forest or on the mountain, and to have interpreted his place in the arms of our Union according to such passages of Scripture as these words from the swan song of the Hebrew Washington, Moses, just before he went up into Mount Abarim to die:

"For the Lord's portion is His people;
Jacob is the lot of His inheritance.
As an eagle stirreth up her nest,
Fluttereth over her young,
Spreadeth abroad her wings,
Taketh them, beareth them on her wings:
So the Lord alone did lead him,
And there was no strange god with him."

⁂

An Essay on Man. By Alexander Pope. With fifteen original illustrations, and notes by S. R. Wells. One vol. 12mo., fancy cloth, beveled boards, gilt, $1; paper, fifty cents.

Our brother of 389 Broadway has done a service to the community by the fresh publication of Pope's Essay on man. It will ever remain a masterpiece of English verse.

The Universal Prayer, by Pope, is also found in this volume. Our readers will thank us for publishing it:

A UNIVERSAL PRAYER.

Father of all! in every age,
In every clime adored,
By saint, by savage, and by sage,
Jehovah, Jove, or Lord!

Thou Great First Cause, least understood,
Who all my sense confined
To know but this, that Thou art good,
And that myself am blind;

Yet gave me, in this dark estate,
To see the good from ill,
And binding Nature fast in Fate,
Left free the human will;

What conscience dictates to be done,
Or warns me not to do,
This, teach me more than hell to shun,
That, more than heaven pursue.

What blessings thy free bounty gives,
Let me not cast away;
For God is paid when man receives;
To enjoy is to obey.

Yet not to earth's contracted span
Thy goodness let me bound,
Or think thee Lord alone of man,
When thousand worlds are round.

Let not this weak, unknowing hand
Presume thy bolts to throw,
And deal damnation round the land
On each I judge thy foe.

If I am right, thy grace impart
Still in the right to stay;
If I am wrong, O teach my heart
To find that better way.

Save me alike from foolish pride,
Or impious discontent,
At aught thy wisdom has denied,
Or aught thy goodness lent.

Teach me to feel another's woe,
To hide the fault I see;
That mercy I to others show,
That mercy show to me.

Mean though I am, not wholly so,
Since quicken'd by thy breath;
O lead me, wheresoe'er I go,
Through this day's life or death.

This day, be bread and peace my lot;
All else beneath the sun,
Thou knows't if best bestow'd or not,
And let THY will be done.

To THEE, whose temple is all space,
Whose altar, earth, sea, skies,
One chorus let all beings raise!
All nature's incense rise!

MASONIC JURISPRUDENCE.

Clinton, Miss., Oct. 5, 1867.

Dr. R. McMurdy:

Dear Sir & Bro.: The No. of the National Freemason of 21st September contains remarks upon a subject on which it has been my earnest desire to obtain all attainable information. Therefore I hope you will gratify me by imparting a portion of the knowledge which you may have treasured up on this subject. I am emboldened to address you in consequence of an invitation to the craft to write freely; yet I will not abuse this kindness, nor do I write to invite discussion, but merely to obtain information. I have been an active working and reading Mason for forty-three years, in which time I have collected together a valuable Masonic library, and am still in search of further light in Masonry. The subject alluded to is the prerogative of the Grand Master to make Masons "at sight," which right is universally conceded to him. The mooted point seems to be the degree of power contained in the prerogative. Whether it authorizes the Grand Master to set aside all the usages, customs and rules relating to the admission of candidates, including qualifications both moral and physical, and by calling to his assistance a sufficient number of Masons, proceed to confer the degree upon any individual he may choose to favor, at any time or place he may select; whether he has the power to remove any and all obstacles to *his will* and desire in thus favoring a friend; or whether, on the other hand, he has merely the power to dispense with certain portions of the above enumerated probable obstacles. If so, which are they? How and to what extent is he restricted in the exercise of his full and free will? If restricted in any manner, what power holds or held that control over his prerogative? If unrestricted, why attempt to justify the act by stating that "It was in strict compliance with the constitution of the Grand Lodge of New York, that the initiation took place in a regular Lodge and in presence of a large number of brethren regularly convened, and that the 'sight' consisted really in dispensing with the usual preliminary formalities of petition and ballot, otherwise the initiation was entirely in form." It required no such explanation. The mere *fiat* of the Grand Master would be sufficient. But if it is in any manner restricted I respectfully and earnestly desire to be informed *to what extent* and *by what power?*

I have been taught to believe that the unanimous consent of the brethren present, signified in their own prudent way, either by ballot or otherwise, was one of the characteristic features of our Order which distinguishes it from all others; *therefore* a landmark of the Order. The injunction, "Remove not the ancient landmark which thy fathers have set," should be held sacred by all Masons. I have also considered that the Grand Master was the executive officer of the Grand Lodge during its recess, clothed with full power to perform any act which the Grand Lodge was authorized to do while in session, *except making* and *repealing laws*, rules, &c., both being governed by the ancient usages, old regulations, and the constitution, &c., of the Grand Lodge, beyond which they could not go, unless authority was granted by said constitution or regulations.

If the Grand Lodge in session desires to suspend or set aside any article or section of the *laws*, &c., it has to be done by a resolution, which must be adopted by the Grand Lodge. No part of the *constitution* can be suspended temporarily for any purpose; it can only be touched by an amendment adopted in the manner prescribed in said constitution; therefore, as the Grand Master cannot adopt resolutions, he cannot, it is presumed, suspend or set aside a law or rule which has been adopted by the Grand Lodge (except as aforesaid). Therefore, if the Grand Lodge, either by its constitution or laws, requires that no man shall be made a Mason except by *petition* and by the *unanimous vote* of the brethren assembled, so long as that rule was in existence, neither the Grand Master nor the Grand Lodge could set it aside, except as aforesaid, it being a landmark incorporated into the constitution.

The Old Charges and Regulations, compiled by Dr. Anderson, were digested from the Gothic Constitutions, which grew out of the assemblage at York in 926. As they were not altered, but merely arranged in better form, we may consider them the most ancient of any written Constitution and laws, and binding as the common law of Masonry.

The 5th Art. of which is as follows: "No man can be be made or admitted a member of a particular Lodge without previous notice one month before given to the said Lodge, in order to make due inquiry into the reputation and capacity of the candidate, unless by dispensation as aforesaid."

In this there is a qualification allowing the Grand Master to dispense with the term of *probation*, and admits of the candidate being made "at sight," without the ordinary delay of probation. May not that power which is claimed as a *prerogative* have had its origin in this old article? Art. VI. of same is as follows:

"But no man can be entered a brother in any particular Lodge or admitted to be a member thereof, without the unanimous consent of all the members of that Lodge then present when the candidate is proposed, and their consent is formally asked by the Master, and they are to signify their consent or dissent in their own prudent way, either virtually or in form, but with unanimity. Nor is this *inherent privilege* subject to a *dispensation*, &c." Here is a rule equally ancient and binding as the former, which classes the right to object to a candidate as an *inherent privilege* that is *not* subject to *dispensation*, therefore cannot be set aside or dispensed with by either the Grand Lodge or the presence of the Grand Master. Bro. Mackey, in his Mas. Jurisprudence, p. 139, says: "We have every reason to suppose that unanimity in the choice was one of the immemorial usages referred to in the title of the Regulations of 1721 as the *basis* on which those Regulations were compiled;" and further (p. 142), "So anxious is the law to preserve this independence of the ballot as the great safeguard of its purity, that the G. L., supreme on almost all other subjects has no power to interfere in reference to the ballot for a candidate; and notwithstanding that injustice may have been done to an upright and excellent man by his rejection, neither the Grand Lodge nor the Grand Master can afford any redress, nor can any dispensation be granted for either reversing the decision of the Lodge or for allowing less than a unanimous ballot to be required." If, then, the Grand Master has no power to reverse or set aside the ballot, by what authority does he claim the right of dispensing with it altogether? To say that it is vested in him by virtue of his prerogative is no more satisfactory than a woman's reason "Because." Let the prerogative be defined, the extent of its powers, the source whence it emanated, and how it was bestowed on the Gand Master. I have been taught, and have never heard to the contrary, that there was no equivocation or mental reservation in the pledge to stand to and abide by the laws, resolutions and edicts of the Grand Lodge, and the observance of the Old Charges, Regulations, usages and customs of the Order is equally obligatory. Nor can I discover any thing in the installation ceremony which justifies the Grand Master in the infraction of a law or usage, as Grand Master, which would subject him as a Master Mason to severe Lodge discipline. There is no privilege more highly valued by a Mason than that by which he is assured that no man can be admitted into the Order against his consent. The difference of opinion on this subject seems to arise from the difficulty in defining the term "at sight."

Webster defines "at sight," "on or after presentation," and it is in this connection thus defined by Bro. Mackey. In Jur., p. 24, "The real mode, and the only mode of exercising this prerogative is this: The Grand Master convenes a Lodge, and without any previous *probation*, but *on sight of the candidate* confers the degrees upon him, after which be dissolves the Lodge and dismisses the brethren." I have never been able to discover the mode of reasoning by which the term "at sight" could be forced, even by inference, to bear the interpretation of authority to set aside immemorial usages and rules declared to be vital on the subject.

The conclusion on which my mind has settled, though still open to conviction, is, that when a man wishes to become a Mason, and, for good cause, the usual delay is desired to be avoided, the Grand Master may issue a dispensation to the Lodge to assemble, receive the petition, and, without the usual probation, *proceed to* *ballot* for the candidate, and, *if elected*, to confer the degree on him without delay, or the Grand Master may attend in person and proceed as above. I think any other interpretation of its meaning would subject the power to great and lamentable abuse, as in the case of Grand Master Hyam in making Masons at sight of two men who had been rejected, and in defiance of the objections then existing.

Respectfully and fraternally yours, &c.
GEO. H. GRAY, SR.

ENGLAND.

The rule of the Provincial Grand Lodge is cap. xiii., sec. 4, which says: "The Provincial Grand Lodge shall hear and determine all subjects of Masonic complaint or irregularity respecting Lodges or brethren within the district, and may proceed to admonition or fine, or even suspension, until the party thinking himself aggrieved bring the matter before the Grand Lodge or Grand Committee."

CORINTHIAN CHAPTER, No. 159, meets at Odd Fellow's Hall, on the 2d and 4th Thursdays.

METROPOLITAN CHAPTER, No. 140, meets on the 1st and 3d Fridays, at Masonic Hall, 114 and 116 East 13th Street.

PURITAN LODGE, No. 339, meets at No. 8 Union Square, on the 1st and 3d Wednesdays.

In Shakespeare's Time

they used Sack and Port. How different in these days of refinement and luxury, when the tide is turned in favor of and the appetite awakened by

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So proud a position could hardly need an added honor, but Europe has conferred upon them so distinguished a reward, that all will acknowledge now that they stand above all the first makers in the world.

They had eighty-two first class competitors in the Paris Exposition, but the Jury awarded to Wheeler & Wilson *the only* GOLD MEDAL for the most perfect Sewing Machine; thus placing them at the head of all Sewing Machine Manufacturers both in Europe and America. This is their due; they have earned it, and we rejoice at their success.—*Art Journal.*

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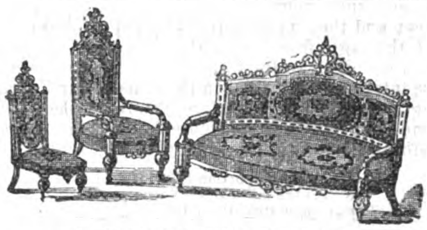

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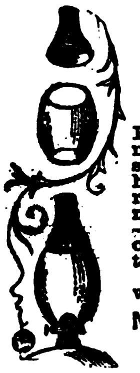

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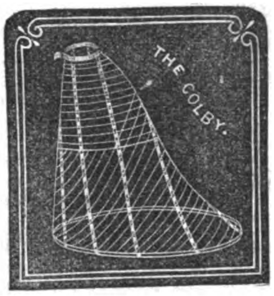

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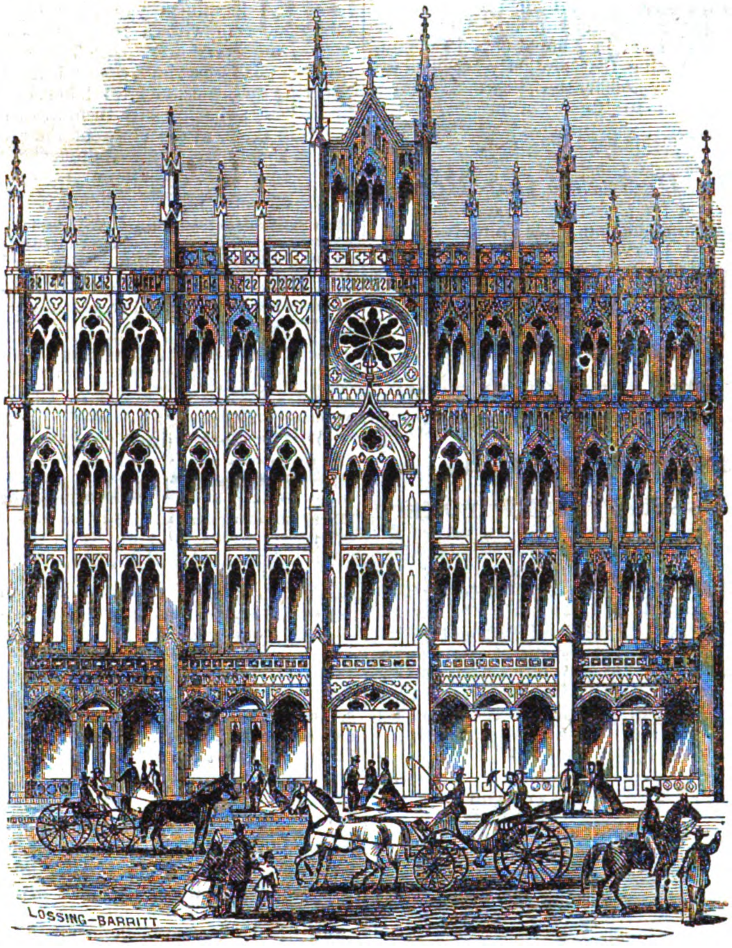


VIEW OF MASONIC TEMPLE, PHILADELPHIA.

[Appropriately is the Masonic *Temple* of Philadelphia associated with the memory of the Rev. Dr. Milnor, who gave such dignified and substantial prosperity to the Order of the Keystone jurisdiction.

The first Masonic Lodge of Philadelphia was held in 1732, at Tun Tavern, in Water street, between Chestnut and Walnut streets.

1735, the Grand Lodge left *Tun Tavern* for the *Indian King*, Market street, near Third.

1749, the Grand Lodge celebrated its feasts at the *Royal Standard Tavern*, Market street, near Second. Here Benjamin Franklin was inducted into the position of Grand Master.

Then the craft built a temple where is now the *Bank of Pennsylvania*

1756, Lodge No. 2, the oldest Lodge of the jurisdiction of Pennsylvania, was instituted.

1764, to Wm. Ball and others a patent was issued to establish a Provincial Grand Lodge in Pennsylvania, which continued till 1786.

1780, an extraordinary Grand Lodge resolved that there ought to be a Grand Master General of the United States, and General Washington was unanimously chosen.

1802, was erected and dedicated a new edifice on Filbert street. April 17, 1809, the corner-stone of a new and splendid Temple, on Chestnut street, was laid, and the temple dedicated June 24, 1811.

This grand Temple was erected under the Grand Mastership of Bro. Milnor, and was dedicated by him.

The following was the inscription upon the corner stone:

Anno Summæ Reipublicæ
Fœderatæ Liberatis XXXIII
Salutis Humanæ M. D. CCC. J. X. Mensis
Apriles die XVII
Hunc Primum Lapidem
Pennsylvaniensis Latomorum Aulæ
Posuerit.
Honoratissimus Jacobus Milnor Eques
Summus Latomorum Pennsylvaniæ
Magister
Assidentibus
Viro Ornatissimo Petro Le Barbier Duplessis
Equite Summi Magistri Deputato
Viris Ornatissimis
Ric. Tybout et Rob. Poalk Summis
Gubernatoribus
Plaudente amplissima Fratrum Corona.

March 9, 1819, the Temple was destroyed by fire. November 1, 1820, it was rebuilt.

November 21, 1853, *the corner-stone of the* NEW (present) TEMPLE was laid]

Rev. JAMES MILNOR, D. D., Grand Master of Pennsylvania, and Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of New York. (No. 3.)

Dr. Wm. H. Milnor, the son of Dr. James Milnor, and a late Grand Master of New York, says of his father:

"During the height of the anti-Masonic mania, though persecuted almost beyond endurance, my father stood firm. Whilst I resided in Philadelphia he was announced in one of the leading journals as a seceder from the ranks of Masonry. It created no little excitement amongst those who knew his character. I was beset on all sides with questions as to its truth. I immediately wrote to him, and he promptly answered that he had never renounced in any way or shape, nor did he ever intend to do so. He never did. He died as he had lived, a consistent, true-hearted Mason. I took good care that publicity was given to this denial of so gratuitous a slander.

"The following anecdote will illustrate his feelings on this point. A brother clergyman from the country called to consult him on the propriety of withdrawing from the Order. He stated that his congregation were all anti-Masons, and he was fearful, even if he did not lose his situation, that his usefulness would be destroyed. My father's first inquiry was, 'Do you wish to renounce?' 'No,' was his answer, 'I love Masonry too well.' 'Then do as I do,' was the rejoinder; 'put down your foot firmly and say, 'I am a Mason, and am proud of it,' and if any ask you what Masonry consists in, tell them love to God and good will to man.' The brother followed this advice, and was molested no more."

This eminent brother was initiated at Norristown, Pennsylvania, in Old Lodge, No. 31, August, 1795. He soon became Master of the Lodge.

On removing to Philadelphia he affiliated, Sept. 6, 1796, with St. John's Lodge, No. 3, and became its Treasurer.

At Mr. Milnor's first membership of the Grand Lodge at Pennsylvania, as the Master of Norristown Lodge, he was appointed upon a committee to revise the "Rules and Regulations" of the Grand Lodge of that State. 1798, 1799 and 1800 he was successively elected Senior Grand Warden; 1801 and 1803 Deputy Grand Master, and 1805 to 1813 annually elected Grand Master, and during these years *ex-virtute officii* was Grand High Priest of the Grand Chapter of Pennsylvania.

In Dr. Milnor's diary, under date of March 17, 1800, he writes: "I was elected Master of Lodge No. 31, while I resided in Norristown; but since my return to the city I have been a member of No. 3, and am now Treasurer of the latter." "On St. John's day, December 27, 1798, I was elected Senior Warden of the Grand Lodge, and on St. John's day, December 27, 1799, was unanimously re-elected to the same office."

Dr. Milnor was mainly instrumental in the erection of the old Masonic Hall in Chestnut street, Philadelphia, and conducted the ceremony of its dedication on the festival of St. John the Baptist, June 24, 1811. In St. John's Church, Race street, he pronounced the oration on this occasion, and as he and his friend

Bradford left the church together, was there infused the embryonic idea of the ministry. His friend, struck with his high Masonic tone and moral bearing and impressive public manner, exclaimed, "Why, Right Worshipful (he was then Grand Master), you were cut out for a parson."

The corner-stone of the old Masonic Hall was laid April 17, 1809. 1852–3, there was a story that the Grand Lodge Committee searched for the stone in the southeast corner of the building, but failed, of course. They then turned their attention to the northeast corner, and found it. It is a plain marble slab, bearing a Latin inscription. The inscription, translated into English, is, "On the 17th day of the month of April, 33d year of the Independence of the United States, and of the Christian era 1809, this foundation stone of the Pennsylvania Freemasons' Hall (Pennsylvaniensis Latomorium Aulac) was laid by James Milnor, Esq., M. W. G. M. of Masons in Pennsylvania, attended by Peter Le Barbier Duplessis, Esq., R. W. Deputy G. M.; Richard Tybar and Rob. Poalk, R. W. Grand Wardens, amidst the acclamations of a numerous assembly of brethren."

There was no cavity in the stone. The building was burned March 9, 1819, a second one erected in 1820, and a third upon the same site, of which we give a *copy* in this number.

After resigning his position as Grand Master, he was elected Chaplain of the Grand Lodge, and so continued so long as he was in Philadelphia. Upon accepting his resignation as Grand Master, a beautiful and costly jewel, now in possession of the family, was voted him by the Grand Lodge, as a testimony of respect and affection. The delivery was made by appropriate formalities, and Bro. Milnor replied in a touching address.

After his removal to New York and becoming Rector of St George's, he served as Grand Chaplain of this jurisdiction for seven successive years, from 1817 to to 1823, during the Mastership of Clinton and Vice-President Tompkins. As a guide for Chaplains and for the rebuke of certain religious parties who apologize for Dr. Milnor's Freemasonry, we insert the following prayer, made April 29, 1823, by Bro. James Milnor, as Grand Chaplain of New York:

"Almighty and ever glorious and gracious Lord God, Creator of all and Governor of every thing that thou hast made, mercifully look upon thy servants, now assembled in thy name and presence, and bless and prosper 'all our works, begun, continued and ended in thee.' Graciously bestow upon us wisdom in all our doings, strength of mind in all our difficulties, and the beauty of harmony and holiness in all our communications and works. Let faith be the foundation of our hope, and charity the fruit of our obedience to thy revealed will.

"'Oh! thou Preserver of men,' graciously enable us now to consecrate this Lodge, which we have erected, to the honor and glory of thy name, and mercifully be pleased to accept this service at our hands.

"May all who shall be lawfully appointed to rule herein, according to our Constitutions, be under thy special guidance and protection, and faithfully observe and fulfill all their obligations to thee and to the fraternity.

"May all who come within these consecrated walls have but one heart and mind, to love, to honor, to fear and obey thee, as thy majesty and thy abounding goodness claim; and to love one another as thou hast loved us. May every discordant passion be here banished from our bosom. May we here meet in thy presence as a band of brethren, who were created by the same Almighty Parent, are daily sustained by the same beneficent hand, and are traveling the same road to the gates of death. May we here have thy holy word always present to our mind as to our view; and religion and virtue, love, harmony and peaceful joy, reigning triumphant in our hearts.

"May all the proper work of our institution, that may be done within these walls, be such as thy wisdom may approve and thy goodness prosper. And, finally, graciously be pleased, O thou Sovereign Architect of the Universe, to bless the craft, wheresoever dispersed, and make them true and faithful to thee, to their neighbors and to themselves. And, when the time of our labor is drawing to an end, and the pillar of our strength is declining to the ground, graciously enable us to pass through 'the valley of the shadow of death supported by thy rod and staff,' to those mansions beyond the skies where love and peace and joy fovever reign before thy throne. Amen."

Dr. Milnor was invited, when Grand Master of Pennsylvania, to visit the Lodge at Alexandria, Va., of which Washington was at one time Master. Col. Deneale, the Master of the Alexandria Lodge, welcomed Dr. Milnor in these words, as we published in No. 1, Vol. I., of the NATIONAL FREEMASON:

"RESPECTED BROTHER: We have to welcome you into the Alexandria Washington Lodge, No. 22, holding their charter under the Grand Lodge of Virginia.

"In receiving a visit from you, as Grand Master of Pennsylvania, give us leave to acknowledge the high respect we entertain for the Ancient Grand Lodge over which you preside, and to participate with you in the glory and splendor to which it has arisen under your auspices.

"This we take the more freedom in doing, as under the jurisdiction of your grand Lodge we were originally formed as No. 39; and we consider an apology always due because few reasons should induce a separation from a mother Lodge; but the circumstances of better enabling this Lodge to meet in Annual Grand Communication, and of manifesting that brotherly love and affection, the distinguishing characteristics of Masonry, long since induced them to become a member of the Grand Lodge of Virgina; and the charter under which we now assemble was granted, constituting that first on the bright roll of Masonic fame, and best of brothers, our beloved Washington, Master of this Lodge. But we know not how to extol his glory, nor to pour forth our gratitude for his services as a man and as a brother. He had at that period but just returned from his successful labors in those destinies which have secured to us, his younger brethren, among other blessings, the uninterrupted freedom of assembling together, with nothing to guard but our ancient landmarks, requiring no other patron than his pre-eminent virtues, and admiring nothing more than the patriotism which directed his conduct to man, his brethren, and particularly to his neighbors and craftsmen who were associated with him in this Lodge.

"Lost in amazement must be that brother, when reflecting on his own imperfections, upon finding he has been called, by the partiality of his brethren, to a station where once presided the ornament and in whom centered the universal love of Masons; who, condescending to level himself down from his exalted and towering eminence, and square himself with his brethren in Masonry, laboring with them till midday; and when called from labor to refreshment, entering into all the festive gayety and the innocent amusement of the Craft even in his latter days; and although that fell destroyer Time has mowed down and removed from us, and, we hope, exalted to the high degree of companions with him in the Grand Lodge above, most of the brethren and companions of his juvenile days, yet they have left us an example worthy of imitation. The few survivors by whom the sacred charge of this charter was committed to our care, have been rendered by age incapable of laboring with us in the meridian sun. They have retired to the shades, rich in the affection of their younger brethren, and ornaments to that society in which they move. These will undoubtedly prove ample incentives to the officers who shall ever preside here, to respect religion, walk in obedience to the precepts of the great Book of the Law, given us as the rule of our faith; to preside with parental care; admonish with temperance; check vicious propensities; extend the hand of charity in silence, and induce the brethren to labor justly.

"In thus bringing you to an acquaintance with this Lodge, we must confess that we have little of knowledge or Masonic brightness to unfold to your view; but your zeal for the welfare of the Craft, your toils in their care, and the happy effects produced by a faithful superintendence in our sister Lodges, over whom you now preside, have justly entitled you to the highest respect of your brethren here, and rendered this your attention to their invitation particularly grateful. We are happy in your personal acquaintance; and the brethren join me in an anxious solicitude for your future happiness. We shall rejoice in viewing the smiles of Providence extended toward you as a brother on whom she is willing to bestow her every good, as a just reward for your able services in the cause of the Craft and your fellow-men who may be found worthy."

To this address R. W. James Milnor, as Grand Master of Masons in Pennsylvania, replied:

"WORSHIPFUL MASTER AND BRETHREN: The associations connected with the present meeting are of very opposite kinds. To receive and to reciprocate the friendly attentions of my brethren; to recognize in that portion of them whose respected call has brought me among them the neighbors, the friends, the associates of our sainted Washington; to enjoy communion with the body over which his mild virtues and dignified yet fraternal manners have so often shed a lustre; and to add to these causes of congratulation the pleasing recollection of your having originally emanated from the Grand Lodge with whose honor and interests my feelings are so nearly allied, furnish causes of exultation and delight, which can be felt better than described.

"Yet how is this combination of enlivening circumstances clouded by the sad remembrance that the great man whose labors in the field and in the cabinet purchased independence and all its blessings for his country and unfading renown for himself, while the benevolent graces of his personal demeanor in the bosom of the Lodge secured the fond attachment of his brethren, no longer adorns the east of this sacred temple! Ah! my brethren, your loss is not a common one. In the revolutions of the political scene, the mind is lost among the confused whirl of many objects; and the departure of even a mighty orb appears but little to derange the general system. Even Washington seems almost forgotten by his country. Not so the Lodge. Your hearts will find around you a thousand mementoes of the singular honor and happiness you have enjoyed in working as fellow-laborers with a man who, whilst the admiring eyes of a universe were upon him, could, with the most amiable condescension, descend from his exalted and towering eminence, and level himself with his brethren in Masonry; sharing with them in their toils, and entering with them, at the close of their labors, into all the festive gayety and innocent amusement of the Craft.

"Permit me, worshipful sir, to congratulate this Lodge on the pre-eminent honor it has enjoyed, in being so nearly allied to this illustrious hero, patriarch, and statesman; to pray that all his virtues may descend upon his successors here; and that your consequent prosperity may be lasting and imperishable as, upon the bright roll of Masonic fame, will ever stand emblazoned the name of Washington.

"For the mark of affectionate respect you have personally offered me, accept the unadorned acknowledgments of a friend and brother. The labors of which you speak in so flattering a manner have been the fruits of an earnest and well intended zeal for promoting the object of our beneficient institution; but I can arrogate to myself a very small portion of merit for the rapid increase, splendor, and respectability of the craft under my charge, which are justly ascribable to the blessings of our Supreme Grand Master on the united and harmonious exertions of faithful, zealous brethren."

His son, Dr. W. H. Milnor, says of his father that "he was an active and conspicuous member," and at the close of his life "he was ever warmly attached to the Order." His son continues:

"Such is Dr. Milnor—a Christian Mason. He was a man peculiarly fitted by nature to exhibit, in full development and in all their beauty, the Masonic virtues. He was a fine specimen of the old school gentleman—courteous in manners, dignified in deportment, kind and benevolent in disposition.

"He, living, bore a faithful testimony to the excellence of our Order; and from the shadows of his tomb a light is reflected on it, steady and brilliant.

"'He, being dead, yet speaketh.' He speaketh to the outer world. His consistent life, as a minister of God, his disinterested benevolence, flowing through the channels of the great societies of the day, his steadfast attachment to Masonry, resisting all appeals to desert her banner, are a treble testimony to the purity of the institution itself.

"He speaketh to us, the initiated, stimulating us by the example he has given, so to live as, dying, to leave behind us a record like his."

And yet, with all these facts, the *Church Review* asserts "that, although, like Bishop Griswold and Dr. Bedell, he (Dr. Milnor) advanced to the higher orders of Freemasonry, yet, like those excellent men, he attached little importance to the institution, and it is believed seldom or never entered a Lodge after he became a zealous member of the Christian Church." Was Dr. Milnor a zealous member when he was an Episcopal clergyman of Philadelphia?

During all this period he was a zealous Freemason. Was he a zealous Christian as Rector of St. George's, in New York? He was, till 1824, Grand Chaplain of the Grand Lodge of New York.

A testimony of respect was sent soon after Dr. Milnor's death to the vestry of St. George's Church, from his old Lodge, No. 3, in which his early Masonic life had been passed nearly fifty years before.

How can clerical and *Christian* reviewers make such statements? We shall in future numbers show that the *Review* is no better posted about Bishop Griswold and Dr. Bedell.

Dr. Stone, in his biography, is an exception to writers generally. He gives a very fair statement of Dr. Milnor's Masonic career. He felt that honesty and truth required it, and thus rebukes Sparks and Bancroft and the thousand smaller writers of history and biography for their ignoring wholly the Masonry of the subjects of their works.

THE KNIGHT OF ST. JOHN.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

Ere down yon blue Carpathian hills
The sun shall sink again,
Farewell to life and all its ills,
Farewell to cell and chain.

These prison shades are dark and cold—
But darker far than they
The shadow of a sorrow old
Is on my heart alway.

For since the day when Warkworthwood
Closed o'er my steed and I,
An alien from my name and blood,
A weed cast out to die—

When, looking back in sunset light,
I saw her turret gleam,
And from its casement, far and white,
Her sign of farewell stream,

Like one who, from some desert shore,
Doth home's green isles descry,
And, vainly longing, gazes o'er
The waste of wave and sky;

So from the desert of my fate
I gaze across the past;
Forever on life's dial-plate
The shade is backward cast!

I've wandered wide from shore to shore,
I've knelt at many a shrine;
And bowed me to the rocky floor
Where Bethlehem's tapers shine;

And by the Holy Sepulchre
I've pledged my knightly sword
To Christ, his blessed Church, and her,
The Mother of our Lord.

O, vain the vow, and vain the strife!
How vain do all things seem!
My soul is in the past, and life
To-day is but a dream!

In vain the penance strange and long,
And hard for flesh to bear;
The prayer, the fasting, and the throng
And sackcloth shirt of hair.

The eyes of memory will not sleep—
Its ears are open still;
And vigils with the past they keep
Against my feeble will.

And still the loves and joys of old
Do evermore uprise;
I see the flow of locks of gold,
The shine of loving eyes!

Ah, me! upon another's breast
Those golden locks recline;
I see upon another rest
The glance that once was mine.

"O faithless priest!—O perjured knight!"
I hear the Master cry—
"Shut out the vision from thy sight,
Let Earth and Nature die.

"The Church of God is now thy spouse,
And thou the bridegroom art;
Then let the burden of thy vows
Crush down thy human heart!"

In vain! This heart its grief must know,
Till life itself hath ceased,
And falls beneath the selfsame blow
The lover and the priest!

O pitying Mother! souls of light,
And saints, and martyrs old!
Pray for a weak and sinful knight,
A suffering man uphold.

Then let the Paynim work his will,
And death unbind my chain,
Ere down yon blue Carpathian hill
The sun shall fall again.

THE COBBLER'S SECRET.

A waggish cobbler once in Rome
Put forth a proclamation,
That he'd be willing to disclose
(For due consideration)
A secret which the cobbling world
Could ill afford to lose—
The way to make, in one short day,
A hundred pair of shoes.

From every quarter, to the sight
There ran a hundred fellows—
Tanners, cobblers, boot-men, shoe-men,
Jolly leather sellers—
All redolent of beer and smoke
And cobbler's wax and hides,
Each fellow pays his thirty pence,
And calls it cheap besides.

Silence! the cobbler enters now,
And casts around his eyes:
Then curls his lips—the rogue! he frowns,
And then looks wondrous wise.
"My friends," he says, "'tis simple, quite,
The plan that I propose,
And every one of you, I think,
Might learn it if he chose.

A good, sharp knife is all you need
In carrying out my plan;
So easy is it none can fail,
Let him be child or man.
To make a hundred pair of shoes,
Just go back to your shops,
And take a hundred pair of boots
And cut off all the tops!

STILL HE IS THY BROTHER.

BY T. J. SWAIN.

Through earth's trials and tribulations
Practice kindness ever;
In affliction's dispensations
Shun thy neighbor never.
Perhaps he hath not acted rightly,
Still he is thy brother;
Life will beam on all more brightly,
If we aid each other.

Sweet, when bitter sorrow grieves us,
Is the voice of pity,
Whisp'ring—tho' hope's solace leaves us,
God will never quit thee.
We should strive, whate'er our station,
Selfishness to smother,
Though it cost us some privation,
We would aid each other.

On the good God sheds his blessing,
Every gen'rous action,
Though life's trials be depressing,
Brings its satisfaction.
Charity is sweet and holy;
Love her as a mother,
Live not for earth's pleasures solely,
Strive to aid each other.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken by Bro. JOHN JACKSON, Esq., in the character of a Master Mason.

When the Grand Master and great Lord of all
Call'd up from chaos this terrestrial ball,
He gave the word, and swift o'er eldest night
Beam'd the first dawning of celestial light.
Confusion heard his voice and murm'ring fled,
Whilst Order rul'd and triumph'd in its stead;
Discordant atoms rang'd from pole to pole,
Forgot to jar, and peace possessed the whole;
The fiercest foes in mutual concord strove,
And all (at once) was harmony and love.
By this example taught Freemasons join,
And full in sight pursue the heavenly sign;
With love's firm bands connected, hand in hand,
On Friendship's solid base secure we stand.
While confidence and truth, by turns imprest,
Beam heavenly influence in each conscious breast;
No party feuds, no fierce intestine jars,
No senseless tumults, no pernicious wars
Disturb our calm repose, where peace alone
In decent order fills the friendly throne.
Can wisdom's self a nobler method find
To charm the soul, and harmonize mankind,
Than we adopt, who labor still to prove
Unblemished truth, firm faith, and mutual love?
And ye (unconscious of the heavenly ray)
Who smile, perhaps, at what these numbers say,
Confine the rash reproach, and, warned, forbear
To spurn our laws because some brothers err.
In nature's fairest products faults arise,
But shall we thence all harmony despise?
Or think creation's beauteous scheme undone,
Because some specks appear upon the sun?

HENRY WHARTON.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

CHAPTER VI.—A KEY FOUND TO THE MYSIC LETTER.

"In social converse sped the eve."

That night when Henry came in, Mary thought she would tell him, first of all, about her strange visitor, but he did not stop in the parlor. He passed instantly into the library, where he was soon deeply buried in the folds of that mysterious "business note." Mary, in spite of herself, felt annoyed, slighted and uneasy.

"He might have stopped and spoken to the baby, for the first time to-day, one would have thought," she said, mentally, "but that little bit of paper has quite won his affections. What can be in it? I have a great mind to go in and ask him if any thing has occurred to trouble him—but he don't look troubled—he looks excited, absorbed, and rather restless. I think from his countenance, that the wonderful 'business note' conveys pleasing intelligence, rather than otherwise. Has anybody left him a patrimony? If so, why is he so silent about it? Has there been a rise in cotton or a fall in tobacco?"

Just then her eye fell upon a Masonic paper on the table. The sight of it brought to remembrance the fact that her husband had recently been installed Master of his Lodge.

"Pshaw!" she exclaimed, half aloud. "There is, after all, a key to the mystery. That letter is something about Masonry. I shouldn't wonder, from the profound gravity and absorbed interest with which he peruses it, if it contained *the very secret itself*. Well! he may study it to his heart's content for what I care. I knew that he was a Mason when I married him, and I resolved never to worry my head about his wonderful *secrets* in that line of business. He may have as many of them as he chooses, but its too bad for him to treat his wife and baby with so much indifference. Heigh ho! I've always heard it said that husbands cease to be lovers after a while—that we needn't expect any thing else of them, and its true, I suppose."

Mary here ended her soliloquy and went out to summon the cook and give directions respecting supper. While she was gone the clock upon the mantle-piece gave out its silvery chime and aroused the infant. Henry locked up his letter in his writing desk, and coming out, took the little girl in his arms and sat down in Mary's seat by the cradle. Col. Snowden entered soon afterwards. Wharton arose to give him a chair. "Never mind," said the Colonel, "about a chair, for I cannot stay to sit long. I was passing and thought that I would run in and see if Mary heard from her cousin Walter, by letter, this morning."

"No, father," said Mary, who had come in in time to catch his words, "there were no letters to-day—only a short business note for Harry." As she spoke, she glanced mischievously into her husband's face. "He *told* me that it was a business note," she continued, laughingly, "but, had he been unmarried, I should have pronounced it a love letter."

Henry blushed, slightly, but he did not reply. "I shrewdly suspect," said his wife, teasingly, "that it was some Masonic document—at any rate I am sure it must have reached him under the seal of privacy."

"A seal which, I suppose, my prudent little wife has no desire to break," said Wharton, smiling in his turn. "The ladies have no curiosity in regard to the secrets of Masonry! None of them would turn Eve, and taste the apple if they could!"

"I can only speak for myself," said Mary. "I am quite willing that you should keep that secret as closely as you can. I shrewdly suspect that it is hardly *worth* knowing, else it would have leaked out long ago. Valuable things do not remain long undiscovered."

"The reason that it has been kept so well, Mary," said the Colonel, laughing, "is altogether owing to their being no *women* in the scrape. The ladies were never known to keep a secret."

"That is because we are so benevolent in our feelings," said Mrs. Wharton. "If *we* were in possession of any knowledge calculated to benefit the world, as the Masons pretend that they are, we would grow instantly anxious to put it into wide and extensive practice. *The more who knew it the better*, and so we would take to telling it to each other with all speed. We should go in for the greatest good to the greatest number; but men, or Masons, at least, hide the light, so that one has to get under the bushel in order to see it. No wonder that those who are kept on the outside often imagine and declare it to be no light at all."

"But because there is a bushel intervening between you and the lamp, Mary, *you* don't, I hope, feel disposed to deny the existence of the light," said her husband. "You are willing to believe the testimony of others—those who have been under the measure and seen for themselves."

"I suppose," said Mary, "that there is something there which they term 'light,' but I believe that it would be better to remove the bushel and let the rays go out to illuminate the whole earth. I must confess that, secretly, I have but little love for secret societies. The time may come when I shall believe in them more strongly."

"If you ever need aid, Molly," said Henry, "you will, perhaps, get a glimpse of the light under the bushel. Until that time arrives, I think that you are right in concerning yourself but little about the matter."

"God grant that no female member of my family may ever have occasion to test the virtues of the institution," said the Colonel, with a slight shudder. "But I must go home. Good-night, Molly, good-night, Wharton," he said, moving towards the door. But he paused before he reached the threshold, and said: "Henry, I hope you don't leave much money in the store at night. There have been several robberies of late in the neighborhood, and I thought a word of caution to you might not come amiss. Have you got that iron chest which I gave you, in your room?"

"Yes," said Henry, "and every dollar and cent in the establishment is safely deposited in it at night. I sleep with the key tied around my neck. I think that it would be a hard matter to get into it without my knowing something about it, and it is too heavy to be easily carried off. So I have few apprehensions of being robbed, although the rogues, it is said, are very bold."

"Robbers about," said Mary, with a troubled look. "I am sure I shouldn't know what to do if I were to awake at night and find thieves in the house. I shouldn't know whether to scream or to be still, and let them have what they could get without any interruption."

"I am *very* sure," said the Colonel, laughing, "that I should feel like disturbing the light-fingered gentlemen by shooting them, if possible. I have no opinion of people who appropriate to themselves, so cooly and noiselessly, the hard earned savings of many a year. But I agree with Henry. There's little to be feared from them here, if the iron safe is kept safe and secure—so good-night again."

As the Colonel issued out into the cold, dark street, somebody brushed rudely by him, as if in haste to get out of the way—to be free from his observation. As near as he could discover it was Ike Brown. "That boy is as contemptible as his master," muttered the Colonel to himself. "I never chance to be out at night without stumbling upon him. He is prowling about like a wolf, and Billy Waters is generally with him. The fellow is a good candidate for the gallows."

CHAPTER VII.—THE FIRE.

> "Come, gentle sleep!
> Balm of my wounds, and soft'ner of my woes,
> And lull my weary heart in sweet repose,
> And bid my saddened soul forget to weep."

The Whartons were enjoying the first sweet slumbers of the night. The little velvet cheek of the babe was pressed closely to the face of its mother, and the clock counted off the dark hours unheard and uncared for. But soon Henry was aroused by a voice in the street below and a cry of "fire," mingled with the ringing of bells and the clattering of engines. He sprung to his feet and rushed first to the window. The air was filled with heavy volumes of smoke, and he could not see distinctly what was passing below, but he heard a confusion of voices and feet running to and fro. He sprung to the door and was surprised to find it unbolted and ajar. Blue wreaths of smoke came curling through it, visible by the night taper burning upon the hearth, and suffocating when inhaled. His senses began to awake to the astounding discovery that his dwelling was on fire, and from appearances, without and within, it was already, he concluded, almost consumed. He rushed back to the bed and shook his wife until he aroused her. Both threw around them the first covering that they could appropriate, and then Henry, taking Rosamond in his arms and Mary by the hand, proceeded to grope his way, as best he could, through the darkness and smoke and blasts of hot suffocating air, which came mingled with sparks at times through the open door. He passed into the hall and sought the front stairway. It was no longer dark—the roof over his head and the floor beneath his feet, blazed and glowed and crackled like a furnace. He paused, uncertain how he was to proceed—he felt his thin clothes almost turning to ashes upon his back, and Mary fell prostrate, overpowered by terror and heat. Just at that moment somebody wrested his child from him, and a rough voice at his elbow whispered, "take your wife in your arms and jump the whole length of the stairway or you are lost." To obey was but the work of a moment. He gathered Mary to his heart and gave one fearful plunge headlong through fire and smoke, down the crumbling stairs, and amid falling timbers. He did not stop until he found himself in the midst of a thick concourse of people in the open street. The fresh night air, aided by a pitcher of water, which somebody turned upon her head, restored Mary to her senses, and, springing to her feet, she shrieked for her child. In the confusion of the moment, Henry could not recollect what had become of Rosamond. He remembered that somebody had snatched her from his arms at the head of the stairway, but half blinded by smoke, and terrified at the condition of his wife, he had not seen *who* it was, or whither the child had been borne.

"My babe is perishing in the flames," shrieked Mary. "Let me go in search of her—I had rather die with Rosamond than to live without her."

"You must not go, Mary—*you must not go*," said her agonized husband, circling her with his arms, and detaining her by force from entering the burning building; "better that one than two perish, and if Rosamond is in there her destruction is inevitable—no mortal can save her; she must die, there is no help for it. O my baby, my darling child!"

It was fearful to hear the sharp, shrill, piercing cry of anguish which burst at that moment from the frenzied mother's lips—it was heard far above the voice of the multitude, and the working of the engines—it was such a cry as none but a mother's lip can utter in such an hour. Earth has no sound of misery so intense. But while Henry was striving to the uttermost of his strength to detain his wife from certain and immediate destruction, somebody at his elbow uttered a low, fiendish *laugh*. He looked up to see who or what it was, whether a human being or a devil incarnate, and caught a glance from the cold blue eye of Dr. Meachem. There was a scornful smile upon his lips—an expression of gratified malice and revenge pervading every feature. Henry turned away, and as he did so a capless, grizzled head made its appearance at an open window above, and Polly Rudd stretched out her long arms and exhibited to the multitude beneath the fully aroused but unstartled, half wondering visage of the lost babe.

"Who will come for the child?—who will come for the child?" screamed old Polly, at the top of her voice. "The fire is so hot I can't get down any way. Somebody must bring a ladder quick or the building will fall in. Ike Brown—Tom Thayer—I say, bring me a ladder."

Neither of the individuals addressed, stirred. The crowd thought that they were stupified by terror, and did not hear the appeal. The task of rescuing old Polly was, indeed, a perilous one, for the whole fabric might fall in, and the ladder, together with those upon it, would be precipitated forward and crushed beneath the half burnt timber. No one at first seemed inclined to go, but all at once more than twenty voices were heard to exclaim—"to the rescue! to the rescue! a ladder! a ladder!—the child is the child of our brother." What magic impulse stirred them at that moment and made the dense crowd sway to and fro with excitement, like a forest smitten by a powerful wind? Henry Wharton was a Mason and needed aid.

"Steady! steady there!" said old Polly—"not too fast, and yet agin be quick! I don't care so much for myself as for this ere child in my arms. I'm a poor lonely old creatur that few cares for, but this ere child is different. Steady there—now come on, and snatch the baby, and I'll follow on as best I can," and old Polly leaned more than half of her body out of the window, and gave the child into the hands of a sailor, who had sprung up the rounds with the agility of a cat, as soon as the ladder was upright against the building. In a moment the sailor was safe again on *terra firma*, and Polly was following on as best she could. But crash went the walls—the ladder fell, for no mortal hand could hold it up the heat was so intense, and the unfortunate woman went headlong forward among the burning coals.

"Save her! save her!" was heard on every side, but there were none who were not driven back by the smoke and heat. At that moment a red shawl was seen to dart forward from the crowd, and soon a young Irish girl came out with burnt hands and blistered face, bearing the insensible form of Polly in her arms.

"Are all out?" shrieked Henry, at the top of his voice—"are the servants all safe? Where is Susan?"

"Yonder she stands," said Mary.

"Thank God!" exclaimed Henry, sinking down overpowered by his emotions. "Thank God! let the flames burn on and my possessions perish."

The flames spread in spite of all the firemen could do. A strong wind was blowing from the northeast, and the whole block of buildings, including Henry's store, was soon enveloped in flames.

Col. Snowden did not reach the spot until Wharton's house was a pile of ashes. He found Mary sitting amid the snow, with her child clasped with almost frantic strength to her bosom. Neither of them wore any but the lightest clothing, and the sparks of fire had half consumed the night-dress of the child. The Colonel stopped a moment in amazement and surveyed the fire and the group before him. He afterwards took his cloak, without saying a word, from his shoulders and throwing it around his daughter, assisted her to her feet, and almost bore her and her child to his own house. Henry at first essayed to assist him, but the Colonel motioned him back.

"Stay," he said, "and look after your burning goods. I will take care of Mary and the child."

"Where is old Polly?" said Mary, as she was leavthe spot. "She must go too—my home must be *her* home henceforth, let it be under what roof it may. O, father! turn back and find old Polly."

The Colonel did not understand why old Polly was thought of at that moment; indeed, he had seen nothing of her, and did not know that she was upon the ground, but he turned back and made inquiries in regard to her whereabouts, but nobody had seen her since the Irish girl had brought her out from the flames—nobody could tell where she was.

"She is not here," said the Colonel, going back to where he had left his daughter; "somebody has taken care of her. We will look her up some other time. But tell me, Mary, how did all this happen?"

"Heaven only knows, father; I do not. The fire could not have originated in the house. The last thing I did, after you left, was to see that every spark was extinguished in the parlor, nursery and servants' rooms. It must be the work of an incendiary."

Just then she thought of the fiendish laugh which she had heard in the midst of her misery about her child. She had not turned, as Henry had, to see who laughed—at that moment she had not cared, for her whole soul was absorbed in the safety of her child; but now she wondered who it could have been, and somehow the conviction fastened itself upon her heart that the author of all her misery had been very near her and triumphed in her anguish.

After seeing Mary safely at home, and comfortably fixed there, Col. Snowdon threw around him his cloak, and went down again to where the fire was raging like some wild beast starving for blood. Henry stood looking upon the smouldering embers of his once happy home.

"The store is gone, father," he said; "every piece of goods that was in it is gone. The wind was too high to save any thing; but somehow I do not mourn the loss of that as I do of this dwelling, where Mary and I have lived ever since we were married, and where we have been so happy together. My property is nearly all consumed, but I thank Heaven that my wife and child are spared to me."

"Where is the chest?" asked the Colonel. "Has it been removed? I did not see it here among the embers. Iron does not burn easily, and some of your money must be safe in that, even if your papers are destroyed. We will look into it."

For the first time the remembrance of the great iron chest, in which he was in the habit of depositing all the money and valuable papers belonging to the firm with which he was connected flashed across his mind. He had not seen it; he had not thought of it before. It had not been removed from the ruins; he felt confident of that, and he remembered that he had not stumbled over it on his return to the bed after his wife, or even observed it, and its situation in the room was such that he did not know how he could have done otherwise had it been in the room. He remembered, too, that he had locked the door on retiring, and found it open on arising. He felt in his pocket; the door key was there, but the chest key was gone from around his neck. He was puzzled, and knew not what to think.

"What is the matter?" said the Colonel, who saw consternation pictured in his face. "Don't you know what has become of the chest?"

"The chest was stolen from my room and then the house was fired—that is my solemn conviction," said Henry, in reply: "I locked my door on going to sleep, and found it open on awaking. The chest was not in the room when I got up, else I should have fallen over it, for it was fully in my way; the house must have been robbed of its valuables. I do not find a vestige of any of the silver that there was in the house here, and silver would have melted and not perished."

"Very likely," said the Colonel, "that the house was entered by means of false keys; the chest was taken out and then the whole establishment was fired. Mary says that it must have been the work of an incendiary. A sad business it was, too—a sad business!" and the Colonel sat down on a little rock from which the snow had melted, and leaned his head thoughtfully upon his hands.

"If the chest had only contained my own property," said Henry, sorrowfully, "I would not have cared so much, but there were large sums in it belonging to others—sums which I only held in trust. Well, this is an uncertain world, make the best of it. I thought that all was perfectly secure and safe when you mentioned the subject last night, but there is no knowing what an hour may bring forth. But day is beginning to dawn. I see streaks of light in the East. We may as well go home and look after Mary and Rosamond as anyway. There is nothing to be saved here, and the air is as sharp as a sword."

"What became of Polly Rùdd?" said the Colonel, rising and drawing his cloak still closer around him. "Mary would not be satisfied until I promised to find her, and bring her home with me. What has she done to earn Mary's gratitude? I did not have time to ask, but the child was very earnest in her request. Did she save any of you from burning?"

"Sure enough," said Henry, starting again, "where is old Poll? She saved us all from burning, for what I know; at any rate, Rosamond would have been lost if it had not been for her. Hetty Sanders had her in her arms. I suppose that Hetty took her home with her, but the house where she was at service is burned. I am sure that I do not know where to look for them."

"Somebody has probably taken care of them," said the Colonel. "The fire is nearly extinguished, I judge, by appearances. We may as well go home;" so saying, Col. Snowden and Henry walked rapidly forward, and soon reached the house where Mary sat before the fire, weeping and soothing her child.

"Was *any thing* saved?" said Mary, as her husband came and stood beside her.

"Yes, my most valuable things are safe, I find, thank God!" said Wharton, stooping over and taking the hand of Rosamond. "My wife and child are safe. The spoiler came near taking even them, and I should have been desolate, indeed. He drew a low stool beside his wife's chair, and sat down almost at her feet.

"Did I not tell you, Mary," he said, "that the Whartons have always been an unfortunate race? This proves that I, the last leaf upon the ancestral tree, am not to be exempted from the fate of my race. Last night we were in possession of a pleasant home and of almost every luxury that the heart can crave; this morning the light finds us without a roof of our own to shelter us. 'So passes away the glory of the world,' as the spelling book used to say in Latin. Still, as I said before, I am thankful, Molly, that it is no worse."

"Did you find Polly Rudd?" said Mary, still weeping; "poor old Poll! how much we owe her. What did become of her?"

"Hetty Sanders has her safe somewhere, I presume," said Henry. "The last I saw of her, she was in her niece's arms. Hetty will see that she is well taken care of; but I shall take the earliest opportunity of going to see her when I can find out where she is."

"Hetty Sanders!" said Mary. "I did not know that there was such a being in the world before to-day. Pray where does she live, and how came you to know her name?"

"I have often seen her," said Henry. "She was a house girl at Landrum's. They were burned out, but Hetty has found a shelter, I dare say, somewhere. Mary, my chest is nowhere to be seen. It was certainly in the room when we retired. You are quite sure of that?"

"Quite sure, Henry, quite sure. I sat down on it and lifted the curtain and looked out at the clouds trooping through the sky, and half obscuring the moon. You know that I have always been fond of watching the clouds at night, and while I sat there I thought that I heard somebody jumping over the fence and running around the corner into the front yard. I did not say any thing about it, for I thought that what papa had said about the robbers had made me weak and childlike—full of nameless terrors and ill defined apprehensions. So I undressed and went quietly to bed. Now I think that it must have been the incendiary whom I heard, and, Henry, did you hear that *laugh* at my elbow when I was shrieking for my child? Was it a ghost, or goblin, or spirit damned? I cannot get rid of that laugh. It rings in my ear like a knell over the grave of hope. Oh! Henry, it was dreadful. I have been weeping more at the memory of that than the destruction of our property. I believe that my senses are destroyed by the shock which they have received to-night, and that I have become more of a child than Rosamond."

Mary's face was indeed as pale as snow, and her eyes had in them an excited light. Henry went to a medicine closet, and taking a vial containing ether, mingled with some opiate, from a nail where it was hanging, he dropped a small quantity into a tumbler and gave it to his wife. He then took the babe from her arms, and wheeled the sofa before the fire. She lay down upon it and closed her eyes wearily, like one desirous to sleep. But she soon started up, and looked wildly around her.

"What is the matter, Mary?" asked her husband.

"I thought," said she, "that I heard that *fiendish laugh* here at my head."

"Sleep," said Henry, "for *I* guard your pillow, and no fiend shall come near."

(To be continued.)

The Well, the Altar and the Tomb.

The most ancient records of man's life on the earth present us with three chief tokens to mark the possession of a portion of its surface as an abiding-place for human families: the well of water, the altar of worship, the tomb or cave of the dead. With what an impressive power—the force and beauty of simple truth—does that combination of the well, the altar and the tomb, affect us! They lead us back upon the tide of ages, and bring us to the first habitable spot of the earth. The altar, rising above the soil, the well and the grave beneath it, express to us the three great natural wants of man. Life's chief necessity, its divine law, its inevitable issue, are thus presented to the eye and to the mind. Amid our ten thousand wants, behold the three which crown them all, and one of those three the body's lonely and everlasting couch!

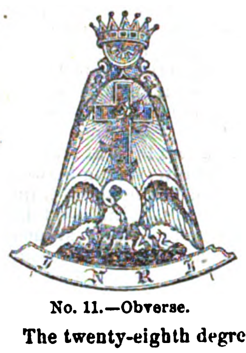
The well-spring, gathering its crystal drops from the secret depths of the earth, and receiving them back again when man had used them and heavenly distillation had renewed their purity, was a token that near to it grass would grow, and man and beast had sustenance. The rude altar-stone, which no tool had touched, was raised upon some overlooking summit: kneeling around it, the patriarchal family called upon themselves the name of God, and thus recognized that everlasting, that universal truth, the basis of all clear thought, knowledge and science, as well as religion—that this earth, and all its elements and tribes, depend upon the loftier influence of the sky, and owe allegiance to the unseen Centre and Source of power, whence comes forth the energy that controls and blesses. When the life that had been nourished by food and water, and kept mindful of a divine oversight by the altar, came to its appointed close, there lay a cold and changing body, a forsaken tenement; and the mourner said, "Let me bury my dead out of my sight."

Wells, altars and graves, the earliest, the universal tokens of man's presence on the earth, the most essential objects of his interest, and also the most enduring of his works! They multiply as do the tribes and numbers of our race. They retain the same relation to each other and to human life, and the same proportion as of old, for men everywhere need them all alike. Where we find things so inseparably connected, there is ever a sort of sacred beauty in their union.

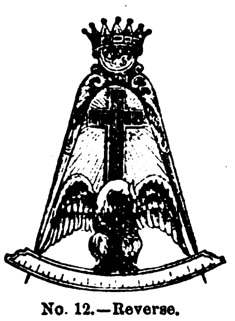
Scottish Rite.

McCLENACHAN'S BOOK OF THE ANCIENT AND ACCEPTED SCOTTISH RITE OF FREEMASONRY, as published by Masonic Publishing Company, 432 Broome st.

These are the Jewels of the Order of ROSE CROIX.



No. 11.—Obverse.



No. 12.—Reverse.

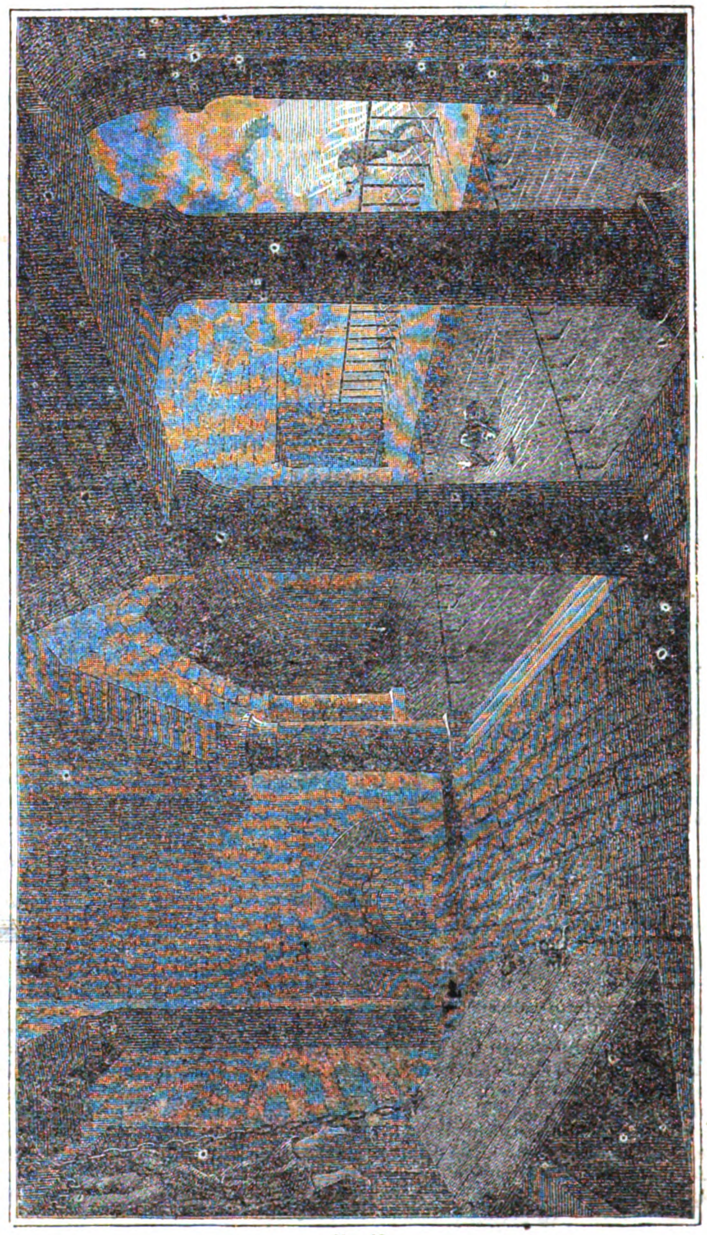
The twenty-eighth degree is that of the "Knight of the Sun." the object of special attack of the "*American Baptist*," as indicated in a late number of the NATIONAL FREEMASON.

The following concludes the argument:

He who prefers any thing to reason, truth, and justice, whose will is uncertain and wavering, who is alarmed by logic and the naked truth, should not rashly engage in the pursuit of the high sciences; but once on the road, he must reach the goal or perish; to doubt is to become insane, to halt is to fall, to go back is to precipitate one's self into an abyss.

Sancta Sanctis! The holy things for the holy!

No. 13 is one of its illustrations:



No. 13

The following is the argument of the "Knight Kadosh," the thirtieth degree:

A Knight and Soldier of the Cross called Knight Kadosh proves himself practically a true defender of the Temple of the Most High God; and while armed with steel outwardly, he is inwardly armed with Faith and Love—Faith to God and Love to his fellow-man. It is his duty to defend the Order, to protect and assist all worthy pilgrims, the weak and the injured, the needy and the oppressed, with becoming humility and meekness, and yet with fidelity and prudence, as vowed on the Mystic Ladder.

This practical trial degree of the Knight Templar is replete with effective incident, and stands prominently forward as an interesting and exciting drama.

This is the argument for the degree of the Sublime Prince of the Royal Secret:

This is the third and last of the Kadosh degrees, and consummates the Templarism of Masonry. The degree was originally a Christian degree of knighthood; its object was, for a long time, to reconquer the Holy Land and plant the banner of the Cross once more on the ruined walls of Jerusalem. Many of the Knights of the Crusades were Masons, and thus became acquainted with the legend which Masonry had preserved.

The Knights Kadosh are the legitimate successors of the Templars.

None but earnest and sincere men, unselfish, and whose philanthropy is not a mere name, but a practical reality, should enter here—such as will do Masonry good service in the war which she is waging against the ancient enemies of the human race—a lover of wisdom and an apostle of Liberty, Equality, and Fraternity.

"No virtue is acquired in an instant, but step by step."—*Barrow.*

No. 14 is an illustration of the admission of a novice to the vows of the Order of the Temple:

No. 15 is that of the "Grand Decoration of the Order."

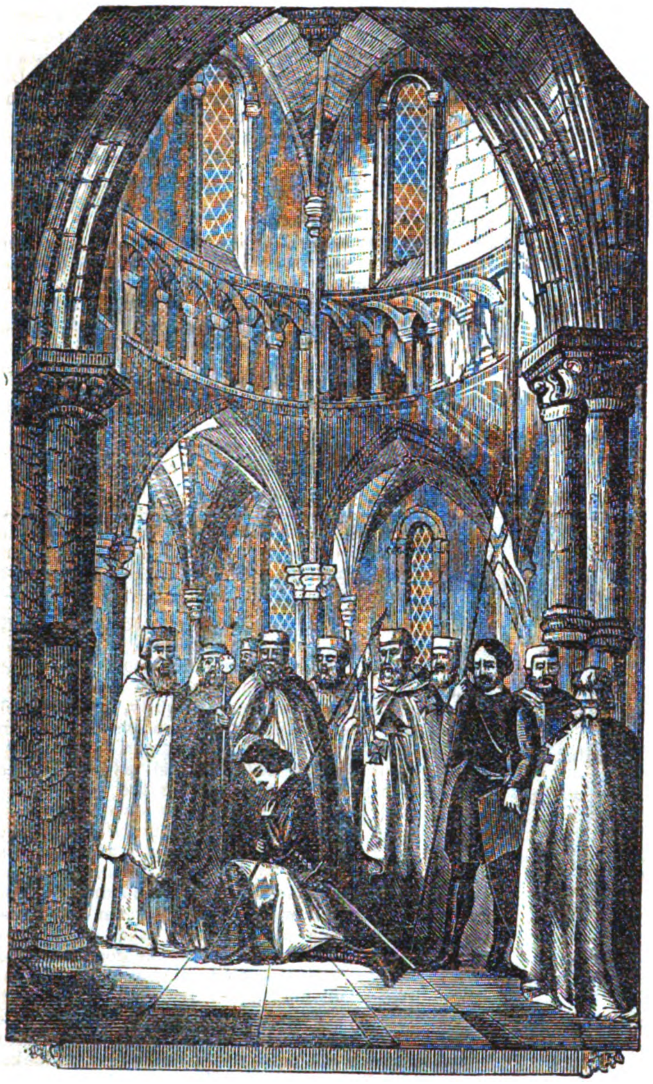
In the Installation of Chapter Rose Croix, we find the following promises:

II. To bear and forbear, to be just and equitable towards all men?

III. To discountenance intolerance and religious and political persecution?

IV. Never to be guided by animosity, by your political or religious opinions, in all questions relating to the members of your Chapter, or to such brethren who may apply for initiation into the same, and to your neighbors at large?

It is seldom that we find so little to object to in a work extending over such a variety of Masonic subjects. In the 28th degree there are expressions needing modification.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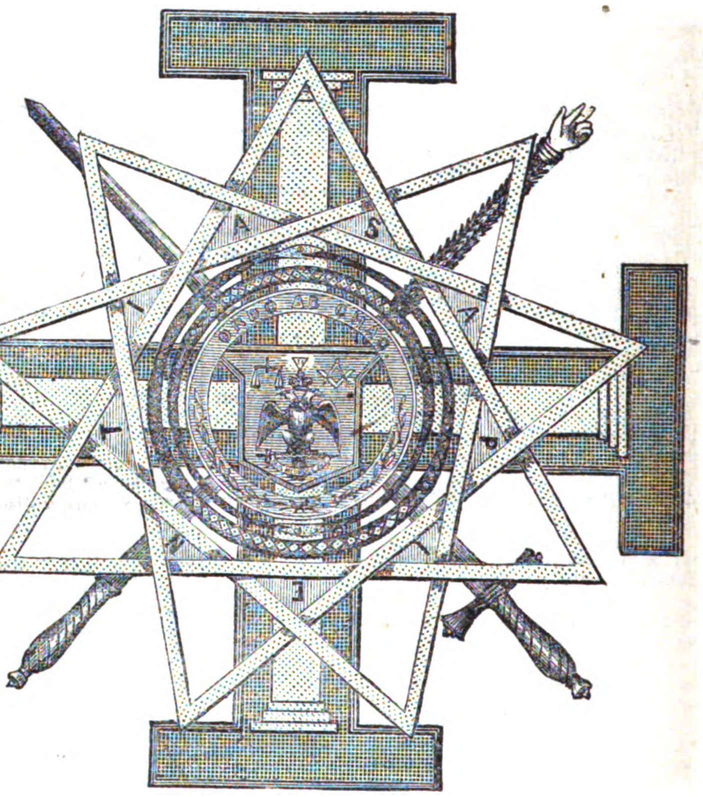
No. 15.

Anecdotes and Sayings of Masons.

Henry Clay.—In the long dispute between the States of Virginia and Kentucky, growing out of what was called the "occupying claimant laws," Henry Clay was retained by Kentucky to maintain her rights before that "tribunal in the last resort," the Supreme Court of the United States. The then Speaker of the House of Representatives was to appear for the first time before that elevated, dignified, and venerable body, and a large concourse of spectators was attracted by a natural curiosity to determine whether the orator of the West would be able to sustain his reputation upon this new and untried theatre.

When he rose, it was with some slight agitation of manner; but he soon recovered his wonted composure, and held his auditors in admiring attention while he pronounced a most beautiful eulogium upon the character of the sons of Kentucky. The judges sat, in their black robes of office, sedate and attentive. Judge Washington, who was in the habit of indulging himself with an occasional pinch of snuff, had taken out his snuff-box for a little of that titillating restorative, and Mr. Clay, on observing it, instantly stopped, and advancing gracefully to the bench, participated with the judge in the refreshment of his nasal organs.

As he applied the pinch, he observed,

"I perceive that your honor sticks to the Scotch," and immediately resuming his stand, he proceeded in his argument without the least embarrassment. So extraordinary a step over the usual barrier which separates the court and the barristers excited not a little astonishment and admiration among the spectators, and it was afterwards aptly remarked by Judge S., in relating the circumstance to a friend, "that he did not believe there was a man in the United States who could have done that but Henry Clay."

It is known that Mr. Clay was remarkable for his recollection of faces. A curious incident of this wonderful power is told of his visit to Jackson, Mississippi, in the year 18—. On his way the cars stopped at Clinton for a few moments, when an eccentric, but strong-minded old man made his way up to him, exclaiming, as he did so, "Don't introduce me, for I want to see if Mr. Clay will know me."

"Where did I know you?" said Mr. Clay.

"In Kentucky," answered the keen-sighted but one-eyed old man.

Mr. Clay struck his long, bony finger upon his forehead, as if in deep thought. "Have you lost that eye since I saw you, or had you lost it before," inquired Mr. Clay.

"Since," said the man.

"Then turn the sound side of your face to me that I may get your profile."

Mr. C. paused for a moment, his thoughts running back many years. "I have it!" said he. "Did you not give me a verdict as juror, at Frankfort, Kentucky, in the great case of the United States *vs.* Innis, twenty-one years ago?"

"I did! I did!" said the overjoyed old man.

"And is not your name," said Mr. Clay, "Hardwicke?"

"It is, it is," replied Dr. Hardwicke, bursting into tears. "Did I not tell you," he said to his friends, "that he knew me, though I have not seen him from that time to this? Great men never forget faces."

∴

Aaron Burr.—When Aaron Burr returned to New York city to practice law after his voluntary exile in Europe, he found the late Rev. Jedediah Burchard, then a celebrated revivalist, holding a series of protracted meetings in his family church. He attended from habit, always went late, and disturbed the services by attracting to himself the attention of the audience on account of his infamous notoriety as the man who shot Alexander Hamilton, and who had been tried for treason. Mr. Burchard resolved to rebuke him openly. The next Sabbath he came in and got about half way up the aisle, the clergyman paused in his discourse, and pointing at Colonel Burr, said, in the most scathing manner, "You hoary-headed old sinner, I'll appear against you at the day of judgment!"

The proud, defiant old man, standing erect as ever, with that perfect composure which never deserted him, and fixing his fine gray eyes on the occupant of the pulpit, replied, "Mr. Burchard, I have observed through a long course of professional experience, that the very meanest class of criminals are those who turn *State's evidence.*"

It was a favorite saying of this astute legal practitioner, "That *is* law which is clearly stated and plausibly maintained."

When Burr was being tried for treason at Richmond, among the young gentlemen of the town who had succeeded in forcing their way into the room was Winfield Scott, then just admitted to the bar. He stood at the massive lock of the great door, above the crowd, in full view of the prisoner, who observed him, harrassed as he was by the incidents of the great trial. Years afterward they met. Scott was then the lauded hero of the war of 1812, Burr was a ruined adventurer. On the evening of the day on which he was first named *General*, Scott found himself at the house of a distinguished politician in Albany, where a little supper was to celebrate his promotion.

"Have you any objection, general, to be introduced to Colonel Aaron Burr?" inquired the giver of the feast.

"Any gentleman whom you may choose to invite to your house," replied the general, "I shall be glad to know."

Colonel Burr entered; the introduction took place; the party sat down to whist until the supper was announced. At the table the old colonel and the young general sat opposite to each other, but no particular conversation occurred between them for some time. Meanwhile General Scott, ever as courteous as brave, forbore to pronounce the word *Richmond* or even *Virginia*, lest it should excite painful feelings in the mind of a fellow-man. Suddenly Colonel Burr looked up and said—

"General Scott, I've seen you before."

"Have you, indeed?" rejoined the general, supposing that he referred to some military scene, or other public occasion in which he had figured.

"Yes," continued Burr," "I saw you at my trial."

On one occasion, when Burr was a prisoner in Louisville, Ky., on his way to Richmond to be tried for treason, the populace outside the building was excited to the highest degree, and made a demonstration as if they would seize and maltreat him. Henry Clay, just then rising into fame, became somewhat alarmed for Burr's safety, and in that courtly manner for which he was remarkable, said—

"Mr. Burr, whatever may be the excitement in the street, depend upon it I will be answerable for your personal safety."

At the remark the fine eye of Burr flashed with lurid fire, and drawing himself up with a dignity that seemed overpoweirng, he replied—

"Mr. Clay, I have never been placed in any circumstances where I could not protect myself."

Family Circle.

WE WERE BOYS TOGETHER.

BY BRO. GEORGE P. MORRIS.

We were boys toggether,
And never can forget
The school house near the heather,
In childhood where we met;
The humble home to memory dear,
Its sorrows and its joys,
Where woke the transient smile or tear
When you and I were boys.

We were youths together,
And castles built in air;
Your heart was like a feather,
And mine weighed down with care:
To you came wealth with manhood's prime,
To me it brought alloys—
Foreshadowed in the primrose time,
When you and I were boys.

We're old men together—
The friends we loved of yore,
With leaves of autumn weather,
Are gone forevermore.
How blest to age the impulse given
The hope time ne'er destroys—
Which led our thoughts from earth to heaven,
When you and I were boys.

HUMBLE LIFE.

Tell me not that he's a poor man,
That his dress is coarse and bare;
Tell me not his daily pittance
Is a workman's scanty fare;
Tell me not his birth is humble,
That his parentage is low;
Is he honest in his action?
That is all I want to know.
Is his word to be relied on?
Has his character no stain?
Then I care not if he's low born—
Then I care not whence his name.
Would he from an unjust action
Turn away with scornful eye?
Would he, than defraud another,
Sooner on the scaffold die?

Would he spend his hard-gained earnings
On a brother in distress?
Would he succor the afflicted,
And the weak one's wrong redress?
Then he is a man deserving
Of my love and my esteem,
And I care not what his birthplace
In the eyes of man may seem.

Let it be a low, thatched hovel—
Let it be a clay-built cot,
Let it be the parish workhouse—
In my eye it matters not.
And if others will disown him
As inferior to their caste,
Let them do it—I'll befriend him
As a brother, to the last.

ONLY A BABY SMALL.

Only a baby small,
Dropt from the skies;
Only a laughing face,
Two sunny eyes;
Only two cherub lips,
One chubby nose;
Only two little hands,
Ten little toes;
Only a golden head,
Curly and soft;
Only a tongue that wags
Loudly and oft;
Only a little brain,
Empty of thought;
Only a little heart,
Troubled with naught;
Only a tender flower,
Sent us to rear;
Only a life to love
While we are here.

Beautiful Allegory.—The following beautiful allegory is translated from the German:

Tophronius, a wise teacher; would not suffer even his grown up sons and daughters to associate with those whose conduct was not pure and upright.

"Dear father," said the gentle Eulalia to him one day, when he forbade her in company with her brother to visit the volatile Lucinda, "dear father, you must think us very childish, if you imagine we should be exposed to danger by it."

The father took in silence a dead coal from the hearth, and reached it to his daughter. "It will not burn you, my child; take it."

Eulalia did so, and behold her delicate white hand was soiled and blackened, and, as it chanced, her white dress also.

"We cannot be too careful in handling coals," said Eulalia, in vexation.

"Yes, truly," said her father, "you see, my child, that coals, even if they don't burn, blacken. So it is with the company of the vicious."

⁂

A Tower of Strength.—The strong infusion of the mental and moral element in the American Lodges, of which our columns have often spoken, appears in the following extract from a letter from Bro. E. H. Hatchell, of Dardanelle, Ark. He says:

"In this Lodge, No. 32, we boast of forty-two members, amongst whom there may be found our Secretary of State, the Attorney General of the State, the United States Marshal, one State Senator, three ex-Senators, four ex-Legislators of the lower House, the County Treasurer, the County School Commissioner, and the balance are mostly ex-officers of some grade or other."

⁂

How Victoria Reproved A Flirting Daughter.—An anecdote illustrating Victoria's admirable good sense and strict domestic discipline is related by one who witnessed the occurrence. One day, when the Queen was present in her carriage at the military review, the princess royal, then rather a willful girl of about thirteen, sitting on the front seat, seemed disposed to be rather familiar and coquettish with some young officers of the escort. Her Majesty gave several reproving looks, without avail; "winked at her, but she wouldn't stay winked." At length, in flirting her handkerchief over the side of the carriage, she dropped it, too evidently not accidentally. Instantly two or three young heroes sprung from their saddles to return it to her fair hand, but the awful voice of royalty stayed them: "Stop, gentlemen," exclaimed the Queen, "leave it just where it is. Now, my daughter, get down from the carriage and pick up your handkerchief." There was no help for it. The royal footman let down the steps for the little royal lady, who proceeded to lift from the dust the pretty piece of cambric and lace. She blushed a good deal, though she tossed her head saucily, and she was doubtless angry enough, but the mortifying lesson may have nipped in the bud her first impulse towards coquetry. It was hard, but it was wholesome. How many American mothers would be equal to such a piece of Spartan discipline?

⁂

Singular Incident in a North Country Church.—On Sunday week an incident, which distracted the attention of the congregation from devotional exercises for some time, occurred in a Highland parish church. During the singing of the first psalm a lamb strayed into the church, and, ascending the gallery stairs, made its way to the front pew, where it excited considerable astonishment by rising on its quarters, placing its fore feet on the desk, and coolly surveying the congregation. A lady sitting near determined to expel the intruder, and seizing the lamb in her arms proceeded to the door, the congregation meanwhile watching the proceeding with breathless interest. Going down stairs, however, the hitherto amiable lamb began to resist the forcible termination to its devotions, and succeeded in bringing both the old lady and itself to the bottom of the stair in a manner more rapid than graceful. The lamb, finding itself free, once more made its way into the gallery by another door. The beadle of the church now put in an appearance, and attempted a capture, but the lamb was too sharp for the church functionary. An exciting but unsuccessful chase ensued, to the amusement of the congregation, and the interruption of the services. The scene was brought to a close by the minister saying to the beadle—"The beastie may be quate; sae jist let it be." The services were then proceeded with, and during their course the lamb justified the good opinion of the pastor by remaining quiet.

⁂

Matrimony.—Henry Ward Beecher delivered a discourse on matrimony, Sunday evening, in the course of which he said: When a man gets a good wife he wants nothing more in life. Marriage is a thing not to be rushed into, but cautiously, religiously, and discreetly performed. The religious idea was conveyed as all that was rich and good in the family, and we have got to hold on to it by our hearts as well as by our heads. The speaker here made reference to the life of Jacob, who, he said, lay upon a single stone—which, according to our ideas, must have been uncomfortable; but the man who can do this is better than he who has all the luxuries. The speaker would rather sleep and dream as Jacob did on the stone, than sleep and dream as some men do on beds of down. Men who dream cannot sleep soundly. It is one part sleeping and another part awake. Dreams, therefore, do some good, but very rarely. Better have a settled mind and no dreams at all. Marriages should be founded upon qualities that will last, rather than upon the mere ties of affection. When a man founds a household, it ought to be done upon moral grounds. He that so selects will make a household a blessing, though some people may be very prominent in church matters, and yet not very well adapted for a good husband or a good wife. He that marries a woman first, and thinks he can change her religion afterwards, knows little of human nature. He would recommend all, therefore, to go back to the land of their fathers, to take partners for life from among their neighbors, and always of the same denomination.

I have been young, and now I am old, and as I stand before God to-night, I declare that nothing I have ever given in charity is regretted. Oh, no! it is the riches we keep that perish; that which is given away abides with us forever; it impresses itself on our character, and tells on our eternal destiny; for the habit of charity for this life will accompany us to the next. Let us, then, now, and on every occasion hereafter, practice that liberality which in death we shall approve, and reprobate the parsimony which we shall condemn.

The Household Jewel.

The undersigned have each had in use, two to four years, one of your Machines, which has given so great satisfaction that we desire to recommend it as an invaluable *Household Jewel* to all our lady friends. It is so very simple that it never gets out of order—so light running and easily managed that a child can use it—so reliable in action that it never misses a stitch—and so quiet that it may well be styled the "silent" Sewing Machine. We have always found the seam perfectly reliable, never ripping in washing or wear, or in any way failing till the garmen tis worn out.—Letter to Willcox & Gibbs S. M. Co., from Mrs. D. G. George, Mrs. W. P. Matteson, and six other ladies of South Shaftsbury, Vt.

The National Freemason,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

NEW YORK, OCTOBER 26, 1867.

R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S., Editor.

John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

TERMS—$4 per year; $2 a half year; Single copies, 10 cents.

CLUB RATES—5 copies, $18; 10 copies, $35; 15 copies, $47 50, with extra copy to getter up of Club; 20 copies, $60; clergymen, $3.

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OFFICE.—SECOND FLOOR, 432 BROOME ST., CORNER CROSBY AND BROOME STS., ONE BLOCK FROM BROADWAY, AND TWO BLOCKS FROM ST. NICHOLAS AND METROPOLITAN HOTELS.

All wishing to form clubs can send on two or three names at a time, giving us notice that they are part of the list, to be completed subsequently. Money must accompany the names sent.

Premiums.

The great and unprecedented success of the National Freemason induces its publishers to offer the following, or an equivalent, not designed to interfere, however, with terms above; but some prefer this method of being compensated for their labor. Lodges thus have an opportunity to furnish their officers and rooms:

Parlor and Lodge Organs and Melodeons.

For 50 subscribers, at $4 each, an organ of Carhart & Needham or any N. York manufacturer, worth $ 50
For 70 at $4, Four Octaves, worth . . . 70
" 90 " Four and a half Octaves, worth 90
" 110 " Five Octaves, Scroll Leg, " . 110
" 150 " " Piano Style, " 150
" 175 " Six Cctaves, " " 190

Sewing Machines for a Wife or Widow.

For 5) subscribers, at $4 each, we will give a Willcox & Gibbs Sewing Machine, ornamental iron stand, with drawer and lock, Hemmer, Feller and Braider, at manufacturers' price, or one of any New York manufacture (boxed and ready for shipping), worth $56
For 65 subscribers, ornamental iron stand, half case, Hemmer and Feller, ... 65
For 70 subscribers, ornamental iron stand, half case, Hemmer and Feller, silver plated, . 70
For 75 subscribers, ornamental iron stand, half case, Hemmer and Feller, silver plated, . 75
For 100 subscribers, full cabinet, walnut or mahogany, Hemmer and Feller, silver plated, . 100

Books.

For five subscribers, at $4, Oliver's Landmarks, 2 vols., octavo, $5.

For 3 subscribers, Oliver's Dictionary and Cyclopædia of Freemasonry, $3.

For 2 subscribers, Revelations of a Square, $1.50.

For 15 subscribers, Oliver's Works, 10 vols., $15.

In this proportion for any Masonic work in the New York market.

Regalia.

For 50 subscribers, at $4 each, 10 Velvet Collars, properly trimmed, for either Lodge or Chapter, worth $50.

For 45 subscribers, 10 Masonic Ribbon Collars and 10 Lodge Jewels, heavily plated, engraved in same style as pure silver, worth $45.

For 30 subscribers, 10 Lodge Jewels, heavily plated, worth $30.

For 50 subscribers, 10 Officers' Aprons, stamped in gold, with jewel of office, trimmed with silk, $50.

For 6 subscribers, 1 M. Mason Dress Apron, ornamented with Masonic devices in blue and gold, with silver Masonic tassels, worth $6.

For 12 subscribers, a Gold Pen; for 50 subscribers, a Gold Watch and Chain, for lady or gentleman.

We will deliver the articles at our rooms or send the books by mail, stamps having been furnished. If the article is to be boxed, the expense must be prepaid by the person sending for it.

One copy will be sent free also to each person making up a club of seven or more.

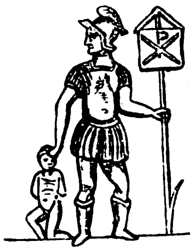
A few copies of Vols. 7 and 8 of the National Freemason, from September 1st, 1866, to July 1st, 1867, neatly bound, have been left at our office, and will be sent free on receipt of $8.00, by postal order or bank check. Address National Freemason, P. O. Box 5903, New York City.

Grand Lodge Business.

We have frequently alluded to the necessity of providing some method by which the increasing business of our Grand Lodge should be disposed of within a reasonable time, but thus far without making much progress. Every representative sees for himself how the business is increasing, and feels that the time is not far distant when the Grand Lodge will be little more than a mass meeting. A committee was appointed at the last annual communication to devise a method by which the judicial business of the Grand Lodge should be got rid of, and we trust that they will succeed in shaping a plan likely to meet with general approval. That will be so much gained. Next we must have some way of economizing the time of the Grand Lodge and saving the day which, under the present rule, has to be given to the deliberations of committees while the body is doing nothing. Our attention is called to this subject by the report of the late meeting of the Grand Lodge of Illinois. We note that the Standing Committees of that body assembled a day in advance of the Grand Lodge and were ready to present their reports on the second day of the session. Then there is no reason why the same course should not be pursued in New York, nor why we should not finish up our business in two or three days at the outside. The money thus saved can be applied to a variety of purposes more to the advantage of Masonry than waiting for the reports of committees.

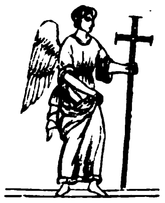
The Sign of the Cross—Its Masonic Use—Symbols of Various Rites—Of Templar Interest—Its Varieties—The Cross Constantine Saw. (No. 5.)

The labarum preceded Constantine's armies in all engagements, or which he inscribed on the shields of his soldiers. [The *labarum* or standard of Constantine was deposited with great solemnity in one of the churches in Brescia, where it continued to be exhibited as a relic down to the period of the French Revolution.] As regards the labarum, however, the coins of the time, in which it is especially set forth, prove, as we have already shown, that the so-called cross upon it was nothing else than the same ever-recurring monogram of Christ. Cicero (who died 41 years before Christ) says that "the very name of the cross was banished from the thoughts, eyes and ears of a Roman citizen." Thus the early Christians had a twofold motive for abstaining from an ominous combination of lines which certainly irritated their enemies, and possibly depressed themselves. Nor does there seem any doubt that the form of the cross continued to inspire the same odium with the great body of Roman converts who followed the example of Constantine, not only until the abolition of the punishment of the crucifixion by that Emperor, but for a considerable time after. For it naturally required an interregnum of generations ere the old ideas connected with the "arbor infelix" gave way before its new and glorious meaning. Accordingly, it is not till the middle of the fifth century, more than 100 years after the cessation of death by crucifixion, that the pure form of the cross emerges to light, no longer the sign of a horrible death, but of the Divine triumph over all death.



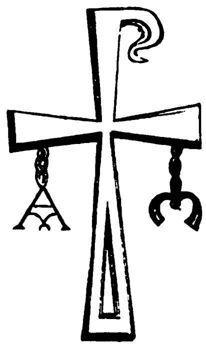
THE LABARUM, FOURTH CENTURY.

The first appearance of the simple cross in its dignified form is on *a coin*, issued by Galla Placidia, who who died 481.



FIRST COIN WITH CROSS, FIFTH CENTURY.

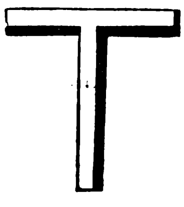
It appears next as a Mosaic decoration on the roof of the chapel of Galla Placidia, in Ravenna. It would seem that a cross studded with jewels, and associated with some form, actual or symbolical, of the Redeemer, held its place for some time. The *seventh century shows us still the jeweled cross, ornamented with pendent gems in lieu of the Alpha and Omega.*



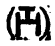
Several crosses of the kind are connected by gold chains with the gold crowns discovered near Toledo, and now exhibited in the Cluny Museum. Thus far they are meant to symbolize the Redeemer, rather than to signify the Christian faith. In the same sense as the vine or the rock, the lamb or the pelican, do they personate Him, not the faith in Him. In some instances the cross is directly put in His stead, in an historical as well as abstract sense.

By the sixth century, we see the cross approaching still nearer to the conditions of the crucifix. This is observable of a pectoral cross, so called from being worn on the breast of ecclesiastical and royal personages.

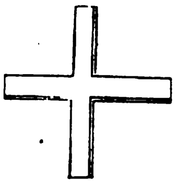
Crosses are divided into the Anticipatory and the Ecclesiastical. The anticipatory, or, as it is sometimes termed, the cross of the Old Testament, consists of three limbs only, and takes its origin from Ezekiel, ix. 4: "And the Lord said unto him, 'Go through the midst of Jerusalem and set a mark upon the foreheads of the men that sigh and that cry for all the abominations that be done in the midst thereof.'" This mark was interpreted as the Tau by the Jewish converts to Christianity, who gladly persuaded themselves that a prefiguration of the cross had been thus mystically given in the Old Testament. This fanciful interpretation is not allowed by Protestant commentators, but it held its place in mediæval art. In the subject of the Elevation of the Brazen Serpent in the Wilderness— a common type (cross pole) of the crucifixion, in the "Biblia Pauperum," and in other devotional illustrated books of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries—the Tau Cross is generally represented. It is also called the Typical



Cross, being a type of that on which our Saviour suffered. It is also called the Tau Cross, from its exact resemblance to the Greek letter *T*, and again the Cross of St. Anthony, and is represented on the left side of the garment of St. Anthony.

According to Oliver, this emblem  forms the principal distinction of a Royal Arch Mason's apron and jewel. Being placed in the centre of a triangle and circle, both emblems of the Deity, it would appear that it was originally intended to typify the sacred name, as the author probably of eternal life; being tripled in the Christian system, because the life to come, according to the light of revelation, is superior to the elysium of the heathen; or, perhaps, in allusion to the three heavens mentioned by St. Paul. It has been referred to the three great lights of Masonry, expressive of the creative, preserving and destroying power of God.

The single Tau was a Jewish symbol. The Tau triplified is Christian. The Tau Cross and Serpent became authorized emblems, both of Judaism, Christianity and Freemasonry.



The equilateral is popularly called the cyclopediæ Greek Cross, without foundation in fact. This Greek type has all the limbs equal. The form is very ancient, appearing within the circular crown, held by angels in the church of St. Vitale, at Ravenna, called the "Scutum Fidei." The conditions of the circle of the crown caused its equilateral condition, or having arms of all the same length. It is thus seen, and for the same reason, on coins and in the centre of ancient crosses.

(To be continued.)

Anti-Masonic Convention.

The effort to create another general anti-Masonic excitement will fail. We trust, however, that it will suffice to winnow out the chaff from our institution.

The *American Baptist* publishes the following call:

In compliance with the expressed wish of persons of different denominations, the undersigned respectfully request such of their fellow-Christians as may choose to do so to meet them in convention on Thursday, Oct. 21st, at 3 o'clock, P. M., in the city of Aurora, Ill., for prayer and consultation on the following topics: 1. The relation of the prevalent secret orders to the Christian religion. 2. The duty of professing Christians in reference to them. 3. The propriety of calling a national convention on the subject.

The committee of arrangements at Aurora are Benj. Harkness, W. Tyler, S. McCarty, Jos. Penney, Newton Otis, Chas. Gill, D. W. Stockwell, Oliver Denney, and Sylvanus Town; and all persons who may attend are requested to report themselves at once by letter, or in person on the day of the Convention, to the above committee, who will be in attendance at B. Hasting's office, opposite the Empire House, to extend to members of the convention Christian hospitality during their attendance.

The press generally are requested to copy this call, for the information of their readers.

The *American Baptist* adds:

The call is signed by Joseph Travis, a Royal Arch Mason; J. A. Hart, E. P. Hart, S. Roberts, Master Masons, and many others.

Whether the above persons are Freemasons or not we do not know, and should need some other evidence than the statement of persons who affirmed Jeff Davis, Horace Greeley and John Surratt were Freemasons, and have not yet had the manliness to retract. If the four persons signing the foregoing call are Freemasons, an examination would doubtless show that they have been under Lodge discipline, or have neither mind nor heart to comprehend our symbolism or the great truths taught.

The mails for the South are in sad derangement. The New York post-office gives to the National Freemason the credit of having the best written mail going out of the city. After being written, it is carefully examined, and in every stage of its preparation it is under careful supervision until it leaves the New York office. Yet packages for three successive weeks failed to reach Georgetown and other points. The package for Westminster, Maryland, fails to reach its destination twice a month, and so of other points south of Richmond, Va. Why is not the paper distributed with more regularity in Baltimore? Who is the wrongdoer? Is it on the route? Is it the distributing office? Cannot the detectives discover? If not, let others be appointed.

More letters inclosing money to this office have been lost within the last three months, than in as many years before. What does it all mean?

Will not our Masonic friends especially help us to find out who is the perpetrator? Is it some one who has been blackballed in a Lodge? Is it some religious anti-Mason who thinks he does good service by obstructing Masonic light? Or is it ——?

Since writing the foregoing we find the following:

Arrest of a Mail Agent—A Series of Robberies Committed.—For several months past letter and mail packages have been missed on the different mail routes leading out of this city. These abstractions from the mails became so frequent that Mr. Sharretts, special agent of the post-office Department, went to work to ferret out the guilty party. After several weeks' effort and search, he came to the conclusion that Mr. L. P. Bryan, one of the mail agents, was the guilty party, and on Saturday last Mr. Sharretts arrested Bryan at the post-office here, and found on his person several packages he had taken from the mails, among which was one containing some artificial flowers. Bryan immediately admitted that he had taken other articles and that he had some gold pen cases and pencil cases at his home in Waterbury, which he had stolen from the mails. We also learn that Bryan put old and defaced postage stamps upon letters mailed in the mail car and appropriated the good stamps on the letters to his own use. Also, further, that he has been in the practice of taking out of the mails and sending off to his friends magazines *en route* to the subscribers. Many articles have been taken, but the aggregate value of them all is not large. Among the articles taken was a set of sleeve buttons worth $12, sent by a young gentleman in this city to a young lady living on the Housatonic road. Bryan was taken before United States Commissioner Ingersoll on Saturday, and gave bonds to the amount of $1,500 for his appearance to undergo an examination. Bryan, we understand, was not a permanent agent upon any one route, but acted as a relief agent for the other agents when they were off duty.

We learn that among other articles which attracted Bryan's particular attention were newspapers and magazines in transit between publishers and subscribers. His facilities as mail agent enabled him to pilfer at pleasure, and he kept the game up until his rogueries were discovered by Mr. Sharretts, as above stated. Bryan was formerly deputy sheriff, constable and jailer in his town, and his character has hitherto been held far above suspicion. He is very respectably connected.—*New Haven Courier.*

Cannot Bro. Sharretts be put upon our Southern route also? The detectives in this direction are not accomplishing much.

Let our subscribers furnish us with all mail failures, and we will press this subject upon the Department.

The Grand Lecturer.

The convention, under the auspices of some thirty odd of the Lodges in this city, is now in session at Odd Fellows' Hall. Grand Lecture Chaffee is busy exemplifying and teaching the standard work, and the result of his labors will prove of great benefit to the craft. The brethren generally we are assured will attend, especially those who do not practice the Grand Lodge work first, that they may note how few the variations between what is called the old work and that taught by Bro. Chaffee; and secondly, that having made these notes they may go back to their Lodges and assist in making the ritual uniform throughout the jurisdiction.

Bro. Lessing has proved himself for a year a valuable and reliable agent, and has the full confidence of this office.

Comfort for the American Baptist.

A recent telegram from the ever faithful and highly enlightened and pious island of Cuba is to this effect:

"Havana, Cuba, *Oct.* 17.
Via Key West, Fla., *Oct* 19, 1867.

"The police to-night surprised a Masonic Lodge while assembled for business, and took the members into custody, the Lieutenant-Governor of Sagua being prominent among them. Owing to a 'Peninsula' alarm cry all the officers were discharged.

"The Havana Lodge took the precaution, on learning of the raid, to suspend its meetings."

The island of Cuba, as every one knows, is an appanage of the Spanish crown, and is governed in accordance with the ideas prevailing in Spain, the home of the Inquisition. There is, therefore, nothing surprising in the announcement that the police had put a stop to so villainous a proceeding as the meeting of a Masonic Lodge. The labors of a body of men looking to the enfranchisement of the human intellect from the bondage of error and superstition, seeking to unite men of every country, sect and opinion, in the bonds of friendship, to the upholding of morality and virtue, should not be suffered to continue in a country so specially blessed with every thing tending to educate and enlighten men as Cuba, the daughter of Spain, and it is, therefore, quite proper that the police should be called in to put an end to such scandalous doings. This fact we offer to our friends of the *Baptist* and others of that ilk, as especially consoling to them in the crusade which they have inaugurated against the craft in this country.

We offer it to them the more freely that we feel convinced of their great need of something in the way of comfort and consolation in the hopeless crusade in which they have engaged.

Assuming them to be sincere in their design, it must be a further source of gratification to them to welcome as coadjutors the police of Cuba, and to find that their ideas, as developed by the light and freedom of America, find their parallel in the station-houses behind the Moro Castle.

It is of no special consequence, but our friends may possibly note in passing, that among the prisoners was the Lieutenant-Governor of Sagua, who may be supposed to have received some education, and, therefore, to have known better than to be connected with such an institution as Masonry; but we should like to have them explain how it is that wherever men escape from the thrall of ignorance and come under the influence of free institutions; wherever they cast off the effete despotisms of the past and emerge into the sunlight of free institutions and self-government, that Masonry takes root and flourishes among them; that wherever on the surface of the globe governments have lagged behind the progress of the age, Masonry continues to be interdicted; and, on the other hand, wherever there is freedom of thought and action, the people incline to our institution, and under their auspices it flourishes. Cuba will be free one of these days, and then the police will have other business than arresting citizens for attending Lodge. Meanwhile our American Baptist friends should get all the comfort they can while darkness prevails, for when the day of light arrives their vocation will be gone.

Bro. John W. Simons was the recipient, a few evenings ago, of a Grand Steinway Piano, at his residence in Brooklyn. We regretted our necessary absence.

This was a well deserved compliment to our brother, and a recognition of his services in behalf of Americus Lodge. W.: Bro.: Reeves E. Selmes, in an appropriate speech, made the presentation in behalf of the Lodge.

Bro. Simons expressed himself as being specially pleased that, in selecting the honorarium, the brethren had chosen an article pleasant and useful to the wife and little ones, rather than to himself, because it might be considered in some sort as a recompense for their deprivation of his company while engaged in the duties of Masonry, to which he has so earnestly and for so many years devoted himself. He said that so frequent and so liberal were the Masonic calls upon his time, that he had under serious consideration the propriety of furnishing his children with copies of his photograph, that they might be able to recognize him when from time to time they met him by accident. It was, however, pleasant to know that in many ways the brethren appreciated his efforts in their behalf, and in that appreciation he found the strongest incentive to perseverance. He concluded by warmly thanking the givers for their splendid present, assuring them that himself and his children would ever bear in grateful remembrance the munificence of Americus Lodge.

The company of ladies and gentlemen was large, and they had a good time in social intercourse and in the partaking of a bountiful collation. The well known vocalists, Miss Sims and Mrs. Coleman, sung some of their best songs.

Seneca.

There is more internal evidence from the writings of Seneca that he was a Mason and thoroughly sympathized with Masonic sentiment, than has ever been adduced for Pythagoras' freemasonry. Seneca proclaimed the common dignity and the common origin of man. He said he recognized two States, the city in which we are severally born, and the city *whose limits*, as he finely says, *we measure by the sun.*

I am not made for a corner, he exclaims; *my fatherland is the universe; men perish, humanity never dies.* Wisdom calls the human race to concord. Man is a social being. He is born for all. *The world is the one dwelling-place of all men.* High and low have one parent. God gives to all without partiality; he opens to all the commerce of the seas, the kingdom of the human race. He bids his rain fall on the evil and the good alike. Virtue becomes equally kings and slaves. *All men are related, all are members of one great body.*

Lucius Annœus Seneca, the mystic millionaire of classical antiquity, the benevolent minister of ferocious Nero, and the consistent philosophic craftsman of the Christian era, was the second son of M. A. Seneca, a native of Spain, born at Corduba, a few years before Christ. At Rome, an ailing boy, during his youth he was watched over by his Aunt Helvia. Among his preceptors was Sotion, the mild representative of Pythagoras.

In early life Seneca visited foreign craftsmen, especially those of Greece and Italy. He became an advocate, grew celebrated and rich, and was appointed Quæstor.

Among his first compositions was "The Consolation to Helvia," written to comfort her in her many sorrows for him when sent to exile by the Emperor.

He contends that true joy dwells within, that the banished are not homeless, for they have all one country, a fatherland of their own; that wherever the Roman conquers, he settles; that amid all our wanderings, two supremely beautiful possessions accompany us, a common nature and a personal character; that nothing really valuable falls into the power of others; that our truest wealth can neither be given nor taken away; and whether we refer this privilege to the Maker of the World, or God the Omnipotent, or the incorporeal Reason, or the Divine Spirit, present alike in the least and in the greatest, or to Fate and the unchangeable series of inter-connected causes, we have in any case secured to us the pure enjoyment of this august and graceful universe, and of the mind, its most magnificent element, which contemplates and admires it, abiding with us as long as we abide, and enabling us to follow with joyful heart and unfaltering steps the destiny that guides us.

When recalled, Seneca was made Prætor and a preceptor of the young Lucius Domitius, the Nero Cæsar of infamous celebrity.

Seneca himself was "one of the victims of Nero's cruelty." When the order for his death was communicated to him, turning to his friends who were with him, the patient old man explained to them, that though he was not allowed to reward their merits, he bequeathed them the only possession that was now left to him—his only, yet his fairest possession—the image of his life, the contemplation of which would inspire that love of virtue and constancy in friendship which were sure to win them the honorable opinion of mankind. At the same time he endeavored to repress their tears and restore their fortitude, soothing them with gentle words, or checking them with a manly rebuke. Where, he asked, were the precepts which wisdom dictated; where was that remedy against the evils of life, where that practical philosophy, which they had made their study for so many years? Was there one to whom the cruel disposition of Nero was unknown, or could any thing else be expected than that the man who had murdered a mother and a brother would destroy his fosterer and his preceptor? Then embracing his wife, and allowing his firmness to give way for a moment, he implored her not to resign herself to endless sorrow, but to moderate her regret for her husband's death, and find consolation for his loss in the remembrance of his good and honorable life.

Answers to Correspondents.

THE CRESCENT—was, it is true, the standard of the Saracens during the crusades. It is frequently seen in Christian coats-of-arms, in obedience to the law of chivalry, requiring the conqueror of a Saracen gentleman to assume his arms. The badge of Richard Cœur de Lion was "a star issuing from the horns of a crescent."

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THE WORD JOURNAL—by natural, reputable and present use (its three great properties) may without absurdity be applied to a *weekly* newspaper, although etymologically it means a daily issue. It involves no real contradiction. It is not of necessity that a word should always be considered to root itself in its etymology and to draw its life blood thence.

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ERRATUM.—The allegory published in the No. of 12th October, was not by "Mrs. Knight," as the printer published it, but by "Mrs. Sarah A. Wright."

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R. F. K.—Your favor received with many thanks. Will write you more at length than we can do here, in a day or two.

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X. L.—The persons named in the warrant are the ones to be installed. When the new organization desire a change, they should signify their desire to the Grand Body, before the warrant is granted. After the issue of that instrument there is no choice but to accept matters as they stand.

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CORINTHIAN.—The question to be submitted to candidates are printed in the transactions of the present year, page 68. They are made imperative, and you would do well to read them. It would be a good idea for some of our publishers to get up blank forms, including them, for general use.

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THE DUTIES OF PROV. G. REGISTRAR OF ENGLAND—are thus defined by Bro. White:

To advise the Prov. G. Reg. generally as to all questions of Masonic jurisprudence which may arise in the province; to advise the Masters of Lodges on any matters of dispute in their Lodges as to which they may need guidance; to peruse all proposed By-Laws, and advise the Prov. G. Master as to their legality; to inquire, on all applications for dispensations, into the circumstances under which they are applied for, and advise the Prov. G. Master as to the legality (not the propriety) of granting them, together with other duties of a similar character.

◆

We call the attention of the brethren to the fact that Mrs. De Vere, who is the widow as well as the daughter of a Mason, will give a concert at Irving Hall on Saturday evening next at 8 o'clock. She will have the assistance of several of New York's choicest favorites. Tickets one dollar; to be obtained at Irving Hall and at Drug Stores.

◆

The "Democratic Expounder" (Michigan) of Oct. 17 says:

We have on our table the October number of the NATIONAL FREEMASON, with a portrait of Rev. James Milnor, and otherwise illustrated with Masonic representations. We have on several occasions called the attention of the craft to this excellent periodical, and recommend it to their attention, as a valuable auxiliary to further light in Masonry. Its high moral tone, its very able expositions of the tenets of Masonry, its historical accuracy, and above all, its zeal in behalf of the institution of Masonry as an ameliatory agency in human society, makes it doubly valuable to all true Masons. No such Mason can afford to be without it.

◆

GREAT BOOKS are written for Christianity, much oftener than great deeds are done for it. City libraries tell us of the reign of Jesus Christ, but city streets tell us of the reign of Satan.

The Pacific Railroad.

At the request of friends we condense the account in the *Evening Post* for the benefit of many of our Western readers, with whom it is the great topic of conversation. We find that here, as everywhere else, Masons are interested in progress. A prominent Mason and statesman is the President of the Company.

In portions of the country, every man is in some way personally interested in it, either actually working on the road, or getting out ties, or cutting cordwood, or in some one of the numberless contracts connected with it.

The different Pacific Railroads are Union Pacific and a Central Pacific, and a Union Pacific Eastern Division, and a Northern Pacific and a Southwestern Pacific. Of these the Union Pacific and the Central Pacific are the great Pacific Railroads, and when completed will form one continuous line from Omaha to Sacramento. The Union Pacific has already completed nearly five hundred miles west, commencing at Omaha, and the Central Pacific is in running order more than a hundred miles east of Sacramento. They will unite somewhere about Salt Lake City. Both roads have Government assistance, and both roads have their bonds in market. The Union Pacific Eastern Division, starting from Wyandotte, Kansas, follows the Smoky Hill route, passes through Leavenworth and Topeka, and is now in running order to a point called Ellsworth, about two hundred and twenty-five miles out.

While these other roads are debating what route to take, or how to raise the funds to build the road, the Union Pacific has thoroughly built and equipped nearly five hundred miles of road, is already within a hundred miles of Denver, and although running through a waste of wilderness almost uninhabited, more than pays its expenses.

West from Omaha.—You get into the cars at Omaha at six in the evening. Comfortable sleeping cars are attached, and when you wake up in the morning we have passed Fort Kearney and are fairly on the Plains. As far as you can see to the right is one broad unbroken expanse of plain. On the left is the Platte with its bluffs, and here and there a straggling willow or cottonwood. But we have passed the region of timber, and shall see no more till we come to the present end of the road beyond Antelope, where on the bluffs a few stunted cedars and pines wrestle with the winds for their existence. The "Plains," in the sense in which the word is generally used, means all that immense tract of country which is without timber and without water. Sometimes this is an immense prairie, level as a floor and covered with waving grass; sometimes a plain hemmed in on either side by barren bluffs. Rain seldom falls here, and it is only available agriculturally for stock raising. After leaving Fort Kearney no farms are to be seen, but instead, now and then a scared antelope starts up and makes off over the plain, and the immense horns and the bones of buffalo lying along the route show where they have been killed.

A Wandering Town.—At North Platte we see the first Indians, a band of friendly Sioux, who have pitched their camp just in rear of the town. They are a dirty, squalid set as they stand wrapped up in their red blankets, sheltering themselves from the wind; and, like all Indians, the men are lazy, drunken rascals, the women poor, patient drudges of creatures who get more kicks than halfpence.

Julesburg is the present terminus of the road. From here nearly a hundred miles further on it is still in the hands of the contractors. Here the passenger cars stop. Here the stage line to Denver, one hundred and ninety-eight miles away, commences. Here are the government warehouses, from which the different posts in this part of the Plains are supplied. Here are Wells, Fargo & Co.'s headquarters, from which they ship to Denver and Salt Lake, and here are long ox trains and mule trains in which the freight to those distant places is transported. When all these trains are in, town is a lively place.

From Julesburg to the end of the track we must go on the construction train, with the iron and ties, and trestles for bridges and other supplies necessary for the road. At Julesburg the road leaves the line of the Platte, which it has followed thus far, and keeps along the Lodge Pole. It is a rough ride in a box car, and we lose even that sorry comfort at Antelope. But the conductor takes pity on us and lets us ride on the engine. We reached Antelope about 3 A. M., and it was still dark when we found ourselves mounted on this screeching machine, tearing madly away into the darkness.

At last the journey is over. Stiff and tired and sleepy we get down from our fiery Vulcan, and tumble down the bank and over a ravine until we bring up in the quarters of the construction party. The room we enter is a part of a car partitioned off for an office, and contains a couple of desks and some office furniture. Boots, trousers and coats are lying around confusedly, and from some bunks beyond come the deep drawn breathings of men sleeping heavily. It is now half-past four, and it is still dark.

The Road Builders.—At seven o'clock the great work, which has been laid aside for twelve hours, must again go on, and at six o'clock three hundred trackmen must be fed.

At the ringing of a bell they all crowd into breakfast. The table is lighted by hanging lamps, for it is as yet hardly daylight. At intervals of about a yard are wooden buckets of coffee, great plates of bread, and great platters of meat. The quantities are immense, but great as they are they are not enough, and are continually replaced by a dozen waiters, who form an endless chain of plates of bread, plates of meat, buckets of coffee and empty dishes.

How the Track is Laid.—Breakfast is over and work commences at half past six, but it is not till seven that it is fairly under way. The work of track-laying is divided into three parts: the tie-laying, the track-laying proper, and the bolting and spiking.

The Tie Placers.—First come the engineers, who fix the line of the ties, determining where they are to go; next a set of skillful workmen who put down a few ties at the proper level, enough to determine the position of the rest of the ties, and finally the great body of the layers, who fix the remaining ties on the level of those already down—workmen follow, throwing in dirt and ramming it down, and all is then ready for the track-layers.

The Rail Lifters.—The truck being at the end of the track and the wheels blocked, at a word from the foreman five men on each side seize a rail and pull it out over the front of the car to its full length. "Down," sings out the foreman, and down come two rails into their proper place on the ties. In an instant the man at the farther end has applied a measure and adjusted the width, the man next the car has whipped out the blocks, the little horse knows that now it is his turn and strains and pulls, and the car runs over nine yards more of the Union Pacific Railroad.

The Rate of Building.—Nine yards in fifteen seconds! Thirty-six yards a minute; nearly a mile and a quarter an hour. At this rate, counting ten hours a day for work, and estimating the distance to Sacramento at one thousand six hundred miles, the work would be done in a little more than four months. But follow the truck along and you will see two miles a day is about an average of the work. A truck carries thirty rails. It exhausts its load then after dropping fifteen sets of rails, and must go back for another. This is what takes time, for the rails are heavy and slow to be loaded, and the truck must be run back to the point where they were unloaded from the supply train. As the track advances, this point recedes, and the truck must be run further and further back each time until a new load can be dumped off nearer.

This and many other difficulties reduce the track laying to an average of about two miles a day. The most constant forethought and the greatest energy are necessary to keep always ready rails enough, and bolts enough, and spikes enough, and the thousand and one articles, the want of any one of which would stop the work.

The Bolters.—The track-laying I have described only leaves the rails in their places, resting there by their own weight. Close behind the truck from which the rails are laid come two men who place at each jointing of the rail a clamp, and at each sleeper two spikes. These clamps, called the Fish Clamps, consist of two pieces of strap iron, which are placed lengthwise of the rail and in the hollow of it, and are bolted together by bolts passing through them and both rails. The rails are thus securely fastened together and form one continuous piece of iron. Close behind the clampers come the spikers, who put in enough spikes to hold the rails in their proper position until the main body of spikers come up, when the exact width of the rails is fixed, the sleepers finally settled, and the last spikes driven home—and the work is done. This is the main work, but a dozen branches of it are going on at the same time. Fifty mule teams are constantly hauling up sleepers, water carts are making constant trips to supply the whole establishment with water. Bridge men, three or four miles ahead, must permit no delay from bridges, and the telegraph must be the *fidus achates* of the railroad.

Every twenty miles a water tank is to be constructed, and wood, wherever it can be got, must be cut up and hauled for the engines.

The Rocky Mountains are now in sight. Thirty miles further and Cheyenne will be reached, and it is hoped the Black Hills this fall Next year when Spring opens it will again go on and with renewed energy. Gen. Dodge, the Chief Engineer of the road, who has just returned from a six months' exploration of the mountains, reports finding an easier grade and an abundance of excellent coal. Already steps are taking to form a new territory, to be called Wyoming, and to be made up of parts of Colorado, Idaho, Dakota and Nebraska. Build the railroad, and the railroad will populate the new territory.

Begging Masons.

(Continued from page 252.)

As we were passing over to the other side, the fellow appeared to eye us suspiciously, as though he wished to avoid the meeting. But when he found it impracticable, he saluted us respectfully, and was moving on. But my companion stopped him by saying—"Well, my poor fellow, you have not succeeded in finding employment?"

"Why, the truth is," he replied, "Master Carpenters, as well as Master Masons, are rather shy of engaging with a perfect stranger, without a written character in his pocket; for you know, sir, the old canon—*all preferment among Masons is grounded upon real worth and personal merit only;* and who could discover my worth and personal merit without a certificate from my last employer, which I unfortunately neglected to procure? And, perhaps, they are right; for there are many impostors in this Great Babylon, as I myself have good reason to know."

I could scarcely believe my ears, said the Treasurer. I looked in his face, and he smiled. I knew that smile, and the peculiar twinkle of his keen gray eye. It was no other than my accomplished schoolmaster!

"Why, you rascal," I began—but he interrupted the explosion by saying, in his calm and quiet manner:

"Don't abuse me, sir, I beseech you. Spare your precious breath for a better purpose. You cannot tell how soon you may have occasion for it. Your dull ass, as the grave-digger says, will not mend his pace with beating. As to being a rascal—if I was ignorant of that fact, I must be the stupidest ass breathing, for I am reminded of it twenty times a day. Everybody tells me so—and what everybody says, must be true. I am, indeed, something like the man Snake, in Sheridan's play, which I saw the other night, and most earnestly entreat you not to ruin my bad character, for it is all I have to depend on. Shakespeare informs his hearers, and his readers too, that each man in his turn plays many parts, and it is perfectly impossible for me to tell how many have fallen to my share."

The cool impudence and self-possession which the fellow displayed (continued the Treasurer) amused me exceedingly, and I asked him how he managed to get a living, as he appeared to be disinclined to work?"

"Why, sir," he said, "the truth is, I sometimes live luxuriously, and sometimes starve, for mine is but a precarious employment at the best. At one time I dine off a noble haunch of venison, and wash it down with claret, and at another I am obliged to do penance with Duke Humphrey, or amuse myself by taking an account of the number of trees in the park, to allay the cravings of hunger. And sometimes, *Si fortuna perit, nullus amicus erit*, I am greeted with kicks instead of halfpence."

"Why, then, do you not exchange such a degrading mode of life for some honest and regular employment?" I inquired. "You appear to have some talent, and by the aid of industry and application you might become a useful member of society."

"It can't be done, sir," the fellow replied; "it can't be done. I have already tried it on without success. A dull, droning life won't do for me." And he began to sing, in a clear, tenor voice:

Of all the trades in England,
A beggar's life's the best,
For whenever he's a weary,
He can lay him down to rest.
And a begging we will go!

I fear no plots against me,
I live in open cell,
Then who would be a monarch,
When beggars live so well?
And a begging we will go!

"No, gentlemen, it can never be. I live only in an atmosphere of fun and excitement; and even starving for a season is not without its pleasures. Sometimes, indeed, the joke becomes serious; and if it were not for such kind-hearted persons as yourselves, i' faith, I am afraid I should be obliged to work, which, to say the truth, would be very distasteful, and go woefully against the grain. But long life to the Freemasons! They are a liberal set of men, and not very discriminating, and, therefore, I have but little trouble with them. I shall never be reduced to the hard necessity of working, thank goodness, while we have Lodges in every street, and open-handed Treasurers. They are fruitful milch cows, and a beautiful Goshen when the land of Canaan reduces me to famine."

"Then you are not a schoolmaster, after all?" I said.

"Bless your heart, no," the fellow replied, with his pleasant smile. A schoolmaster! Faugh! To be shut up the live-long day with a flock of dirty urchins, and no escape—it is not to be thought of. Besides, I never could endure confinement. I have been twice in Bridewell and once in Newgate, not for making an illegal conveyance of property, mind, but, as the big wigs technically term it, as a rogue and a vagabond—for begging, in short; and in my daily Litany I pray to be delivered from all restraint. A schoolmaster! Ha, ha, ha! I have had many a laugh about that, and your beautiful new half-crown. It is clear that you believed my story."

"I certainly did," my good man," was my reply.

"Nay," said he, "now you call me good, when in fact it was not I, but the acting that was good."

The fellow's taunt stung me to the quick, and I asked sternly, for I felt piqued at his unblushing effrontery: "What, then, in the name of the devil, are you—a daring thief, I warrant?"

"Not a thief, your honor," he replied, with the utmost composure. "I have never yet been reduced to that dodge. Craving your pardon, begging is the safest employment of the two. I can sleep with a quiet conscience when I have no sins under my belt of greater burden than a few innocent white lies."

"You have a trade, I suppose, if you were compelled by necessity to work? Tell me at once what it is."

"That is a question which will be rather difficult to answer," he repled. "At this moment, as you see, I am a distressed carpenter; but what I shall be to-morrow is in the womb of fate. I have been the round of all known trades and professions. A horse-dealer to-day, a lawyer to-morrow; this day a chimney-sweep, the next a distressed clergyman. For instance, do you recollect—for further concealment is unnecessary," he continued, with the merry twinkle of his eye to which I have already referred—"do you recollect a poor cobbler who paid you a visit a week or two back, whose *all* was beneath his hat, and his *end* certain unless you relieved him?"

"Why," I ejaculated, in astonishment, "surely—"

"Your humble servant, sir, and no mistake," he coolly replied, with a low bow. "And perhaps you have not altogether forgotten a distressed stonemason, who satisfied your scruples by telling you what the rough ashlar smelt of?"

"And was that one of your performances also?" I inquired.

"The same, sir. I am Proteus. Ever ready *tourner casaque*, as the Parisian gamins would say."

"Then you have been in Paris?"

"I have been everywhere. It would be difficult to say where I have not been. Experience is a faithful instructor, and I have been some years under its tuition. And you shall hear what an apt scholar I have been. I once bet a guinea with a pal—you may stare, sir, but I sometimes have a fugitive guinea in pocket to sport with, as well as my betters. Where was I? Oh—I was saying, I bet a guinea that I succeeded in obtaining relief from the Treasurer of a certain Lodge, which shall be nameless, six times within the compass of fourteen days. Having at my command the choice of every species of disguise at the rate of sixpence a day, I accomplished the feat, and the poor dupe remains in perfect ignorance to the present moment that he has been imposed on. And, sir," he said, lowering his tone of voice, "excuse me, sir, but I flatter myself if I had not been so unfortunate as to encounter both of you together, that the experiment might have been safely and successfully repeated, although the representative of Wisdom in your Lodge does possess the Jewel of Sir Christopher Wren."

"The clever scamp chuckled over his reminiscences, and suddenly turning on his heel, and looking me full in the face, he said, in a half-whisper—"By the bye, you don't happen to have such a thing as half a crown about you?"

"Why, you impudent rogue—"

"Stop a moment, if you please, dear brother," he said, with his usual quiet smile and twinkle of the eye, accompanied by the most unruffled composure—"don't be impatient, I beseech you. I was about to add, that if you have such a thing to dispose of, I am ready to purchase it by communicating a secret which is worth its weight in gold."

"This proposal," continued the Treasurer, "under the circumstances, I thought peculiarly insulting, particularly as the fellow had assumed that remarkably knowing look which seemed to indicate that he intended mischief. I had no wish to be victimized; but as the risk was trifling in amount, even if I got nothing in exchange for my coin, I consented to the proposal, simply for the purpose of ascertaining how far the fellow's impudence would carry him; and while he pocketed the gratuity, I heard him mutter—'Well, you're a trump any how—*you* are—and no mistake! I *will* say that; and I'll not lose sight of you.' And then he said aloud—'The secret I have to communicate is dirt cheap at half a crown. Listen to it:

"TAKE CARE WHO YOU ADMIT AS CANDIDATES, AND YOU WILL HAVE FEWER BEGGING MASONS."

Geometry—Fellow-Craft—Herschel—Jones—Analogous Symbol of Trinity.

BY BRO. DR. WALTER, OF TRINITY CHAPEL.

The importance of the study of Geometry is forcibly impressed upon the mind of the Fellow-Craft during his passage through the inner courts of the Masonic Temple. There is much in this beautiful study of great interest to the thoughtful mind, and also serving to illustrate many great and important truths, not ordinarily obvious to the uneducated mind, but revealed only to such as have devoted themselves to patient, thoughtful and laborious research.

Among the numerous symbolical figures scattered through the Masonic lectures, there are three of perhaps the greatest prominence. The circle or sphere, the square or cube, and the delta or triangle, symbolical respectively of the eternity, the perfection, and the equality of the Triune Deity. To ignore or deny the existence of the Trinity in Deity, is to shut our eyes and ears, and close our understanding against the whole system of Masonic symbolism, and to belie the most palpable teachings of its Ritual and Lectures.

Even the Hebrew, if well grounded in the traditions of his race, may conscientiously acknowledge this, although he may not be willing to receive Christ as the true Messiah.

But it was far from the intention, as it is beyond the ability of the writer to enter into a lengthy and learned disquisition upon this subject. The object in view was simply to introduce to the readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON a very interesting problem invented by H. Harrington, Doctor in Music, who lived in England about the beginning of the present century. This problem was brought to the notice of the world of learning about the year 1806, and attracted the attention of the most eminent men of that time, among whom may be mentioned the great astronomer Herschel, and the well known Rev. Wm. Jones, of Nayland, both of whom were well skilled in the sister art of music.

The problem in question, with the introductory letters from Dr. Herschel and the Rev. Mr. Jones, may be found in a pamphlet published in London, 1806, and sold by George Robinson, Paternoster Row. It is entitled "*ΣΥΜΒΟΛΟΝ ΤΡΙΣΑΓΙΟΝ*, or the Geometrical Analogy of the Catholic Doctrine of Triunity, consonant to human reason and comprehension; typically demonstrated and exemplified by the natural indivisible triunity of certain simultaneous sounds," &c., &c. "By H. Harrington, M. D."

Dr. Herschel's letter to Mr. Harrington is in the following words:

"DEAR SIR—Your very elegant deduction of the diatonic elements from a rectangled triangle, has given me singular satisfaction; and although it is true that my present pursuit allows but little time for the pleasing strains of harmony, I still retain my former love for the study of music. I feel myself doubly obliged by this agreeable communication and your friendly remembrance of me, and beg you will believe that I shall ever remain with great esteem,

"Dear Sir, your faithfuful
and most obedient servant,
"WM. HERSCHEL.

"Sept. 23, 1791."

But the letter from the Rev. Wm. Jones, of Nayland, is much more interesting to the Masonic student. It is as follows:

"SIR—I am much obliged to you for thinking it worth your while to send me the curious and ingenious communication which I have received from Bath.

"Your letter found in me a person who was ready to believe any thing of that wonderful composition of similar triangles, in which I have always delighted, and considered it as the miracle of geometry. You will, therefore, not wonder if I am more delighted than ever with your application of it to the diatonic system of the octave; its coincidence with which, by taking the sides as 3, 4, 5, holds in every particular. Your application of this triangular mystery to the sacred mystery of the Trinity is further agreeable to my fancy; and I think the analogies of nature, if not to be considered as a ground of the faith, are yet delightful to the imagination, and helpful to the understanding. Is it the effect of chance, can we think that there is the like wonderful Trinitarian coincidence in optics as in sounds, and if possible more adequate? When we refract the pure light by a prism, it is manifested to the eye under the three primary simple colors of red, yellow and blue, each of them so distinct that we can lay our finger upon them separately and say, this is not that, and that is not the third; yet we say truly of each by itself, that is *light;* but when they are joined, the same that were three are now one without distinction, the glory equal, the majesty co-eternal. Is the Trinity in unity incredible after such things as these? It is rather the only natural doctrine. When God said, 'Let there be light,' He intended there should be an image of Himself, and to disbelieve God we must first disbelieve the light. But I have no occasion to preach to you, and I hope you will excuse me for saying so much.

* * * * * *

"Sir, your most obedient humble servant,
"W. JONES.

"Nayland, June 7, 1796."

Then follows another letter from the Rev. Mr. Jones, which it is not necessary to transcribe, after which we come to the "Prolegomena," which is an argument on the manner by which we infer the possible and probable existence of some *particular truths*, from the *certain existence* of some other truths *similar* to them; and the gist of this argument is found in the following words of St. Paul:

"The *invisible* things of *Him* from the creation of the world are *clearly seen*, being *understood* by the *things that are made*, even His eternal power and *Godhead*."—Romans, i., v. 20.

And to this *end*, and for this very *design;* for nothing could be created by *infinite wisdom*, but with *foreknowledge* and *design*.

Since we find in the *Scriptures* God and *spiritual things* represented to us under the *ideas* and names of *visible* and *sensible* things, it is a demonstration that God framed them to represent *Himself*, and what He preintended to reveal of Himself and His ways to *mankind*.

St. Paul has given a beautiful instance of representing the ideas of *spiritual* things by *visible* and *sensible* objects, respecting the *resurrection* of the *dead*. And no one can refuse his assent to the same *mystery* being represented to us by *visible* and *sensible* objects, who has ever considered the three *simulachra* of our *vile body*, the state of the *dead*, and the *glorious body*, which may be represented by the *worm*, the *chrysalis*, and *butterfly*, in their *three states* of progressive change.

We shall next give the problem referred to, with its demonstration.

(To be continued.)

REV. MORGAN DIX, in his essay on "Ritualism," in the July number of the "*Galaxy*," comes to the following conclusions:

1st. There must be ritual of some kind, where there is religion. 2d. There is the clearest argument from Holy Scripture and ecclesiastical history in favor of a beautiful and impressive ritualism as a powerful and impressive agency on men for their good. 3d. Such ritualism must be a teacher; it must symbolize something and express as forcibly as possible what it symbolizes. A ritualism used without a meaning and representing no truth which the intellect can grasp, is but a piece of trifling and a sham. 4th. Ritual must teach truth, pure, unadulterated truth—God's truth, which he has revealed to men. 5th. People should try to discuss the subject with calmness.

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW YORK CITY.

By-Laws.—We have been favored with a copy of the By-Laws of Independent Royal Arch Lodge, No. 2, gotten up in a style surpassing any thing in our collection, which is quite extensive. The form of the book is a small 8vo., printed on tinted paper, in the highest style of the art. It opens with a brief resume of Lodge history, developing the fact that the actual date at which the first charter was issued is lost in obscurity, the charter itself having been destroyed. It is, however, unquestionable that the Lodge ante-dates by many years the Grand Lodge. A pregnant reason for the brevity of the historical sketch is given in the sentence, "the existence of the Lodge has always been pacific."

Following the By-Laws proper, which are exceedingly well drawn, is a complete list of the membership from the beginning. The whole is a document of great interest to the brethren of No. 2, and a valuable contribution to the Masonic history of the State.

The copy sent us is bound in full morocco, with the names of the Lodge and the recipient on the cover, and an official presentation on the first page. We accept it with many thanks for its intrinsic value, as well as for the fraternal spirit which dictated the gift.

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At the late reunion of Americus Lodge, No. 535, Bro. Geo. E. Simons, in making the presentation address, alluded in fitting terms to the "valuable assistance and wise counsel rendered them in their hours of darkness, as well as to the untiring zeal, distinguished ability, and earnest devotion to Masonic principles evinced by R. W. Bro. Merriam throughout his administration, qualities which had endeared him to the craft, and the lustre of which would never dim while the record of his acts could be preserved."

Bro. Merriam replied substantially as follows: "Brethren of Americus Lodge: there are times when the tongue refuses to perform its office, or, at least, when no words that can pass the lips can properly convey the emotions of the heart. Such an occasion is the present one with myself. Seeking no reward, and expecting none but the consciousness of having faithfully performed my duty, I undertook the difficult and responsible duties which led to my acquaintance with this Lodge. I found you passing through a period of trial such as few Lodges could withstand and hold together, and it seemed to nearly all but yourselves that you must yield to the storm; but calmly and quietly you pursued the even tenor of your way, relieving the distressed, burying the dead, and providing for the widow and orphan.

This noble example attracted my attention and caused me to feel that a body of men who could thus illustrate Masonic principles should be assisted and sustained. So thought the great Masonic fraternity! You *were* sustained.

Thus it is with organizations, as with individuals. *All* have their dark days—days when friends turn against them, and when those most bound to gratitude become most bitter; but if the single object is to *do right*, to deal justly, and to fulfill those great duties we owe to God, our neighbor and ourselves, we must of necessity overcome all obstacles, and may safely say, God is for us, and who can be against us.

"Thus it has been with you, my brethren; and in whatever measure my humble efforts have contributed to your success has been from no merit in myself, but because our mutual labors were in harmony with the divine will and in accordance with the designs laid down upon the trestle-board of the great Master above.

"I thank you most sincerely for this beautiful gift, and shall hand it down to posterity as a memorial that 'at this time and place' I was made happy by this imperishable token of your fraternal regard."

BROOKLYN.

Nov. 29, at Plymouth Church, under the direction of Lafayette Harrison, of Steinway Hall, a concert will be given for the benefit of the Masonic Relief Association of the Western District, Brooklyn. There will be a grand choir of 300 voices.

NEW YORK.

Many lament the demise of R. W. James Herring, Past Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of New York. Bro. Herring died at Paris, France, at the residence of his daughter.

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Delaware Lodge, 561, Hawkins, N. Y., buried Oct. 15, 1867, with Masonic ceremonies, Bro. Zalmon S. Main, of Lawrenceburg, Ind. This Lodge has a copy of By-Laws of Clarksville Lodge, No. 89, Clarksville, Tennessee, which was found among his papers. It was printed in 1855. Bro. Main had a M. M's apron and collar. He leaves a wife and one child to mourn his loss, which they do *deeply* and sincerely. Will Tennessee brethren direct to E. Buckley for further information?

SOUTH CAROLINA.

An Elegant Jewel.—The members of Zerubbabel Chapter, No. 11, of Charleston, S. C., are about to present to their worthy and respected P. H. P., Robert S. Bruns, an elegant and costly Past High Priest's jewel as a memento of their appreciation of his valuable services during a number of years in which he has served the Companions in the above named Chapter. Comp. Bruns also occupies the responsible position of Grand High Priest of the State. With such marked ability we feel justified in saying that Royal Arch Masonry must flourish and prosper in that State beyond all former precedents. The jewel is from the well known Masonic Manufacturing and Publishing Company of New York, and is of fine gold, having on its front a miniature breastplate set with real stones.

INDIANA.

Indiana mourns the loss by death of Isaac Bartlett, P.·. G.·. M.·., at the age of 67. He was Junior Grand Warden *pro tem.* 1839, and was chosen Deputy Grand Master, which he remained till 1845, when he was elected Grand Master.

MASSACHUSETTS.

Bro. James Piper died at Barre, Oct. 3, at the age of 104 years and 21 days. It is said that he was the oldest Mason in Massachusetts.

MISSOURI.

Capt. Jno. D. Daggett, said to be the oldest affiliated Freemason in Missouri, furnishes the following abstract of the history of Missouri Masonry, in a paper read before the Historical Society of St. Louis:

The first warrant of constitution was granted in 1807–8, by the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania to Louisiana Lodge, No. 109, to be holden in St. Genevieve. Otho Strader was the first Master, and Dr. Aaron Elliott and Joseph Hertick were its first Wardens. In 1809-10, a charter was granted by the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, to certain brethren in the town of St. Louis, to open St. Louis Lodge, No. 111. This Lodge finally ceased to exist, and the next Lodge in that town was chartered by the Grand Lodge of Tennessee. Subsequently other Lodges were chartered in different towns in the territory.

In February, 1821, in pursuance of an invitation sent out by Missouri Lodge, No. 12, of St. Louis, a convocation of Masons met in that city in April, 1821, for the purpose of organizing the Grand Lodge of Missouri. Edward Bates acted as Master. A constitution was adopted; and on April 24th, 1821, the Grand Lodge proceeded to the election of the following officers: Bros. Thomas F. Riddick, M. W. G. M.; Jas. Kennerly, S. G. W.; William Bates, J. G. W.; Archibald Gamble, G. Treas.; William Renshaw, G. Sec.

The Grand Lodge, being thus organized, adjourned to Friday, 4th of May next, at which time it met in St. Louis and its officers were duly installed.

From 1821 to 1867, the Grand Lodge of Missouri has had twenty-five Grand Masters, among whom we find the names of Hamilton R. Gamble, Ed. Bates, and A. B. Chambers. The Lodges in Missouri number 246, with a membership of about 12,500.

KENTUCKY

Bro. J. M. McCorkle, Grand Sec. Grand Lodge, Louisville, wishes information for a distressed wife of W. H. Gault, Master Mason, cabinet maker by trade, 5 ft. 8 in. high, fair complexion, yellow hair, red beard and whiskers, eyes of a blue or light gray color. Not heard from since June 14.

COLORADO.

At the 7th annual Grand Communication of Grand Lodge of Colorado, held at Denvor, Oct. 7th and 9th, 1867, the following officers were elected for the ensuing Masonic year:

Bros. Henry M. Teller, G. M.; O. A. Whitlemon, D. G. M.; Aaron M. Jones, S. G. W.; Webster D. Anthony, J. G. W.; Richard Sopris, G. T.; Edward W. Parmelee, G. S.; and Bro. Frank Hall was appointed Chairman of Committee on Foreign Correspondence.

TENNESSEE.

Grand Lodge.—The following are the officers of the current year: Joseph M. Anderson, M. W. G. M.; J. S. Dawson, D. G. M.; J. W. Hughes, S. G. W.; J. C. Abernathey, J. G. W.; William H. Horn, G. T.; Chas. A. Fuller, G. S.; John F. House, G. O.; Charles L. McCauly, S. G. D.; W. Peak, J. G. D.; B. F. Dugan, G. C.; E. W. Matthews, G. S. B.; R. S. Evans, G. M.; C. W. Jenkins, G. S.; George Siefferle, G. T.

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The First Lodge of Sorrow ever in Tennessee has just been held at the Masonic Temple at Nashville, by the Grand Lodge, in memory of P.·. G.·. M.·. Thomas McCulloch. The following officers presided: P. G. M. Chas. A Fuller, W. M.; P. G. M. John Frizzell, S. W.; P. G. M. James McCallum, J. W.; J. S. Davidson, S. D.; J. W. Hughes, J. D.; Wm. Maxwell and James O'Connor, Stewards. * * * * *

At each corner of the catafalque was a burning candle. Occupying seats at the four corners of the same were Past Masters D. R. Rawlins, R. J. Chester, M. Drummond and W. H. M'Leskey. Suspended to the wall in the rear of the stand was a large and elegant portrait of P. G. Thomas McCulloch draped in mourning. P. M. Samuel H. Stout, of Nashville, pronounced a timely, original and beautiful eulogy upon the life, history and character of Thos McCulloch, which is familiar, and whose virtues are an ever living monument in the hearts of Masons. The appointments and ceremonies were those usual in a Lodge of Sorrow.

OHIO.

Grand Council.—Officers for current year are: Chas. Brown, P. G. M.; J. R Conrad, D. P. G. M,; E. A. Hopkins, Ill. G. M.; Calvin Halliday, G. P. C. of the W.; F. J. Phillips, G. Treasurer; J. D. Caldwell, G. Recorder; Jacob Randall, G. Sentinel.

Grand Commandery.—Officers for current year are: Sir Heman Ely, G. C.; Sir W. A. Hirshiser, D. G. C.; Sir J. W. Underhill, G. Generalissimo; Sir S. Aztel, G. C. G.; Rev. Sir S. S. Gray, G. P.; Sir Joseph M. Stewart, G. S. W.; Sir C. A. Woodward, G. J. W.; Sir Peter Thatcher, G. T.; Sir John D. Caldwell, G. R.; Sir S. M. Sullivan, G. Swd. B.; Sir D. Atwater, G. Std. B.; Sir M. P. Smith, G. W.; Sir Jacob Randall, G. S.

Bro. Ely, Grand Master, thus commenced his address at the late session:

When those ancient Knights assembled with all the weapons necessary to perform their deeds of high emprise, the light of consecrated taper fell on each Red Cross and glittering shield and sword, while with holy rite and solemn vow the Templar took upon himself the sacred obligations of his Order, to defend to the uttermost the oppressed, and protect with life and limb all pious pilgrims who should visit Jerusalem to offer their devotions at the Sepulchre, which for a few short hours had enshrined the human form of our blessed Immanuel. Nobly did they fulfill their vows; bravely did they win imperishable renown.

We, Sir Knights, have inherited their title; the age and occasion which called forth their virtues and their valor has passed, yet we trust that the spirit of the Templars still lives, a spirit of refined and moral chivalry no less sacred than theirs which should incite its possessors to deeds of higher, nobler *moral* daring in the cause of truth and justice—should stimulate each Knight to protect and befriend the weary, way-worn pilgrim, to succor and defend the *innocent*, the *distressed* and *helpless*, and ever stand as champions of the *Christian religion.*

Hallowed are all the scenes connected with the life and death of our Saviour; but as Christian Knights, believers in all those assurances given by our Immanual as to the future life, let us turn from the ruined Temple, from the empty Sepulchre. He whom we seek is not here, He is risen; let us look beyond the desolate City, to that City—the New Jerusalem, whose foundations are eternal, but which hath no Temple, "for the Lord God Almighty and the Lamb are the Temple of it!" Let us seek in that city those glorious mansions which are being prepared for all the faithful followers of the Lamb, for all those who, "strong in the Lord and in the power of his might, having put on the whole armor of God, having their loins girt about with truth, having on the breastplate of righteousness, their feet shod with the preparation of the gospel of peace, and above all having the shield of faith, have successfully wrestled with principalities, against powers, against the rulers of the darkness of this world, against spiritual wickedness in high places, have withstood all, overcome all, shall inherit all. Having entered this city, all weary pilgrims shall enter into rest—"that rest which remaineth for the people of God;" they shall go out no more forever, and He who was despised and rejected of men shall then welcome them to his kingdom and to that Holy City where He forever reigns King of kings and Lord of lords.

Those who were present at our last annual conclave will recollect the cordial greeting with which we welcomed that venerable Knight, Sir Platt Benedict, who, though at the time quite infirm, said he could not forego the pleasure of once more meeting the Knights of Ohio in Annual Conclave. He died on the 25th of October last, having attained the advanced age of 91 years, and we have no doubt has entered upon the reward which awaits the faithful and valiant Templar. On the 28th of October I visited Norwalk, the place of his residence, to assist in his funeral obsequies. In conformity with his request, he was buried with Templar honors.

On the 6th of December I was compelled to decline an invitation from Reed Encampment, to participate in the funeral exercises of Sir John J. Achey, a member of that Encampment, and the only son of our esteemed *frater*, Sir Knight and M. E. P. Grand Master, John H. Achey.

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Grand Chapter.—Officers for current year are: Geo. Rex, G. H. P.; C. C. Kiefer, D. G. H. P.; Peter L. Wilson, G. K.; W. F. Rudenstein, G. S.; F. J. Phillips, G. T.; J. D. Caldwell, G. S.; Jacob Randall, G. G.

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Grand Lodge.—The following are the officers for the current year: Howard Matthews, G. M.; Edgar A. Hopkins, D. G. M.; Alexander H. Newcomb, G. S. W.; James Elliott, G. J. W.; F. J. Phillips, G. T.; John D. Caldwell, G. S.

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Is is true that Oberlin College gives to all students who are Freemasons an honorable dismissal, but will not permit them to remain?

Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

ENGLAND.

Installation of Bro. the Rt. Hon. Thomas Lord Kenlis, as Grand Master of the Provincial Grand Lodge of Cumberland and Westmoreland, took place Sept 27.

The entrance, or gateway to the churchyard from the western, or Underley-road end, was adorned with evergreens, which in their turn were bedizzened with flags and small banners. The bells of the church rang at intervals, and the presence of the Saltaire brass band did much to enliven the echoes. Troopers belonging to the Yeomanry were likewise present.

It was performed by the Right Hon. Lord de Tabley, R. W. Prov. Grand Master of Cheshire, of Cheshire, assisted by Bro. Æneas J. MacIntyre, G. Registrar of England, and brethren of Masonic distinction. The brethren were in proper Masonic full dress Craft clothing, the officers wearing the insignia of their office and rank, that, together with the chain worn by Lord Kenlis, being presented to him by the Order, a brilliant display was organized.

As the procession of brethren entered the sacred edifice they were received with a voluntary played by Mr. Scarisbrick. About fifty choristers, in white surplices, preceded, singing on their way up the aisle, the hymn—

"'Tis a pleasant thing to see
Brethren in the Lord agree."

They were followed by the clergy who proceeded directly within the altar rails; whilst the Masons ranged themselves in seats which had been kept clear for their use down the centre aisle. The volunteers took up a position at the rear, and the musicians were also accommodated with seats.

* * * * * * * *

It will, doubtless, be remembered that Lord Keulis, with a munificence almost princely, and certainly noble, has undertaken to restore the parish church at Kirkby Lonsdale. How far such a work was necessary is known to those who recollect the interior of the fine, old, structure a few years ago. At that time its present beauty was undeveloped; being embedded within a series of lath and plaster walls. Many of the handsome pillars that now attract so much attention had seemingly no existence; the same to a great extent with the Gothic and Roman arches; both were hidden as it were from sight, lost behind a grimy coating of unsightly plaster work. In fact, to give an idea of the true condition of the building, we may state that a gentleman himself told us that he had actually to crawl upon his hands and knees to look at a most delightful pile of Norman pillar work which had been discovered thus embedded; a Norman pillar which is only equaled in Durham Cathedral. Nor was this the only incident of the like kind. The neighborhood of the gallery and organ loft was similarly embellished by the tasteful adornments of the admirers of lath and plaster. Now, however, thanks to the enterprise and liberality of the Lord of Underley, a most beautiful pile of sacred architecture, together with all its ancient symmetry and beauty of design and form, has been restored to its place among the ecclesiastic gems that grace many of the primeval cities and towns and villages in this country. Contrasted with its condition in the past, Kirkby Lonsdale church is not the same building; associated in the mind with what it was a few years ago, it is not recognizable; it has undergone a complete transformation, and to bring about that metamorphosis has cost an outlay of something like £6,000. The object of visiting the church yesterday, therefore, was to open it formally to public worship. It must not be thought, however, that the restoration has been fully completed. Far from it. There is still much to be done, both inside and out. So far, however, an entirely new roof has been laid, and the stonework wherever needed has received the necessary dressing. New oaken seats, elaborately carved, have been provided. The architect is Mr. Paley, Lancaster, and the builder is Mr. Hutch. Lord Kenlis takes a great interest in the progress of the work, and seems desirous to push it forward with all judicious dispatch. The service yesterday commenced shortly afternoon. It was intoned throughout. The Rev. Mr. Atkinson, vicar of Cochran, intoned the prayers and the litany with considerable effect. The first lesson was read by the Rev. H. Ware, the beloved pastor of Kirkby Lonsdale, and the second lesson by the Rev. B. Porteus, while the sermon was preached by the Rev. James Simpson, vicar of Kirkby Stephen, and Prov. G. Chap. of the Lodge. The exhortation was judiciously composed and eloquently spoken. It occupied upwards of half an hour in delivery, and was listened to throughout with wrapt attention. The choir was conducted by Mr. Arrowsmith, of Lancaster, and Mr. Hindson presided at the organ. Both gentlemen acquitted themselves of their onerous duties admirably, and the choristers sang in good tune and gave evidence of considerable training. After the service a collection was made in aid of the Northern Counties Idiot Asylum, at Lancaster, and a handsome sum of money realized.

On the conclusion of divine service, the bells of the good old church rang a merry peal, during which the congregation left the building. The scene on the ground outside was singularly brilliant; the gay embellisments worn by the brotherhood, the diversity of color in the ladies' dresses, the volunteers, and the bandsmen, forming, altogether, a conglomerate spectacle rarely if ceed $500 on a single life. This is done through the Post-office department, which is the most reliable part of the British Government. France is putting a similar system into operation.

Would that it could be understood here that our Government exists, not for the reward of politicians, but for the benefit of the whole people.

The author of this work proposes to have adopted in this country the British idea, modified by the addition to it of the mutual principle. It is suggested also that Government should exercise supervision over life insurance companies, so as to require, as in the case of banks, the deposit of sound securities with the Seecretary of the Treasury.

This work will do good, as its truth is presented first in the form of the narrative, and followed by a perspicuous essay and legislative facts.

The Virginia Text-Book. Containing a history of Masonic Grand Lodges, and the constitution of Masonry, or Ahiman Rezon: together with a digest of the laws, rules and regulations of the Grand Lodge of Virginia; also, a complete compilation of the illustrations of Masonic work, as drawn from Preston, Webb, Read and others, by John Dove, Grand Secretary of the Grand Lodge of Virginia. Third edition, Richmond. Printed by James E. Goode, 1866.

The remnant of the second edition of Bro. Dove's work was consumed by the conflagration which laid a very large part of the business portion of Richmond in ruins, April 3, 1865, when the Confederate army surrendered the city to the Federal troops. This, the third edition, was ordered by the Grand Lodge of Virginia.

This work is not only valuable as the accredited monitor of Virginia, and for its chapters on the origin and antiquity of Freemasonry, the history and constitutions of Masonry, but especially so for its History of the Grand Lodge of Virginia.

The following is a fair specimen of this work of Bro. Dove, so widely known and so highly esteemed over the entire Masonic world:

The great paucity of Masonic records, the chariness of writing too much which characterized all our older brethren, added to the vandal character of the British in firing all our towns and public buildings during the war, have deprived posterity of many valuable documents which could enlighten us on this most interesting period of our early Masonic history. The first page of our record says, "We find that the Lodges in this State hold their charters from five distinct and separate authorities, viz.: the Grand Masters of England, Scotland, Ireland, Pennsylvania and America (the last at second-hand)." But which of the Lodges, or how many, were attached to each jurisdiction they do not say; nor have we any means of stating their origin with more precision than we have already done.

Suffice it to know that the Masonry of Virginia was at that time in the hands of as talented, as pious, and as firm a set of men as the world has ever seen. These were her ministers, who were generally highly educated Scotchmen; her merchants and mechanics, who were as generally prudent, enlightened and methodic Scotchmen; her school teachers, who were her Scotch divines, and who made this occupation tributary to the meagre support which the sparsely settled colony gave them for preaching; and when we add to this fact the well known devotion of all Scotia's sons to her usages and laws, it is matter of little wonder that they should endeavor to teach and diffuse Scotch Masonry, and so in the sequel we shall find they did.

The glorious war of the revolution was proclaimed to the world on the 4th July, 1776, at Philadelphia, and the gauntlet of independence thrown to the mother country by this infant nation, as an earnest of eternal separation from her politics, laws, and form of government. In May, on the 6th day, 1777, a portion of these same devoted patriots and enlightened Masons met at Williamsburg, by the representatives of five of the eight constituted Lodges then in Virginia, after legal Masonic notice to all. We say eight, because, though it is known there were or had been several others working under authority, yet from the many difficulties arising from the French and Indian wars, which indeed were not terminated at this time, their records, charters, &c., had been lost or destroyed, these eight were all that presented legal evidence of constituted existence; and at the Grand Lodge in 1786, the committee appointed to settle and regulate their rank, reported:

No. 1, Norfolk Lodge, constituted June 1, 1741; No. 2, Port Royal Kilwinning Cross, Dec. 1, 1755; No. 3, Blandford (Petersburg), Sept. 9, 1757; No. 4, Fredericksburg, July 21, 1758; No. 5, Hampton, St. Tammany, Feb. 26, 1754; No. 6, Williamsburg, Nov. 6, 1773; No. 7, Botetourt (Gloucester), Nov. 6, 1773; No. 8, Cabin Point Royal Arch, April 13, 1775.

That there were others, equally, nay perhaps more, efficient in diffusing the truth and light of Masonry, is proven by a letter written in 1843, by R. W. Jno. Barny, the Grand Lecturer of Ohio, to Bro. C. W. Moore, of Boston, in which he says, "Capt. Hugh Maloy, aged 93, is now living in or near Bethel, Clermont Co., who was initiated in 1782, in General Washington's Marquee: General Washington presided in person, and performed the initiatory ceremonies."

CORINTHIAN CHAPTER, No. 159, meets at Odd Fellow's Hall, on the 2d and 4th Thursdays.

METROPOLITAN CHAPTER, No. 140, meets on the 1st and 3d Fridays, at Masonic Hall, 114 and 116 East 13th Street.

PURITAN LODGE, No. 339, meets at No. 8 Union Square, on the 1st and 3d Wednesdays.

S. T.——1860——X.

"Life to the last enjoyed—here Churchill lies," was the epitaph on a very old man of the last generation, and a most significant one, too. But in *our* day it would, unfortunately, be applicable to but few. So many suffer from the pangs of Dyspepsia, and other stomachic difficulties, life becomes a burden. But, be admonished;"

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R. W. Fred. Widdows, P. M. St. Cecile Lodge, New York City.

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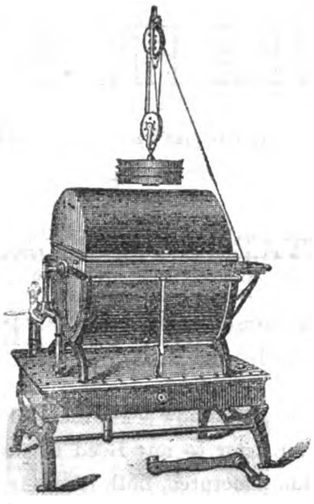

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Respectfully yours,
(Signed) MERRITT & DRAPER, 12 Maiden Lane.

From the Superintendent of the New Jersey State Lunatic Asylum.

State Lunatic Asylum, Trenton, N. J.,
August 29th, 1866.

Messrs. O. P. Drake & Co.:

Gentlemen—I write you to say we have now had a fair trial of your gas machine, having used it, with three hundred lights, since December last; and I have pleasure in reporting that it has given us complete satisfaction in all respects. I have used the oil-gas and find yours much cheaper, and attended with much less trouble.

Very respectfully yours,
H. A. BUTTOLPH, M.D.

From the Superintendent of the Schaghticoke Woolen Mill, New York.

Schaghticoke Woolen Mill, N. Y.,
February 27th, 1866.

O. P. Drake & Co.—In reply to your inquiry as to the working of the three-hundred-light Solar Gas Machine, put up by you at this institution in April last, I have to state that our expectations have been fully met in all respects. . . The light is excellent in quality and regular in supply. . . . It has also proved to be economical. . . . I can cordially recommend the machine, etc., etc.

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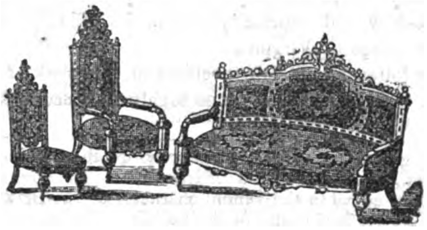

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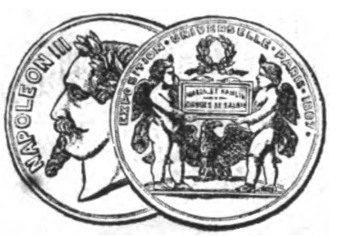

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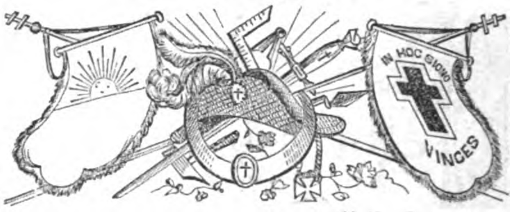

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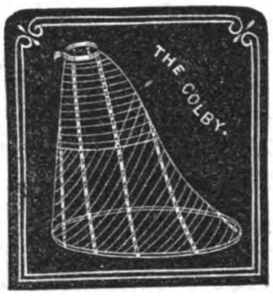

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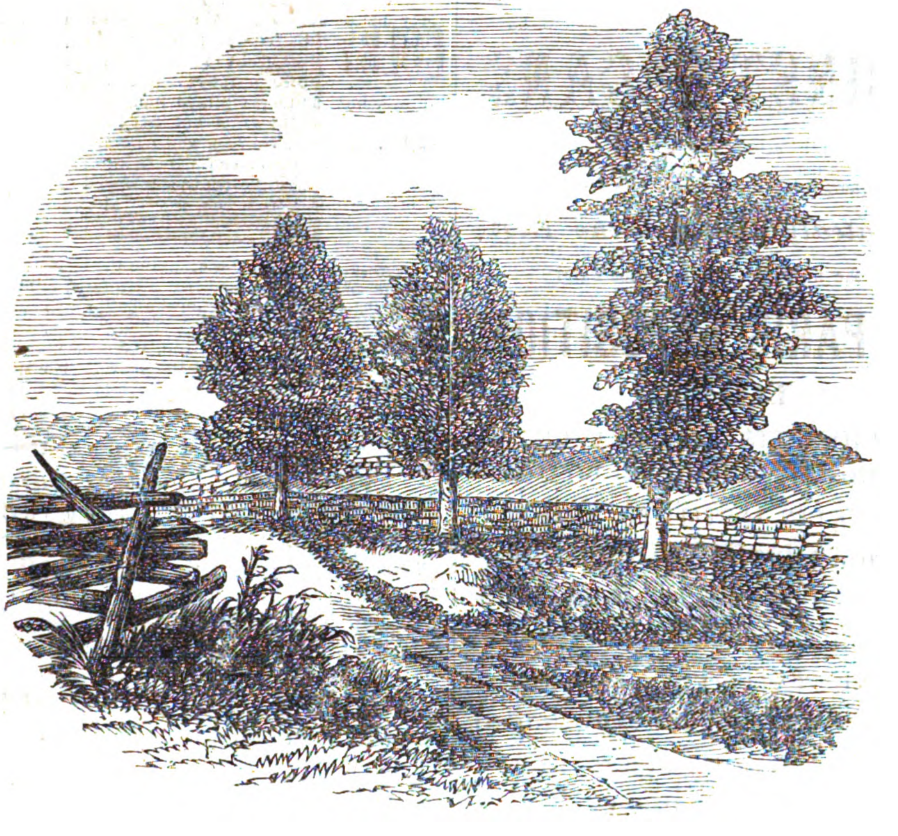


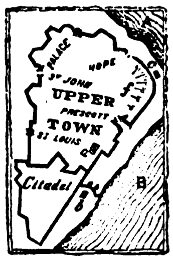
THE PLACE WHERE GEN. WOOSTER FELL.

DAVID WOOSTER, Master of the first Lodge in Connecticut, the Father of Connecticut Freemasonry, a Martyr to Liberty in the War of the Revolution, and a Pious Presbyterian.

General Wooster fell a mile north of Mt. Stebbins, at the forks of the road, one of which is the way from Ridgefield to North Salem. For a long time tradition pointed to a large chestnut tree as the place where the brave Mason and soldier fell. The tree has been converted into rails, and the stump, almost decayed into dust, is flanked by the two thrifty sugar maples seen toward the left of the picture. The latter tree is locust.

As if effectually to belie the ungenerous suspicions of General Schuyler, harmony, which had left the army, was recalled to it when Wooster joined. He co-operated heartily with Montgomery in the execution of all his plans. To their joint exertions the capitulation of St. Johns was due. They jointly attacked and dispersed the force under Sir Guy Carlton, which was hastening to its relief. They were joined in the resolution of Congress, which thanked them for these meritorious achievements. Together they marched upon Montreal. Wooster was left in command of its garrison, while Montgomery advanced upon Quebec, and fell, never to rise again, in the desperate assault of the 31st of Decenber.

The death of his superior in the field left Wooster in command of a defeated, dispirited, impoverished army. With two thousand men he was called to achieve all the impossibilities demanded by the nation. He was to hold in subjection all the Canadas that had been overrun. With nothing but uncurrent Continental bills, he was to clothe and equip his troops. He was to extort supplies from a people he was also directed to conciliate; and, without an artillery company, a battering train, a mortar or an engineer, he was to reduce the strongest fortified city upon the globe. Eight hundred men were all that could be spared for the operations against Quebec, and the madness of attempting to storm it with such a feeble remnant did not require the failure of the recent experiment to demonstrate. For the approaches of a regular siege, the numbers, the character and the equipments of the troops were entirely inadequate. Nothing remained but the third alternative, so distasteful and odious to every soldier, in which neither honor nor applause, nothing but reproaches, odium and misrepresentation were to be won—the slow, inglorious, wearying process of a blockade. In the fruitless attempt to starve out the garrison before supplies could reach them, the tedious months of that long winter finally wore away.



[This diagram (walls of Quebec) shows the plan of the city walls and relative positions of the several gates. A is the St. Charles River, B the St. Lawrence, *a* Wolfe and Montcalm's monument, *b* the place where that noble Mason, Montgomery, fell, and *c* the place where Arnold was wounded Gen. Wooster made the attempt to capture Quebec, April 1, 1776.]

Wooster had hardly entered upon the command before the ulcer in Schuyler's bosom opened afresh, and the fire in the rear recommenced. Remaining himself at Albany, and sluggishly forwarding the supplies and provisions at his disposal, he pursued the officer who commanded in the enemy's country with angry complaints, imperious mandates and insulting letters. He issued orders, and then, in a most peremptory tone, commanded Wooster to obey them, as if every previous order had been disregarded. He interfered with the internal regulation of the army and the police administration of the captured towns, and in other matters which exclusively pertain to the general in the field. Because Wooster intimated that some of the prisoners taken at St. Johns, who had been permitted to return by permits from the commander of the Northern army, were guilty of open acts of hostility to the American cause, Schuyler, with a total blindness to his own infirmity, accused him to Congress of writing "subacid" letters. Throughout the whole correspondence, in courtesy, in forbearance, in generosity, in patriotism, in every thing becoming the gentleman and the officer, Wooster leaves his assailant immeasurably behind. Uniformly temperate and conciliatory in his language, when goaded to a point where forbearance ceases to be a virtue, he contents himself with informing his superior that "he, too, claims the right to be treated with respect due to a gentleman and an officer of the Thirteen Colonies." He challenges him to mention a command which has not been cheerfully obeyed; an order which has not been promptly fulfilled; to specify wherein he has failed to pay all proper respect to superior rank, or to exert every faculty for union, harmony and the success of the cause.

"No personal ill treatment," says he, "will ever prevent my steadily and invariably pursuing those measures most conducive to the public good." The controversy had now reached such a point that the two officers could no longer continue in their relative positions without serious detriment to the public service. Both united in referring their grievances to Congress. A committee was raised, and, to the great joy of Wooster, he was recalled from a field where valor, self-denial and resolution were only repaid with ingratitude and odium. Within one month from his departure the American army were driven out of Canada, not only defeated but disgraced. Wooster immediately repaired to Philadelphia, and addressed to the President of Congress a letter to the following purport:

"The unjust severity and unmerited abuse with which I have been assailed in the colonies by those who would remove every obstacle to their own advancement, and the harsh treatment I have received from some members of the body over which you preside, renders it necessary that I should vindicate my administration of the army in Canada. The honor of a soldier being the first thing he should defend, and his honesty the last he should give up, his character is always entitled to the protection of the virtuous and the good. I have, therefore, to request that a committee may be appointed to examine thoroughly into my conduct in Canada, that I may be acquitted or condemned on just grounds and sufficient proof."

A committee was accordingly raised, and it is unnecessary to say that the result of a most thorough investigation was an unconditional acquittal of all blame. Impartial history has ratified the verdict, and charged our misfortunes in Canada not to the officers in command, but to the absolute and entire inadequacy of the means placed at their disposal. Wooster returned to Connecticut with the undiminished respect and confidence of his fellow-citizens; and as the Assembly had recently raised six brigades for home defense, he was again appointed by it major-general and commander-in-chief. With zeal, unchilled either by age or misfortune, he again entered the service of the commonwealth.

Madame Wooster was frequently heard to repeat that when her husband was called upon to lead the Connecticut troops against the enemy, he could say, "I cannot go with these men without money," and would draw from his own funds and pay both officers and men, taking their receipts for the same. The papers and vouchers for these disbursements were all destroyed when the British pillaged her house in 1779; and this venerable and accomplished woman was, in her declining years, actually imprisoned for debt, and the key of the jail turned upon her from the impossibility of recovering the money her husband had advanced to his suffering country.

On the morning of the 25th of April, 1777, twenty-six vessels, with the cross of St. George at their respective peaks, were seen under full headway steering up the Sound. By noon they are standing in toward Norwalk Islands, and by four o'clock they had dropped anchor in what is now known as the harbor of Westport. Two thousand men, infantry, cavalry and artillery, were immediately landed on Cedar Point, the eastern jaw of the Saugatuck's mouth. As the different companies land, they rendezvous on the beautiful hill that overlooks the Sound. Having here formed into close column, they pass through the little hamlet called Compo, until they reach the old country road, and follow it to the east, until it meets the road to Danbury, when they wheel off toward the north, guided by two imps, Stephen Jarvis and Eli Benedict by name, born in Danbury under a malignant star. The enemy establish their quarters for the night about eight miles from their landing place, within the limits of the town of Weston. When it was known that Wm. Tryon commanded the expedition, its destination and objects were readily divined. He was the Tory Governor of New York, and, having a natural genius for such pursuits, was armed by his masters with a firebrand instead of a sword, and employed as incendiary-general in a predatory war. Connecticut was the chosen field of his glory. In 1777 he burned Danbury; in 1778 Fairfield and Norwalk, and used the torch freely in a piratical inroad against New Haven, in 1779. He had fairly earned his envible distinction. It was not from his own Colony, but from Connecticut rebels, that the repose of his administraton was most disquieted. Before his own constituents had spirit enough to drive him from the government, Wooster marched our militia into his capital, and flaunted "*Qui transtulit sustinet*" in his face.

From aboard the Asia, to which he finally fled, he could see the "Sons of Liberty" from Connecticut that broke up the infamous press of his favorite Rivington, and for the first time inoculated New York with patriotism. He threatened a bombardment of the city if the troops from Fairfield County, under General David Waterbury, that went down to welcome Lord Howe upon his flight from Boston, were permitted to enter, and the lukewarm Provincial Congress of New York echoed the threat. It was these timely visits that first introduced to his Excellency our humble State, and drew upon us afterward such frequent tokens of his remembrance. His present advent was the first return visit with which he had honored us, and it was the more marked because it was the first time that a foreign invader had trod upon our soil.

On the morning of the 26th, the quiet denizens of Reading on the Ridge open their eyes in wild astonishment at the unusual spectacle of red coats filing through their streets, saluting the church as they pass with a volley of canister and grape from musketry and cannon. Tryon meets with no serious opposition thus far. The grisly visages of age and woman's frightened face are all that gaze from the windows as his proud array passes along. Every fencible man had early taken the old queen's arm from the pegs on which it hung, and hastened away to where a more formal reception was in preparation. But as Tryon ascends Hoyt's Hill, a few miles from hence, a serious obstacle presents itself in his path. A solitary horseman appears upon the brow, directly in the line of march, and waiving his sword and turning his head, as if backed up by a mighty army, exclaims, in a voice of thunder: "Halt, the whole universe! wheel into kingdoms!" The British come to a stand; flanking parties are sent out to investigate the precise position into which the "kingdoms have wheeled;" the two pieces of artillery are brought to bear upon "the universe," when the solitary horseman, outflanked by these maneuvers, slowly turns about and disappears. It was now about two o'clock in the afternoon; the enemy had passed through Bethel, and were now entering the south end of Danbury, when the solemnity of the occasion was disturbed by another incident, serving to show that the comic and tragic thread are woven together in all human experience. A man by the name of Hamilton had on deposit, at a clothier's in the lower part of the village, a piece of cloth, which he was determined at all hazards to rescue from sequestration. He accordingly rode to the shop, and, having secured one end of the cloth to the pommel of his saddle, galloped rapidly away. But he was seen by the enemy's light horsemen, who followed hard upon him, exclaiming: "We'll have you, old daddy; we'll have you." "Not yet," said Hamilton, as he redoubled his speed. The troops gain upon their intended victim; the nearest one raises his sabre to strike, when, fortunately, the cloth unrolls, and, fluttering like a streamer far behind, so frightens the pursuing horses that they can not be brought within striking distance of the pursued. The chase continues through the whole extent of the village to the bridge, where, finally, the old gentleman and the cloth make good their escape. Tryon established his headquarters with a Tory by the name of Dibble, whose residence was at the south end of Main Street, and in close proximity to the public stores. As the light troops were escorting Erskine and Agnew, the brigadiers of the commanding general, to a house near the bridge, at the upper end of this street, four young men fired upon them from the dwelling of Major Starr, situated about forty rods above the present court-house. The British pursued, slew them and a peaceable negro who was in their company, threw their bodies into the house, and set it on fire.

The destruction of the public stores now commenced. The Episcopal Church was filled to the galleries with barrels of beef, pork, rice, wine and rum. In order to save the building, these were removed into the street and consumed, and a white cross conspicuously marked upon the church, to protect it against the general conflagration, which Tryon had already foreordained. The gutters run with the melting pork. The air is thick with the fumes of the burning beef. The liquids are only spared from the flames to be appropriated by the soldiers to their own immediate refreshment. The commissioner of the army had, against his will, placed part of the provisions in the barn of Dibble, the Tory. These are also carefully removed to the street, the safety of the building insured by a cross, and the provisions spared, probably to be transferred to the loyalist, as rent for the forced occupation of his premises. But short work is made of another barn, used for the same purpose, but owned by a patriot. It was immediately set on fire and consumed, with all that it contained. The soldiers now begin to feel the effects of their free indulgence in rebel rum. They lurch as they walk; they lie sprawling in the streets and the dooryards; but three hundred are fit for duty as the curtain of night falls upon the indecencies of a general debauch.

The firebrand had not yet been generally used; but the white cross, now seen distinctly on every Tory's dwelling, indicates clearly enough that those unprotected by it are already doomed. Those faithful allies had intimated to Tryon that the foe is gathering in the neighborhood. His sleep is far from tranquil. Early on the Sabbath morning, while it was yet dark, the signal is given, and, on a sudden, a lurid and unnatural glare chases night from the sky. The torch is carried from house to house and from store to store. From the sacred recesses of home, from the roofs that guard the hard-earned savings of this frugal people, the fire breaks upon the surrounding darkness, and joins in the general havoc of the element. The aspiring tongues of flame climb and curl round the spire of the Congregational Church, until it totters and falls into the burning mass. The sun, as it rises, looks only upon the flickering embers of a once smiling village, save where here and there a solitary house stood unscathed, but branded with the indelible stigma of harboring only traitors to freedom.

By the cold light of early dawn is seen, not the stealthy savage, but the disciplined army of a Christian king, stealing away from the desolation they had caused, and from the avenger on their heels, while the aged and the young, the sick, the helpless and the infirm, gather round the smoldering ashes for that warmth which is all that is left of the comforts of home.

The intelligence of the enemy's landing was communicated to Wooster at New Haven, on the morning of the 26th. Arnold was fortunately there on furlough, who, though finally a Judas, was, in mere bravery, second to no man in whom the breath of life was ever breathed. Both generals immediately proceed to the scene of operations. At Fairfield they learn that Gen. Silliman had ordered all the militia that could be raised to rendezvous at Reading. They follow on, spreading the alarm as they go, and soon arrived at Silliman's headquarters. With the forces there assembled they pursue the enemy as far as Bethel, which they reach at eleven o'clock at night. Seven hundred undisciplined militia constitute their entire force. On the morning of the 27th Arnold and Silliman are directed to take five hundred men and intercept Tryon in front, while Wooster, with two hundred left, follows the enemy's track to worry and harass the rear. He soon comes up with them, and, aided by the broken and hilly ground, falls upon one of their regiments and captures forty prisoners. He again attacks them a few miles from Ridgefield. The British rear guard, supported by two field-pieces, wheel to receive him. A sharp encounter ensues. Wooster's troops deliver and receive several volleys, but the undisciplined handful soon stagger and fall back before the grapeshot that the enemy's artillery scatter. The old veteran, more familiar with this iron hail, infuses his own steadfastness into his untried band, and, as he is inciting them to a renewed onset, with the cheering words, "Come on, my boys! never mind such random shots," a ball deliberately fired, as it is said, by a malignant Tory, who recognized his person, struck him obliquely in the back, breaking the bone as it passed, and burying itself in his body. He falls, fainting, from his horse. He is carried from the field on the sash which he wore in the battle. When the surgeon examined the wound he did not disguise from Wooster that there was no hope for him this side of the grave. The tidings are received with the serene composure of one who had so recently shown, by a signal contempt of life, how confidently he expected one more blessed and glorious. He is removed to Danbury with the tenderest care. His wife, who had been summoned, arrives, but not until the inflammation had extended through the spinal column to the brain, and he could only look on the face he knew the best and loved the most with the wild, unrecognizing glare of delirium.

Her tearful and impassioned appeals can extort no signs of welcome. For three days he lies here in extreme agony, aggravated by the fruitless search of the surgeon's probe for the fatal bullet. On the morning of the 1st of May, the sudden cessation of pain indicates the commencement of that frightful process which destroys sensation while life still lingers—the unmistakable precursor of death. It was noticed by her, who, faithful to the last, unremittingly watches his pillow, that during this and the following day (as is frequently the case in the closing scene of an active life) his mind was busy in exciting reminiscences. By the feeble light of flickering reason, he was tracing the long and weary pilgrimage, the cruises, sieges, battles, marches, through which he had passed only to reach the grave. The home of his childhood, the cabin of his ship, the old mansion by the Sound, pass in a blended image before his fading vision. The dash of waves, the rattle of musketry, the roar of cannon, ring confusedly in his deafened ear. His hand cannot respond to the gentle pressure of affection. His breathings grow shorter and shorter, while the icy chill advances nearer and nearer to the heart.

As his wife wipes the death-damps from his brow, his eyes, hitherto closed, open once more, and in their clear depths, for one glad moment, she discovers the dear, the old, the familiar expression of returned consciousness; his lips gasp in vain to utter one precious word of final adieu, and the last effort of his departing soul is to throw on her one farewell glance of unutterable tenderness and love.

Thus, on the 2d of May, 1777, in the service of the State to which his youth, his manhood and his age had been devoted, David Wooster died. Of the thirteen thousand sons which Connecticut gave to the French war, and of the thirty-one thousand which she gave to the Revolution, he was among the foremost; equal to any in courage, in patriotism, in generosity, in zeal for liberty, and that true magnanimity which can forget all personal slights and affronts in her great cause; second to Putnam, and to Putnam alone, in the length, variety and hardship of his martial labors; superior even to him in the glory of his final exit and the obscurity of his grave. Exhausting his means in the public service, he only bequeathed poverty to his family, and oblivion to his remains. Unrewarded, unrequited in life, in death he received a monument that was never built, and an inscription that was never engraved.

Dr. Dwight says of General Wooster, after speaking of his gallant services and lamented death at Danbury, May 2, 1777: "He was a brave, generous-minded man, respected for his understanding and for his conduct, both in public and private life; ardent in his friendship and his patriotism, diffusive in his charities, and steadfast in his principles. He was long a professor of religion, and adorned the profession by an irreproachable and exemplary life."

We cannot follow such a career, we cannot stand by such a grave without renewing our consecration vows to freedom. By what a long century of conflict; by what death struggles with earth's master-races, the Celt, the Gaul, the Saxon; by what weariness of spirit, what agony of soul, what squandering of blood, has her fair inheritance been purchased!

"Freedom, thy brow
Glorious in beauty though it be, is scarred
With tokens of old wars; thy massive limbs
Are strong with struggling. Power at thee
Has launched his bolts, and with his lightnings smitten thee;
They could not quench the light thou hast from heaven.
O! not yet
May'st thou embrace thy corslet, nor lay by
Thy sword; not yet, O Freedom, close thy lids
In slumber, for thine enemy never sleeps,
And thou must watch and combat till the day
Of the new earth and heaven."

Congress afterwards appropriated means to erect a monument over the grave of Wooster; but the money was placed in unfaithful hands, and the work was not done. A few years since a distinguished American writer remarked, in relation to this martyr to liberty, "He sleeps among a recreant people, for no monument rises above his ashes." His native State felt keenly the merited rebuke, and measures were soon adopted to remove the reproach. It was determined to build a monument to his memory at an expense of three thousand dollars, of which the Legisluture appropriated fifteen hundred, the Grand Lodge furnished one thousand, and the citizens of Danbury raised the remainder. The body was originally buried in the old graveyard, now almost in the centre of the town. A large and beautiful cemetery having been laid out on high ground to the northwest of the town, and named "Mount Moriah," the remains of Wooster were removed to a commanding spot in this new cemetery, and the monument erected over them. It was dedicated with Masonic ceremonies by the Grand Lodge, on the 27th April, 1854, on which occasion Bro. the Hon. Henry C. Deming, one of Connecticut's most talented sons, pronounced the eloquent oration, from which we have taken the foregoing sketch of Wooster.

The sash which Wooster wore at the time he received his death wound and the sword which he carried were both exhibited to the audience after the oration of Bro. Deming was ended. They are both the property of Yale College, and, with his portrait, were presented in a letter from Admiral Wooster, of which the following is a copy:

"Rev. J. Day President of Yale University:

"Rev. Sir—As I shall soon leave this my native place, and there is much uncertainty as to my ever returning to it again, I beg you to receive, in behalf of the college, these three relics of my much respected grandfather, whose memory, I believe, is still cherished by every American patriot. His portrait I found, by mere chance, in the city of Santa Yago, the capital of Chili, in the year 1822. The sword is the same which he had drawn at the time when he fell in repelling the inroads of the enemy of our country; and the sash is that on which he was carried from the field, after receiving the wound which caused his death.

"With feelings of high respect and esteem,
"I remain, rev. sir, your obedient servant,
"Charles W. Wooster.

"A. D. 1837."

The monument is forty feet high. The base is eight feet square, and perfectly plain. The plinth is richly molded, and bears the name Wooster in raised letters. The die is five feet six inches square, and upon the front panel is a *bas-relief* representing the hero on horseback, and at the precise moment when, leading his men in pursuit of the retreating enemy, he is struck with the fatal bullet, and yields his life bravely fighting for his country's freedom and glory. Upon the frieze, immediately over the *bas-relief*, and in raised letters, is the date of the action, Ridgefield, 27th April, 1777. Higher up on the plinth of the main shaft is sculptured, in high relief, the arms of Connecticut, shrouded in drapery. The main shaft is ornamented by a trophy (also in relief), which consists of a sword, sash and epaulets, encircled and supported by a wreath of oak and laurel. The capital is highly ornate, and terminates in a half-globe, upon which the American eagle, with spread wings, is represented in the act of lighting, bearing the peace-branch and the wreath of victory. On the opposite side of the die and shaft are the emblems of Masonry, beautifully executed.

The monument bears, among others, the following inscription:

BROTHER DAVID WOOSTER.
Impressed, while a stranger in a foreign land, with the necessity of
some tie that should unite all mankind in a
UNIVERSAL BROTHERHOOD,
He returned to his native country, and procured from the
PROVINCIAL GRAND LODGE OF MASSACHUSETTS
A CHARTER,
And first introduced into Connecticut that Light which has warmed
the widow's heart and illumined the orphan's pathway.
Under this Charter, in 1750, Hiram Lodge, No. 1, of New Haven, was
organized, of which he was the first Worshipful Master. Grate-
ful for his services as the Master Builder of their oldest
Temple, for his fidelity as a brother, and his renown as
patriot and soldier, the Free and Accepted Ma-
sons have united with his native State and
the citizens of Danbury in rearing and
consecrating this monument to his
memory.
Erected at Danbury, A. L. 5854. A. D. 1854.
David Clark, G. Master.

General David Wooster, then the captain of a trading vessel, in one of his voyages to Boston, applied to the Grand Lodge sitting in that city for a charter to establish a Lodge in New Haven. The petition was favorably received by the Grand Master, Thomas Oxnard, Esq.; and at a quarterly session of the Grand Lodge, held on the 12th of August, 1750, a charter was granted from "St. John's Grand Lodge of Boston as descending from the Grand Lodge of England." It seems to have been the practice at that day to grant a charter at once, without any intervention of a dispensation. The charter, we have said, was granted on the 12th of August, but it was not made out until 12th of November following. It is not certain when or where Captain Wooster was initiated into Masonry, but it is likely during some of his voyages to a port where a Lodge was established; but in what Lodge is not known, and probably never will be.

The new Lodge took the name of Hiram, No. 1, and Capt. Wooster was appointed its first Master. How long he continued to preside as such is not known, as the records are lost from June 24, 1754, to December 20, 1762. After this his name appears no more in the proceedings, he being engaged so much abroad in the army, and on other public business, as to prevent his active participation in the affairs of the Lodge.

The 27th of December, 1750, the Lodge was in operation, as we find by the following record, copied from the original minute-book:

"At a Lodge of Freemasons, held at Jehiel Tuttle's, in New Haven, at the festival of St. John the Evangelist, A. L. 5750, the following brethren were present, viz.: David Wooster, W. M.; Samuel Mansfield, S. W.; John Elliot, J. W.; Nathan Whiting, Elihu Lyman, Archibald McNeil, Jehiel Tuttle, Joseph Goldthwaite, John Harpin, Eleazer Fitch, Benjamin Appleton, Israel Abbott.

"Each brother paid 30 shillings; Benedict Westcut paid 100 shillings advance money; Lodge received of Bro. Lyman 5 doz. gloves, at £10 12s. 6d.=£21 5s.; received of Bro. B. Westcut, in full for admittance, £9."

Thomas Wooster, the only son of General Wooster, was also a Mason. He was initiated in Hiram Lodge, April 14, 1777, a few days previous to his father's death. He was then about twenty-five years of age. Before the close of the Revolutionary war, the Masonic brethren in Colchester, Connecticut, obtained a warrant from the Massachusetts Grand Lodge for a Lodge in that town, which they denominated Wooster Lodge. It bore date January 12, 1781. A second Lodge, bearing that name, was also chartered by the Grand Lodge of Connecticut, a few years ago, in New Haven. The names of Warren, Montgomery and Wooster became a standing Masonic toast during the war, commemorative of their virtues as patriot Masons, who fell early in their country's defense.

SWORD AND PLOW.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF WOLFGANG MULLER.]

There was once a count, so I've heard it said,
Who felt that his end drew near;
And he called his sons before his bed,
To part them his goods and gear.

He called for his plow, he called for his sword,
That gallant, good and brave;
They brought him both at their father's word,
And thus he his blessing gave:

"My first-born son, my pride and might,
Do thou my sword retain;
My castle on the lordly height,
And all my broad domain."

"On thee my well loved younger boy,
My plow I here bestow;
A peaceful life shalt thou enjoy
In the quiet vale below."

Contented sank the sire to rest,
Now all was given away;
The sons held true his last behest,
E'en to his dying day.

Now tell us what came of the steel of flame,
Of the castle and its knight;
And tell us what came of the vale so tame,
And the humble peasant wight?

O, ask not of me what the end may be!
Ask of the country round!
The castle is dust, the sword is rust,
The height is but desert ground.

But the vale spreads wide in the golden pride
Of the autumn sunlight now;
It teems and it ripens far and wide,
And the honor abides with the plow!

IN MEMORIAM.

Oh, the good and brave who left us
When the tide of war swelled high!
What cruel fate bereft us,
And sent them forth to die?

On every field they perished
In the dismal storm of war;
Oh, faithful ones and cherished,
Ye can return no more.

Every grave grim death defies—
Every brother shall arise;
All our dead will live again,
So they taught in Auld Lang Syne.

THE ISSUE.

BY G. GOLDSBOROUGH BRUFF, OF WASHINGTON.

Time's ceaseless stream rolls on,
Bearing us on its fleeting tide
To that dark bourne the grave,
From whence there's no return.
Days follow days in quick succession,
And months and years flow on;
It has its young flood
And the full,
And then the ebb sets in
For each and all.
When we begin to think upon
The wasteness of its waters,
And to note the fast receding waves,
Then 'tis we retrospect,
Look musing back upon the past,
And think upon those joyous days
When we upon its stream
Were but young voyageurs,
Borne buoyantly upon the swelling flood.
How fitful clouds and show'rs
Oft passed o'er,
And then the rainbow came
To make us glad again.
Then many phantom hopes had we,
And num'rous schemes,
All which delusive prov'd;
And still we hail'd the rising flood,
Nor dream'd it e'er would ebb,
We chas'd each ignis fatuus that arose
And flicker'd by,
And sought the painted butterflies
That flitted round;
And pluck'd some of the num'rous flow'rs
That sprang from grassy banks
Kiss'd by the passing stream.
They faded, all,
And shrivel'd to decay;
Some, that seem'd so fair,
We found were pois'nous plants;
And some we knew
That liv'd awhile,
As if to tantalize our hopes,
Then droop'd, faded away,
And died, alas! like all the rest.
Those, while living, shed
A perfume round;
And after death bequeath'd to us
A memory sweet
Of their rare worth.
And though the dust has claim'd them long,
Their fragrance still
And ever will survive.
Now we look to the future—
Mark the declining tide,
Whose sombre waters are

Surcharg'd with earth—
That bear us onward, fast away
To where there is no stream of time.
And there our thoughts are prone,
There see, as if by inspiration,
Another and a better land—
Whose ever living waters flow
Undelusive and unchanging, on
From their great fountain source.
The Omniscient Reign!
And thus consoled
By a brighter and a surer hope
Than erst in younger days we knew,
We bide, in hopeful trust,
The issue!

SELF-EXAMINATION.

SELF-EXAMINATION IS A MASONIC DUTY.

Nor let soft slumbers close our eyes
Until we've recollected thrice
The train of action through the day,
Where have our feet sought out the way?
What have we learned, where'er we've been,
From all we've heard, from all we've seen,
What know we more that's worth the knowing,
What have we done that's worth the doing,
What have we sought that we should shun,
What duty have we left undone;
Or into what new follies run?
These self-inquiries are the road
That leads to virtue and to God.

HENRY WHARTON.

BY MISS C. W. BARBER.

CHAPTER X. THE CONCLUSION.

"The hopes of the wicked shall be cut off."

The time for Henry's trial drew near. Witnesses were summoned and able counsel was employed. Nothing was left undone in his behalf that Masonic friendship could suggest. Mary visited her husband, and tried to infuse into his soul a portion of the calmness which had been born in her innermost spirit. She repeated to him what Polly Rudd had said in the garden—she told him that she felt quite sure that old Polly had a tale to tell which would throw light upon the missing chest and its contents. She begged that Polly might be immediately summoned as a witness in the case. Her suggestion was acted upon, and on the day of trial the old woman, accompanied by Hetty Sanders upon one side, and John O'Ryan, the active sailor, who had taken Rosamond from Polly's hand on the night of the fire, upon the other, entered the court-house.

At sight of this unexpected trio, even the dark cheek of Tom Thayer, the Spaniard, grew a little pale—Dr. Meachem looked sly and suspicious, and Billy Waters wrathful. Old Polly took her seat, and looked calmly and quietly around over the crowded benches—at the crafty lawyers, at the prisoner, and even into the stern, commanding face of the judge, and at the deeply interested jurors. She had never been in such an assemblage before, but she was not intimidated. She pulled Hetty Sanders' red shawl and told her not to be afraid, but to tell the truth, when she should be called upon, bravely, and in spite of all the puzzling questions that them pesky lawyers might put to her. Hetty promised that she would, and John O'Ryan declared that if any body was saucy to Hetty or her aunt he would knock them down. The three were duly sworn and called upon the stand.

Old Polly was the first to testify. When asked what she knew relative to the matter undergoing judicial investigation, she began her story, evidently determined to tell it her own way—to tell the truth and the whole truth. She begun by saying that she had been at service at Tom Thayer's for quite a number of years—that Hetty Sanders was her niece, but that John O'Ryan was in noways related to her. Here she was stopped, and requested to stick closely to the subject under consideration; but the old woman, who had always had her way with Tom Thayer, determined to have it with the court also. She kept on, in spite of all that could be said to her, to tell what she had sworn on the good Book to tell—viz.: the whole truth, and nothing but the whole truth. Having been stopped at the very commencement of her evidence, she determined to go back and tell it all over again, and so she said that she had lived with Tom Thayer going on six years, and kept house for him all that time—that Hetty Sanders was her niece, but that John O'Ryan was not at all related to her. She said that she liked to live with Tom Thayer very well, but that he was no sort of a manager, and even the brown heifer and her calf outmastered him. She told about Tom's visitors, and made particular reference to the night—the dark and forbidding October night, when the three met in secret conclave at his dwelling. She told how the outer door was barred—how the keyhole was stuffed full of cotton, and other precautionary measures were taken to avoid being overheard. But she had crept up as stealthily as a cat and had heard all that was said. She told how Billy Waters had declared that he would stop her clatter if *he* had her to deal with, and how she, in her anger, had rattled the door and muttered aloud, and came near being caught at her eaves-dropping; but she stole softly down into the kitchen, she said, placed her ball in the fire, and feigned the deepest slumber to Tom Thayer when he came, lamp in hand, to ascertain who had been the intruder. She went on to tell how Hetty often came to see her, and how Hetty, who had been indebted to Wharton for protection from Billy Waters' insults, soon after she had landed in America, often talked about, and aided her in listening and ascertaining the plans and maneuvers of the three bad men who held meetings in the house, to plan the young merchant's destruction.

On the day preceding the fire, Hetty had come to her and told her that all was not right: that she had heard Tom Thayer and Billy Waters and Dr. Meachem contriving how they could remove the iron chest from Wharton's room, obtain the money, and fire the building. That night at a very early hour she and Hetty secreted themselves in the vicinity of Wharton's house, to see if indeed they would carry out these desperate plans. Ike Brown had been stationed beside an uncurtained window to watch what was transpiring within, and to report all that occurred to the three robbers, who stood in the deep shadows of the wood, not far from the house. It was against him that Col. Snowden had brushed when he quitted the house: he came out too soon for Ike, and was near catching him at his post. After the house had been locked up for the night, the three crept warily up to the gate and watched for the lights to be extinguished within. But it was some time before Mrs. Wharton retired. They saw her sitting with the half raised curtain in her hands looking at the sky, and Meachem had cursed her half aloud, and had jumped, about that time, into the back yard, to ascertain if there was a light in the nursery, for Susan was singing to the child. At length the house grew dark and silent. Ike Brown, Billy Waters, Dr. Meachem and Tom Thayer waited awhile, until slumber stole over the inmates within, and then the Doctor drew from his pocket a false key, and the street door sprang open as by magic. The four entered in the dark and groped their way softly up stairs. Old Poll followed on in their footsteps unnoticed, while Hetty went to find John O'Ryan, to whom she was engaged to be married, and to whom she had imparted her suspicions, on the day before, relative to the robbery. She went now to find him, and bid him watch to see what would be done with the booty which she knew the robbers would be sure to secrete. Old Poll testified, that after they had reached the top of the stairs, Billy Waters drew a match from his pocket and lighted a dark lantern: they then unlocked cautiously the door of Henry's sleeping apartment, and Dr. Meachem cut the key of the chest with dextrous fingers from Wharton's neck. The load was no light affair; but Tom Thayer and Billy Waters had powerful muscles, and succeeded at last in reaching the outer door with their burden. Here old Poll lost sight of them. Her first impulse was to arouse Wharton and inform him of what was transpiring, but she deemed it safest to wait until John O'Ryan and Hetty joined her. The four robbers were armed to the teeth, and Henry Wharton was sleeping entirely unarmed. She feared that if she aroused him a desperate affray would ensue, and that Henry's life would be sacrificed, for the chances would all be against him. She waited some time, but could hear or see nothing of Hetty or John O'Ryan. She stole through the passage into an adjoining room, thinking, perhaps, that she could catch a glimpse of her companions through the windows there, but they were nowhere to be seen. She watched and waited, and then, not hearing the robbers below, she concluded to arouse the sleepers. But, to her consternation, she found that a gulf of fire had sprung up between her and Wharton. The smoke, the flames and sparks, almost suffocated her as she entered the passage on her return. The whole stairway was in a hot blaze, and the wind from the street door, which had been left open by the plunderers, swept in strong blasts through the house. She was meditating what she should do at this crisis, when Wharton appeared, leading Mary from their chamber, and bearing Rosamond in his arms. She saw Mary swoon and fall prostrate, and knew that unless something was done instantly they would perish in the flames. She caught Rosamond from Henry's grasp, and told him to gather Mary in his arms, and jump the whole length of the stairway, or he was lost. He obeyed, and she attempted to follow with the child, but the flames drove her back. She then tried to effect her escape by means of clambering on to a shed, and descending a post standing near, but she sprained her wrist in the attempt, and soon found that she could not escape in that way. It was some time before she could get back to the front window with her charge. When she did, a vast concourse of people had been collected together by the fire, and she, assisted by John O'Ryan and Hetty Sanders, at last reached the ground; but she had been horribly burned in making the descent, and was covered with scars which she expected to carry with her to her dying day. She was through with her recital, and waited to reply to any questions that might be asked her; but consternation seized her adversaries. Her evidence was too clear, too positive in its nature to admit of much wrangling, and she sat down, while John O'Ryan was called to her place and requested to inform the court what he knew about the matter.

John O'Ryan was an Irishman, and had followed the seas from his earliest boyhood. He got acquainted with Hetty Sanders during her passage to America, he said, and "a *swater cratur*" he thought that he had never seen. Her surprising beauty had induced him to abandon for awhile his occupation, and he had concluded to remain "a land lubber" until he had wooed and won her for his bride. Whatever interested Hetty interested him, and when the girl came to him that night with the tale of a robbery in the neighborhood, he had gone with her instantly, to aid in knocking down and arresting the rogues. But while they were hastening through the wood they caught a glimpse of the dark lantern, and found that the rascals were depositing their treasure for safe keeping in a place which they had dug out of the gravel near a large rock. They waited and watched until all things were made secure, and then they hastened on and reached Wharton's house, just in time to save old Poll and Rosamond from the flames. O'Ryan went on to say, that if any of the gentlemen present would go with him, he would show the place where the chest was still to be found, but as to the money that it once contained, he couldn't say that they would find that there. It was his opinion that Tom Thayer had used some of it to pay a mortgage on his estate, and a good deal of it had gone to pay for the late Colonel Snowden's residence, which he understood two of the robbers had purchased, thereby turning "a swate lady and her blessed child out o' doors."

At this point in the trial the court was thrown into confusion by Dr. Meachem's falling from his seat in a spasm. A small blue paper, which evidently had, at one time, contained a white powder, was found convulsively grasped in his hand. The physicians present examined a particle or two of the drug, which was adhering to the paper, and declared it to be strychnine. Dr. Meachem had poisoned himself. Half an hour afterwards he was a blackened, swollen corpse. Surely the words of the wise man, with which we prefaced this tale, are true: "*A man shall not be established by wickedness!*" His sin is sure "to find him out." At some time, in some place, perhaps when he is least expecting it, the transgression will rise hydra-headed from the silence and darkness in which he has fancied it to be secretly buried, and every head will have found a scorpion's tongue, and every tongue will sting him on to madness—perhaps, as in this instance, to suicide. The hour of retribution may be long coming, but come it will.

Of course, much confusion ensued, and the court was unable to proceed immediately with the trial, but Tom Thayer and Billy Waters were arrested instantly and thrown into jail. Ike Brown was nowhere to be found. The boy had somehow escaped from the court-house, unperceived, and his whereabouts has never been ascertained from that day to this. It is supposed by most persons that he fled disguised as a female to Cuba. Rumor went so far as to say that he stole one of Polly Rudd's calico dresses, in which to make his exit from his native land, but the old woman stoutly denies the charge. She affirms that her wardrobe remains whole and complete—not an article is missing. But that has little to do with the sequel of this story. The iron chest was subsequently found in the spot pointed out by O'Ryan. The money had all been expended, but some of the bills paid out by Tom Thayer, Billy Waters and Dr. Meachem, were identified by Wharton and other members of the firm, as among those once enclosed in the chest.

The result of all further judicial investigation went to establish the innocence of Wharton and the guilt of his accusers. Billy Waters and Tom Thayer were sentenced to ten years' hard labor in the State prison, while the young merchant was set at liberty, and, aided by strong, powerful and sympathizing friends, soon regained possession of Col. Snowden's house and estate. Those who had been loudest in accusing him now became his best friends, and, aided by them, he was soon firmly re-established in business, and stood higher in the estimation of his fellow-citizens than he had ever done before. Ay! "*the root of the righteous shall not be moved.*" Strong winds may sweep over it—hot blasts may visit it—the sirocco of the desert may strive to blast and overturn it, but "it standeth sure." It is upheld by the hand of infinite love—it is watered and made vigorous by the dews of Divine grace.

Mary went back to the home of her childhood, and wept for joy as she sat down again by the rose-clad arbor and the fragrant violet bed in the garden. Her husband was now by her side and her babe prattled at her knee. Her happiness would have been complete if old Poll had formed one of her family group, but John O'Ryan and Hetty Sanders had been to the priest and become bound together by the silken tie of matrimony, and they declared that "aunt Polly" never should live with anybody else, as long as they had a roof to shelter her. Mary was constrained to relinquish her claim; but the old woman often came, on warm summer days, and smoked her short stump of a pipe, and fed Rosamond on apples and gingerbread, and uttered her short pithy sayings, while Mary sat in the shadow of the arbor and busily plied her needle.

There was one subject, however, upon which the merchant's wife sometimes mused alone, and that was "the mysterious note." She had never found out its contents, and she did not like to ask about that which her husband had once appeared unwilling to reveal. But she found out, before a year had elapsed, from old Poll, the nature of its contents. It was a letter that Hetty Sanders had written to Henry, after he had shielded her from Billy Waters' insults, and obtained a good situation for her in the family of a brother Mason—a Mr. Landrum. Hetty's gratitude had been greatly awakened by this act of Masonic Charity, and she had, in her uncouth way, poured out her thanks to her protector in "a short scrap of a letther," as she expressed it.

Mary was satisfied, and so, we hope, is our reader, with this sequel of their story.

Wiping Off the Dust.

A MASONIC TALE.

Last night I met Jo. Holcomb coming down the steps of Bloweasy Lodge, No. 80, which is my mother Lodge. Jo. was not in the least inebriated; in fact, Jo. never *is*. Jo. is a temperance man. Jo. is M. F. G. G. Hezion of the "G. G. G. Vitringa of Temperance," the highest order of temperance extant. An order which whosoever enters upon it stands pledged never even to *think* of imbibing strong drink. Yet Jo. was acting so strangely as he came down the steps of No. 80 that night, that I felt concerned for him. Therefore, I stopped him and put him to crucial tests—felt his pulse—smelt his breath—hit him unexpectedly on the inside of his knee joint, an experiment few can stand, but Jo. stood them all without flinching. He was, in fact, as he affirmed, wide awake and duly sober.

Jo. was acting so strangely. Yes, as he came down the steps of Bloweasy Lodge, No. 80, he stopped solemnly on each step—*scraped his feet* as upon an imaginary scraper—*shook them backward*, as though endeavoring to kick something, and muttered to himself such words as these, "The very dust wipe off"—"shake off the dust of your feet"—"more tolerable for the land of Sodom," and the like words that may be found in our greatest "Light." So I collared Jo.—led him down stairs—seated him upon the bottom step—demanded an explanation—got it, as follows:

Says Jo: "I went to your Lodge to-night, Bro. Honeadge, to meet you, agreeable to appointment. I went early, because I had heard a good deal about No. 80, and wanted to see for myself exactly what sort of a Lodge you belong to. I went in a spirit of courtesy, and introduced myself first to the Junior Warden. This I did because I had noticed these words in the Junior Warden's charge: 'To you, with such assistance as may be necessary, is intrusted the examination of visitors and the reception of candidates;' and as I wished an 'examination,' I felt that *he* was the man for my money. That Junior Warden is a jackass." Here I interrupted Jo.—told him that Bro. Phatt, our Junior Warden, is a high officer in Church and State—looked up to—writes for the papers—is talked of for M. C. and the like; but Jo. went on in a rasping way:

"Your Junior Warden is simply a JACKASS" (pronouncing the words as if printed in small caps), "and that, too, of pure Maltese extraction. He looked down on me as though he was Goliah, and I Bro. Charley Stratton, (that's Tom Thumb's real name, you know—ask John Sheville and Orrin Welsh if it isn't,) and sneered. He said I must wait till the Lodge was opened. Said I, 'But I want to see it opened.' Said he, 'Then you must be vouched for.' Said I, 'There's nobody here to do it.' Said he, 'Then you must wait;' and he turned off and began to talk to a big-whiskered fellow, who wore a red wig, about the prospects for the next election. I was mad. I looked next for the Worshipful Master. He hadn't come. They told me he never *did* come till half an hour after the opening. This was to give the Senior Warden a chance to show his skill in opening the Lodge, as that gentleman is a candidate for the 'East' at the next election. So I hunted up the Senior Warden. *He* told me there wasn't time for an examination, as he was about to open the Lodge, but that he would appoint a committee of examination as soon as the Lodge was opened, etc. I went into the Tyler's room. I was mad.

"I waited till the Lodge was opened on the first, second, third degrees—minutes read, amended, approved, after four speeches from a loud-voiced fellow, who, I could hear, complained something or other which another loud-voiced fellow seemed to think he ought not to complain of. I waited till petitions were called for—committees' reports—balloting by that ridiculous 'Lexican method,' which seems expressly designed to waste all the evening in unmeaning ceremony—new business, etc. Twice I requested the Tyler to send in my name—twice he did it (for he is a good fellow, though homely), and twice no reply was made to my request. The leisure time I occupied by reading the Tyler's Bible, and when I found that passage about 'wiping off the dust,' I took my hat and came away. You saw the rest."

I didn't go to the Lodge that night, but took Jo. home with me, and beat him so badly at checkers that he forgot all about his mortification at Lodge No. 80; but I haven't forgotten it. I feel disgraced in belonging to a Lodge whose officers exhibit so little courtesy and knowledge of official duties; and I resolved, the first leisure moment I could command, to sit down and address this "screed" to the NATIONAL FREEMASON, and inquire of its correspondents whether there is any other Lodge so poorly managed as ours? Here is a man of dignity and education—of unblemished character—an ardent admirer of Masonry—a genuine student of its literature—one who has read "The Senior Deacon's Special Help," and all other authors treating upon "courtesy to visiting brethren," who was actually refused admission to my Lodge, and that, too, in the most offensive manner by those who should have felt proud of the privilege of admitting him.

The Great Light in Masonry.

ARTICLE III.

Nehemiah, the Great Wall Builder of Jerusalem.—It is no uncommon thing to compare Nehemiah, the Tirshatha of the Jews, the renowned wall builder of the Jewish restoration, the philanthropic Peabody of his day, whose large wealth was profusely expended in the strengthening of Jerusalem and the care of its poor, to a Freemason, jealous of his honor, zealous in his work, feeling his responsibility to the Grand Architect of the Universe for the manner in which he spends his days. Such a comparison is just in all its parts.

The history of this perfect model of a just and generous man is contained in the interesting book which bears his name: that he was "the son of Hachaliah" and apparently of the tribe of Judah; that he was born during the Babylonish captivity, about B. C. 500, and that, at the opening of his biography, he was "the cupbearer" of King Artaxerxes Longinianus, residing during the winter season at Shushan, are the principal data from which we must set out. In the 20th year of that king's reign, viz., B. C. 445, in the month Chislen, or December, a near kinsman of his, one Hanani, brought him intelligence from Jerusalem that affected him deeply.

It will be remembered that in the year B. C. 536 (91 years prior to the period of which we are writing) Zerubbabel had led a caravan of his people back from Babylonia to Jerusalem. These had rebuilt the temple and portions of the city. 79 years after that, Ezra led a second caravan back to Jerusalem. But the united efforts of these bands and their posterity had done but little to restore Israel to its former glory. The marauding tribes made property and life insecure; murder and robbery were rife even within the streets of Jerusalem; the people had largely abandoned the religion of their fathers, and the whole nation was in a state of abject affliction and reproach. This was the intelligence which had reached the ears of Nehemiah through his kinsman Hanani.

Aprudent man, he gave himself until the following April to consider how best he could heal the wounds of his people. A pious man, he offered the prayer which his own pen had recorded, styling God "the great and terrible God that keepeth covenant and mercy," confessing that his people "had not kept his commandments, statutes nor judgments," and asking that God would prosper his purposes in behalf of Jerusalem, and "give him mercy in the sight of the king." This being done he laid before the king the doleful case of Israel, and upon the monarch's asking him, "For what dost thou make request?" plead that "he might be sent to Judah to rebuild it." The favor was granted in the largest measure. Nehemiah was made the governor of Judah, with the power of life and death; a mounted guard was furnished him; letters to the governors of the intervening districts were given him by the king; special orders were issued that he should be supplied with timber from the king's forests; and so he set forth, amply furnished and indorsed.

His worst anticipations as to the condition of Jerusalem and the Jewish nation were realized upon his arrival. A late writer says: "It is impossible to overestimate the importance to the future political and ecclesiastical prosperity of the Jewish nation "of the coming of this patriotic governor. He spent but three days in preparations, for he was bound by promise to return to the king at a set time, and then began, but at first secretly, the most important work (that of building the city walls). Arising "in the night" he and "some few men" with him, telling no man "what his God had put in his heart to do at Jerusalem," the little company—all save himself being on foot—made the circumambulation of the ruins of Jerusalem with a view to the speedy rebuilding of the walls.

This nocturnal reconnoissance has been until recently a blind track to Bible readers. The labors of Dr. J. T. Barclay, for many years a missionary at Jerusalem, and a most diligent explorer of the ancient city, has at length set up so many of the fallen "metes and bounds" as to enable us nearly to follow the steps of the great Torshatha around its area. Dr. Barclay's solution of this zigzag problem is contained in the parenthesis. Nehemiah says: "I went out by the gate of the valley (the Joppa Gate) even before the dragon well (the pool in the valley on the west), and (turning to the left) to the dung port (500 yards south), and viewed the walls of Jerusalem on the west side. Then (having gone round the point of Mount Zion to the south), I went on to the gate of the fountain (by the pool of Siloam), and (turning round the point of Mount Ophel to the south and east) to the King's Pool (the Fount of the Virgin), but there was no place for the beast that was under me to pass (owing to the accumulation of water and rubbish there). Then went I up in the night by the brook (Kedron) and viewed the wall (on the east side of the city), and turned back and entered (again) by the gate of the valley (the Joppa Gate), and so returned." * * To sum up this *reconnoisance* the reader has only to take a map of Jerusalem, observe that the zealous governor went out the Joppa Gate, turned to the left, circumambulated Mount Zion to Siloam, then round the point of Ophel to the valley east of the temple. He then turned back and retraced his journey to the Joppa Gate.

Having like a skillful engineer estimated the amount of labor necessary to be done, he now called together "the priests, the nobles, and the rulers," and in nervous language exhorted them to duty. He reminded them of the prevalent distress, Jerusalem waste, and her gates burned with fire, and said, "Come, *let us* build up the wall of Jerusalem, that we be no more a reproach." He told them of God's answer to his prayer in the distant land of exile, and of the kindness and liberation of the king, and so wrought upon them by his appeals that they cried out, "*let us rise up and build*," and set themselves with decision to the work. Only one exception is noted in the popular response, the Tekoite nobles "put not their necks to the work of the Lord, all the rest had a mind to the work." With such energy did the people labor that in a wonderfully short time the walls emerged from the heaps of rubbish and encircled the city as in days of old. Dividing the wall into ten parts, corresponding with the quarters of the city nearest which they dwelt respectively, the princes and leaders vied with each other in self-sacrifice and industry, and so in 52 days the work was accomplished.

Agreeably to his promise to the king, Nehemiah then returned to Babylon. He paid a second visit to Jerusalem, perhaps a third, at one of which he performed the splendid and triumphant ceremonial of dedicating the walls. This festival occasion is minutely described in the Book of Nehemiah.

In summing up the character of this man we indorse the views of a late writer, that we are unable to find a single fault to counterbalance his many and great virtues. For pure and disinterested patriotism he stands unrivaled. He firmly repressed the exactions of the nobles and the rich, and rescued the poor Jews from spoliation and slavery. He refused to receive his lawful allowance as governor from the people in consideration of their poverty, during the whole twelve years that he was in office, but kept at his own charge a table for 150 Jews, at which any who returned from captivity were welcome.

The man whom the account of the misery and ruin of his native country and the perils with which his countrymen were beset prompted to leave his splendid banishment and a post of wealth, power and influence in the first court in the world, that he might share and alleviate the sorrows of his native land, must have been pre-eminently a patriot. Every act of his during his government bespeaks one who had no selfishness in his nature. All he did was noble, generous, high-minded, courageous and to the highest degree upright. But to stern integrity he united great humanity and kindness and a princely hospitality. As a statesman he combined forethought, prudence, and sagacity in council with vigor, promptitude and decision in action. In dealing with the enemies of his country he he was wary, penetrating and bold. In directing the internal economy of the State he took a comprehensive view of the real welfare of the people, and adopted the measures best calculated to promote it. In dealing, whether with friend or foe, he was utterly free from favor or fear, conspicuous for the simplicity with which he aimed only at doing what was right, without respect of persons. But in doing nothing was he more remarkable than for his piety and the singleness of eye with which he walked before God. He seems to have undertaken every thing in dependence upon God, with prayer for his blessing and guidance, and to have sought his reward only from God. Such was the great wall-builder of the Bible; the model Freemason.

Anecdotes and Sayings of Masons.

A COUPLE OF RIVAL EPIGRAMS.—At a trial of a cause before a referee, in Delaware County, New York, Hon. Daniel S. Dickinson was counsel for the plaintiff, and Mr. H.——, of Binghamton, for the defendant. Mr. H——, albeit a lawyer of some eminence, was so interminably *slow* on this occasion as to utterly weary out both referee and witnesses. One of the latter, while waiting with eager impatience to give his evidence and be dismissed, perpetrated the following, and handed it to the ex-senator for perusal:

> "When Job was tempted by the devil,
> His patience saved his soul from evil;
> But were he living in our day,
> And thrown by chance in H——'s way—
> If forced to hear him try a case,
> I fear poor Job would fall from grace;
> He never could endure, I trow,
> What we poor devils suffer now!"

Mr. Dickinson read the lines, and rapidly dashed off the following rejoinder:

> "There were no lawsuits in these days,
> As any one can plainly see,
> For, had there been, the devil would
> Have made poor Job a referee,
> And sent for H—— to try the case,
> And spin it out till Job would cry
> 'I give it up—my patience's gone;
> Now must I curse my God and die!'"

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TOM CORWIN.—Hon. Tom Corwin, the most amusing and popular of our modern orators, who kept his audiences in a roar, and often disturbed the gravity of the United States Senate, regarded his life as a failure because he had not been successful in more serious veins. A friend relates that he was riding with Corwin in the summer of 1860, when Corwin remarked of a speech made the evening before,

"It was very good, indeed, but in bad style. Never make the people laugh. I see that you cultivate that. It is easy and captivating, but death in the long run to the speaker."

"Why, Mr. Corwin, you are the last man living I expected such an opinion from."

"Certainly; because you have not lived as long as I have. Do you know, my young friend, that the world has a contempt for the man who entertains it? One must be solemn—solemn as an ass—never say anything that is not uttered with the greatest gravity, to win respect. The world looks up to the teacher and down upon the clown. Yet, in nine cases out of ten, the clown is the better fellow of the two."

"We who laugh may be well content if we are as successful as you have been."

"You think so, and yet, were you to consult an old fellow called Thomas Corwin, he would tell you that he considered himself the worst used man in existence; that he had been slighted, abused, and neglected, and all for a set of fellows who look wise and say nothing."

Mr. Corwin uttered this with much feeling, and we have no doubt but that he expressed what he believed to be the net purport and upshot of his whole life.

His very dark complexion was often made the subject of jokes by Corwin and his friends. Thomas F. Marshall, of Kentucky, once told an adventure which he had with Mr. Corwin at Lebanon, Ohio, Mr. Corwin's place of residence. Marshall had stopped at Lebanon over night, and registered himself at the hotel as "Mr. Marshall, of Kentucky." While sitting in the public room in the evening he noticed a neatly-dressed colored man enter the hall, and, approaching the register, begin to read it. When he had reached Marshall's name he read it aloud, and asked the clerk "if Mr. Marshall was in the hotel." The clerk replied by pointing him to the gentleman in question. The colored man approached Marshall, saluted him very respectfully, and asked if he belonged to the Lexington family of Marshalls. Marshall was, as he expressed it afterward, "somewhat put out by the familiar manner of the 'cullerd gemman,'" but answered civilly that he did. The colored man was delighted to hear it, and to meet him.

"I had," he said, "the honor and pleasure of serving with Mr. Thomas A. Marshall from 1831 to 1835."

Mr. Marshall, thinking he had met with one of the old family servants who had "run away" from slavery in Kentucky to freedom in Ohio, was about to ply him with questions, but found no opportunity of "getting in a word edgeways." The colored man asked in rapid succession after the various members of the family, spoke feelingly and familiarly of old Humphrey Marshall, the head of the Kentucky Marshall family, and at last asked if the gentleman was acquainted with Mr. Henry Clay. On Marshall replying in the affirmative, the colored gentleman began to tell, in a voice intended for the little crowd of listeners who had gathered around, some reminiscences of Henry Clay, one of which he began by the remark,

"When I was in Congress with Mr. Clay—"

"You in Congress with Mr. Clay?" interrupted Marshall—"you in Congress?"

"Yes, sir; yes, sir. My name is Tom Corwin."

"Tom Corwin!" exclaimed Marshall. "Excuse me, my dear sir, but I thought you were some runaway negro."

It will be remembered that Corwin, in the Senate in 1845 or 1846, arguing seriously against the morality of the projected war against Mexico, permitted his appreciation of broad humor to lead him into the extravagant expression, "If I were a Mexican, as I am an American, I would welcome you with bloody hands to hospitable graves." A few years after, when this expression had been quoted by the newspapers until it had become familiar as "household words," Mr. Corwin was retained as counsel for a man charged with murder, and who, he claimed, acted in self-defense. In his closing speech to the jury Corwin pictured the condition of his client as endeavoring to avoid the difficulty, portrayed the murdered man as forcing it upon him, dogging his steps, denouncing him as a coward, and at last threatening to strike him. "What," he exclaimed, "would you have done in such an emergency?" "What, sir," turning to the prosecuting attorney "would you have done?"

"Done!" replied the attorney, with great gravity—"done! I would have welcomed him with bloody hands to a hospitable grave."

The jury was convulsed with laughter, and Corwin lost his case.

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GENERAL BEN BUTLER'S TACT AS A LAWYER.—One of the very last cases in which that distinguished advocate, Rufus Choate, appeared, was for the prosecution of a railroad for damages in the loss of limb of his client. Associated with him were D—— and L——, two others of the leaders of the Massachusetts bar. The three together made up a trio of legal ability of the very highest order; while for the defense stood Ben Butler, single-handed, and apparently inattentive to the progress of the trial. He took no notes, but a little occurrence soon brought him to his feet, and proved that he was awake and at his post. A question had been asked a witness, the answer to which seemed to damage the plaintiff's prospects. One of the trio, in apparently a by-play to his associates, gave a slight groan of incredulity, doubtless intended for effect on the jury. In an instant up sprang the vigilant Ben:

"Stop! stop! stop!" cried he, in his impetuous way, to the witness.

"What is the matter, Mr. Butler?" asks the judge, taken by surprise at the interruption.

"May it please your honor," replies the imperturbable advocate in the blandest of accents, "my brother L—— is taken suddenly ill. Did you not hear him groan just now? The court might like to take a short recess, I thought."

"Proceed with the examination of the witness. Let there be no more interruption," says the judge. But the object of the interruption was accomplished; the effect, or intended effect, of the enemy's gun was neutralized.

Mr. Butler, being for the defense, of course had to address the jury first in the closing arguments. His analysis of the special characteristics of his three opponents was acute and discriminating. To each of them he ascribed the highest of tact and talent in his own department, but to his brother Choate he gave more than common encomium. "He it was," said he, "who is retained in every great case, to lend to it the power of his rare abilities to obtain a verdict. Such, gentlemen of the jury, is the charm of his eloquence, that he has only to wave over you his magic wand, and you are so completely mesmerized by his will that you will say black is white, and white black, if he only says it is so. You are wholly under the bewitching influence of his eloquence, and are led by it whithersoever he chooses to lead you. You start, gentlemen; you brace yourself back with a determined air, as if to say, however it may be with others, you are proof against his blandishments. Ah! gentlemen, little do you know the power of the spell that will soon be upon you. I have myself seen it in so many instances that I speak with confidence and certainty on this point." And so he went on to depict the *Chotean* style of eloquence, with a slight allusion to the famous somnambulist line of defense in the Tyrrell case, till he had succeeded in fortifying the jury against the last words—always the most potent—of the closing argument.

Mr. Choate arose, evidently not in good health, pale and emaciated, the deep lines of his classic face tremulous with emotion, and in his very exordium complained bitterly and earnestly of the injustice done him by the caricature drawn so wantonly and maliciously by the counsel for the defense, asserting over and over again that he was a far different man, and his eloquence—such as he had—far different from that attempted to be fastened on him; that, in short, he was a plain-spoken man, accustomed to use only such common sense as his Maker had given him, and such a presentation of the facts in any case as the testimony warranted. He then proceeded to verify his assertion by a corresponding style of eloquence and argument entirely unusual with him, and only feebly, for him, put the case to the jury. The damaging effect of Butler's novel tactics was evident from beginning to end, and the jury did not agree upon a verdict, which was equivalent to one for Butler's clients.

The Diablerie of Freemasonry.

Dr. Oliver, in "The Symbol of Glory," makes the following amusing remarks on this subject:

"An ancient objection against the Order was that the Freemasons, in their Lodges, raise the devil in a circle, and when they have done with him, they lay him again with a noise, or a hush, as they please. Others diverted themselves with the story of an old woman between the rounds of a ladder; or with the cook's red hot iron or salamander, for making the indelible character on the new made Mason, in order to give him the faculty of taciturnity. I once initiated a Welsh rector, who was full of the Horatian urbanity as he could hold. Alas! he is gone to the world of spirits, and a better man does not occupy his place. He told me before he was made, in his off-hand way, that, being desirous of a private interview with his satanic majesty, he sought initiation as the most probable method of attaining his point; for he understood that he was generally found *in propria persona* at our meetings, and amused the brethren by beating a tattoo on the board with his hoofs! Many a laugh have we had together after his admission, when he knew what the true tendency of Masonry was, and the real causes of any extraordinary sounds which might be easily misconstrued."

Labor.

Labor is an important word in Freemasonry—we must say the most important. It is for this sole reason that a person must be made a Freemason; all other reasons are incidental and unimportant, or unconnected with it. Labor is the reason why meetings of the Lodge are held, but do we every time receive a proof of activity and industry? The work of an operative Mason is visible, if even it be very often badly executed; and he receives his reward if his building is thrown down by a storm in the next moment. He is convinced that he has been active; so must also the Brother Freemason labor. His labor must be visible to himself and to his brethren, or, at the very least, it must be conducive to his own inward satisfaction. As our building is neither like a visible temple of Solomon nor the pyramids of Egypt, so must our industry be proved in works which are imperishable. When we vanish from the eye of mortals, then must our brethren be able to say, "His labor was good, and he is called to his reward." But we must not think that, as Free and Accepted Masons, we are bound to labor in the Lodge only, because the Lodge of a genuine Mason extends from the east to the west, from the north to the south, from the centre of the earth unto the clouds.

Family Circle.

THE STAMMERING WIFE.

BY BRO. JOHN G. SAXE.

When deeply in love with Miss Emily Pryne,
I vowed, if the lady would only be mine,
I would always endeavor to please her—
She blushed her consent, though the stuttering lass
Said never a word, except "you're an ass—
An ass—an ass-iduous teaser!"

But when we were married, I found to my ruth,
The stammering lady had spoken the truth;
For often, in obvious dudgeon,
She'd say—if I ventured to give her a jog
In the way of reproof—"You're a dog-dog-dog—
A dog—a dog-matic curmudgeon."

And once, when I said, "We can hardly afford
This extravagant style with our moderate hoard,"
And hinted we ought to be wiser,
She looked, I assure you, exceedingly blue—
And fretfully cried, "You're a Jew-Jew-Jew—
A very ju-dicious adviser."

Again, when it happened that wishing to shirk
Some rather unpleasant and arduous work,
I begged her to go to a neighbor,
She wanted to know why I made such a fuss,
And saucily said, "You're a cus-cus-cus—
You were always ac-cus-tomed to labor!"

Out of temper at last with the insolent dame,
And feeling the woman was greatly to blame,
To scold me, instead of caressing—
I mimicked her speech, like a churl as I am,
And angrily said, "You're a dam-dam-dam—
A dam-age instead of a blessing."

CHARITY BEGINS AT HOME.

Judge not another—look within;
There you will find enough of sin;
Weeds luxuriant, rank and wild,
Many a thought by sin defiled;
Many a fretful, peevish feeling
O'er our better nature stealing,
Many a cold, ungrateful look
Warm affection scarce can brook;
Many a harsh, unfeeling word,
Heart-piercing as a sharpened sword.
Ah! look within, thou need'st not roam,
For charity begins at home.

Judge not another, for you'll find
In dark recesses of the mind,
Hidden by self-esteem from view,
Seen by others—not by you,
Follies that make you blush when seen
By the light of conscience, faithful beam,
Drag the intruders forth to light,
And judge them by that standard bright:
Banish the beam before you try
To force the mote from another's eye.
Ah! look within, thou need'st not roam,
For charity begins at home.

Judge not another—keep in mind
The golden rule for all mankind;
Whene'er your're tempted to expose
Another's follies, think of those
That lurk within; the wish repress
Your scorn of others to express
Whene'er to ridicule inclined,
Ah, think how sensitive thy mind;
Perhaps that very moment, too,
Some one may be despising you.
Ah! look within, thou need'st not roam,
For charity begins at home.

Judge not another—keep in mind
The judgment that ye to others meet
Shall be returned to you complete,
Cease then all judging till you find
No trace of error in thy mind;
Then will ye never judge again
For error ye shall still retain;
Till all your pulses cease to beat,
With error ye'll be found replete.
Ah! look within, thou need'st not roam,
For charity begins at home.

Nathie's Knitting-Needle.—A Story for Parents.—Mr. Spencer thought his little boy Nathie was always under his feet; going out or coming in, he was in danger of stepping upon the child. Priscilla, the kitchen girl, thought he was always out of doors, for his little shoes were usually thick with mud, and his frocks and pinafores were nightly candidates for the wash tub.

His mother, on the other hand, declared that he spent his time chiefly in the house; for nothing went on from parlor to kitchen, from attic to cellar, without his knowledge and consent. There was not a pie—particularly a mince-pie—into which he did not try to have a finger.

He was seldom quiet for two minutes in succession; but perhaps his little brain moved as fast as his feet, for he often exclaimed, "O, mamma, I've been a-thinking!"

Then followed a torrent of droll questions: "Who made spiders? Why?" "Which did God love best, ugly spiders, or sweet little cunning caterpillars? Why?" "Were angels spirits? Then how did they get into the bottle?" (Spirits of turpentine.) "What made folks say Holy Bible? O, yes, he [illegible] *holy* meant, of course he did—it meant the *whole* of it: the whole of the Bible. Then wasn't the big Dictionary the Wholly Dictionary? Why not?"

Nathie's boyhood [illegible] this reason his [illegible] rejoiced greatly over his present fine health and sprightliness. They gladly suffered the consequence of all his innocent mischief, and allowed him to bake sand pies, explore potatoe hills, and tear his frocks into ribbons.

When he was at his wits' end for something to do, he would rush into the house and sigh out, "O, what shall I do to make me happy?"

Such an appeal was irresistible. His indulgent mother was sure to leave her mending or pickling, and proceed at once to the business of making her little boy happy.

One day—and now we come to our story, which is a true one—he was much attracted by four bright knitting-needles dancing in his mother's fingers.

"Could'nt he have one of those long, shiny things his own self? Not to play with, but to keep for always?"

Perhaps there were floating in his mind some bright visions of a very peculiar fish-hook, which he meant to make for the purpose of prying little frogs out of the brook. Or it may be he intended to use the knitting needle as a kind of pick-ax with which to dig his way through to China.

At any rate, he was eager for a "stocking-needle," and his mother found an old one and gave it to him, with the caution not to put out his eyes with it, and by no means to stick it into his ears. Nathie promised care, received his present with a shout, and was perfectly happy for at least five minutes.

Presently his father proposed to take him out for a walk, and Nathie started off in high spirits.

"Is that knitting-needle in your pocket?" said his careful mamma. "My little boy must not take it out of the house."

Nathie protested that "it wasn't in his pocket, it wasn't any where, it was all gone."

Mrs. Spencer wondered how the little one could bear such a serious loss so cheerfully, but supposed he was consoled by the prospect of a walk; for he had a great partiality for "breathing the fleshy air"—meaning *fresh* air.

When Nathie returned, he had wonders to relate. "He and papa had been to the jail-house, where they locked folks up; saw mens in there, saw womens, heard somebody sing, saw man make shoes."

His mother interrupted him at full tide: "Where had he found his knitting-needle?" For he held it firmly clutched in his chubby fingers.

"Didn't find it," replied the child; "it's all in the ground."

"Why, no, dear, you are holding it in your hand."

"O, no, mamma," said Nathie, hesitating, "if you could look in the ground you'd see my needle. *This* isn't *that* one."

"Why, Nathie," replied his mother, much shocked, "how can you tell me such a wrong, wrong story?"

"I didn't, mamma."

"Yes, you carried the needle off in your pocket, just as I told you not to do, and so you disobeyed me. You said it was all gone, Nathie, and it wasn't; that is one wrong story; and now you say this is not the needle I gave you, so that makes *two* wrong stories. O, Nathie, Nathie!"

The child had never before attempted to deceive.

"O, mamma," said he, winking very fast, "I never, never! I told you, mamma, I never! The needle's in the ground."

"Well, then, where did you find this one?"

"I don't know, I didn't find it. Woman gave it to me."

"A woman? Where?"

"Down to jail-house, I guess," replied Nathan, apparently making up a third story with which to cover the other two.

Mr. Spencer now left the room, thinking the child might "come to himself" sooner if left alone with his mother.

"Nathie, come sit in my lap. Now don't be afraid, but tell mother the whole truth. God is looking right at you, my son, the good God who loves little children. If you tell a black lie, O how displeased he will be!"

"I never," persisted the child, fixing his brown eyes on the carpet. "Woman down to jail-house gave me stocking-needle, now she did."

For nearly an hour the mother reasoned and pleaded with the little piece of obstinacy, who still declared, with not a whit the less vehemence, "Woman down to jail-house gave it to me, now she did."

All the while the father, heavy-hearted, was walking the floor of his study.

"What shall I do?" said the poor mother, entering the room pale with anxiety, and gazing wistfully into to take next, I [illegible] his conscience, his affections, all tell me what course boy stands his ground like a rock."

"It is not likely I shall succeed where his mother fails," said Mr. Spencer, "but I will make the effort."

He did, and with no better result. For a boy who had never told a falsehood before, Nathie was wonderfully persistent. The truth seemed to be locked up in his tender little breast as in an iron safe. If there was really a key which could open the lock, that key had not yet been found.

Mr. Spencer, who was a lawyer of remarkable judgment and knowledge of human of human nature, racked his shrewd brain to imagine what motive the child could have for persisting in his absurd story. It must be because he is too proud to recant.

Sobbing, panting for breath, and painfully excited, the little boy still poured out with his tears the same eager words of denial.

"No, he never did put the needle in his pocket; it was all gone in the ground," &c.

It was thought best to drop the matter for the present, and allow Nathie time to recover his composure.

"Elizabeth," said Mr. Spencer suddenly, as the wretched child was led down stairs by Priscilla, "do you know it is barely possible that the boy may be telling the *truth*."

Mrs. Spencer shook her head incredulously. "It was so very improbable that any woman should have given him a knitting-needle, one, too, of peculiarly the same size as the first one."

"It is indeed improbable," replied her husband, "but in court, if but a faint doubt is raised, we give the criminal the benefit of that doubt. I believe we will treat our little boy as generously as we treat prisoners at the bar. I will go down to the jail and inquire into the matter; that is easily done."

What was Mrs. Spencer's surprise, upon her husband's return, to hear him say, with much emotion, "Well, Elizabeth, it is even so! Mrs. Jenkins, the jailor's mother, says she did give Nathie a knitting-needle! It was probably while I was talking with Mr. Baker about the drain."

"How thankful I am!" cried Mrs. Spencer, with a joy she had no words to express.

"And I can assure you I am too. I only wish I had gone there in season to spare all this distress! Mrs. Jenkins says the little fellow told such a pitiful story about losing a needle, that she gave him a stray one, and that was the last she thought about it. Indeed, by to-morrow she might have been unable to recall the circumstance at all, for her memory, you know, is failing her."

"Why didn't I give Nathie the benefit of the doubt in the first place?" exclaimed Mrs. Spencer. "I must go down and dry his tears. Poor little martyr!"

The Ruins of Humanity.—Of all the ruins on which the eye of man can gaze, or on which the memory can dwell, none are more painfully sublime than the ruins of humanity—and what are they? Not the deep furrow which time ploughs on the cheeks, or the silvery whiteness with which years cover the head—not the curved spine, which bows the face to the earth as if looking for a grave to rest in, for the wrinkled cheek and the stooping frame are the appropriate accompaniments of old age, and as beautiful in the system of life as Winter with his leafless trees and frozen streams in the system of seasons; but the ruins of humanity are in wrinkles which time has not made, in a frame trembling with anxiety, shaken by sorrow, humbled by sin, withered by despair—when all the beauty of youth is gone, and the beauty of age has not supplied its place—it is as melancholy as snow in harvest.

The difference between honor and honesty seems to be chiefly in the motive. The honest man does that from duty which the man of honor does for the sake of character.

The National Freemason,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S., Editor.

John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

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All wishing to form clubs can send on two or three names at a time, giving us notice that they are part of the list, to be completed subsequently. Money must accompany the names sent.

◆

Premiums.

The great and unprecedented success of the National Freemason induces its publishers to offer the following, or an equivalent, not designed to interfere, however, with terms above; but some prefer this method of being compensated for their labor. Lodges thus have an opportunity to furnish their officers and rooms:

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For 50 subscribers, at $4 each, 10 Velvet Collars, properly trimmed, for either Lodge or Chapter, worth $50.

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For 12 subscribers, a Gold Pen; for 50 subscribers, a Gold Watch and Chain, for lady or gentleman.

We will deliver the articles at our rooms or send the books by mail, stamps having been furnished. If the article is to be boxed, the expense must be prepaid by the person sending for it.

One copy will be sent free also to each person making up a club of seven or more.

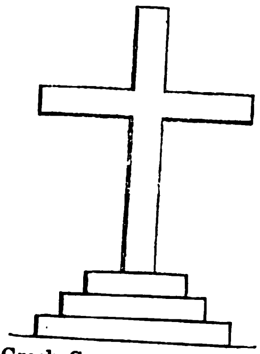
◆

A few copies of Vols. 7 and 8 of the National Freemason, from September 1st, 1866, to July 1st, 1867, neatly bound, have been left at our office, and will be sent free on receipt of $8.00, by postal order or bank check. Address National Freemason, P. O. Box 5903, New York City.

◆

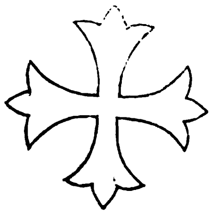
The Sign of the Cross—Its Masonic Use—Symbols of Various Rites—Of Templar Interest—Its Varieties—The Cross Constantine Sp[illegible] (No. 5.)

The Latin Cross, having its four members pointed instead of plain square, is termed the *Cross of Suffering.*

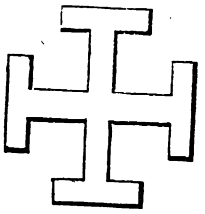


The plain Greek Cross symbolizes the religion of the Cross—the emblem of Christianity. The Greek Cross is the Latin form idealized, and speaks not so much of Christ and his death as of his religion.

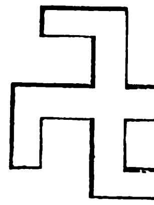
When the Latin Type is used as the emblem of Christianity, it is generally shown as either fixed in the ground and standing erect, or placed upon three steps—indicating that the religion of Christ is firmly planted on the earth, pointing upwards to heaven, and spreading its arms abroad over all men. The steps indicate that the religion of the Cross is reared upon the *triple* foundation of Faith, Hope and Charity. The lowest step, resting firmly upon the earth, and which is the largest, is Charity, for we are told in Scripture that it is the greatest of the Christian virtues. The middle step is Hope, and the upper is Faith, in which the Cross is firmly imbedded. This may be symbolical of the union between Freemasonry and Templarism. It is also termed the *Cross of Calvary*, and differs from the *Cross of the Passion* only by being raised on three steps.



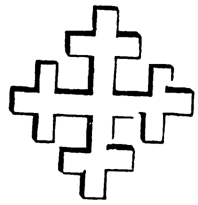
The Cross Patonce is another beautiful variety. It formed part of the arms assigned to Egbert and to Edward the Confessor, and is a badge of the Teutonic order.



The Cross Potent (Enabling) is formed from Tau crosses, and principally used in Heraldry, and alludes to the displacement of the old dispensation by the Gospel of Christ.

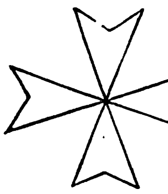


The Cross Potent (Rebated) is another Heraldic cross.

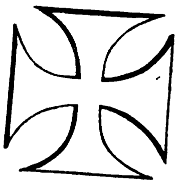


The Cross Crosslet is a very beautiful variety, composed of four Latin crosses joined together, assuming the Greek form. Its four crosses, instead of four plain arms, expresses in a more forcible manner the universality of Christianity.

The Cross of Suffering is a Latin Cross, with pointed members.



The Maltese Cross has four spreading arms resembling fishes' tails, formed in a small centre. This is termed the Eight-pointed Cross, and was borne by the Knights Hospitalers, or Knights of St. John, of Rhodes and of Malta, and, by accommodation, by the Knights Templars. This is also termed the Cross Fourchúe. This is also used by the Order of St. Etienne. It is termed, in Tuscany, Orlée, when it has a barred border.



The Cross Patée is very frequently confounded with the Maltese Cross, although there is a great difference between them. The radiating lines of the Patée may be straight or curved.

The Cross of the Knights of the Holy Sepulchre of Jerusalem is a cross *potencée*, with four *croisettes* (diminutive crosses in the angles of the large cross).

(To be continued.)

◆

A Bad Mason.

A correspondent of the New York *Tribune*, referring to one of the Palestine Colonists, denominates him "*A bad Mason.*" Instead of a slur upon the fraternity, we regard it as a compliment, for the writer thereby shows that he does not expect "a Mason" to be "bad," but "honest, just and true."

◆

Bro. Crutchfield has acted as agent for the National Freemason for years to the entire satisfaction of the proprietors and editors. He has our full confidence, and we endorse him as an agent cordially and fully.

◆

Thanks to Bro. E. Petherick, one of our appreciative subscribers, for part second of Constitutions, Charges, and Regulations of London, 1815.

What is required in Avouching?

Three things: 1st, Strict Trial; 2d, Due Examination; 3d, Lawful Information.

1. A strict trial demands every question to be asked, and every answer demanded necessary to convince the examiner that the party is acquainted with what he ought to know, to entitle him to be called a brother. The "strict trial" refers to the *matter* sought to be obtained by inquiry.

2. "Due examination" refers to the *mode* of investigation, to be conducted with all the necessary forms and antecedent cautions. Inquiries should be made as to time and place of initiation. Let no leading questions be asked. If there be suspicions of imposture, they are not to be uttered. When the final decree of rejection comes, let it be uttered in the general terms, "I am not satisfied," or "I do not recognize you."

3. "Lawful information." This authority for avouching depends on what has already been described. Ignorant or unskillful brethren are not competent to give it, for they are incapable of discovering truth or detecting error. No "rusty Mason" should examine a stranger, and if he should, his opinion would be worthless. If the party is vouched for because he has been seen sitting in a Lodge, care should be taken to inquire if it was a "just and legally constituted *Lodge of Master Masons*." Information by letter or through a third party is irregular. The person giving, the one receiving, and the one to whom it is given, should all be present at the time, to be certain of identity. The information must be not from a belief. It must be positive. It must have been made for *Masonic purposes*, and not casually. To say in a desultory conversation that "——— is a Mason" is not sufficient. It may not have been said with due caution. Of a ***strange brother***, the ancient charges say:

"You are cautiously to examine him in such a method as prudence shall direct you, that you may not be imposed upon by an ignorant, false *pretender*, whom you are to reject with contempt and derision, and beware of giving him any "hints of knowledge." But if you discover him to be a true and genuine brother, you are to respect him accordingly."

* * *

Washington's Watch.

We learn that Mrs. Jas. K. Polk, the widow of our lamented brother, the ex President, has been lately placed in possession of the watch believed to have been the time-piece of our Masonic exemplar, Gen. Washington. It was captured by a Federal soldier near the city of Washington, during the war. It will be forwarded to Gen. Lee for the claimants. The Nashville *Banner* says:

> The time-piece in question, to which so much historical interest necessarily attaches, is, of course, quite antiquated in design. It is of the pattern so popular with our forefathers, and styled by their irreverend descendants "bull's eye." On the back is neatly engraved the initials "G. W." The quality of the gold is remarkably fine, and the case is worn thin by long usage.
>
> Unlike the majority of our modern watches, the minute hand makes the complete circuit of the dial plate, while the hour hand traverses a space only about as large as is allotted by our watchmakers to the busy little index which marks the seconds. The names of "Andrew & Robinson, Lancaster," show from whose hands it first came, and the number "1007" that they did no mean business in their line.

* * *

OUR VENERABLE BROTHER John Foster died in Boston, October 30th, at the advanced age of 95 years and 16 days. For 67 years he was a consistent Freemason. He retained his mental faculties until the very hour of his dissolution. He was an habitual walker out of doors until two years ago. He spent much of his time in reading. His father was also a Freemason, served under Washington during the Revolutionary War, and was one of the famous party that threw the tea overboard into Boston harbor in 1773. Bro. Foster lived and died a Christian.

Discipline.

Without the rigid discipline enforced by military law it would be difficult, if not impossible, to control large bodies or to secure their highest efficiency in case of need. The discipline that moves and controls fifty or a hundred thousand men has it basis in the unhesitating obedience of the individuals who make up the host, and who, when moving together, simply carry out the lessons each had previously learned. The same idea holds good in Masonry, where the highest efficiency can only be secured by the prompt and unhesitating obedience individuals render to the law. Without this feature our assemblies would soon degenerate into meetings, over which the chairman would have no other control than the will of the majority, liable, as most majorities are, to change from one extreme to the other, and seldom remaining long at a time nicely balanced in the golden mean where truth is supposed to be found. The silent but potent influence of the law, affecting both the master and men, preserves the institution from innovation, and carries it forward from generation to generation with less change than could be hoped for if change were left to the discretion of any man or body of men. Hence we find that those who seek to introduce marked changes under the guise of reform invariably commence by attacking the law. First, they set about proving that what has always been considered a landmark is in reality not a landmark, and then they resolve it away to make room for the new notion, whatever it may be. Fortunately for the craft, these changes fail to meet with approval beyond the little circle in which the reformer moves; but the attempt shows what men would do were there not the restraining power of a law which they cannot break down. It appears to us that there is, nevertheless, need for a more stringent application of the law than now generally obtains, and that our Lodges and the craft would be benefited if there were a higher rule of discipline enforced. Thus, it is no uncommon occurrence for Masons to indulge in the crime of slander and evil speaking of one another. If the full measure of the law were enforced in a few instances, this evil would be crushed out. The too common indiscretion of talking over the affairs of Masonry without regard to the proprieties of time or place would, by the effect of judiciously applied discipline, be lessened, if not entirely prevented. In fact, many offenses against the moral code of Masonry, which often pass unheeded and unrebuked even by the whisper of fraternal admonition, would, if the standard of Masonic discipline were raised a step or two higher than it is now planted, disappear from our midst, and no longer impede our progress. It should, then, be resolved by our Lodges everywhere to exercise a greater care for the acts of their membership, and by wholesome admonition and, when needed, fearless discipline; see to it that Masons have with them in their daily walks as well as in the ceremonies of the Lodge-room, that they be given to understand that the law is to be respected and the inculcations of the craft made realities under penalty of Masonic discipline.

* * *

THE *Biblical Recorder*, no less a Baptist paper than the *American Baptist*, is wiser and equally conscientious. It views the Masonic Society without prejudice, judges of it by its fruits, and reckons it among the agencies to accomplish good in the world.

A late number furnishes us with the information in its editorial column, that at the close of Oct., our friend and brother, Deputy Grand Master Best, assembled the Grand Lodge of North Carolina, in special communication and, inappropriate address, announced the death of Past Grand Master William F. Collins, of Warren county.

The Grand Lodge then proceeded to the Railroad depot, received the body of the deceased, and buried it with Masonic honors, in the city cemetery, Raleigh.

White Gloves.

In every Masonic Lodge in the world Masons are expected to be clothed with white gloves. In foreign rites they are expressly presented to a candidate at his making, and their symbolism explained. In the French and German rite the candidate receives in addition a pair of gloves suitable for a lady, which he is enjoined to present to the woman he most esteems. In our Lodges, however, no reference is made to the gloves, and the candidate is left to guess at the propriety of wearing them or the symbolic lesson conveyed by them. We take this to be an oversight that might well be remedied, and we think that we might with great propriety introduce into our initiations the two pairs of gloves, as is customary among our brethren practicing European forms of initiation. Among us the white apron is presented as the emblem of innocence and the badge of a Mason. Its material reminds us that purity of life and rectitude in all our acts are requisite to those who seek admission to a better life hereafter. This symbolism comes to us from the remotest ages, and is found in all the ancient systems of initiation. Among the Essenes the candidate was clothed with a long white robe which reached to the ground, and which was bordered with a blue fringe. Its teaching was an incitement to personal holiness, while the girdle reminded the neophyte that the mental powers were to be cultivated as superior to the physical. In the Grecian mysteries the candidate was invested with a white robe and apron. In Persia the investiture consisted of the girdle on which the zodiacal signs were represented—the white apron and a tunic. In all these the idea conveyed was the same as taught in the modern investiture—rectitude of life and conduct. In the French rite the white gloves are the sign of candor, the symbol of such conduct as shall lead men to regard the wearer's word as good as his bond—a pledge that he will not disgrace himself by a resort to the chicanery and deception so common among men. Every Mason should seek so to walk before his neighbors and friends as to prove his frankness and sincerity, and ever be able to exhibit his hands clothed as with gloves in candor, honesty, and sincerity; and we submit that every apprentice would be the better of having this lesson presented to him at his initiation. Every Mason knows that a woman cannot be allowed to participate in our labors, but he knows also that it is impossible to inculcate more lofty ideas of respect and admiration for female virtue than we find in the several lectures and charges of the ritual, or to enforce a due regard for these things under more solemn sanctions than are set forth in the several degrees. As a symbol of this appreciation, the white gloves appear to us peculiarly appropriate, and their introduction into our system would, we imagine, be accepted and approved. At all events, there should be some official and distinct recognition of the white gloves.

* * *

Mr. Henry Champion Deming lately gave to a Providence, R. I., military organization an autograph letter of General Israel Putnam:

"CAMP AT PROSPECT HIL

"*Sir* Pleas to delivor to the Barror hearof
2 Tons of Bread to some rod Islanders
as they came from roxbary yesterday
and nothing to eat.

"ISRAEL PUTNAM."

The foregoing scrap is a matter of curiosity, and shows that a man may have sensible ideas without much knowledge of orthography. Bro. Putnam was one of those in whose hands the sword is mightier than the pen, and who wrought well in Masonic good works.

* * *

WE observe in the *Chicago Commercial* reports of October 3d, the following announcement: "Cleared. Schooner Knight Templar, Oswego, 17505 bushels of wheat." This is a good name; the Pilgrims had a holy mission; that of the Oswego schooner is not inferior.

Answers to Correspondents.

IT IS SYMBOLIC—and has Masonic sanction to employ the circle as a universal emblem of deity, and to enclose the partial symbol "G." Timæus called God the "*circle, whose centre was everywhere, whose circumference was nowhere.*"

∴

THE GRAND LODGE OF ENGLAND—Has had but four presiding officers in 84 years. The Duke of Cumberland occupied the place from 1782 to 1790; the Prince of Wales until 1813; the Duke of Sussex until 1843, and the Earl of Zetland to the present.

∴

THE LODGE OF ANTIQUITY—Is called the oldest Lodge in England. Sir Christopher Wren was Grand Master when St. Paul's was built.

∴

THE article going the rounds of the press, styled "The Revengeful Freemason," was original to the NATIONAL FREEMASON.

A Word on the Square.

The readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON will bear us witness that we have not been in the habit of boring them with frantic appeals for patronage, but have rather depended upon the merits of the paper to work its way into favor with the brethren and their families. We have endeavored to give them the latest intelligence concerning the Craft from every quarter of the world, and so to treat the social character of the institution that wives and daughters might find something to interest them in our regular issues, and thus encourage husbands, fathers and brothers to persevere in the good work. We know that our plan has met the approval of craftsmen in all directions, and we know, too, that fathers are proud to submit it to the inspection of their families, in full security that there will never be found in its columns a single word to call a blush to the cheek of innocence, while, on the contrary, there is much that all may read with profit. We do not propose to change our plan of operations, nor to inaugurate a series of appeals for long lists of subscribers. If the paper does not commend itself to the brethren as a proper exponent of Masonic doctrine; if they are not willing to support it as the organ and advocate of their best interests, why then we must find some other employment, and the Fraternity find some one to do the work better than we can. We are happy to repeat, however, that on this point there is no immediate prospect of a change; we are gradually working our way upward and onward, and daily securing new friends and patrons. So far all is well, but we marvel that the brethren do not perceive the advantage they might reap by a judicious use of our advertising facilities. We have readers in every State and Territory of the Republic, composed of men of all parties and creeds, and we thus have a marked advantage over journals which are the organs of a party or a sect. We do not mean to curtail our reading space, but, if it were desired, we could furnish an additional sheet for the use of advertisers desirous of giving their business a wide publicity and securing an extended line of custom. Brethren in business would do well to give this suggestion immediate consideration, and secure to themselves the advantages thus placed at their command. The local brethren should remember us in publishing their notices of meetings, festivals, etc. We always, and with great cheerfulness, notice in our editorial columns such events as come to our knowledge, and we think that we ought to have a share of such patronage as they have to bestow in the way of advertising. The square is an angle of ninety degrees, or the fourth part of a circle.

Loomis' *Musical Journal* says:

NATIONAL FREEMASON.—This is one of the very best Masonic journals in the country. It is managed by two of the most able men in the craft. From the beginning to the end there is not an item or word that one would wish left out, and it is most complete in all its departments. Every true Mason should regard this journal in the highest esteem as a most efficient and praiseworthy organ of the order.

At the late Mickley Coin Sale,

The Washington Masonic Medal, in brass, of 1797, with the inscription "Amor Honor et Justitia," brought $27.50. The same in silver brought $65.

The whole inventory of the Washington pieces sold for $1,500.

The following are the most important of the "Washington Pieces" sold, viz.:

Large Washington Medal, by C. C. Wright; reverse, Declaration of Independence. This medal was Wright's finest work; fine bronze proof, extremely rare; sold for $20.

View of the Landing of Columbus and History of America, in eighteen lines; reverse, Declaration of Independence. Same as the last medal; splendid proof, and equally rare with the preceding; sold for $13.

The Eccleston Medal, finely executed bust in armor; reverse, Indian standing, "The Land was ours," &c., by Webb; splendid proof in bronze; sold for $19.

A fine bust of Washington, struck in commemoration of his birth, with the inscription "Washington, born Dec. 21," and bearing on the reverse a beautiful figure of Fame with trumpet, and bearing a wreath of laurel; the sun rising over the ocean, with a ship in the distance, and bearing on the reverse the motto, "Wisdom, Virtue and Patriotism," which medal was in "perfect, nearly proof condition;" was sold for $31. Mr. Brevoort bought for $30 what is known as Voltaire's medal of Washington, a bronze proof, extremely rare. One of the most, if not the most, valuable specimens contained in Mr. Mickley's collection of Washington pieces was the one thus described in the catalogue: Bust facing right, hair arranged in a queue, "Gen. Washington;" reverse, 13 stars, forming the centre of a sun, which occupies the field of the coin, "Confederatio, 1785." This unique piece, belonging alike to the series of Confederatios and to the Washingtons, is certainly one of the most valuable American coins. Unsurpassed in rarity by any, and forming as it does a link between two important series, it cannot fail to be appreciated by collectors; copper in very fine condition for a piece of this period.

This piece was purchased for $160.

The coin described as follows brought $160:

"Washington half-dollar; obv., military bust facing left, 'G. Washington, President, I, 1772;" rev., a large eagle, with wings upraised, fifteen stars about the head, 'United States of America.' This piece is in splendid condition, much finer than the best ever offered for sale, having almost a proof surface, and unquestionably the finest existing, one alone excepted; silver, excessively rare."

Another Washington cent, of 1792, brought $67.50; the one described in the catalogue, as hereinafter mentioned, was purchased for $105.

Washington cent, bust similar to the last, "George Washington, born Virginia, Feb. 22, 1732;" rev. from the same die as the coin last described. This is the rarest variety of the Washington cent, being just six times as rare as the naked bust. It is unquestionably unique.

Other Washington cents, in not so good state of preservation, or of less desirable dates and patterns, sold for prices running as follows: $72.50, $67.50, $16, $13, $21 and lesser prices.

The Washington medal, described as follows, also brought $65: Military bust facing left; "Washington, President, 1791;" reverse, a ship, "Liverpool half-penny:" This piece, which must be distinguished from the Liverpool half-penny with date under the ship, is of extreme rarity, not more than three specimens being known. This being uncirculated, and in nearly proof condition, is the finest of the three; copper.

The two described as follows brought respectively $42.50 and $92.50:

Military bust facing right, "George Washington, of Virginia;" reverse, two swords crossed, above them a pyramid of fifteen cannon balls, "General of the American Armies, 1775, resigned the command, 1783; elect. President of the United States, 1789." A cast of this model exists, but it is probable that another original impression is unknown; brass, very fine.

Bust facing right, "George Washington;" reverse, shield surmounted by an eagle, "Liberty and Security, 1795," edge lettered, "An asylum for the oppressed of all nations." This piece must not be confounded with any of the preceding. It will be observed that though near in size to the largest, it bears a date, and is wholly different in other respects from either variety. Being found in no other American collection, it is probably unique. The material is copper, bronzed, and the piece is in the finest possible condition.

Other Washington pieces in brass, copper and bronze, with a few in tin, sold at prices ranging from 40 cents up to $10.50.

Persecution of Freemasons in Cuba—The Inquisition.

HAVANA, Saturday, *Oct.* 19, 1867.

The inquisition stands a fair chance of again assuming its ancient and powerful sway in the dominions where modern civilization and advanced ideas of progress have not yet been able to separate things spiritual from those that belong only to the government and temporal welfare of nations. The events of the past twenty-five years have undoubtedly diminished the influence and power of the priesthood in Spain, but nevertheless have been insufficient to destroy their preponderance and meddlesome character, so as to confine them merely to the task of attending to the care of wayward souls. No matter how badly they may be defeated, on certain occasions, they patiently persist in the course they have laid out, and, hydra-like, again present themselves in an attitude either to attack their opponents or defend the object they have in view. Among the many institutions and measures which for a long time have been a thorn in the side of fanatics and bigots, that of Freemasonry occupies the front rank; and in no country has the society and its members found such bitter opponents as in Spain and its dependencies. Enlightenment is not compatible with the ideas of bigots. The Masonic fraternity, although denounced by bishops and priests, and prohibited by the laws of the realm, has assumed respectable proportions both in Spain and its colonies. Four Lodges were known to be in existence here, and tolerated by the powers that be, the members being the *élite* of Spaniards and Cubans, some of them well known in the republic of letters and science, while others are equally distinguished by their probity and fair fame. Lodges were also organized in other cities of the interior, and until the Masons had the unheard of audacity of acknowledging themselves as such openly, by appearing with their regalia in the streets of Cienfuegos on the occasion of paying the last obsequies to a deceased brother member, no one belonging to the Government had openly interfered with them. This action capped the climax, and a few days ago an order by the acting Captain-General was promulgated prohibiting all meetings or reunions of any secret society. I can hardly believe that this action of the Captain-General's was caused by the mere fact of a few men appearing in the streets in a peculiar costume, and am compelled to ascribe it to the machinations and influence of the priesthood, who still exercise such a powerful sway. Some extenuation may also be found in the reported fact that a certain physician, occupying a high rank in the fraternity, has tried to undermine and stain the laudable purpose of the Order, by attempting to use his influence in the Order for other views said to be of a political nature; and if this really is the case, no blame can attach to the Count of Balmareda, but he deserves all praise for protecting the important trust confided to his care.

We print the foregoing from the correspondence of the *Times*, to correct some statements from our own correspondence. We are not willing at present to to publish facts in full in our possession, fearing to compromise our Cuban brethren.

It is not true that the Masonic Society in Cuba has been employed or attempted to be employed for poli- purposes. It is not true that any celebrated "physician has attempted "to use his influence in the Order" to this end. If it were true that one individual had so attempted, it would not justify the persecution of a whole fraternity.

It is true that Freemasons are generally friends of true progress and civil and religious liberty. It is equally true that they generally favor peaceable means and gradual progress. It is also true that they do not propose within the Lodge measures of external reform or progress. What they do, they do as citizens and not as Freemasons. It would be strange if the Spanish Masons were delighted with the priestly and civil despotism of Spain. It would be strange if they were delighted with the bulls against their Order and the tortures of the Inquisition. It would be equally strange if they were not faithful to the great landmarks of exclusion of political and religious topics from the Lodge.

Some months ago we showed that the Inquisition was at work in Italy, and that Freemasons were its subjects. We affirm that its dark inquisitors are busy to-day in Cuba, as in Italy and Spain, and we earnestly pray for speedy deliverance for our brethren.

We havebefore referred to the case of the Freemason Signore Tergolini, which occurred in the Inquisition, 1861.

No evidence, written or oral, was produced against him. He was simply questioned. Hope was held out to him that if he would give information to the government he should be released. But he declared that he was absolutely ignorant of the matters concerning which he was questioned. The government knew his history. They inferred that he must be connected with those secret societies, of which they denominate the Masonic the chief, which have for their object the overthrow of the Papal Government. They hoped by cruelty and imprisonment, and the despair produced by them, to extort the information. A system this, worthy of Tyberius or the Borgias. It is not at all improbable that some other prisoner, weaker or less honorable than himself, had thus been induced, by suffering and the desire to escape horrible imprisonment, to give, on mere suspicion or pure invention, the name of Signore Tergolini as one of those conspirators which the Roman Government so earnestly seeks and never finds. Who can tell how many persons in Rome, liberal indeed in sentiment and longing for a change in the government, but utterly free from conspiring against it, are the victims of secret informers! Who can tell the agony and self-reproach of those informers, who, in hours of weakness and temptation and despair, have saved themselves by the sacrifice of others equally innocent with themselves.

Signore Tergolini, still hoping for release and exile, was struck with horror upon finding that he was to be sent to the prison of San Michele. Conducted thither in the garb that he had not changed for thirty-two days, he was placed in a little cell, narrow and dirty, and swarming with vermin. It was six feet high and five feet broad, with a window three feet wide, into which the sun shone but a few minutes in the morning. "God must have restrained me," he writes, "from dashing my head against the wall, and thus putting an end to my uneasiness and suffering of body, and the tortures of my almost broken heart."

It was not until seven months after his first imprisonment that he was again examined. The judge announced to him that *nothing* was elicited by the examination. He knew not for what reason he was arrested. He could not answer and disprove charges, for none were made. He simply answered questions.

Political crimes, after this first examination, come before the tribunal of the Sacra Consulta, from which there is no appeal. It is composed of six monsignori and the procurator, who corresponds to our attorney-general or district attorney. They sit on an elevated platform, before a large table, on which is placed a crucifix. The accused stands before them, guarded by a soldier, and with his advocate by his side. The advocate has no power to control the proceedings, to elicit the charges, and to confine the inquiry to the indictment. The accused is asked all sorts of questions which the suspicions of his judges or the tales of informers may suggest.

We have evidence of persecution of Freemasons by the Italian Inquisition in 1864, '65 and '66.

Romsey Abbey—England, was noticed some time ago in connection with the work of restoration going on upon it, under Houltemers, who are craftsmen. Some very interesting archæological discoveries have been made recently. It is reported that—

> The ancient entrance known as the Nun's Doorway, which has long served as a window, has been restored to its original purpose, and in opening the chancel arches some curious Norman paintings were found upon the column near the vestry door. In removing one of the screens of these arches, two stone lamps of curious form were discovered, which have given rise to much speculation as to their origin and use. The Vicar of Romsey, in writing to the local papers, says that it is certain these lamps are of a very ancient date, inasmuch as the rubble work in which they were imbedded was built against some of the very earliest painting upon the stone work of the piers, and from this he presumes they were made and last used in the twelfth century.
>
> One of the lamps resembles a rather large brick, ten inches long, five inches wide, and four and a half inches deep, with a thick handle like half a ring on one edge. In the upper side are two round cavities three and a half inches wide and two inches in depth. The other lamp is more elegant, and consists of four cylindrical cavities in a lozenge form, and the exterior so cut as to conform to the outline of the socket. In all these indentations are fragments of charred wicks, and a carbonized substance that burns with a brilliant flame—evidently tallow, says the vicar, seven hundred years old. It has been suggested by some that these curious lamps were used in the night processions of the nuns, while other authorities assign to them a more ancient origin—that they were made and used by the stonecutters who carved the Norman capitals and mouldings of the Abbey church, when Henry De Blois, brother of King Stephen, was Bishop of Winchester, and the first Henry began his reign.

The latter view is undoubtedly correct, that these lamps furnished light to the craftsmen, our ancient brethren.

We should be pleased to present to our readers representations of these lamps.

Freemasonry is a Science illustrated by Symbols.

What are symbols? The word *symbol* is composed of two Greek words, literally meaning placing or *casting together*—of two things in juxtaposition for contrast. Symbols are thus pictorial metaphors, by which the original thought is rendered clearer and more attractive. Thus *an open eye* represents watchfulnes and care; an *open hand*, liberality and generosity; a serpent, subtility; and a dove, innocence.

Symbols are divided into *Types*, *Emblems* and *Devices*, and *Signs*, *Marks* and *Tokens*.

Type is properly from a mark, from a Greek root, signifying literally to beat—thence an impression made by beating at a matrix. Thus any picture becomes a type.

Emblems are always associated with moral apothegms.

The *Device* is merely personal.

Signs are recognitions perceivable through any of the senses, while a *mark*, unless deeply incised, is confined to the sight. A sign may be distinguished in the dark.

Token, meaning *to ken* or *to know*, is nearly the same as sign, except that sign is used either of a person signing or of the thing signified.

A Comprehensive Trestle-Board.

One of the working Masons of the day, and a reader of the NATIONAL FREEMASON, wrote down and adopted, at the very commencement of his career, the following comprehensive Trestle-Board:

> Those with whom I am proud to be associated as a fellow-laborer in the Masonic vineyard may be recognized by the following creed:
>
> 1. I believe that the Ten Commandments graciously communicated upon Mt. Sinai are the sufficient and only standard of morals to Freemasons.
> 2. I believe that the real landmarks of Masonry may be accurately deduced from the published records, and the private legends, symbols, and ceremonies belonging to Freemasonry.
> 3. I believe that no true Mason will live out of membership with the Lodge; that non-affiliation is dishonorable; and that letters dismissory should only be recognized until such time as the brother can renew his affiliation with some other Lodge.
> 4. I believe that Masonry ought to be uniform in the Constitutions of Grand Lodges and the By-Laws of subordinate Lodges; in charters, diplomas, demits, clothing, furniture, discipline, and work; nor will I cease my efforts in my sphere of influence, be it large or small, to accomplish this much to be desired uniformity.
> 5. I believe that the Grand Master should earn his honors by his services. That he should personally visit every Lodge in his jurisdiction once in every term—to the end that he may dispense knowledge, quiet strife, enlink the craft, enlighten the community, and enforce the authority of his Grand Lodge. Nor will I advocate the election of any man to that station who will not undertake these labors.
> 6. I believe that imperfect knowledge in Freemasonry is worse than total darkness, and that grand lecturers, who can only troll the Masonic music by rote, are grand humbugs, to be discountenanced and rejected.
> 7. I believe that every Mason *ought* to do that to the whole race of men which he is *bound* to do to his Masonic brethren, and that this is the great argument for the further dissemination of Freemasonry.
>
> In accordance with my faith, I seek earnestly for these things:
>
> 1. The favor of God, without which no good can accrue to Freemasonry.
> 2. The dissemination of Masonic journals of general Masonic interest, devoted to the practical details of the institution—perpetuating all its current historical facts worthy of preservation, expounding its laws, principles and landmarks, with exact yet prudent care, exhibiting the features of its patrons and benefactors; and all the while disregarding such local laws and opinions as conflict with the ancient system, and frowning with unrelenting severity upon innovations of every character.
> 3. The establishment in every Lodge, and as far as possible in the dwelling of every Mason, of a Masonic Library, sufficiently extensive to include all the standard literature of the institution.
> 4. The general dissemination of works upon Masonic law, exhibiting the ancient landmarks of the institution as deduced from canonical records, and adapting them, by suitable commentaries, to the comprehension of each inquiring brother.
> 5. The establishment of schools of Masonic instruction, in which the zealous brother may acquire thorough knowledge of the management of Lodges, working the degrees, imparting the lectures, and marshaling the fraternity upon public occasions. To this add the entire range of Masonic jurisprudence, the management of courts of trial, the exercise of discipline, and whatever else is implied in the character of *an enlightened Mason*.

The Congregational and Presbyterian (New School) Convention for Wisconsin, at its late session, was meddling with secret societies. The committee appointed a year ago made a "milk and water" report. The *Independent* (Wisconsin) says of it:

> There is a somewhat curious and amusing history connected with the report of the committee, the substance of which we will give:
>
> When the committee got together to talk over matters, it appears that one member of the committee, a layman, and a delegate from Racine County, presented a report in opposition to the sweeping and uncalled for paper gotten up by Mr. Love and indorsed by the entire committee, except the gentleman from Racine. The majority were shocked, indignant, outraged by an opposition report. They tried to convert the lone man from Racine—argument and invective were of no avail. He was stubborn, came of a stubborn stock, and could not see it. As a last resort, Mr. Love called into the committee room two eminent Congregational doctors of divinity, confidently believing that the stubborn brother from Racine would yield to them. Imagine the consternation of the majority when one of the Dr's. proceeded to deliver a powerful speech against their report, followed up by one equally powerful from the other gentleman. The result was that the majority report was cut down, diluted with skim milk so as to mean little or nothing, and so passed by the Convention. It leaked out pretty soon that the two divines called in to convert the lone member from Racine were both Freemasons, and had been for fifteen years. We are glad to record that there are two more sensible men among the Congregational clergy than we had supposed. All honor to them for speaking their piece.

The Lodge Treasury.

The readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON will agree that there are two purposes held in view in establishing a Lodge treasury. 1st. To meet the current expenses of the Lodge. 2d. To relieve distressed worthy Master Masons and their families. The funds of the Lodge, collected by the Secretary, pass for keeping into the hands of the Treasurer. The treasury is continually replenished by quarterly dues from the members and the fees for initiatian, passing and raising. Fines are not a legitimate means of filling the treasury, but extraordinary assessments may be made in the option of the Lodge.

The Treasurer may be required to give security for the faithful return of funds placed in his keeping; it is not good policy, however, to accumulate large sums in the treasury. It is not good usage to lay aside a certain per cent. of the treasury for charity funds; it is *all* charity fund save the amount necessary for current expenditures.

The funds in the treasury should not be invested in permanent form, but always kept at command. The members of a Lodge have no power to divide the funds among themselves, nor to misapply the funds to any but Masonic objects.

THE REV. DANIEL TURNER, in 1787, defined Freemasonry "to be a mystic science, wherein under apt figures, select numbers, and choice emblems, solemn and important truths, naturally tending to improve the understanding, to mend the heart, and to bind us more closely to one another, are most expressly contained."

The Morality of the Old Testament,

In a late issue of the NATIONAL FREEMASON we gave a letter from a correspondent in which the morality of the Old Testament canon was urged and statements made to the effect that there is no important principle of ethics enforced in the New Testament but what has its counterpart in the Old. In continuation of this important thought the same correspondent has supplied us quotations from Josephus against Apion (chapter 5) which will, we doubt not, interest every reader. The Jewish historian says:

We have already demonstrated that our laws have been such as have always inspired admiration and imitation in all other men; nay, the earliest Grecian philosophers, though in appearance they observed the laws of their own countries, yet did they, in their actions and in their philosophical doctrines, follow our legislator, Moses, and instructed men to live sparingly and to have friendly communication one with another. Nay, further, the multitude of mankind itself have had a great inclination for a long time to follow our religious observances; for there is not any of the Grecians, nor any of the barbarians, nor any nation whatsoever, whither our custom of resting on the Seventh day hath not come, and by which our fasts, and lighting up lamps, and many of our prohibitions as to our food, are not observed; they also endeavor to imitate our mutual concord with one another, and the charitable distribution of our goods, and our diligence in our trades, and our fortitude in undergoing the distresses we are in, on account of our laws; and what is here matter of the greatest admiration, our law hath no bait of pleasure to allure men to it, but it prevails by its own force; and as God himself pervades all the world, so hath our law passed through all the world also. So that if any one will but reflect on his own country, and his own family, he will have reason to give credit to what I say. It is, therefore, but just, either to condemn all mankind of indulging a wicked disposition, when they have been so desirous of imitating laws that are to them foreign and evil in themselves, rather than following laws of their own that are of a better character, or else our accusers must leave off their spite against us.

Nor are we guilty of any envious behavior towards them, when we honor our own legislator (Moses), and believe what he by his prophetic authority hath taught us concerning God. For though we should not be able ourselves to understand the excellency of our own laws, yet would the great multitude of those who desire to imitate them justify us in greatly valuing ourselves upon them.

As to the laws themselves more words are unnecessary, for they are visible in their own nature, and appear to teach not impiety but the truest piety in the world. They do not make men hate one another, but encourage people to communicate what they have one to another freely; they are enemies to injustice, they take care of righteousness, they banish idleness and expensive living, and instruct men to be content with what they have, and to be laborious in their callings. They forbid men to make war from a desire of getting more, but make men courageous in defending the laws. They are *inexorable* in punishing malefactors; they admit no sophistry of words, but are always established by actions themselves, which actions we ever propose as surer demonstrations than what is contained in writing only; on which account I am so bold as to say that we are become the teachers of other men in the greatest number of things, and those of the most excellent nature only—for what is more excellent than inviolable piety? what is more just than submission to laws? and what is more advantageous than mutual love and concord? And this so far that we are to be neither divided by calamities nor to become infurious and seditious in prosperity; but to contemn death when we are in war, and in peace to apply ourselves to our mechanical occupations, or to our tillage of the ground; while we in all things and in all ways are satisfied that God is the inspector and governor of our actions.

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IN Mrs. Forbes' "Woman's First Impression of Europe" occurs the following suggestive passage: "It is remarkable that the later edifices are the most perishable and are crumbling away, while the towers of most remote date are firm and solid." She is speaking of Warwick's Castle, England. How well this remark applies to Freemasonry as compared with modern societies.

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Brethren and their wives having garments, outer and under, for adults or children partly worn, would confer a favor upon many poor destitute by leaving them at our office.

Impromptu.

Sitting in the Lodge one night, a spectator at the initiation of an old friend, my thoughts ran out in the following impromptu, which I send to the NATIONAL FREEMASON:

Within this sacred chamber, where in still
And awful solitude great Peace abides—
Where Hiram fell and taught the Craft to die
In solemn testimony to their faith—
Where lies the word of God, out of which speaks
The *voice* that spoke from Sinai, we have brought
One from the outer world and made him ours.

With solemn vows—Jehovah witnessing,
In mystic *method's*, ancient and complete,
With quaint *devices*, full of truth divine:
Here in *tyled portals*, all the world shut out,
A faithful *friend* to *brother* is transformed.
New birth and wondrous! not from ties of blood,
But spirit-born: *his mother* this *our Lodge!*

What have we done? how will our mysteries
Bear fruitage on this new and untried stock?
Alas, so many barren plants appear
Within our vineyard, shall we look in vain
To him? a hope prophetic fills my soul
That *here* at least our choice has fallen well.
From Zion's Temple there were two escapes
For offerings made by pious worshipers;
One through pure burnings upwards to the skies,
One by foul conduit to Kidron's vale.
His be the upward flight.

Bring now the tools,
The mystic implements that Hiram loved,
And place them on this Ashler, newly set.
How beautiful! how beautiful the sight,
As Boaz and as Jachin, see him stand!
Lo in what narrow bounds of truth he moves,
His virtues, how they gratify the square.

It needs but that we ask the *Master's* gift
To endow him with all grace in life, in death,
That when his work is ended here, a seat
May wait our brother in the Lodge above.

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True Religion.

The following is a part of an address delivered by Rev Dr. Milnor, when Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania:

"Masonry is a *religious institution*. It is so, because it not only covers the broad ground of general morality, but has a special reference in its ceremonies, its charges, its prayers, its benedictions, to that divine system of piety and morals in which the revelation of God instructs us. Take away the Bible, and without trenching upon sacred ground by incorrect allusions, I ask you where are to be found, in any of the systems, if so they may be called, of infidelity, that species of instruction which has been transferred from its inspired pages into almost every part of your rituals, your admonitory lectures, your solemn invocations of the blessings of Heaven on your doings? It is not now to be inquired in what manner, and under what auspices, the privileges of the institution may be extended to those whose lot has been cast in lands unenlightened by the sun of revelation. You who have here subjected yourselves to its sanctions, have done so with a reference to their dependence upon the religion of your country, and your vows can no otherwise be fulfilled but by an obedience to its blessed precepts. The dreary speculations of infidelity can never inspire those high hopes and elevated sentiments, to which you are excited and directed by the lessons of the craft. But whence are *they* derived? I repeat it, from that unerring source of light and instruction, the sacred Scriptures. The god of the infidel, if he acknowledges any, is an unknown god. But that piety which our Order recommends, is addressed to an Almighty Being, who, in condescension to the weakness of his creatures, has made as full a revelation of his nature and his attributes as their capacities can embrace. The piety we profess is to a God to whom we consider ourselves accountable; who is the rewarder of the virtuous, and the punisher of the wicked; whose providence surveys and regulates the affairs of the world. That of the infidel, if he ever worship, is offered to a god of his own fanciful formation, who never interferes in the concerns of the world which he has made, and to whom his creatures are in nowise responsible. The piety we profess is grounded on our hopes of immortality and eternal life—that of the infidel has no foundation, for he denies the agency of a Providence here, and looks to no hereafter. In death *he* anticipates an eternal sleep—his soul, like his body, becoming as a clod of the valley. If it be not a piety proceeding from an unbounded love of God as revealed to us in the Scriptures, and with which they can only adequately acquaint us, that the ceremonies and charges of our Order imply or enjoin the forms and sanctions of the one, and the express language of the other, are at variance with the real fact, and should be no longer used as they at present stand. For the diversity of religious sentiment our Order makes a liberal allowance; but if a man of known infidel principles claims admission, it is impossible that any Mason, who regards the principles of the Order, can countenance his wishes. If he *does*, let him remember that there is no security for the faithfulness of the infidel to the engagements into which he enters—no safeguard against the poisonous effects of his tenets. But I present this fundamental principle of piety to God, not only with the view of showing that we ought to tyle our doors against known infidels, but that we might also be reminded that we are individually bound to cultivate and cherish in our hearts that piety toward God which is recommended in our charges, to conduct all our affairs as under the immediate inspection of his all-seeing eye, and never to forget our accountability to him as our final judge. Without this, no matter how correct the theory be, we are practical infidels, and the world, knowing us only by our fruits, will give us little credit for the magnitude of our professions. Piety, then, with all the duties appended to it, is the first principle of Masonry. And the second is like unto it—'Love thy neighbor as thyself.' This interesting obligation of religion and of Masonry has often occupied my attention in the charges delivered from this place. It embraces a wide range of precept, always emanating from a sublime and elevated love of God. While it derives activity from the sympathies of our nature, it has its root in that spirit of humble obedience, which is the never failing result of genuine affection toward the Author and Giver of every good and perfect gift—the common Father and bountiful Benefactor of the human family."

◆

The Right Hand.

Mr. Stephens, in his admirable work on Yucatan, (vol. ii. p. 474,) gives the following interesting information as to the use of this symbol among the Indian tribes:

"In the course of many years' residence on the frontiers, including various journeyings among the tribes, I have had frequent occasion to remark the use of the right hand as a symbol; and it is frequently applied to the naked body after its preparation and decoration for sacred or festive dances. And the fact deserves further consideration, from these preparations being generally made in the arcanum of the secret lodge, or some other private place, and with all the skill of the adept's art. The mode of applying it in these cases is by smearing the hand of the operator with white or colored clay, and impressing it on the breast, the shoulder, or other part of the body. The idea is thus conveyed that a secret influence, a charm, a mystical power is given, arising from his sanctity, or his proficiency in the occult arts. This use of the hand is not confined to a single tribe or people. I have noticed it alike among the Dacotahs, the Winnebagos, and other Western tribes, as among the numerous branches of the red race still located east of the Mississippi River above the latitude of 42 degrees, who speak dialects of the Algonquin language."

◆

The Bond of Fellowship.

FROM BISHOP MANT.

What joy more pure, or worthier of our kind,
Than when the good, the wise, the pious meet,
By bond of kindred, love, or friendship sweet,
Linked in a fellowship of heart and mind,
And rivalry of worth! Nor shall they find
More joy from aught in that celestial seat,
Save from God's presence, then again to greet
Each other's spirits, there to dwell combin'd
In brotherhood of love. The golden tie
Dissolv'd again unites. Ordain'd to train
Earth's tenants for their dwelling in the sky,
Faith lost in sight, and Hope in joy shall wane,
Their task fulfilled; but heaven-born Charity,
God's greatest gift, shall still in heaven remain.

◆

The Height of the Brazen Pillars.

The discrepancy as to the height of the pillars in the statements of 1 Kings, 7, 15, and 2 Chronicles, 3, 15, is reconcilable, says Dr. Barclay, by supposing either that about eighteen cubits was the height of each pillar and about thirty-six their joint height, or that each pillar was about thirty-five or thirty-six cubits in length, but cast in two pieces eighteen cubits in length. The latter is by far the more probable explanation, whether the symmetry of the pillar be considered or the height of the Temple door before which they were placed.

◆

The Orchestrion

is the latest wonderful exhibition of the industrial and scientific pursuits of Germany. This automical musical instrument comprises all the intonations of string, reed, wind and percussion instruments in perfect imitation of the peculiarity of each instrument. It took the prize medal at the World's Exhibition, Crystal Palace, London, in 1862, and in the Paris Exhibition in 1867.

The history of musical boxes, watches and clocks evidently gave the first impulse to the invention of the Orchestrion. More than one hundred years have elapsed since any invention has been perfected that can be said to approach the instrument of which the annexed is a faithful illustration. Herr Welte, of Vœhrenbach, in the romantic district known as the Black Forest (Schwarzwald), Germany, a well-known musician and performer on various instruments, exhibited the above, his first grand Orchestrion, in London, in 1862. This instrument was expressly manufactured for the Grand Duke of Baden, who kindly volunteered to allow it to be taken apart and placed for exhibition in the Crystal Palace, London. Messrs. Welte & Sons employ about fifty expert artisans. Although the firm have been established since 1833, the Orchestrion in this form was not completed until the year 1849.

ITS CONSTRUCTION.

In point of construction it does not differ materially from the church organs of the present day. It is propelled by gearings and weights, which at the same time work the bellows. The Orchestrion has fourteen registers or stops, some of which are reed, and the others regular pipes. Some of these stops are so arranged as to produce the tones of clarionets, flutes, oboes, and fagotti. Others the intonations of violins, violas, violoncellos and contra bass; and, lastly, those which are in exact imitation of the horn, tenor, trumpet, trombone, and cornet. The cymbal, triangle and drum are acted upon in their natural form.

The most important and interesting feature about the instrument is the cylinder or revolving barrel, on which the piece or pieces of music with full harmony are mathematically laid out. The material being of wood, about 6 feet long and 8 inches in diameter, revolving round its own axis once in 45 seconds, when it shifts itself on to the next line of music; a piece of music is thus placed spirally on said cylinder. Usually seven minutes are allowed for a single composition for the capacity of this instrument. The wood may be of different fibres and qualities; it undergoes rigid seasoning for years ere it is fit for the purpose. The labor in jointing and finishing it must be in the most workmanlike style, so that it will bear shipment to any clime. This instrument has 12 cylinders, comprising some of the best orchestral works written. Similar instruments, now on exhibition at 157 Fifth Avenue, perform the overtures to "Zampa," by Herold, "Wilhelm Tell," by Rossini, and other choice compositions, bringing to the ear all the peculiarities and effects designed by the composers, and to all intents and purposes as though 50 performers played them. The piece of music being drawn mathematically on paper, is wound around the cylinder or barrel, Mæl. Metronome being carefully adhered to, though at times it may be necessary for the artisan to increase the speed of one or more parts of the composition, or even leave out repetitions, so as to bring the composition or piece within its limited time of seven minutes. The whole, half, quarter, eighth, sixteenth, thirty-second notes, tremolos and shakes are all of equal heights and mathematically determined lengths, and firmly secured on said cylinder. The mechanical action is effected through metallic levers, which latter are in direct communion with the pipes and reeds in each register or stop, and are placed horizontally with the cylinder and directly above it.

The propelling power is not unlike that of a large-sized clock, with a heavy weight of from 600 to 700 pounds, the gearing being highly finished in brass and steel. The instrument is wound up by means of a crank. Any of the desired cylinders may be slid into the grooved frame and firmly held by clamps and set screws; by raising a small lever near the escapement the bellows are first inflated for one or more seconds, when it begins to perform.

SUPPLEMENTARY COMPOSITIONS.

The Messrs. Welte have three establishments where they manufacture these instruments. Their chief factory is in Germany; Gottschalk and Co., 76 Rue du Faubourg St. Martin, Paris, and 157 Fifth avenue, New York. Call at 157 Fifth Avenue and hear this wonderful instrument.

The opulent and well-to-do citizens who give entertainments at their private residences, be they literary, terpsichorean or dramatic, need no longer secure twenty or thirty musicians at an enormous cost. In towns and villages, where performers are usually wanting, and if there, indifferently capable, to be employed for lectures, recitations and entertainments generally, the Orchestrion will prove a most welcome auxiliary, with no expense attending it.

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Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW YORK CITY.

Empire Chapter, No. 170, will hold their third annual reunion at Irving Hall on the evening of Thanksgiving day. The proceeds are to be given in aid of the School and Asylum at Havana, and the undertaking should therefore receive the sanction and patronage of all who wish to make the Havana enterprise successful. It should not be forgotten that the Orphans placed in that establishment will need clothing, fuel, and occasionally a mouthful to eat. As society is now organized, it is very difficult to obtain these articles without paying for them, and those who are conducting the School and Asylum, being somewhat less wealthy than the Astor's and Stewart's, will need help. The proposed reunion affords an opportunity to render assistance to the cause, and, at the same time, to secure an evening's enjoyment. The committee will accept our thanks for tickets and consider us on hand.

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Manhattan Lodge, No. 62, have their third annual reunion and sociable at Irving Hall on the evening of December 10th. Proceeds in aid of the charity fund of the Lodge. We know by experience that these affairs are eminently select and enjoyable, and we therefore commend the present one to the attention of the craft.

∴

Neptune Lodge, No. 317, sends us tickets to their third annual soiree, to be given at the New York Assembly Rooms, November 15th—these affairs being intended for the delectation of the members and their friends, and are therefore, in some sense, family gatherings, and doubtless all the more pleasant on that account. The committee will accept our thanks for their kind remembrance.

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Knights Templar will be interested in the fact that the Grand Lecturer will hold a convention in this city about the 20th of the present month, for the purpose of communicating instruction in the drill and ritual of the order. We can vouch for his ability, and we judge that he will put his best foot foremost on the coming occasion. We trust that the Sir Knights will see to it that he has full houses during his brief stay among us, and make an endeavor to perfect themselves. Visitors from abroad to the great Metropolis expect to find our Commanderies fully posted, but it must be admitted that they are occasionally disappointed. Let the opportunity be improved to make a change in this respect, and place the local Commanderies on an equal footing with the best in the country.

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One of our Lodges has engrafted in its By-Laws the following summary of Masonic offenses, alike comprehensive and exhaustive:

"Any Mason within the jurisdiction of this Lodge who shall become a slave to his passions, be found guilty of profanity, treating with irreverence and contempt the name of the Most High, guilty of unjust or violent resentment toward a brother, speaking calumnies against him or otherwise injuring him in fortune, occupation or character, or neglecting to arrest the progress of such injuries as far as may legally be practicable, scoff at or ridicule the religious opinion of a brother, with the obvious intention of drawing on such brother the contempt of others, guilty of intemperance, fraud, profligacy, or libertinism, shall be deemed to have transgressed the grand precept of Masonry, which teaches us to 'walk humbly in the sight of God, to do justice and to love mercy,' and to be punished (by reprimand, suspension or expulsion) at the discretion of the Lodge."

CALIFORNIA.

San Francisco, *October 12th*, 1867.

Dear Doctor:—The Eighteenth Annual Communication of the Grand Lodge of California has just closed, after a session of five days. The attendance was greater than on any previous occasion, while the perfect harmony that prevailed spoke more for the ability and character of the brethren of this jurisdiction. G. M. G. B. Claiborne's address and the oration of Bro. J. R. Buckbee were truly valuable contributions to Masonic literature. They will both be printed in the proceedings, advance sheets of which will be forwarded you. Amongst the important matters acted upon may be mentioned the discontinuance of the salary of $1,000 to the Grand Lecturer, the reduction of the representative tax, and the abolishing the pay of $1,000 upon the Grand Lodge funds for the Masonic Hall Association. These measures will prove highly beneficial to the subordinate Lodges, and promote greater harmony throughout the body. The report from the Board of Relief exhibited the great liberality of that body, and how its kind offices are extended to brethren from all sections of the globe. To increase its usefulness, the Board petitioned the Grand Lodge to levy a tax upon all the brethren in the jurisdiction, but it was not concurred in, and the Board will therefore continue its operations as hitherto. The first and third degrees were exemplified by the Gr. Lecturer, Bro. L. C. Owen, and the French Lodge comprised the E. A. degree in the large hall, which was literally crammed. It may not be out of place here to mention the advantages offered for the meetings of the various Grand Bodies, by their having a suitable hall and offices for the various committees. The foresight that prompted this, and its advantages, are becoming more apparent every year. The Masonic Hall Association is now entirely distinct from and independent of the Grand Lodge, excepting about $18,000 of Grand Lodge funds invested in shares; but as this will probably realize an interest of one per cent. a month, it may be employed to form a fund for an asylum. Ill. Bro. E. H. Shaw presented credentials from, and was received as the representative from, the Grand Lodge of Cuba, which was, I believe, the only foreign Lodge represented. The elections were conducted with a rapidity and ease truly remarkable in such a large body, and this was in a measure attributable to the fact of the Assistant Grand Secretary being able to call off the names and numbers of every Lodge with the specified number of votes belonging to each, without the aid of the register. The expenses of representatives was a little over $4,000, and this included $300 to a brother from Arizona. However, in future brethren from other States will visit this Grand Lodge at their own expense. Annexed is a complete list of the Gr. officers for the ensuing year, who were duly installed. Bro. C. Marsh, G. H. P. of the State, acting as Master of the Ceremonies. Previous to the adjournment a committee was appointed to prepare a suitable testimonial to P. G. M. Claiborne, to be presented to him at the next Annual Communication, and he was further requested to sit for his portrait, the same to be handsomely framed and placed in the office of the Grand Secretary. He is the first P. G. M. to whom such favors have been shown. He has already acted for two years as G. M., and could have been re-elected, but he positively insisted upon not being placed in nomination.

Wm. A. Davies, G. M.; H. H. Hartley, D. G. M.; Thos. Beck, S. G. W.; L. E. Pratt, J. G. W.; James Laidley, G. T.; A. G. Abell, G. S.; Rev. W. H. Hill, G. C.; J. B. Felton, G. O.; Ch. L. Wiggins, G. L.; L. C. Owen, A. G. S.; B. Pulverman, G. Mar.; Benjamin Akerly, G. B. B.; John S. Wards, G. Stand. B.; W. A. January, G. S. B.; A. W. Bishop, S. G. D.; H. M. Stuart, J. G. D.; Samuel Prager, Daniel Ream, G. S.; H. B. Douglas, G. O.; Frank Prassa, G. P.; James Oglesby, G. T.

J. L. W.

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Grand Chapter.—Officers of Grand Chapter of California elected Sept. 16, 1867:

Isaac S. Titus, G. H. P.; James A. Jackson, D. G. H. P.; John W. Howell, G. K.; George F. Grimes, G. S.; Elisha W. Bourne, G. T.; Lawrence C. Owen, G. S.; Arthur E. Hill, G. C.; Thomas H. Caswell, G. L.; Jacob H. Neff, G. C. of the H.; Stephen King, G. R. A. C.; Ira C. Root, G. G.

KANSAS.

Grand Lodge.—The meeting of the Grand Lodge of Kansas, just closed, was more pleasant and interesting than any former meeting. The new constitution reported last year was adopted. The uniform code of by-laws was rejected. An amendment to the constitution and regulations was offered, which, if adopted, will place the work and lectures in charge of custodians instead of a grand lecturer. Seventeen dispensatories for new Lodges had been granted, sixteen of which received charters. There are now sixty-two chartered Lodges in the jurisdiction.

The following are the officers for the current year: M. S. Adams, G. M.; E. A. Smith, D. G. M.; E. D. Hillyas, S. G. W.; John T. Lemter, J. G. W.; Chr. Beck, G. T.; E. T. Carr, G. S.

MINNESOTA.

Grand Lodge.—The committee of correspondence reprint the error of Bro. Kimmel, of Maryland, that President Johnson was Grand Master of Tennessee. We corrected this in the National Freemason at the time.

Our Rev. Bro., Dr. McMasters, the author of the able report of the committee, thus concludes:

Altogether the prospects of our beloved order were never more flattering than now. Amid the strife of political factions, and the general upheavals of society for the last two years, there has come to be a deep and earnest feeling of the need of rest—some quiet sanctuary where escape may be found from the tempests that rage around; and this is causing thousands to throng our gates and seek our altars. We cannot fail to realize the danger in such movements, and the possibility of *dilution* by excessive numbers. Against this danger, however, we hold the key; and if we are only faithful to ourselves and our principles, we have nothing to fear. Moreover, "Forewarned is forearmed;" and the notes of salutary warning are already heard from every quarter throughout our land.

Since the Anti-Mason commotions, within the recollection of many of us, we realize that a mighty change has taken place; and of Masonry it may now be truly said:

> "As some tall cliff, that rears its awful form,
> Swells from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;
> Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,
> Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

MISSOURI.

Grand Commandery.—The following are the officers for the current year:

Sir Geo. Frank Gouley, R. E. G. C.; Sir Lewis J. Weimer, V. E. D. G. C.; Sir Jas. Aglar, E. G. G.; Sir Jas. Carr, E. G. C. G.; Sir and Rev. P. M. Pinckard, E. G. P.; Sir Sam. Hardwick, E. G. S. W.; Sir B. F. Newhouse, E. G. J. W.; Sir Wm. N. Loker, E. G. T.; Sir A. P. M. Thompson, E. G. R.; Sir P. B. Grant, E. G. S. B.; Sir Wm. Boslyshell, E. G. S. B.; Sir Wm. H. Stone, E. G. W.; Sir Geo. B. Bruce, E. G. S.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Hugh De Payen's Commandery, No. 7, of Knights Templar, Maj. Gen. S. G. Griffin, Em. Commander, held a field day on the 2d inst. They were inspected and reviewed by Past E. H. Hatch. The Sir Knights made a fine appearance, and went through the various evolutions in a manner highly creditable to their order and to their commander.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Mechanicsburg.—At the dedication of the new Masonic Hall Hon. Bro. Richard Vaux, of Philadelphia, conducted the ceremonies.

KENTUCKY.

Louisville.—The first annual festival of Howe Lodge of Perfection, No. 2, at which you were invited to be present on Friday evening, 25th instant, given equally in honor of the Grand Lodge and Grand Consistory of Kentucky, was a brilliant affair, and did a great deal of credit to the Committee of Arrangements, of which our expert friend and brother, John H. Howe, was at the head; and who doubtless felt proud to know that in the history of Masonic festivities in this State the efforts of none were ever crowned with better success. Our special friend, Bro. R. V. Snodgrass, was present, the very embodiment of Masonic courtesy and affability, rendering to every one the most graceful attention. It was a pleasant party indeed, and was so attested by every expression we heard during the evening, as well as the unspoken complacency which every one seemed to feel. Many of the wives, daughters and sisters of our Hebrew brethren were present, and, feeling quite at home, were very graceful. The Masonic clothing worn by the brethren, corresponding to the degree in which they wished to appear, was, perhaps, the most tasty and elaborate ever worn on such an occasion, as the "Regalias" (if this word is sufficiently dignified as applied to Masonic clothing) were quite various; there were *some costly and elegant* as the most fastidious would be pleased to see; among which we noticed those worn by Bros. John H. Howe, R. V. Snodgrass. Fred. Weber (33d), J. W. Cook, —— Bankhouse, L. Slaup, and others. The *table*, perhaps, presented the richest and most profuse collection of refreshments and delicacies imaginable—all things eminently and exclusively Masonic, as denoted by their adornment with Masonic emblems and impressions.

Bro. J. V. Cowling, with his dimmed eyes, his great heart and smiling face, and Past Grand Master J. G. Martin, both, I think, the most honored exponents of Masonic charity in the State, were present, and seemed to say by their presence, "success to your efforts to illustrate 'how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity.'" May the brethren ever be as successful in life as they were in getting up and conducting this "Masonic Reunion" under the auspices of Howe Lodge of Perfection, No. 2.

J. A. C.

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Grand Lodge.—Bro. Munger continues his report of the proceedings of the Grand Lodge for the readers of the National Freemason.

The following are the officers elected:

Elisha S. Fitch, G. M.; Charles Eginton, D. G. M.; V. H. Jones, G. S. W.; E. B. Jones, G. J. W.; A. G. Hodges, G. W.; J. M. S. McCorkle, G. Sec.; Rev. G. C. Lorimer, G. Chap.; R. C. Matthews, G. S. and T.

The Grand Master, E. S. Fitch, made the following appointments:

E. W. Turner, G. S. D.; D. P. Robb, G. J. D.; John French, G. Marshal; James A. McKenzie, G. S. B.; L. J. Jones, G. P. The Grand Secretary reappointed John M. Todd, Assistant G. S.

The grand Masonic festival was well attended, and the members in their rich and splendid regalia added lustre to the occasion. The dance was protracted to the small hours of morning, and the guests entered into the spirit of the affair with light and happy hearts. It was a brilliant assemblage, comprising the most elegant people of Louisville. The small hall was used as the supper room, and the tables were spread with all the substantials, as well as the rarest and choicest delicacies of the season. The guests were richly attired, and such an assemblage of youth, loveliness, and splendor has seldom, if ever, before been congregated in Masonic Temple.

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Grand Council.—The following are the officers for the current year:

Thomas Todd, G. P.; Henry Bostwick, G. V. P.; Rev. R. G. Gardiner, G. C.; Wm. C. Munger, G. R.; John T. Fleming, G. T.; Wm. E. Robinson, G. M. of C.; Richard G. Hawkins, G. C.; Thos. Sadler, G. H.; Henry Hudson, G. S.

MONTANA.

Grand Lodge—met Oct. 7. The Grand Lodge Historian presented a very full and interesting history. The following are the officers for the current year:

G. M., L. W. Frary; D. G. M., John Potter; S. G. W., J. R. Weston; J. G W., George Austin; Treasurer, S. Starr; Secretary, W. F. Sanders.

The Grand Master appointed Hugh Ducan, G. C.; L. G. Lee, G. L.; I. R. Alden, G. O.; N. P. Langford, His.; R. H. Robertson, S. G. D.; J. O. Sedman, J. G. D.; E. S. Stackpole, S. G. S.; H. Arndt, J. G. S.; F. C. Cornell, G. M.; P. D. Hayward, G. S. B.; W. H. Bailey, G. T.

Our friend and brother, the Governor, Green Clay Smith, delivered a very able address before the Grand Lodge.

BOOK NOTICES.

Masonic Gem; consisting of Odes, Poem and Dirge. By Rev. L. A. Alford, Logansport, Ind.; being a miniature Sketch of Esoteric and Exoteric Masonry. Cincinnati: Homan, Abraham & Co., Printers, 118 West Fourth St., 1867.

The following are two paragraphs from the "Introductory:"

It is really a wonder, even to its adversaries, that it should have such a world-wide membership, and accomplish so much in relieving the distressed in every nook and corner of the earth, and not become either Political, National or Sectarian. And yet its moral teachings pervade all, and every department of human society.

In Monarchies, in Republics, in States, in Legislatures, in Institutions of Learning, Colleges, Seminaries, Churches—in all orders of society, Masonry has its foothold—its altar, and its esoteric school.

The following is a specimen of the poetry:

> Apprenticed workmen, thousands told,
> Brought in the wood and stone and gold,
> And Fellow-crafts, with great delight,
> Labored from early morn till night,
> And skillful Masters, all agree
> To build this House, O God, to Thee!
> And thus obey the Master's will,
> Who loves His promise to fulfill.

Thus read the last six lines:

> No more the funeral dirge to hear,
> No broken column will appear,
> For Judah's lion gains the day,
> And scatters night and death away.
> There Esoteric glories rise—
> Hail! hail! Grand Master of the skies.

This is a neat and illustrated book of 48 pages—success to it.

CORINTHIAN CHAPTER, No. 159, meets at Odd Fellow's Hall, on the 2d and 4th Thursdays.

METROPOLITAN CHAPTER, No. 140, meets on the 1st and 3d Fridays, at Masonic Hall, 114 and 116 East 13th Street.

PURITAN LODGE, No. 339, meets at No. 8 Union Square, on the 1st and 3d Wednesdays.

SECOND ANNUAL BALL of METROPOLITAN CHAPTER, No. 140, R. A. M., at IRVING HALL, on TUESDAY EVENING, November 19th, 1867. Tickets, admitting a gentleman and ladies, $2.00, to be had of the following Committee: J. Teichman, 109 West Street; W. Y. Taft, 300 Mulberry Street, room 37; M. Wolf, 130 Myrtle Avenue, Brooklyn.

M. LICHTENSTEIN, Chairman, 34½ Bowery.

L. H. Frank, Sec'y, 432 Broome Street

☞ *MUSIC BY WALLACE'S BAND.* ☜

"The days of drugs are past,"
as the old song has it. It happened until recently that
"When a man was a little bit poorly,
He made a fuss,
Sent for a 'nuss,'
And for Doctors, whose medicines made him wuss."

But now, thanks to a better acquaintance with ourselves, and a more limited acquaintance with blisterings, purgatives, emetics and sweatings, we prevent, rather than cure, and pay proper attention to the laws of health, and use

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HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT and PILLS are found the only remedies able to subdue the dangerous symptoms of that fatal disease now so prevalent under the name of sore throats. The Ointment used externally, and Pills internally, are a certain cure. Sold by all Druggists.

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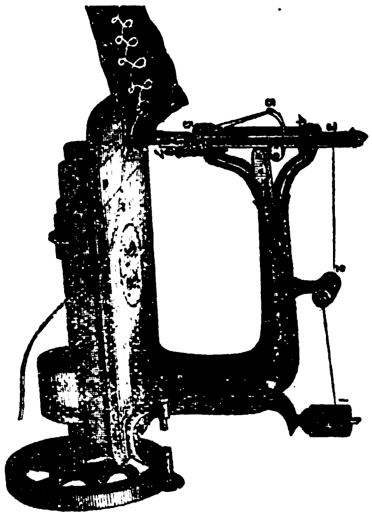

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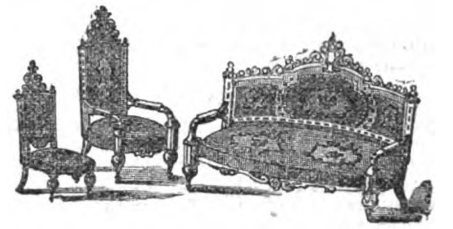

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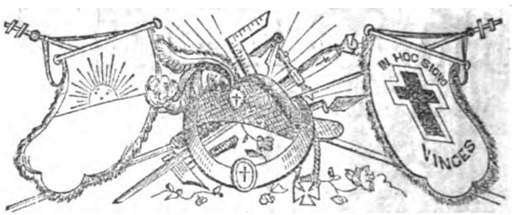

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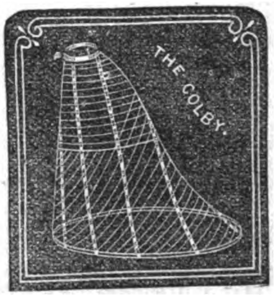

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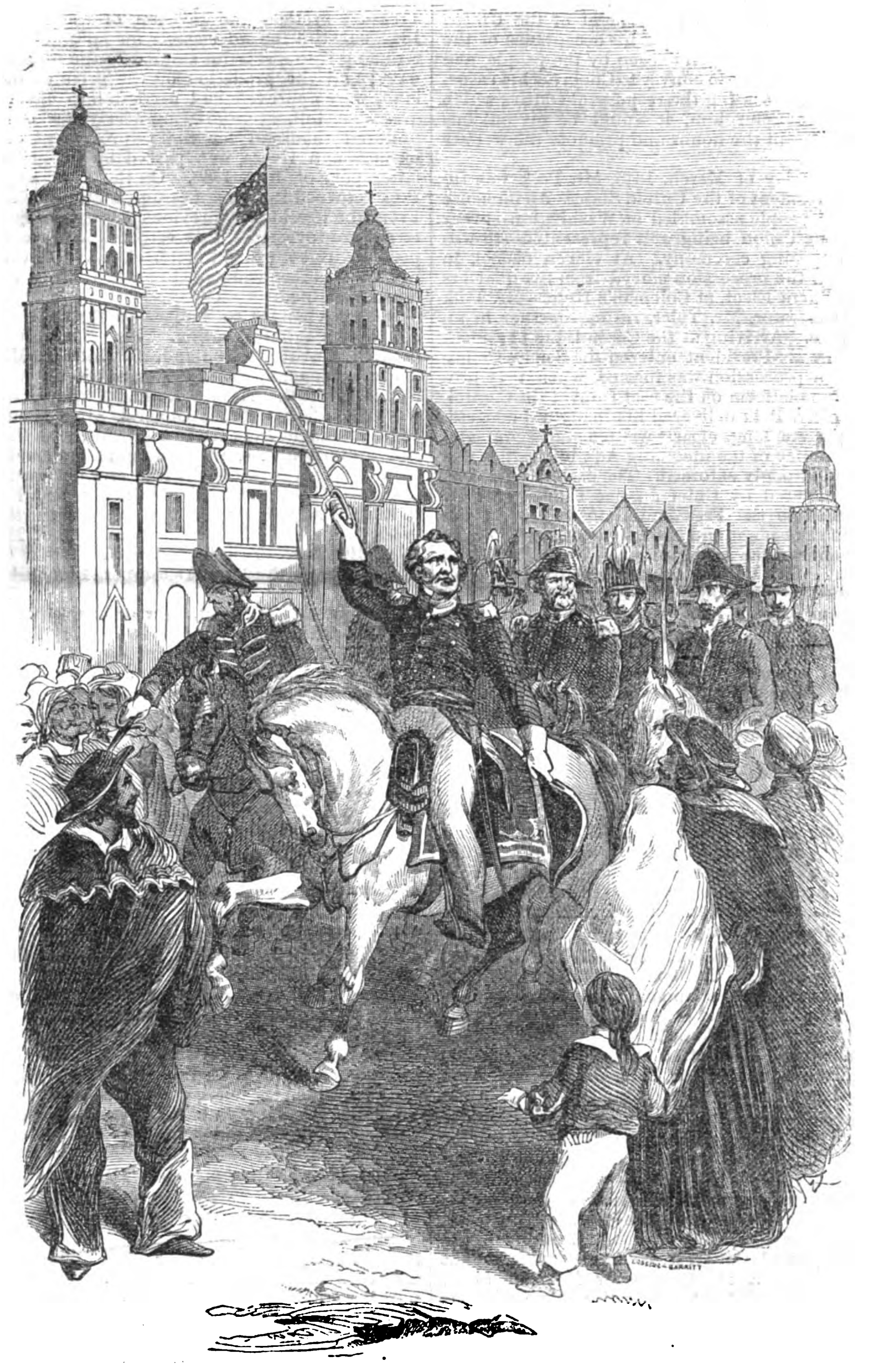

GEN. SCOTT AND THE AMERICAN ARMY ENTERING THE CITY OF MEXICO.

[The annexation of Texas and the Mexican War were the prominent events of Mr. Polk's Administration. and as such our cut appropriately heads the second number of Mr. Polk's life]

JAMES KNOX POLK, Tenth President of the United States, and a Tennessee Freemason. No. 2.

The administration of the State Government by Mr. Polk was satisfactory to the public, and his course as Chief Magistrate was well calculated to harmonize the party of which, by the death of his old friend and preceptor, Mr. Grundy, in 1840, he had become the acknowledged head. The term of office of Mr. Polk expired in October, 1841, but at the August election of that year he was again a candidate. His prospects were dark — the Harrison electoral ticket had succeeded in the State by more than twelve thousand majority. To overcome this heavy vote was impossible; but Mr. Polk entered upon the canvass with his accustomed spirit and ability. His competitor was James C. Jones, a most effective speaker, and decidedly the most popular man at that time in the Whig party of the State.

Personal good feeling on the part of the opposing candidates characterized this contest, as it had that of 1839. Mr. Polk frankly and cordially met Mr. Jones on the stump and traveled in company with him. But the efforts of Mr. Polk proved unavailing. The politics of the State were for the time firmly fixed in opposition to his own. He was defeated, but reduced the Whig majority to about three thousand. In 1843 he was once more a candidate opposed to Governor Jones, but the latter was re-elected by nearly four thousand majority.

On leaving the Executive Chair of Tennessee, Mr. Polk returned to private life. He possessed a competence—all that he needed or desired—which enabled him to be liberal in the bestowment of his charities, and to dispense a generous hospitality to his numerous friends.

Mr. Polk was not without ambition; but he preferred henceforth for others to secure his advancement, if they desired so to do, and contented himself with being in the main a passive instrument in their hands. In 1841 and 1843, he came forth as a candidate for Governor, only in compliance with the general desire of his party. The wishes and expectations of his immediate friends were early fixed on the Presidential office. At the session of the Tennessee Legislature, in 1839, he was nominated by that body for the Vice-Presidency, to be placed on the ticket with Mr. Van Buren, and with the expectation, no doubt, that he might succeed that gentleman in the higher office. He was afterwards nominated in other States for the same position; but as Colonel Johnson seemed to be the choice of the great body of the Democratic party in the Union, no efforts of importance were made by the former, and at the election, in 1840, he received but one electoral vote in the college of Virginia.

From the time of the defeat of Mr. Van Buren, in 1840, up to within a few weeks previous to the assembling of the National Democratic Convention at Baltimore, in 1844, public opinion in the Democratic party seemed to be firmly fixed upon him as their candidate for re-election to the station he had once filled. But in the month of April, 1844, a treaty was concluded, under the auspices of President Tyler, between the representatives of the Government of the United States and of the Republic of Texas, providing for the annexation of the latter to the American Confederacy. This measure, though long in contemplation, was fruitful in strife and dissension. Hitherto it had been conceded on every hand that Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Clay ought to be, and would be, the rival candidates for the Presidency in 1844; but now the political elements were thrown into complete confusion. The opinions of every public man in the United States were sought; and, among others, Mr. Polk was addressed. He replied, arguing in favor of annexation.

When the Texan question was presented in this manner to the American people, public men, and the parties to which they belonged, arrayed themselves on one side or the other. The Whig party at the North opposed the annexation. The Democratic party generally favored the annexation; but a small portion of the party at the North, and a few of its members residing in the Slave States, opposed it.

In the midst of the commotion produced by the agitation of the Texas question, the National Democratic Convention assembled at Baltimore, on the 27th of May, 1844. Until the publication of his Texas letter, Mr. Van Buren had been by far the most prominent candidate; but when the Convention met, Lewis Cass, of Michigan; Richard M. Johnson, of Kentucky; James Buchanan, of Pennsylvania; and Levi Woodbury, of New Hampshire, all of whom were in favor of the immediate annexation of Texas, and all of them Freemasons, were supported for the nomination by their respective friends with greater or less earnestness. Immediately after the organization of the Convention, a rule was adopted, in accordance with the precedents established by the Conventions of 1832 and 1835, requiring a vote of two-thirds to secure a nomination. Mr. Van Buren received a majority of votes on the first ballot; seven additional ballotings were then had, but at no time did he receive a vote of two-thirds; whereupon his name was withdrawn by the New York delegation. The delegates opposed to the nomination, after the first ballot, concentrated their strength mainly upon Mr. Cass; but as the friends of Mr. Van Buren numbered more than one-third of the Convention, and were irreconcilably hostile to the selection of any of the other candidates originally proposed, it was apparent that no nomination could be made without their consent.

The name of Mr. Polk had been freely spoken of in connection with the Vice-Presidency, and when the Convention found itself in this dilemma, a number of his friends among the delegates voted for him on the eighth ballot as the Presidential candidate. On the ninth ballot he received nearly all the votes of the members of the Convention, and the vote was subsequently made unanimous. The nomination for the Vice-Presidency was tendered with great unanimity to Silas Wright, of New York, a distinguished friend of Mr. Van Buren, but it was declined; and George M. Dallas, of Pennsylvania, a true Masonic brother, was then put in nomination. The closing proceedings of the Convention were marked by great good feeling and enthusiasm.

The nomination of Mr. Polk was communicated to him by a committee appointed by the Convention. Unexpected as was the honor thus conferred upon him, he did not decline it. In reply to the committee he returned a letter of acceptance, in which he avowed his firm determination, in the event of his election, not to be again a candidate.

Prior to its adjournment, the Baltimore Convention adopted a series of resolutions, setting forth the principles that distinguished them as a party. By the acceptance of their nomination, Mr. Polk signified his approbation of those resolutions.

The candidates selected by the Whig party, in opposition to the Democratic nominees, were Henry Clay, of Kentucky (Past Grand Master of Ky.), for President, and Theodore Frelinghuysen, of New Jersey, for Vice-President. Mr. Tyler, the then President, was also put in nomination for the Presidency, by a convention of his friends, but he subsequently withdrew his name and gave his support to the Democratic ticket. The nomination was not only well received, but a spirit of enthusiasm was soon aroused in his favor. The election was conducted with great spirit and animation. Mr. Van Buren and Mr. Cass, with the other candidates before the National Convention, and their friends cordially supported the ticket.

In the Electoral Colleges, Mr. Polk received one hundred and seventy votes, and Mr. Clay one hundred and five. The majority of Mr. Polk over his distinguished competitor, on the popular vote, was about forty thousand, exclusive of the vote of South Carolina, whose electors are chosen by the State Legislature. The total vote was a little less than two million seven hundred thousand.

On the 28th of November—the result of the election being then known—Mr. Polk visited Nashville, and was honored with a public reception by his Democratic friends, together with a number of his opponents in the late contest, who cheerfully united with them in paying due honors to the President Elect of the people's choice. A brilliant civic and military procession escorted him to the public square in front of the court-house, where he was addressed by the Honorable A. O. P. Nicholson on behalf of the large assembly that had collected to welcome him to the seat of government. To the address of Mr. Nicholson, congratulating him on his success, and assuring him of the highest respect and admiration entertained for his intellectual capacity and his private virtues by the people of Tennessee, Mr. Polk replied in a conciliatory and grateful spirit.

Mr. Polk left his home in Tennessee, on his way to Washington, toward the latter part of January, 1845. He was accompanied on his journey by Mrs. Polk and several personal friends. On the 31st instant, he had a long private interview at the Hermitage with his venerable friend, Andrew Jackson. The leave-taking was affectionate and impressive, for each felt conscious that, in all probability, it was a farewell forever between these two good men and Masons.

On the first Friday, Mr. Polk and suite left Nashville, and proceeded as rapidly as possible, considering the demonstrations of respect with which he was everywhere received on his route to the seat of government of the nation.

The President Elect and his party arrived at Washington on the 13th of February, and was immediately waited upon by a committee of the two Houses of Congress, who informed him that the returns from the Electoral Colleges had been opened, and the ballots counted on the previous day, and that he had been declared duly elected President of the United States. He thereupon signified his acceptance of the office to which he had been chosen by the people, and desired the committee to convey to Congress his assurance that, "in executing the responsible duties which would devolve upon him, it would be his anxious desire to maintain the honor and promote the welfare of the country."

On the 4th day of March, 1845, Mr. Polk was inaugurated President of the United States. An immense concourse of people assembled at Washington—every quarter of the Union being well represented—to witness the imposing ceremony. At eleven o'clock in the forenoon, the procession moved from the quarters of the President Elect, at Coleman's Hotel—Mr. Polk and his predecessor, Mr. Tyler, riding together in an open carriage. Arriving at the Capitol, the President Elect and the Ex-President entered the Senate Chamber. Here a procession was formed, when they proceeded to the platform on the east front of the Capitol, from which Mr. Polk delivered his inaugural address.

This paper was long, clearly written and argumentative. The policy of the incoming Administration was defined, and strongly enforced. The oath of office was then administered by Chief Justice Taney, and Mr. Polk returned to the Presidential mansion. In the evening, the President and his lady attended two balls given in honor of the inauguration.

President Polk's Cabinet was made up from the most distinguished members of the Democratic party, and most of them Freemasons.

The first important achievement of the new Administration—that which influenced the remainder of his term—was the consummation of the annexation of Texas to the Union. Shortly before the close of Mr. Tyler's term of office, joint resolutions in favor of the annexation of Texas had passed both Houses of Congress, and in pursuance of them, President Polk instructed the charge d'affaires of the United States in Texas to make the necessary overtures. The people of the infant Republic accepted the proffered terms, then held a convention, framed and adopted a State Constitution, and prepared themselves for admission into the Union. In his first annual message, President Polk called the attention of Congress to the importance of passing at an early day an act recognizing Texas as a sister of the Confederacy.

The "Army of Occupation," which had been ordered to take post between the Neuces and del Norte (Rio Grande), was under the command of Brevet Brigadier-General Taylor; the fleet in the Gulf was under the orders of Commodore Conner. Of the events which brought about the declaration of war, and upon which so much discussion has been held, we have not room here to speak.

The Opposition in Congress denounced the war as unjust, and as being unconstitutionally begun by the President. It was said that the President had authorized such aggressive measures as were calculated to provoke war, and that he then called upon Congress to recognize the existence of hostilities.

War was declared against Mexico. Even before the declaration passed Congress, General Taylor fought two battles with a much superior Mexican force, commanded by Gen. Arista, and gained two glorious victories—those of Palo Alto and Resaca de la Palma. From that time the contest was prosecuted by the United States forces with astonishing vigor and success. Generals Taylor and Scott, with a gallant band of officers and troops, won imperishable laurels. Monterey, Buena Vista, Bracita, Sacramento, Doniphan's march, the capture of Vera Cruz and San Juan de Ulloa, Sierra Gordo, Contreras, Churubusco, Molina del Rey, Chapultepec, and Mexico will ever remain as brilliant testimonials to the skill and indomitable courage of the American soldiery.

Stockton, Kearney and Frémont made an almost bloodless conquest of Alta California, which was afterwards ascertained to be one of the richest countries in the world, and is now the magnet of so many hearts. New Mexico was conquered by Kearney without a battle. After the capture of her capital, Mexico was willing to negotiate for peace. On the 2d of February, 1848, at Guadaloupe Hidalgo, a treaty was concluded by the United States Commissioner, Mr. N. P. Trist, and the three Mexican Commissioners. By this treaty the Rio Grande was established as the boundary between the United States and Mexico, below El Paso; the extensive provinces of New Mexico and Upper California were ceded to the United States, in consideration of the payment to the Government of Mexico of the sum of fifteen million of dollars, and the assumption by the former claims of her citizens. This treaty, with some modifications, was ratified by both Governments; the United States forces evacuated Mexico, and peace once more smiled upon the two Republics.

The recommendations of President Polk in his first annual message, the restoration of the independent Treasury system—the revision of the Tariff Act of 1842, substituting *ad valorem* for specific duties, and reducing it to a revenue standard—the increase of the navy; and the gradation of the price of the public land, were approved and carried into effect by Congress. A bill, appropriating nearly one million five hundred thousand for the improvement of certain harbors and rivers, was passed by Congress in the latter part of July, 1846. On the 3d of August, Mr. Polk returned it with a message, stating his objection. From the President's previous course in regard to internal improvements, this veto might have been expected. But it excited much clamor. In the House, the bill was reconsidered, but a two-thirds vote could not be obtained.

But few changes took place in the Cabinet during Mr. Polk's administration. Mr. Bancroft was appointed Minister to England, and John Y. Mason, the Attorney-General, was transferred to the post of the Secretary of the Navy. Nathan Clifford, of Maine, was appointed Attorney-General. In the summer of 1847, President Polk made a tour through the Middle and Eastern States, proceeding as far as Portland, Maine. He was received with every demonstration of respect. The Opposition obtained a small majority in the House of Representatives of the Thirtieth Congress, and elected Robert E. Winthrop, of Massachusetts, Speaker. The first session of this Congress extended from the 1st of December, 1847, till the 14th of August, 1848. The Opposition maintained that the Government should pursue a defensive policy in the war with Mexico, but to this the President was utterly opposed, and he stated his reasons at length in his message to Congress. Much of the session was occupied in discussion of the war measures. The bill providing a Territorial Government for Oregon, and prohibiting the institution of slavery therein, passed Congress not long before its adjournment, and was approved by the President.

Mr. Polk heartily approved of the nomination for President and Vice-President made by the Democratic Convention, which met at Baltimore in May, 1848. In a letter to the Convention, he declined to be considered a candidate. At the election, the opponents of the Administration were successful. General Taylor and Millard Fillmore obtained a majority over the Democratic nominees, General Cass and General Butler.

Congress assembled, for the last time during the administration of Mr. Polk, on the 4th of December, 1845. In his message, the President took occasion to enlarge upon the policy of the Administration, and to its justice and expediency. In particular, he strove to justify the exercise of the veto power. No acts of importance were passed during this Congressional Session, which lasted until the 3d of March, 1849. Mr. Polk remained in Washington, and took part in the ceremonies attending the inauguration of General Taylor; and then returned to Tennessee by way of Richmond, Charleston, and New Orleans. At the various points upon his route, he was greeted with public receptions.

Mr. Polk had purchased the estate which formerly belonged to his preceptor, Felix Grundy, situated in the heart of Nashville. There he determined to pass the remainder of his life, surrounded by comforts and conveniences, and in the enjoyment of an affectionate and admiring circle of friends. But he was not permitted to linger among the delightful shades of domestic life. In June, 1849, the cholera, like a desolating blast, swept over the Valley of the Mississippi, carrying off thousands, with the suddenness of the plague of the old world. On his way from New Orleans up the Mississippi, in March, 1849, Mr.

Polk had suffered much from diarrhœa; but it was checked, and he seemed to be restored to perfect health. But he was not long at home before he was again beset with chronic diarrhœa, which terminated its work in death, on the 15th of June, 1849, in the fifty-fourth year of his age. Mr. Polk left no children. His property was bequeathed to his widow, and to an adopted son of his brother Marshall.

Until upon his death-bed Mr. Polk had not attached himself to any religious denomination; "But," says one of the editors of the *Christian Advocate*, who was by his bed side in his dying hour, "his reverence for the Christian religion, and his belief in the truth of Divine Revelation, was strong and unwavering. He was a regular reader of the Bible, and constant in his attendance upon Divine worship; and during his last sickness he consummated a purpose which he had entertained for more than twenty years, of uniting himself with the Church of God, and receiving the sacraments of baptism and the Lord's Supper." "After uniting himself with the Church and professing a saving faith in Christ, his confidence never faltered, but he firmly hoped to the end, and died in peace."

In person, Mr. Polk was about the average height, and rather thin. He had a full forehead, expressive blue eyes, and in general a serious, earnest cast of countenance. He was plain in his habits, and blameless in his private life. As a statesman, he was decided in his views, and firm in the maintenance of his opinions. As an orator, he was ready and earnest, but seldom brilliant. As a writer, he was clear and correct, but occasionally diffuse. He will be remembered as having conducted one of the most eventful Administrations known to the history of the United States, and as having exercised an important influence upon the politics of the country.

The private character of Mr. Polk is not hedged round with the embarrassments which encompass his public life. If political clouds throw their shadow upon the one, the other stands before us clear, open and undisguised. He was a man of strong mind, of cultivated intellect, and great firmness and energy. He was distinguished for that exalted morality which gives life, and vigor and dignity to all the manly virtues which adorn the relations of social and domestic life. His most inveterate political opponents never ventured to attack his private character. If slander, from which no man, however exalted, is exempt, sometimes hurled its arrows, the poisoned shafts rebounded from his armor of proof, and he stood in private life unimpeached and unimpeachable. As a son, as a husband, as a brother, as a friend, he presented an example worthy of imitation, and while he will live on the page of history as a prominent politician and statesman, the historian will not omit to record his virtues as a man.

* * * * * *

The following was sent us under the seal of Lafayette Chapter:

COLUMBIA, Tenn., *Oct.* 16, 1867.

To whom it may concern.

This is to certify that our beloved Comp., James K. Polk, deceased, was a member of Lafayette Chapter, No. 4, R. A. M., Columbia, Tennessee, in good standing at the time of his death.

His connection with this Chapter commenced with his petition as a *Mark Master Mason*, on the 3d day of February, 1825, to the Chapter for the Degrees of Past Master Excellent and Royal Arch. He was duly and constitutionally elected to receive them.

On the 5th of April, 1825, he was made a Past Master.

On the 22d of April, 1825, he was made Most Excellent Master.

On the 22d of April, 1825, he was made a Royal Arch Mason.

The books of the Blue or Subordinate Lodge having been destroyed during the late war, we can find no definite time when he became a Master Mason. It is believed by his relatives and friends that he was made a Master Mason in Murfreesborough, Rutherford Co., Tennessee, in 1821. He must also have taken the Mark Master's Degree in Murfreesborough, Tennessee, as he was a Mark Master when he petitioned this Chapter.

JAMES L. GUEST, *Recorder*,
Lafayette Chapter, No. 4, R. A. M.

Bro. Charles A. Fuller says that Bro. Polk was initiated in Columbia Lodge, No. 31, at Columbia, Tennessee, and remained an active and influential member, discharging his various duties with credit to himself and satisfaction to his brethren.

Bro. Polk was an active and firm Mason, unmoved by the fury of the anti-Masonic storm which swept the nation early in his political career. While others pandered to popular whim, Jackson, Carroll, Grundy, and Polk stood firm as rocks of adamant, defying the wild fury and pitying the rage of ignorance and prejudice.

Conford Chapter, Alabama, expressed the sentiment of Southern Grand Lodges in saying:

Well may we, as Masons, drop the tear of sorrow over one so worthy—so well beloved; well may we plant the acacia over his dust, and write upon his urn, "Immortality."

Resolved, That in the death of our worthy Companion, J. K. Polk, we deeply sympathize; feeling that in his removal from the labors of time to the rest of immortality our fraternity has lost one of its most worthy and distinguished members, and the nation one of its most honored and noble patriots.

Resolved, That we most sincerely and devoutly implore the protection and blessing of Almighty God upon the bereaved mother and wife of the departed.

Resolved, That the furniture of this hall be hung in mourning for six months.

Our brother's remains, by his special request, were consigned to the tomb with Masonic ceremonies.

At an early hour the brethren assembled at the Masonic Hall, where the procession was formed in the following order, viz.: Members of the several Lodges, Royal Arch Masons, Royal and Select Masters and Knights Templars, preceded by a most excellent band of music. After passing through the principal streets of the city, accompanied by a large concourse of citizens, the procession was joined by the remains of the distingushed deceased brother and companion, under the charge of the Committee of Arrangements—four Knights Templars and four Master Masons on horseback—who proceeded to the vault. On arriving at the vault, the services were opened with prayer by the Rev. Mr. McFerrin—an original hymn was then sung by a choir of young men and ladies. The address was delivered by our Rt. Rev. Bro. Bishop Otey.

His remains repose on Capitol Hill, Nashville, awaiting the voice of the Son of God.

The following is a part of a letter received from Mrs. Polk:

Dr. R. MCMURDY.

DEAR SIR—I take pleasure in sending to you the enclosed paper from the Masonic body at Columbia, Tennessee. This place was the residence of my husband's early life.

I have no MSS. bearing on his Masonic life. I know that he was a devoted Mason.

* * * * * *

I am, with much respect,
Mrs. JAMES K. POLK.

"POLK PLACE," Nashville, Tenn.,
Oct. 17, 1867.

[Under date of October 9th our Hon. Bro. Brown, of Turkey, sends the following touching lines. The NATIONAL FREEMASON, it is now almost universally acknowledged, has the largest class of really poetical contributors of all the publications in the U. S.]

AN OLD MAN'S DREAM.

BY HON. JOHN P. BROWN, OF CONSTANTINOPLE, TURKEY.

(Mathew xix. 13-15.)

Ah! yes indeed, I'm the children's friend,
  Though my limbs be weak and my pulse is slow;
From their home in heaven they this thought may send:
  "How that old man loved us there below!"

When I hear the sound of their voice at play,
  It seems to come from afar in the sky,
Its tones are not those of life's rugged way,
  And I think of my years with a gentler sigh.

A glimpse of heaven I have in their smile,
  It frees my heart of its worldly cares,
I feel them away from this earth awhile,
  And my breast is freed of the load it bears.

In their mirthful eyes there are angel forms,
  When they look in each other so pure and bright,
In their small blue orbs are none of life's storms,
  And they seem to be filled with heavenly light.

How often I sit with my old eyes closed,
  And am carried away, far away from this!
To that peaceful abode, where, 'tis supposed,
  Are the children who dwell in the kingdom of bliss.

Yes, then, indeed, I'm the children's friend,
  Though my limbs be weak and my pulse is slow,
From their home in heaven they a thought may send
  On the old, old man who loved them below.

THE SYMBOLISMS OF THE APRON.

BY ROB. MORRIS, LL.D.

This fair and stainless thing I take
To be my badge for virtue's sake;
Its ample strings that gird me round
My constant cable-tow are found;
And as securely they are tied
So may true faith with me abide;
And as I face the sunny *South*
I pledge to God my Mason's truth,
That while on earth I do remain
My Apron shall not have a stain.

This fair and stainless thing I raise
In memory of Apprentice days,
When on the checkered pavement wide,
With gauge and gavel well supplied,
I kept my garments free from soil,
Though laboring in a menial toil;
And as I face the golden *West*,
I call my MAKER to attest
That while on earth I do remain
My Apron shall not have a stain.

This fair and stainless thing I lower—
Its 'Prentice aid I need no more,
For laws and principles are given
The Fellow-craft direct from Heaven;
To help the needy, keep a trust,
Observe the precepts of the just:
And as I face the darkened *North*
I send this solemn promise forth,
That while on earth I do remain
My Apron shall not have a stain.

This fair and stainless thing I fold—
A Master Mason now behold!
A welcome guest in every land,
With princes and with kings to stand;
Close tyled within my heart of hearts
I keep all secret arts and parts,
And try to walk the Heavenly Road
In daily intercourse with God;
And as I face the mystic *East*,
I vow by Him I love the best,
That while on earth I do remain
My Apron shall not have a stain.

This fair and stainless thing I doff—
But though I take my Apron off,
And lay the stainless badge aside,
Its teachings ever shall abide,
That God has given light divine
That we may walk opposed to sin;
That sympathy and brotherly love
Are emanations from above;
That life itself is only given
To square and shape our souls for heaven,
The glorious temple in the sky,
The grand Celestial Lodge on high.

The drama embraces the Pilgrimage of Israel through the Desert and the entrance upon the Promised Land, applied particularly to the earthly pilgrimage and the hope of admission into the Celestial Lodge above, for

"Part of the Host has crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now."

GRANT OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.

A RHYMING CHARTER.

Hopton, in the County of Salop,

To the Heyrs Male of the Hopton, lawfully begotten.

From me and from myne, to thee and to thine,
While the water runs and the sun doth shine,
For lack of heyrs to the king againe,
  I, William, king, the third year of my reign,
  Give to the Norman hunter,
  To me that art both *line* and deare [related, or of my lineage],
  The Hop and the Hoptoune,
  And all the bounds up and downe.
  Under the earth to hell,
  Above the earth to heaven,
  From me and from myne,
  To thee and to thyne;
  As good and as faire,
  As ever they myne were;
  To witness that this is *sooth* [true],
  I bite the white wax with my tooth,
  Before Jugg, Marode, and Margery,
  And my third son Henery,
  For one bow and one broad arrow,
  When I come to hunt upon Yarrow.

"OLD TIMES."

A GEM.

There's a beautiful song on the slumbrous air,
That drifts through the valley of dreams;
It comes from a clime where the roses were,
And a tuneful heart and bright brown hair
That waved in the morning beams.

Soft eyes of azure and eyes of brown,
And snow-white foreheads are there,
A glimmering Cross and a glittering Crown,
A thorny bed and a couch of down,
Lost hopes and leaflets of prayer.

A breath of spring in the breezy woods,
Sweet wafts from the quivering pines—
Blue violet eyes beneath green hoods,
A bubble of brooklets, a scent of buds,
Bird warblers and clambering vines.

A rosy wreath and dimpled hand,
A ring and a slighted vow,
Three golden links of a broken band,
A tiny track on the snow-white sand,
A tear and a sinless brow.

There's a tincture of grief in the beautiful song
That sobs on the slumbrous air,
And loneliness felt in the festive throng,
Sinks down on the soul as it trembles along
From a clime where the roses were.

We heard it first at the dawn of day,
And it mingled with matin chimes,
But years have distanced the beautiful lay,
And its melody floweth from far away,
And we call it now Old Times.

◆

THE HONEST ALONE ARE SUCCESSFUL.

BY A LOUISVILLE BROTHER.

The honest alone are successful
In waging the battles of life,
In winning the actualprizes
Awarded to laudable strife.

Who barters his honor for lucre,
No matter how boundless the store,
Is very decidedly swindled,
And rendered most miserably poor.

Who goes with his honor untarnished,
Though begging his bread by the way,
Encircles his brow with the laurel,
And bears all the prizes away.

◆

NETTIE RAYMOND, OR THE GOLD MEDAL.

BY JENNIE WEST.

CHAPTER I.—AT SEA.

The gallant ship is plowing her way through the briny deep, while the darkness fast settles around. A damp wind moans through the sails aloft, and, sweeping over the deck, lifts the tangled curls from the face of a little girl who crouches there, regardless of the advice of the sailors or the persuasions of the compassionate female emigrants. And now, finding their efforts in vain, they have retired, leaving the little one alone. She starts up, and gazing over the side of the vessel, seems to behold some object in the waves; for, stretching out her arms, she shouts, "Mother!" "mother!" vainly striving to clamber over. Oh! the agony of that young heart—to see the fond mother, her only friend on earth, the only being she loved, or that cared for her, committed that day to the waves. Is it any wonder she refuses to retire, when each white-crested wave appears to her disordered imagination like the form of her mother rising from the deep and beckoning to her!

"Oh, don't take me away—please, sir, don't take me away."

"No, no, my dear; I will not. I will stay here with you; but you must be very cold; let me wrap my jacket around you. There now."

"Let me go. There she is!" exclaimed the child, wildly throwing her arms out.

"Who is it, Nettie? Nay do not struggle so. Do you think you see your mother, Nettie? You cannot see her any more on earth; she is in heaven. Did not your mother ever tell you that when the good die they go to heaven?"

"Yes," said the child, turning, for the first time, her attention from the waves to the kind-hearted sailor, who bent tenderly over her.

"And was not your mother good?" pursued Harry Simms, as he wrapped his jacket carefully around her chilled form. And as he saw, by the dim light of the lantern on deck, a more rational look settling on her countenance, he talked on kindly and calmly to her, and finally succeeded in winning her from her wild grief. He gradually turned her thoughts from the sad present to the more pleasant past. She told, in her childlike way, of the nice little cottage they had once lived in, and of the pretty flowers, and how her mamma played on the harp and sang so beautifully, and her papa painted such fine pictures.

"And was he paid much for them?" asked Harry, taking the slight form of Nettie in his arms, while he wrapped his jacket more closely around her to protect her from the night air.

"Oh, no. Mamma always said they did not pay papa half what they were worth; and then papa died, and our cottage had to be sold, but mamma said if we could get to America, she would teach music and work and get us another home." Here a sense of her utter desolation swept over her, and Nettie wept long on the bosom of the sailor, who comforted her all he could, promising her a place in his home; until, wearied out with grief, she at last fell asleep in his arms. "Poor child," said a young man, who had been walking the deck, as he approached and softly stroked back the curls from the pale face of the sleeping child. "This has been a sad day to her. Do you know anything of their history?"

Harry repeated all he had learned from Nettie, adding that, though a poor sailor, and with an old mother to support, he would gladly give the poor orphan a home. "Let me assist you in your kind intentions," said his companion, taking out a heavy purse, and pressing it upon the sailor, but the offer was kindly but firmly declined.

"I respect your independence as well as generosity, my friend," said the passenger, pressing the hard hand of the sailor; "oh! I may say my brother! You say your home is in——?"

"My home is on the seas, but that was my chilhood's home, and my mother still lives there."

"My name is Ethan Bard. My home is there also. Should you ever need help in raising and educating little Nellie, pray call on me. She is a sweet little creature, and I have felt strangely interested in her," and he stooped to touch his lips to her pale brow ere bidding Harry "good night."

CHAPTER II.—MRS. SIMMS.

In a meanly furnished apartment of an humble dwelling in the large city of —— sat old Mrs. Simms. A dim light was burning on a little rickety stand at her side. On one side of the room hung the picture of a vessel under full sail, together with a small, cracked looking-glass and several articles of clothing. The dusky walls were further ornamented by the shadowed profile of the old woman, with which its nose and chin, and wide, full cap-border, quite prominent, loomed up, and might be considered rather questionable ornaments.

She was a small, wiry-looking person, clad in dusky garments of no decided color; indeed her face and form seemed strangely blended with the dim, old walls and furniture, with the exception of her small, glittering, black eyes, that flashed about with unusual brilliancy. She seemed to be one of the restless, nervous kind, making her knitting-needles move rapidly, producing a sharp, quick sound, the only one to be heard until a sudden knock startled the old woman from her seat. But ere she could reach the door, it was hastily thrown open, and a young man in sailor's attire entered.

With a scream of delight, Mrs. Simms sprang forward and threw her arms around his neck, with many ejaculations of surprise and joy. It was Harry, her only child, returned after a long absence. It was some time before she noticed a little form shrinking back against the door, as though afraid to advance, when a pair of large eyes were fastened upon her, with an expression of childish wonder and dread.

"What is this? In the name of wonder, Harry, tell where this came from," exclaimed Mrs. Simms, seizing the child rudely by the arm and bringing her, with a jerk, nearer the light. Her tones and action did not seem to relieve the little one, for she fairly cowered beneath the scrutiny of those sharp black eyes.

"'Tis a poor little girl, whose mother died with the ship fever coming over. She had no friends, and I have brought her home with me. She will be company for you, mother, while I am away. Nettie is a very good little girl," added the sailor, laying his hand softly upon her drooping head.

"Why, Harry, I am astonished at you—here, when I am hardly able to take care of myself, to go and bring a strange child home for me to raise."

"Oh, but Nettie will soon be a help to you, mother; besides, I intend you shall have more money now, I would work as hard again rather than not help her. You will love her too; you cannot help loving her, she is such a sweet little girl." Nettie shrank still closer to Harry's side, with a trusting glance at his honest countenance, so unlike his mother's.

Mrs. Simms said no more in opposition that evening, though she looked dissatisfied every time her eye chanced to fall on Nettie. Harry inquired very particularly after some one he called Haddy. Mrs. Simms had many things to tell Harry, and many questions to ask. It was late when Harry retired to a little chamber above, and Mrs. Simms bade Nettie undress and get into her bed, adding harshly, "I'll have to sleep with you, though I shouldn't wonder if I was to catch ship fever or something else from you. Harry was crazy to bring you here." Poor Nettie timidly obeyed, but her tears flowed silently, long after her companion had blown out the candle and laid down beside her. Oh, how strange seemed everything to Nettie, and how her little heart longed to feel again her mother's arm around her, pressing her to a loving bosom. Darkness had never seemed so terrible to her; but remembering her mother's admonition, she repeated over her prayers to herself and tried to sleep; but the image of the old woman beside her haunted her with fearful forebodings, and even in her dreams that dreaded form with its glittering eyes was always near.

"You must eat more than that, Nettie, if you want rosy cheeks," said Harry, next morning, as he saw Nettie leave the most of her breakfast untouched. "You don't look so well; didn't you sleep good last night?"

"Like as not the child's taking the fever," said Mrs. Simms, crossly, with a glance at Nettie that seemed to strike through her.

"Oh, no!" said Harry, "she only needs a little exercise and fresh air. Come get your bonnet, Nettie, and we will take a stroll down the street. You smooth her curls for her, mother, won't you? they are most too much for her. They used to look mighty pretty when her ma fixed them."

Nettie had long, golden hair, that with care curled beautifully; and Harry felt proud of his young "*protege*," and wished her to appear to the best advantage. His mother very ungraciously commenced the task, and poor Nettie sighed as she thought of the soft fingers of her mother, and wondered to find her head had so many corners for the hard knuckles of the old woman to strike against.

"There, that'll do, I reckon," said Mrs. Simms, pushing her away. "Is that the best you've got?" she asked, as Nettie, glad to get away from her, hastened to tie on her old straw hat, with its faded ribbons.

"Never mind, we will get a new one," said Harry.

"Oh, its good enough for her," said Mrs. Simms, hastily, as they left the room.

Nettie breathed freely again, and seemed like another child as Harry led her along the busy sidewalk, stopping for her to look at the pretty things, every now and then, in the windows of showy shops; and when he went into one of these, and let her pick out a neat little bonnet with such pretty ribbons, Nettie was delighted, and chatted more gayly than Harry had heard her since her mother's death. A new dress, shoes, and some aprons, were added during their walk, and with bright eyes and glowing cheeks Nettie returned with Harry; but what a change came over her sweet countenance as she looked up in her new bonnet and met the eyes of Mrs. Simms. Harry noticed it with a sigh, but contented himself with thinking, "it will be better when they get acquainted. Nobody could treat her amiss." It was strange the love that had sprung up in the heart of the rough sailor towards a child, and it was returned with equal warmth by the affectionate Nettie, who now looked up to him as her only friend on earth.

CHAPTER III.—HADDY.

One morning Harry told his mother that he had been to see Haddy the evening before, and he had been surprised to find her quite a woman, and much prettier too.

"It is very kind in her aunt to maintain Haddy Reed, and treat her like a sister, as she does," said Mrs. Simms.

"Treat her like a sister, indeed! I say old Nancy Dogberry kind!" exclaimed Harry, quite indignantly; "I guess I could see last night that she keeps the poor girl under, and makes her work just as hard as she used to when Haddy and I were children, and I was going to say, played together, but old Nancy never gave Haddy any time to play."

Mrs. Simms said no more, and when Miss Dogberry called, a day or two after, Nettie felt quite afraid of her cold gray eye and severe manners, and wondered how any one could have called her kind.

Nettie went one afternoon with Harry to see Haddy, Miss Dogberry being away from home, which Harry had ascertained beforehand. Haddy was a mild, sweet-faced creature, and Nettie felt like she was with a friend as soon as she saw her. She soon found out, too, child that she was, that Harry and Haddy thought a great deal of each other, and that Haddy, with her quiet manners and patient smile, was in a hard place, and was ill-treated by her aunt, though Haddy did not hint at such a thing. She was glad to see Nettie with Harry, and kissed her affectionately, and Nettie seemed quite happy that afternoon sitting by Haddy, listening to her soft tones as she conversed with Harry, now and then turning to caress Nettie, and twine her long curls around her fingers.

When they were leaving, Harry asked Haddy to see Nettie as often as she could while he was absent. She promised to do so, adding "that she did not expect it would be very often, as her aunt took in sewing from an establishment near, and they were kept pretty busy at home." Nettie felt sorry when Haddy kissed her, and Harry led her back to his mother's dwelling.

The short time Harry was permitted to remain at home soon passed away. Nettie had become more and more attached to him every day. She besought him wildly to take her with him—that she would live on the sea, always to be with him; and her grief was violent at his departure. Harry hurried away, leaving Nettie prostrate on the floor, almost frantic in her sorrow, while his mother sat moaning and wringing her hands; for, hard as was her nature, she loved her son, and mourned to have him go.

But she soon recovered from her grief; for, as her eyes fell on Nettie, her tears suddenly dried, and she bade her, in an angry voice, to get up and try to earn her bread; she had idled away time enough. The startled child arose, with throbbing temples, and breast that often heaved convulsively, so violent had been her sorrow. 'Twas a day of sad trials to Nettie, striving to perform work about the house so new to her, while every failure was followed by words of sharp reproof from Mrs. Simms. From this time forth Nettie was compelled to do all the drudgery, while Mrs. Simms kept her constantly in fear, with her sharp eyes and violent abuse.

CHAPTER IV.—THE GOLD MEDAL.

We must pass over with but few words several years in the life of our little heroine. They were years of suffering and ill treatment. Mrs. Simms grew more ill natured and cross to Nettie all the while. Her intimacy with Miss Dogberry continued, but Nettie was seldom allowed to see Haddy, who still silently submitted to the despotic sway of her aunt. But one or two letters had reached them from Harry, and they spoke of a prolonged absence. Four years had passed away, and now Nettie was twelve years old; but her thin face and careworn expression told that she had grown old in suffering, though young in years.

Mrs. Simms' conduct towards her now was often brutal. Every day did she threaten to send her to the poorhouse, and blows were often her only reward after a day of fatiguing exertion, which her delicate frame could but illy endure. Mrs. Simms worked for the same establishment that her friend Miss Dogberry did, carrying her day's work to the store every evening, and bringing a fresh supply home with her; and now she never returned without a well-filled bottle, which she emptied by the time her work was finished next evening. This explained to Nettie the strange and cruel treatment she received from the old woman. At length her employer refused to give her any more work, as it was so illy done, and she returned home in a state of intoxication.

Nettie saw that the fiend had possession of her as soon as she entered the house, but she was not prepared for what followed.

Mrs. Simms opened Nettie's little trunk, and taking out a golden medal, with a red ribbon attached to it, bade Nettie take it down street and sell it for what she could, and bring her the money, which she must have immediately.

"Oh no, I cannot sell this," exclaimed Nettie, bursting into tears, and pressing the sacred relic to her lips. "Mamma told me never, never to part with it. I would not if I were starving. It was my papa's, and mamma thought so much of it. You sold her ring, you know, but mamma said I must keep this always. I cannot sell it." Finding that Nettie remained firm, the enraged Mrs. Simms drove her out of the house into the street, bidding her never to return. And thus, thinly clothed, without bonnet or shawl, was little Nettie driven forth on a chill winter evening. She knew not whither she went. She only knew that she had the precious souvenir clasped tightly in her hand. Her excitement wore off in the cold air, after wandering about the streets for some time, and she now realized that she was indeed alone, without a friend or home. Her first thought was of Haddy, and she turned her steps towards her abode. A light was burning in the front room, and, looking through the window, Nettie beheld Miss Dogberry sitting with her feet on the fender, sipping something from a glass which she turned to refill from a bottle on the stand near her, at which sat Haddy busily engaged with her needle.

"Oh, Haddy, Haddy, you cannot save me—you cannot take me in," sighed the poor orphan, as she turned, shivering, away. The wind had increased, and it seemed to take her slender form with it as it swept along the streets. The lamps were lighted—carriages rolled by—people, muffled up to their eyes, hurried past without noticing poor Nettie. She tried several times to engage the attention of some of the passers by and ask for a night's lodging, but all were in too much haste to listen—at length, utterly discouraged, she sank down on the steps of a large house, and gave way to a violent fit of weeping.

"Oh I am so cold. Oh, mamma, mamma, where are you? take me with you. Mamma, I've got it yet," and she clasped the medal tighter still. A numbness stole over her, and her mind wandered. She fancied the light snow-flakes now falling around to be the waves into which she saw her mother sink, and again she called for her, her childish voice becoming fainter and fainter, until it ceased; and there she lay, pale and cold, on the marble steps, with the precious amulet still clasped in her stiffening fingers, and her long, tangled curls blowing over her.

(To be continued.)

Secretaries—Treasurers.

A MASONIC TALE.

"The mingling of money received by Secretaries and Treasurers, *in a fiduciary capacity*, with their own, is a fruitful source of evil to Masonic Lodges. These officers come to regard it as their own, and subject to their own use. This should never be done. Officers having care of Lodge funds are bound to keep them *as a sacred trust* for the Lodge, and ready to be paid over at a moment's notice. It is a crime—a breach of Masonic obligations, to appropriate Lodge moneys to their own use, and if in any case, for convenience or otherwise, such funds are deposited in common with individual funds, it is doubly a sacred duty to help at all times that deposit or fund in a condition to respond instantly to all such fiduciary liabilities. The officer who fails to do so is guilty of a Masonic misdemeanor, and should be held to the strictest accountability. In this, too, Lodges are not blameless for not absolutely requiring their officers to keep Lodge funds at all times *separate from their individual accounts*. It is most easy of accomplishment, if Lodges will but insist on it; and no really good officer will decline doing it. No Lodge officer has a right to use for a moment the money of the Lodge, much less to speculate with it, where it may be permanently tied up or totally lost. To do this, under Masonic laws, is a high crime, and punishable with our severest penalties. It is safest not to speculate at all; but if it must be, let it be with your own money, not that of other people's, which has been placed in your hands under the sacred pledge of honor and honesty."

Such was the clear and incisive reply made by a well-known Masonic jurist to a Lodge Treasurer, who had written to ask him, "Why may not I use the Lodge moneys in my own business, provided I hold myself in readiness to replace it at the shortest notice?" The reply was so far from being satisfactory, that the Secretary thought best to acknowledge it with a severe imputation upon the *writer's motives*, and thus to terminate not only the correspondence, but the friendship which had long existed between the two brethren. Let us now examine this question for ourselves.

Hamdol Lodge had been saving up its means for several years, for the purpose of building a Masonic Hall. Every dollar that accumulated beyond the actual expenses of supporting the Lodge—Tyler's fees, Secretary's fees, Grand Lodge dues, rent, fuel and candles—was hoarded for that purpose. Charities were neglected. The grand interests of relief, sociality and literary improvement, were laid aside or postponed "until we got our new hall." A ladies' fair had been held "in aid of Hamdol Lodge," which netted quite a sum. Personal subscriptions had been urged upon the members and the public-spirited citizens. By multiplied expedients nearly fifteen hundred dollars had accumulated, three-fourths of the sum originally set for the erection of the new hall.

Bro. Mohé, the Treasurer, was, by vocation, a dealer in grain—a sharp, wide awake, well posted buyer, who, having burned his fingers several times "in wheat," was considered to be the very "child who dreads the fire." He had but little capital of his own, and was consequently obliged to let slip many a "good thing" which presented itself before his business imagination. The accumulation of the Lodge funds in his hands had been a temptation so hard of resistance, that, in fact, a rumor had gone out to his detriment: "Mohé is speculating with the Lodge money," was more than whispered hither and thither. The Worshipful Master was so much exercised thereat as to hold a conference with Mohé on the subject; the result of which was that a "case of Masonic law" was made up and submitted to a well known jurist, with the reply as above recorded.

Matters ran on for awhile, the funds still accumulating, when it began to be seen that Treasurer Mohé was in trouble. His fingers had again been "burned." His "good thing in wheat," which he fully counted upon for large profits, turned out the exact reverse; and his little capital—if, indeed, he had any capital of his own—was sunk clear out of sight. Up to this time it is doubtful whether Mohé had really employed the Lodge moneys that were in his hands. He may probably have transferred a small portion for a few days, but never so much that he could not replace it at a moment's call. But now the only option in his knowledge was "to stop business"—that fearful alternative of the speculator—that dismal swamp to the energetic, enthusiastic grain buyer—or employ the funds lying so temptingly in his strong safe. He chose the latter. How fast he went into the error—how soon the whole $1,750 was transformed into certain sacks of "the corn of nourishment," we do not know; but enter it he did; and one blue Monday night, when advices from the Metropolis announced "wheat two cents lower yesterday," he sat in his counting-room a doubly ruined man. Those who lived opposite to him observed that on that night his lamp was not once extinguished.

Is it difficult to imagine the feelings of Bro. Mohé through those protracted imaginations? The gambler's wrath at finding the losing card turned up; the honest man's regrets at involving others in his own misfortunes; the paralyzing fear lest he might be subjected to severe discipline by the enraged Lodge; the mortifying reflection that now the erection of the new hall, for which all had longed and all had labored, was indefinitely protracted; the remembrance of the plain and faithful advice of his old friend, the Masonic jurist—advice so spurned by him, and friendly counsel so poorly recompensed; the pang of reflecting upon his wife and his sons and daughters, some of them nearly grown, just at the age to feel most sensitively the anguish of their father's disgrace—all this, added to an overpowering anxiety as to how that family would be supported, those children educated, that betrothed daughter married—what a "supper of horrors" was served out to the poor fellow as he sat all night alone in his counting-room, refusing admission to friends, to children, even to beseeching wife!

But Bro. Mohé was at heart, after all, an honest man, and withal a praying one. That night humbled him in the very dust, traced wrinkles upon his face, silvered his beard, but it proved to be the best night of his life. By daylight his mind was made up. He went home, saluted his anxious family, jaded like himself with the long night's sleeplessness; took with them a cheerful breakfast, and then visited in rotation the Worshipful Master, the Senior Warden, the Junior Warden, and the Secretary, relating to each the story of his error. The Lodge was summoned at an early hour that night, the summons stating the business to be "the default of the Treasurer." Charges were prepared by the Junior Warden, and as soon as the Lodge was opened they were duly read. The Lodge decided to arraign Bro. Mohé for defalcation in the matter of Lodge moneys. Waiving all examination and all right to postponing the trial to a regular meeting, Bro. Mohé confessed the crime, and "threw himself upon the charity of the Lodge." He criminated himself in the plainest language, showing when and how he committed the fault. He even read the jurist's letter, which we have made the opening paragraph of the present article, and thus showed that, from the very outset, he had had the highest authority against him. He left himself no loophole for escape, and when requested to retire by the Worshipful Master that the Lodge might proceed to the ballot, he humbly laid aside his apron, and walked out as a man who never expects to return.

Upon the question of guilt the ballot was unanimous. Upon that of penalty (as between expulsion and suspension) much debate, though of an amiable nature, ensued. We do not propose to give this *in extenso*, but the reader will find the following synopsis of one of the speeches worth his perusal. It was delivered by a retired Presbyterian clergyman—a silent man in general, but one of profound reflection and of charitable feelings, as his remarks will show:

"I am not in favor of expulsion. The Treasurer's error is not that of *repudiation;* for he promises to repay the amount whenever he becomes able. It is *that of using the funds of the Lodge in his own business.* Now this has always been the custom—a bad custom, I admit—of Treasurers of this Lodge, and there is nothing in our By-Laws, any more than in our customs, to forbid it. I am in favor of *holding back the penalty*, leaving the case as it now stands. If Bro. Mohé shows the proper disposition in future, we shall doubtless agree eventually to discharge him of the offense; in the meantime, he will be ever subject to our determination."

And so the Lodge eventually decided the matter. Bro. Mohé was called in and informed of their action. This moved him to the very heart. Expecting nothing less than expulsion, he was quite overcome by the kindness of the brethren. He hastened home to tell his wife and children how nearly he had escaped permanent disgrace.

All this occurred ten years ago, and the last time the writer paid a visit to that little manufacturing town, he visited the new hall. He spent the night with Bro. Mohé. He drew the following declarations from the ex-wheat buyer, with which we close this paper:

"I took a clerkship at a small salary. The first year I paid the Lodge only one hundred dollars on account. The second year I paid nearly five hundred. In the sixth year I repaid the whole, both principal and interest. Mary was married then, and these are her children. I am now in reasonably good circumstances. I have been three years Master of the Lodge. But there is one thing that I hope you and all other writers and lecturers on Freemasonry, and readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON, will sternly urge upon Treasurers, that they may avoid the snare into which I fell, and that is, *never to use the money of the Lodge in their own business!*"

What is Freemasonry?

"What is Freemasonry?" was a question asked by good Queen Elizabeth, who wished to be admitted to the craft; and finding no one of the softer sex could be made a Mason, conceived that a secret that could not be revealed to the Queen must be injurious to the throne, and sent an armed force to disperse the Grand Lodge at York, where she was holding her Court. There has been one woman Freemason, but this act was made compulsory upon her under peculiar circumstances. She became an ardent Mason, and rose high in the Craft. "What is Freemasonry?" was demanded by Parliament during the minority of Henry VI., and not being able to extract the secret they passed a law (Sec. 3d, Henry VI., chap. 1) making it felony to meet in Lodges. "What is Freemasonry?" was asked by the Princes during the reign of George III. The answer was, "Come and see!" They went, were initiated, and became eminent in their devotedness to the craft. Henry VI., on attaining his majority, became a Freemason, and took great interest in the welfare of the brotherhood. He sought out by every means the mystic knowledge it contains, and wrote a history of Freemasonry.

Among the Landsdowne MSS. in the British Museum is a curious paper on the "Origin of Freemasonry," collected by Lord Burleigh (No. 98, article 48), in which Freemasonry is traced back to the antedeluvians, who erected two pillars and placed thereon certain characters. and these pillars existed after the Flood, as stated by Josephus, who says one of them was existing in his day. Freemasonry existed in England in the time of the Druids; their temples were Lodges; their supposed altars have a Masonic meaning, which, being placed east, south, and west, correspond with the arrangement of certain portions of the Lodge to this day. King Edwin granted a charter to Freemasons, presided as G. M. at York, and ordered the Masonic archives to be registered. King Alfred was G. M., and, upon his defeating the Danes at Ravensworth, in Northumberland, at Ravenswing (Avening), in Gloucestershire, and Ravenstone, in Leicestershire, held a Lodge, the remains of which are existing at these places to this day, and are identified by all Masons who see them. The Raven was emblazoned on the royal flag or standard of Denmark, and the above places took their names from the defeats the Danes sustained there. In A.D. 878, Hubba, a Danish chief and nearly a thousand followers, were slain in an attempt to land in Devonshire, and their magical banner, a raven embroidered in one noontide by the hands of the three daughters of the great Lodbroke, was taken by the British followers of King Alfred the Great.—*Dumbarton Herald.*

* * * *

The antiquity of the craft can be traced in the vestiges of all countries from the earliest date, and in the ruins of our own country. We never behold any of those noble wrecks of the past, but upon close examination we perceive they have been erected by Freemasons, who have left their ancient symbols upon the stone work. Melrose, Gainsbro', Fountains Abbey, and other majestic ruins scattered over England and Scotland, are rich in their mystic lore. The same symbols are preserved in the Pyramids, and among the ruins in Palestine, Babylon, and Nineveh; through India and China; indeed, in no country where man has been civilized and sunk into decay, are there wanting traces of the existence of the ancient mystic craft. It commenced when symmetry first began and harmony displayed her charms. It existed long before the time of Moses in the East, and his writings in the Pentateuch are full of Freemasonry. The ruins of the Palace of Carnac, and the ruins in the valley of the Nile, the glories of ancient Egypt, are all rich in Masonic emblems. On its principle was the Tabernacle in the Wilderness formed, with its furniture and vessels, and the design given by the Deity was a purely Freemasonic building, beautiful in proportion and scientific in detail; and upon the same principles were the Pyramids and the Tower of Babel erected. The best architects who have ever lived—Hiram, the builder of the Temple; Angelo, the architect of the Vatican; Wren, the architect of St. Paul's—were Freemasons, and have embodied the mystic science in their magnificent temples.

The exterior and interior of the Temple of Solomon were formed on the square, as were the Pyramids before it. The command of the Divine Architect was "Square shall it be," or "double square shall it be." On this principle in architecture have most of our finest buildings been erected. Whitehall, Blenheim, Castle Howard, Wilton Castle, all designed by Sir Christopher Wren, G. M., are perfect specimens of Freemasonic architecture, and typical of the great principles enshrined in the mysterses of the craft. In the Dark Ages, Freemasonry was the living ember that preserved the wisdom of the past. It broke forth at the time of the Crusaders. The Knights Templars, who "led their vassals from Europe to Palestine's plain," were a distinct Masonic Order. Freemasons in their different Orders were at that time encouraged by the supreme Pontiffs, who issued numerous Bulls in their behalf. They built the splendid abbeys and cathedrals of the Continent and in Great Britain under properly constituted Lodges; and continued to flourish, under the auspices of Popes and crowned heads, till Popery changed its character; the confessional became a mystery in Romanism, and the secret of Freemasonry could not be abstracted. Then, and not till then, was the craft denounced, and the brethren anathematized. The Pope seized their treasures, and issued Bulls of excommunication against them; moved the various kings to oppress them; they were persecuted, killed, expelled; but, amidst all, the craft survived, and though driven from one country they flourished in another, and are now spread over the world, and number among them kings, nobles, clergy, and men of learning and science in every land.

The Power of Music.

How can we resist the magnetism of sweet and thrilling music! When our soul is pensive or we are in depressed spirits, how gentle and soothing is its solace! Our thoughts wander away to the troubled memories of departed joys and present sorrows. When grief and sorrow overwhelm us, music's marvelous charm releases the heavy burden from our heart. Low, soft sounds listlessly ripple in the air, and swell harmoniously beneath the touch of dreamy fingers. Like the nightingale's mournful, plaintive lay, vibrates the quivering emotions produced by music. Higher and grander echoes the strain, until the listener's soul seems borne along with them on fantastic pinions. We imagine ourselves to be soaring in a dreamland, in our bright and tranquil days. Apollo raised the walls of the City of Troy with his harp. Orpheus enchanted the whole creation with his music. Beethoven, that illustrious musician, from childhood made music his constant companion. His great talent for music was early cultivated. He indulged his wildest passion and greatest hopes in it. Not ambition or riches crowned his future, but sweet visions would haunt his dreams, and on them would he build his fancy. He greatly astonished the people by his extempore performances. The music of Beethoven was spirited and inspiring; that of Mozart was melancholy. Mozart was possessed of a powerful mind and rich imagination. Strauss, Meyerbeer, and Weber were also great and distinguished musicians. Their music allayed fury and passion. In that, the people recognized with a thrill the genius which, indeed, seemed to be beyond mortal. Let a hymn, solemn and grand, be chaunted to Him, the Bestower of this gift. Let angels meet us, harps sounding, when we return to the land of eternity, and guide us where happiness and contentment will be our lot.

READING AND WORKING.—It is not by books alone nor by books chiefly that a man becomes in all parts a man. Study to do faithfully whatsoever thing in your actual situation, there and now, you find either expressly or tacitly laid to your charge. That is your post. Stand to it like a true soldier. A man perfects himself by work much more than by reading. They are a growing kind of men that can wisely combine the two things—wisely, valiantly can do what is laid to their hand in their present sphere, and prepare themselves withal for doing other wider things, if such lie before them.

Kind Words, Good Deeds, and Evidences of Progress.

HOW SOFTLY ON THE BRUISED HEART.

How softly on the bruised heart
A word of kindness falls,
And to the dry and parched soul
The moist'ning teardrop calls;
Oh, if they knew who walked the earth
'Mid sorrow, grief and pain,
The power a word of kindness hath,
'Twere paradise again.

The weakest and the poorest may
The simple pittance give,
And bid delight to withered hearts
Return again and live;
Oh, what is life, if love be lost?
If man's unkind to man—
Or, what the heaven that waits beyond
This brief and mortal span?

As stars upon the tranquil sea
In mimic glory shine,
So words of kindness in the heart
Reflect the source divine;
Oh. then be kind, who'er thou art,
That breathest mortal breath,
And it shall brighten all thy life,
And sweeten even death.

A RETURN OF KINDNESS.—A lady from Georgia, writing a gossipy letter in the *Leader*, mentions the following incident:

"Near the end of the war, some of our Confederate soldiers passed my home in Georgia with a number of Federal prisoners. The day was intensely warm, and, filled with pity for the poor, tired-looking men, I sent some three or four of my negroes out with buckets of cool water for them. In the meantime two young ladies who were with me on the piazza made some thoughtless remarks about the prisoners, which were well calculated to wound their feelings. 'Girls,' said I, 'please remember that we are conquerors in this instance, and it is neither generous nor just to stab a fallen foe.' I spoke low, but was overheard by a soldier who stood near, 'May God bless you, madam! I will never forget your kindness.'

"Nearly three years have passed since then, and I had entirely forgotten the incident, until it was recalled in this manner: A few days ago, as I was walking down Broadway, a gentleman touched my arm, and, with as mile of recognition, held out his hand. 'Beg pardon, sir,' I said; 'I do not remember ever having met you before!' 'No, I hardly thought you would recognize me, but I am sure I am not mistaken;' and then he repeated what I have already related, and, to my surprise, I found it was the same soldier who had invoked God's blessing upon me. And most nobly has he repaid the simple act of kindness, and it is with almost shame that I received not only his thanks and favors, but tokens of gratitude from his mother and sisters."

Masonic Deacons.

BY BRO. LYON.

Bro. Clarke remarks:

"The authority of the title of Deacon is not yet ascertained. It may have been got from Scotland, but I doubt it. I think it was obtained from some country guild, perhaps from York." The title of Deacon, as applied to the chief official in Scottish Craft Lodges and Incorporations, is of ancient date, and is still retained by the latter. Mother Kilwinning continued to be ruled by a Deacon till 1736, when, falling in with the style then adopted by the purely speculative branch of the Fraternity, its principal office-bearer began to be called "Master." But as regards those mystic messengers of the East and West, now known as Deacons, their lodgment in Kilwinning has been effected within the last twenty years. Turning to the national records, we find that in 1424—and there may be earlier notice of the official in question—the appointment of a "Deacon" of each Craft was for the public interest rendered compulsory.

REFORMATION is a work of time. A national taste, however strong it may be, cannot be totally changed at once; we must yield a little to the prepossession which has taken hold of the mind, and we may then bring people round to adopt what would offend them if endeavored to be introduced by violence.

IT is a madness to make Fortune the mistress of events, because in herself she is nothing, but is ruled by prudence.

Family Circle.

COME HOME, FATHER.

REAL POETRY—TOUCHING.

Father, dear father, come home with me now!
The clock in the steeple strikes one;
You said you were coming right home from the shop
As soon as your day's work was done.
Our fire has gone out, our house is all dark,
And mother's been watching since tea,
With poor brother Benny, so sick, in her arms,
And no one to help her but me.
Come home! come home! come home!
Please father, dear father, come home!

Father, dear father, come home with me now!
The clock in the steeple strikes two;
The night has grown colder, and Benny is worse,
But he has been calling for you.
Indeed he is worse—Ma says he will die,
Perhaps before morning shall dawn!
And this is the message she sent me to bring,
Come quickly, or he will be gone!

Father, dear father, come home with me now!
The clock in the steeple strikes three;
The house is so lonely, the hours are so long
For poor weeping mother and me!
Yes, we are alone—poor Benny is dead!
And gone with the angels of light;
And these were the very last words that he said:
"I want to kiss papa to-night!"
Come home! come home! come home!
Please father, dear father, come home!

Hear the sweet voice of the child,
Which the night-winds repeat as they roam;
Oh! who could resist this most plaintive of prayers,
Please, father, dear father, come home!

THE INFIDEL AND HIS DAUGHTER.

[Suggested by reading a newspaper paragraph describing the scene between the brave old Ethan Allen and his daughter on the eve of her death, when she asked the stern infidel in whose faith he would have her die, his or her mother's.]

The damps of death are coming fast,
My father, o'er my brow;
The past, with all its scenes, has fled,
And I must turn me now
To that dim future, which in vain
My eyes seek to descry;
Tell me, my father, in this hour,
In whose belief to die.

In thine? I've watched the scornful smile,
And heard thy withering tone,
Whene'er the Christian's humble hope
Was placed upon thine own;
I've heard thee speak of coming death
Without a shade of gloom,
And laugh at all the childish fears
That cluster 'round the tomb.

Or is it in my mother's faith?
Now fondly do I trace
Through many weary years long past
That calm and saintly face!
How often do I call to mind
(Now she's beneath the sod),
The place, the hour, in which she drew
My eager thoughts to God.

'Twas then she took this sacred Book,
And from its burning page
Read how its truths support the soul
In youth and failing age;
And bade me in its precepts live
And by its precepts die,
That I might share a home of love
In worlds beyond the sky.

My father, shall I look above,
Amid the gathering gloom,
To Him whose promises of love
Extend beyond the tomb?
Or curse the Being who hath blessed
This checkered heart of mine?
Must I embrace my mother's faith,
Or die, my sire, by thine?

The frown upon that warrior brow
Passed, like a cloud, away,
And tears coursed down the rugged cheeks
That flowed not till that day.

"Not in mine," with choking voice,
The skeptic made reply,
"But in thy mother's holy faith,
My daughter, may'st thou die."

The Oldest Wooden House—A Little Romance therewith Connected.—The oldest wooden house in the United States is in Dorchester, soon to be a part of Boston. It was built in 1633, and is called the Minot House, from the name of the first owner. The house was occupied by General Washington and his body guard for a season, during the Revolution. The house is two stories high, and the outside has by no means a bad look. Its frame is of oak, either Irish or white, and the beams are as sound as ever; and likewise the whole frame, with the exception of the sills, is in a good state of preservation. The rooms are oddly shaped and awkwardly arranged. The beams are in sight, and are finished off and beaded, and the ceiling is very low. Indeed, it is quite worth while to visit this ancient house. There is a little romance connected with it. During the early years of Dorchester, the Indians were very troublesome. The Neponset tribe made their headquarters in the village now of that name, and the chief's name was Chicatawbut; hence the name of the street on which the house now stands. Mr. Minot being absent one day, an Indian came and tried to get admittance, but the heroine wife refused to admit him, knowing that it could be for no good intent, and taking down her husband's loaded gun, she fired at him and wounded him severely, and then, in a moment, threw a pailful of boiling water into his bosom. He fled to the woods, and, as tradition says, was found dead next morning near by, having died of his wounds. The woman was honored for her bravery by the inhabitants of the place by the presentation of a gold wristlet, with her name upon it, and the words, "who slew the Narraganset Indian." The house is now occupied by a family who pay $80 annual rent.

Personal Appearance of Mohammed.—Mohammed was a little above the middle height, strongly but sparely made, with broad shoulders and a slight stoop; his hair was black, and in the prime of life clustered over his ears; his mustache and beard were also black, the latter abundant, and reaching some way down his chest; his forehead was large, with a vein on it which swelled when he was angry; his complexion was fair for an Arab; his eyes were large, black and piercing, bloodshot and restless; his teeth were white and well formed, but stood apart; his walk was so rapid that people had to run to keep up with him, and his gait is described as being like that of a man striding down hill.

He was simple in his apparel; he never wore silk but once in his life, and then threw it aside in disgust, saying it was no fit dress for a man. His general attire was white and red striped cotton; like all Arabs, he had no taste for comfort, and the luxurious refinements of artificial life were not known to him, or would have been despised had they become so; a bed of palm tree fibre, a low hut of burnt tiling with a palm tree roof, would have been by him preferred to a palace.

Still he was in some things of extremely delicate and sensitive taste, as in the use of perfumes and in his distaste for unpleasant odors.

At Medina he once sent back a dish of mutton to the sender untouched, because it was flavored with onions, saying that they were disagreeable to the angel who visited him; he never traveled without toothpicks, and antimony for his eyes; he was a good listener in conversation, and never, in shaking hands, was the first to withdraw his own; he was not addicted to any of the games or sports of which the Arabs were so pasionately fond, and was, in all things, most unlike the heroic ideal of Arabic character.

The Skeptic and the Child.—Mr. Hone, the well known author of the "Every-Day Book," was, in the days of his infidelity, traveling in Wales on foot. Being tired and thirsty, he stopped at the door of a cottage where there was a little girl reading a large Bible. He asked the child if she would please give him a drink of water.

"O, yes, sir," she said, "if you will come in mother will give you some milk."

Mr. Hone followed the little girl into the cottage, where he partook of the nutricious beverage, the little girl again resuming her seat and her book. After a short conversation with her mother, Mr. Hone came out and accosted the child at the door:

"Well, my little girl, are you getting your task?"

"O, no, sir," she replied, "I am reading the Bible."

"But," said Mr. Hone, "you are getting your task out of the Bible."

"O, no, sir, it is no task for me to read the Bible: it is a pleasure."

This led to the skeptic's conversion, and he became a champion in upholding and defending the great truths contained in that Book.

One Hundred Years' Theory of Life.—Faraday adopts Flourin's physiological theory that the natural age of man is one hundred years. The duration of life he believes to be measured by the time of growth. When once the bones and epiphyses are united, the body grows no more, and it is at twenty years that this union is effected in man. In the camel it takes place at eight, in the horse at five, in the lion at four, in the dog at two, in the rabbit at one. The natural termination of life is five removes from these several points. Man being twenty years in growing, lives five times twenty years, that is, one hundred; the camel is eight years in growing, and lives five times eight years, that is to say, forty years; the horse is five years in growing, and he lives twenty-five years; and so with other animals. The man who does not die of sickness lives anywhere from eighty to one hundred years.

Nature has given to man a century of life, but he does not attain it because he inherits diseases, eats unwholesome food, gives license to passions, and permits vexations to disturb his healthy equipoise; he does not die, he kills himself. He divides life into two equal halves, growth and decline, and these halves into infancy, youth, virility, and age. Infancy extends to the 20th year; youth to the 50th, because it is during this period that the tissues become firm; virility from 50 to 75, during which the organism remains complete; and at 75 old age commences, to last a longer or shorter time, as the diminution of reserved forces is hastened or retarded.

Washington's Corn Crib.—At a recent meeting of the Farmer's Club, New York city, a farmer from New Jersey descibed a corn crib that was constructed under the supervision of General Washington, which, he said, had always been "rat proof," and there had never been but one mouse in it. The crib was placed on high posts that were set several feet in the ground, with tin or sheet iron nailed around the posts at the upper ends, so that mice and rats could not climb the posts. Mr. Crane, of New Jersey, stated that he had such a crib, and it had kept the grain well every year for more than twenty years, and had been both mice and rat proof.

Similar passages in the Bible and in Shakspeare are not uncommon. See the following:

"And Abimelech took an ax in his hand, and cut down a bough from the trees, and took and laid it on his shoulders, and said unto the people, 'What ye have seen me do, make haste and do as I have done.'" Judges ix. 48.

"Let every soldier hew him down a bough and bear it before him; thereby shall we shadow the numbers of our host." Macbeth, Act 5, Scene 4.

Musings.—Give me the old songs which thrilled the lyres of the poets and minstrels of long ago. Every note has borne on the air a tale of joy and rapture—of sorrow and sadness! They tell of days gone by, and time hath given them a voice which speaks of them who once breathed—of what they now are, and what we soon shall be. My heart loves these melodies; may they be mine to hear until life shall end, and as I launch my boat upon the sea of eternity, may their echoes be wafted to my ear, to cheer me on my passage from the scenes of earth-land!

Give me the old paths, where we wandered and culled the flowers of love and friendship, in the days of "Auld Lang Syne!" sweeter, far, the dells whose echoes have answered to our voices; whose turf is not a stranger to our footsteps, and whose rills have in childhood's days reflected back our form and those of our merry playfellows, from whom we have parted, and meet no more in the old nooks we loved so well. May the old paths be watered with Heaven's own dew, and be green forever in my memory.

Give me the old house, upon whose stairs we seem to hear the light footsteps, and under whose porch a merry laugh seems to mingle with the winds that whistle through old trees, beneath whose branches lie the graves of those who once trod the halls, and made the chambers ring with glee. And, O! above all, give me the old friends—hearts bound to mine in life's sunshiny hours—spirits congenial, whose hearts through life have throbbed in unison with our own! O, when death shall still this heart, I would not ask for aught more sacred to hallow my dust than the tear of an old friend. May my funeral dirge be chanted by the old friends I loved so fondly who have not yet passed away.

DRAWING AND PAINTING.

MRS. CUDDEHY, M. P. S, gives lessons in the above at her Studio, 756 Broadway, and has for sale a number of small pictures suitable for Christmas presents.

The National Freemason,

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R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S., Editor.

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We will deliver the articles at our rooms or send the books by mail, stamps having been furnished. If the article is to be boxed, the expense must be prepaid by the person sending for it.

One copy will be sent free also to each person making up a club of seven or more.

A few copies of Vols. 7 and 8 of the National Freemason, from September 1st, 1866, to July 1st, 1867, neatly bound, have been left at our office, and will be sent free on receipt of $8.00, by postal order or bank check. Address National Freemason, P. O. Box 5903, New York City.

The Sign of the Cross—Its Masonic Use—Symbols of Various Rites—Of Templar Interest—Its Varieties—The Cross Constantine Saw. (No. 7.)

Adhemar, bishop of Puy, was the first person who wore a cross. It was of red cloth, and was affixed to his right shoulder. Immediately ecclesiastics and laymen were invested with it. On the next day, Urban was pressed to lead the soldiers of Christ on the road to the Holy Sepulchre.

In imitation of Christ, who carried a cross on his shoulders to the place of execution, the cross was worn on the right shoulder, or on the upper part of the back. It was also frequently placed on the top of the arm. Red was, till the time of Richard I., King of England, the general color of this cross. The materials of the cross were silk or gold or cloth, and the most frenzied Crusaders cut the holy sign on the flesh itself. The pilgrims, on their return to Europe, generally placed the cross on the back.

To the Knights of the Garter in England a cross as well as a garter was assigned; but the silver star of eight points, prescribed with so little propriety by Charles I., renders insignificant the original design of the Order. * * * * * *

Templars employ and value the cross as an emblem, but never use the crucifix, which they regard as an image. The cross became a crucifix in the sixth century.

The Lamb is also used in Templarism as the peculiar Symbol of the Redeemer; so also the *pelican*, tearing open her breast to feed her young with her own blood. The emblem of the Knights of the Rose Croix is a cross, at the base of which was a pelican, in the middle a full-blown rose (the brilliant product of imagination and poetry). The pelican was thought to be the emblem of death and regeneration. The four letters of the Rose Croix are the initials of the four elements in the Hebrew tongue. The numbers 1312 indicate the age of the three symbolic grades, viz.: two and one—equal to three—grade of Apprentice; three and two—equal to five—grade of Companion; three, two and two—equal to seven—grade of Master. The predominant symbol of the Rose Croix is a cross with a rose at the centre and a pelican at its foot. This emblem is frequently surmounted by a scroll inscribed with the letters I. N. R. I. The lamb is frequently found at the foot and the pelican at the top of the cross.

The fish is not an improper Templar emblem, as we have seen. Indeed it was the earliest and most universal of the Christian emblems, the symbol of water and baptism—the seven Greek letters expressing the word fish, forming the anagram of the name of Jesus Christ. The fish, as a general symbol of the Christian faith, is found upon the sarcophagi of the early Christians; on the tombs of the martyrs in the Catacombs; on rings and coins. It is usually a Dolphin. It disappeared about the tenth century, and the cross became the universal emblem.

The Lion, as an ancient symbol of the Redeemer, may be employed architecturally.

Then there are the crown, the sword, the palm, the standard or banner, the symbol of victory, which is placed in the hands of St. George; the olive, the dove, the lily, the unicorn, in allusion to the fable that it could never be captured except by a virgin stainless in mind and life; the flaming heart, the book, the ark or ship, the anchor, the symbol of hope; the lamp, lantern or taper; the pomegranate, bursting open and the seeds visible, an emblem of immortality.

The Pelican is sometimes used as an emblem of the Crucifixion, depicted shedding its blood for the good of its young, which cluster around it to feed upon the precious drops.

The generally accepted emblems of the Resurrection are the Lion, the Phœnix, the Peacock and the Pelican. The Lion was believed by the Old Naturalists to be always born dead or in in a state of complete torpor, having all the appearance of death; but in three days it was awakened to vitality by the voice of its sire.

The ancient fable of the Phœnix made it, after having been burned to death, rise again in vigor from its ashes—an image of the resurrection of the body from the dead.

The Peacock was an emblem of the Resurrection, because it yearly renewed its beautiful plumage, and was commonly believed to have incorruptible flesh.

The Pelican was believed to have brought its young to life by the blood of its breast, and hence became an emblem of the Resurrection.

Of the Ascension, the Eagle, depicted in flying upwards, is the only emblem.

Properly Qualified.

It has grown to be a custom, about this time of the year, to remind the brethren that it will soon be their duty to elect officers in Lodges for the ensuing year, and to couple therewith a good deal of advice, most of which is sensible and worthy of being followed. Thinking men—and those who write for the press must be thinkers—note that there is a tendency, in the excitement of election, to overlook the real issue, and inattention to the safeguards of the craft, which the brethren should keep in good repair by selecting their best men for officers; hence most of the essays we read on this topic are built upon the theory that the members of Lodges do not understand the necessities of the situation, and, therefore, need to be periodically reminded of their duty in the premises.

Admitting, as we cheerfully do, the absolute sincerity of the writers in question, we still think it an open question whether much, if any, good effect has followed their efforts, because the membership generally fail to appreciate the qualities required of a Master, and Masters, in too many instances, fail to reach the true standard of the office, or to exercise the legitimate powers belonging to it.

The first efforts of aspirants to the principal gavel are directed to acquiring a knowledge of the work and lectures, by no means a light task, and when this knowledge has been attained, the individual naturally seeks an opportunity to display his talent in the East of his own or some other Lodge.

Once he has surmounted the trepidation common to young beginners, he is ready to proceed with any amount of work that may offer, and as in most Lodges there is no lack of "that same," his time and official term glide away in the repetition of certain phases, while his record at the end of the year shows so many candidates initiated, passed and raised, and but little else. The Lodges are perfectly satisfied, because such is the fashion, and because the number of candidates offering precludes, in a great degree, the possibility of doing any thing but work. When the time for another election arrives, a new Master, similarly qualified, is elected, and the wheel continues to revolve as before. The effect of the whole proceeding is two-fold. First, that Masters are not sufficiently educated in any thing but the ritual; but few of them ever take the trouble to learn the principles of our law, or the history and ethics of the Society, and they are, therefore, incompetent to instruct the brethren in the vital tenets of the craft, of which they know little or nothing themselves. Secondly, that the members of Lodges fed on the continuous excitement of work, work, work, have lost, or have not acquired, an appetite for the less stimulating pabulum which nourishes self-culture and general improvement. What the eye fails to perceive the heart is not inclined to grieve after; and hence the brethren go on year after year in the old routine. It is, however, not so much their fault as the fault of those set over them, and empowered to draw designs for their government, that comparatively so little is being done in the direction here indicated; and we suggest that now is a good time to move in the matter, and, by making knowledge the test of qualification, seek to elevate those who possess it, or to retain those who have exhibited a skill involving something more than the mere repetition of the ritual. We may then hope to witness a closer scrutiny into the merits of applicants for our privileges, and a higher standard of intellectual merit throughout the fraternity. The times in which we live imperatively demand this evidence of progress, and we may best secure it by putting forward those men whose lives and acts are in evidence as to their appreciation of the fact that knowledge is power—that mind must and will triumph over matter.

Ritualism.

While the Masonic world within influences the world without, so the profane world without modifies and affects our Masonic world within.

The question of ritualism, now agitating the Anglican and American world, has an influence upon the craft scarcely perceptible to the superficial observer.

Masonry teaches toleration to recalcitrant parties, although it may put principle to the severest test. Toleration does not mean indifference or approval; but it does mean abstinence from abuse, and dictates the speaking of the truth in love. They who deprecate the progress of error must point out by the fair argument of reason and fact its nature, tendencies, and dangers.

No instructed Freemason has failed to give profound study to the origin and history of ancient rites, such as given by Mabillon, Martene, Bingham and Augusti. Such an one is a Masonic "Ritualist." But by the term "Ritualism" we more particularly mean the phenomena of the last three years.

The permanent influence of the ritualistic development, which may be traced in Freemasonry also, is found in the vast wave of antiquarian, artistic, architectural, romantic sentiment which has passed over Europe, and has affected America.

When a Quaker pleads for Gothic architecture, the work of our elder brethren; when a Roman Catholic protests in favor of Masonic mediæval style, when a Russian metropolitan pleads for the Byzantine forms of Joan III. when passion for restoration rehabilitates the Castle of Blois, the Chapel of St. Louis, Notre Dame, and the Abbey of St. Dennis, when Anglican archæology reproduces thousands of churches, when Presbyterian Scotland adorns with stained windows, it is idle to attempt to check it by mere declamation and abuse.

We boldly take the ground as a Mason that symbolism is not wrong, and that the amount and kind of right symbolism is a question of taste. *If there be a symbol of error, let that symbol be condemned.* Who is the arch-ritualist of Scotland? Is it not Dr. Lee, the bold and able leader of free thought in every direction? Now, if ritualism is to abide, it is by a wide reverence for God and a wide sympathy for humanity. Thus only can it move onwards.

We feel assured that the love of beauty and antiquity has been generously developed in our century. There is an increasing sense of the solemnity and grace of simplicity in ceremonies—an increasing impatience of what, ever distracts the attention from the inward to the outward in matters of real importance. Masonry has done much to produce this result. And now shall she herself yield her vantage ground and drift into "barbaric" drapery and tinsel? Shall she consent that her services shall in anywise be "theatrical?" God forbid. Let our grand yet simple ceremonies be preserved as they have been, and not by mere tinsel and show, alienating the best minds from us. Let us understand the allusion in the following:

> It is a characteristic story told of M. de Tocqueville, that, when standing on the steps of the throne at one of the august occasions of the opening of Parliament, he watched in silence the gathering of the Peers in their scarlet robes, the entrance of the Ministers in their official uniforms, the appearance of the Sovereign in royal magnificence, and then, when he beheld the Commons rushing to the bar in their plain, unadorned, rough, everyday dress, he exclaimed, "*Violà le Maître.*"

* * * * * *

Freemasonry is charged with being ritualistic. The first three degrees are certainly symbolic. We do not object to Romanism because she has symbols. We object to the symbols themselves—*so far as they teach tyranny, intolerance, usurpation and idolatry.* If there should be an effort to foist symbols of this character upon our institution, we should object. While Rome issues her bulls against Freemasonry, libels its character and excommunicates Freemasons, we may very properly, without a charge of intolerance or of attack upon the life of her advocates, examine occasionally, and scrutinize the manner in which the only legalized worship of Rome is conducted, and in whose ecclesiastical domain Masons may meet only by stealth, and then subject to the tortures of the Inquisition even to this day.

A Mistake.

Some brethren appear to think that paying four dollars a year for the NATIONAL FREEMASON secures a right to use our weekly for their own personal or party purposes. The NATIONAL FREEMASON is published for the benefit of no party in Freemasonry, but for that of the whole body of the Craft. Masonic facts, decisions, and jurisdictional news and proceedings, are published without reference to our approval or disapproval. Where, by inadvertence or otherwise, any Freemason or Masonic party is attacked by a correspondent, there shall always be room for a reply, expressed in proper language and spirit. No injustice has ever been done any brother in our columns.

It is very seldom we receive the terrific order, "Stop my paper." Several weeks ago we received an order from a brother to "stop the paper," because he thought we leaned too much to the side of his opponents in a Masonic controversy; and from one of his Masonic opponents came, in *the* same mail, an order to stop his *paper*, because the latter thought we leaned too much to the positions of the former.

Our offense in both cases amounted to this, that we had published every reasonable article sent us on both sides of the controversy. Editorially we had encouraged peace and harmony and mutual concessions.

These brethren, ordering the paper stopped, expressed themselves as highly delighted with it, except in this one regard, that it did not advocate their views. They have been Freemasons for but few years; have read and studied our mysteries but indifferently, and are acquainted mainly with the sentiments of their own jurisdiction. They will grow wiser, especially when they see that the light still shines.

The same mail brought us twenty new subscribers from the neighborhood of these brethren, forgetting universal Masonry in the agitations of their limited circle.

We commend the following to these brethren:

> STOPPING NEWSPAPERS.—A certain man hit his toe against a pebble and fell headlong to the ground. He was vexed, and under the influence of anger and self-sufficiency he kicked mother earth right saucily. With imperturbable gravity, he looked to see the earth itself dissolve and come to naught. But the earth remained, and only his poor foot was injured in the encounter. This is the way of man. An article in a newspaper touches him in a weak spot, and straightway he sends to stop his paper. With great self complacency he looks to see the crash when the object of his spleen shall cease to be. Poor fool, he has only hit his own toe against a world that does not perceptibly feel the shock, and injures to a slight extent none but himself.

The Triumph of Truth.

After many years of earnest struggle the rights of Presbyterian Masons in Ohio are sustained. The readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON have been kept apprised of the progress of this contest, which has at last culminated in a victory for our institution. We give the following resume of the case:

> The Greenfield Church session had suspended a member because of his connection with the Order of Freemasons; from which body he refused to separate. He appealed from the Church to Presbytery, which body sustained his appeal, and directed the Church to restore him to membership. From this decision the Session took an appeal to Synod. After a patient hearing of brethren on both sides, Synod refused to sustain the appeal by the following vote: Sustained, eighteen; not sustained, fifty-two; sustained in part, one.
>
> A committee was appointed to bring in a minute expressive of the sense of Synod in this case; they reported the following, which was adopted, viz.:
>
> Synod refuse to sustain the appeal of the Greenfield Session, and hereby confirm the action of Chillicothe Presbytery sustaining Mr. Welsheimer's appeal, and restoring him to the communion of the Church, for the reason that the proceedings of the Session do not give sufficient evidence that mere membership in the society of Freemasons is an offense for which any one should be excluded from fellowship in the Church.

We call especial attention to the letter of Hon. Bro. Brown, in the department of *Turkey*, in our columns of intelligence. Our British cotemporary, we trust, will republish the letter as due to Bro. Brown, and especially in view of its article on "Prerogative of the W. G. M.," in the issue of November 2d.

Masonic History.—No. 2.

But there are facts in the past which cannot be satisfactorily met by any theory, making Freemasonry of recent origin.

Bro. Charles Moore on this same subject remarks: We shall confine our remarks strictly to *proven facts.* At a period about cotemporary with the establishment of the Jewish Monarchy, there existed, both in Phœnicia and in Ionia, an association of architects and builders known as the Dionysiac Fraternity. This society consisted of builders, who were engaged in the erection of temples and theatres in the great cities of those countries, and were distinguished by the use of secret signs and symbols, and other means of mutual recognition. When Solomon was designing to erect the Temple, he sent to Hiram, King of Tyre, for assistance, and, to adopt his own words, "for a man cunning to work in gold, and in brass and in iron, and in purple and crimson and blue; and that can skill to grave with the cunning men that are with me in Judah and in Jerusalem, whom David, my father, did provide;" and, in reply, Hiram said: "And now I have sent a cunning man, endowed with understanding, of Hiram, my fathers; the son of a woman of the daughters of Dan, and his father was a man of Tyre, skillful to work in gold," etc. This, we have every reason to believe, was the far-famed Hiram Abiff, the widow's son. King Solomon began to build the Temple about the year 1015 B. C., and the Dionysiac Fraternity unquestionably was not only in existence at that time, but had reached a high point of influence and power, both in Ionia and in the dominions of King Hiram of Tyre. A striking testimony is borne to this point by a learned English writer, an avowed and determined opponent of Freemasonry—Professor John Robison, late Secretary to the Royal Society of Edinburgh. "The Dionysians of Asia Minor," he writes, "were undoubtedly an association of architects and engineers, who had the exclusive privilege of building temples, stadia and theatres, under the mysterious tutelage of Bacchus (from whose Greek name of *Dionysus* the society derived its appellation), and distinguished from the uninitiated or profane inhabitants by the science which they possessed, *and by many private signs and tokens by which they recognized each other.*" From Tyre, Palestine and Ionia, this Dionysiac or Bacchic association extended into and spread over Greece, Italy, Western Germany, Denmark and England. By its agency the great Gothic Cathedrals and structures of the Middle Ages were constructed, in many cases by companies encamped around them, and governed by social regulations for mutual defense and assistance, and for the preservation of their professional secrets. Dr. Henry, the English historian, has this passage in reference to them: "The Italians, with some Greek refugees, and, with these, French, German and Flemings, joined into a fraternity of architects, procuring Papal Bulls for their encouragement and their particular privileges; they styled themselves Freemasons, and ranged from one nation to another, as they found churches to be built; their government was regular, and, where they fixed near a building in hand, they made a camp of huts. A surveyor governed in chief; every tenth man was called a Warden, and overlooked each nine." Professor Robison, the anti-Masonic writer, from whom we have already quoted, has the following passage bearing on this same subject: "We are also certain that there was a similar trading association during the Dark Ages, in Christian Europe, which monopolized the building of great churches and castles, working under the patronage and protection of the sovereigns and princes of Europe, and possessing many privileges. But it is quite uncertain," he continues, "when and why persons who were not builders by profession first sought admission into this fraternity. The first distinct and unequivocal instance we have of this is the admission of Mr. Ashmole, the celebrated antiquary, in 1646, into a Lodge at Warrington, along with his father-in-law, Colonel Mainwaring."

Here, then, we have the testimony of an avowed anti-Masonic and learned author, that the Masonic fraternity was known in Christian Europe as a "trading association of architects during the Dark Ages; and that they were *similar to that association of architects and engineers in Asia Minor which had the exclusive privilege of buliding temples, stadia and theatres, under the mysterious tutelage* of Bacchus *(or Dionysus).*" In this opinion Professor Robison only acknowledges what has been maintained by all the most intelligent and learned writers on the same subject. The editor of one of the most elaborate works ever published in this country, in writing of these associations, has the following remark: "We know that the Dionysians (the Bacchic Fraternity of architects and builders), of Ionia, which place has, according to Herodotus, always been celebrated for the genius of its inhabitants, were a great corporation of architects and engineers, who undertook and even monopolized the building of temples, stadia and theatres, *precisely as the fraternity of Masons are known, in the Middle Ages, to have monopolized the building of cathedrals and conventual churches.*" Now, as to making so little account of the resemblance and inferred connection between Ancient Mysteries and Freemasonry, we must reply that it is of too serious and weighty a character to be so lightly passed over, and this will be readily acknowledged by any sound classical and antiquarian scholar who is, at the same time, a well informed Mason. The Dionysian Mysteries (those of Bacchus or Dionysus), and the Eleusinians (those of Ceres or Demeter), were confessedly, to a great extent, modeled on those of Egypt, which were yet more ancient; and both of them, though tinctured with the peculiar doctrines of Egyptian mythology, exhibit striking affinities to Freemasonry, not only in their usages, symbols and external forms, but also in the objects which they had in view. Those who were initiated into those mysteries were bound by the most solemn pledges to conceal faithfully the instructions they received, and the ceremonies that were performed. None were admitted as candidates until they had attained a certain age; and particular persons were appointed to examine and prepare them for the rights of initiation. Those whose conduct was found to have been irregular, or who had been guilty of atrocious crimes, were at once rejected as unworthy; while the successful candidates were instructed by significant symbols in the principles of religion—were exhorted to restrain every turbulent passion, and to merit, by the improvement of their minds and the purity of their hearts, those ineffable benefits which they were yet to receive. Significant pass-words were communicated to the members—grand officers presided over their assemblies — their emblems, as we have shown in many former articles, were closely analogous to those of Freemasonry—and the candidate was advanced from one degree to another, until he had received all the lessons of wisdom and virtue which the priests or hierophants could impart. It has, we know, been objected that there were circumstances connected with the celebration of these mysteries which have no counterpart in the ceremonies of Freemasonry; but the answer to such an objection is ready and self-evident. It must appear unreasonable to every impartial and candid mind to expect just sentiments of God under a system of Polytheism, and no less so to suppose that Christians should adore the god of the heathen. Two facts are, however, indisputable, and they are these—first, that the Dionysiac Association, in its organization, rules and symbols, bore too close a resemblance to Freemasonry to have resulted from accident; and, second, that that association was already in a flourishing condition, in Ionia and Greece proper, more than eleven hundred years before the Christian era. Nearly a century before the date of Solomon's accession to the throne of Israel, a multitude of Greeks migrated to Asia Minor, drove out or subdued the inhabitants, and effected a permanent settlement in that country. They carried with them a knowledge of the arts and sciences, and introduced into their new territories the mysterious rites of Dionysus or Bacchus, and of Minerva or Pallas Athenè. They excelled in architectural designs and sculpture—arts which at that period were held probably in higher esteem than all others. They soon spread over the whole of Asia Minor, and eventually became the artists of all Syria; and it is simply a common sense conclusion to suppose that they must speedily have attracted the notice and patronage of so wealthy and magnificent a monarch as Hiram, King of Tyre. There seems, indeed, every reason to believe that the company of "cunning workmen" sent by King Hiram to assist in building the first temple consisted of a portion of these Greeks. This belief is greatly strengthened by a remark of Josephus, to the effect that the Grecian style of architecture was employed in that famous structure. It was undoubtedly at the erection of the temple that Freemasonry received many of its distinguishing characteristics; and the internal economy of our Lodges fully justifies the conclusion that it assumed much of its spiritual or speculative character. There is also reasonable ground for believing that the Dionysiac artists engaged in that great work readily submitted to the regulations submitted by King Solomon for the government of the workmen; and that, through the commanding influence of the same powerful mind, they were induced to relinquish such of their mystical rites as were particularly offensive to the Jews, and to adopt many of the ceremonies of that singular people. We have historic evidence to prove that, after the completion of the temple, the workmen were employed on other great works at Jerusalem—that they built the house of the forest of Lebanon, the store-cities east and west of the Jordon, the cities of Azor, Magedon, Gozarra and Tadmor (or Palmyra). Masonic tradition, moreover, informs us that, after the death of Solomon, the workmen began to travel into foreign countries in search of employment, and that they carried the secrets of the fraternity into the several states of Asia, Africa and Europe.

(To be continued.)

Garibaldi

is attacked by *The American Baptist* for his Freemasonry, and a vigorous blow is dealt out upon Freemasonry as an institution. Freemasonry is made responsible for Garibaldi's religion.

We do not, nor do Freemasons generally, sympathize with Garibaldi in his religious views; yet we are disposed to look upon his errors as the result of his observations of what he has seen of the religion professed at Rome, and by anti-Masons in Italy and America. He sees that it is unjust, revengeful, and uncharitable in its manifestations.

If anti-Masonic Protestants and Roman Catholics would exhibit more of the divine life and light in their lives, noble Masonic hearts like those of the Garibaldis would not be driven to seek a new religion, one blessed with more purity and charity.

Garibaldi aims to reach such a religion as we believe to be that of Jesus Christ—a religion universal and perpetual—the love of God displayed in love of man—"*The Christian's faith when rightly read.*" Horace Smith, at the beginning of the present century, put Garibaldi's views (in the main) into verse, under the head of

THE PERPETUAL RELIGION.

Religions—from the soul deriving breath—
Should know no death;
Yet do they perish, mingling their remains
With fallen fanes;
Creeds, canons, dogmas, councils, are the wrecked
And mouldering Masonry of Intellect.

Apis, Osiris, paramount of yore
On Egypt's shore—
Woden and Thor, through the wide North adored,
With blood outpoured—
Jove and the multiform divinities,
To whom the Pagan nations bowed their knees,—

Lo! they are cast aside, dethroned, forlorn,
Defaced, outworn,
Like the world's childish dolls, which but insult
Its age adult,
Or prostrate scarecrows, on whose rags we tread
With scorn proportioned to our former dread.

Alas for human reason! all is change,
Ceaseless and strange;
All ages form new systems, leaving heirs
To cancel theirs;
The future will but imitate the past,
And instability alone will last.

Is there no compass, then, by which to steer
This erring sphere?
No tie that may indissolubly bind
To God, mankind?
No code that may defy Time's sharpest tooth?
No fixed, immutable, unerring truth?

There is! there is! One primitive and sure,
Religion pure,
Unchanged in spirit, though its forms and codes
Wear myriad modes,
Contains all creeds within its mighty span:
THE LOVE OF GOD DISPLAYED IN LOVE OF MAN.

This is the Christian's faith when rightly read;
Oh! may it spread,
'Till earth, redeemed from every hateful leaven,
Makes peace with Heaven;
Below one blessed brotherhood of love,
One Father—worshiped with one voice—above!

SHERWIN & Co., on Fourteenth Street (Union Square), have just opened with a new stock of Dry Goods. We have visited their establishment, and find that it is the cheapest place to buy in the city. It is certainly the prettiest store in New York, being very light, and elaborately frescoed. Sherwin & Co. certainly have the most elegant stock of goods in the market, as well as attentive salesmen. Let every lady reader of the FREEMASON pay them a visit. *Success to them*, we say.

The *Dundee Herald* (N. Y.) says:

The NATIONAL FREEMASON is a number one Masonic paper, and should be in every Freemason's home in our country. For opinions on Masonic subjects, none need ask better authority than that represented by its columns.

MUSIC.—The Elm City Polka, by Geo. Wallace Dawsons, New Haven, Conn. Published by C. M. Loomis, 229 Chapel Street.

Answers to Correspondents.

Mahmoud Jumah—the first lieutenant of a frigate sent to this country by the Imaum of Muscat on a mission of peace, and a Mohammedan, was initiated June 11, 1839, in St. John's Lodge, No. 1, New York City. The Lodge could not procure a copy of the Koran, but upon it being explained to the candidate, he asked if the book used in the Lodge taught belief in the existence of the *Great I Am.* On being assured that it did, he said, then that is good enough "Koran" for me, and was accordingly obligated.

∴

Gen. Morris the Poet—affiliated with St. John's Lodge, No. 1, New York City, Dec. 12, 1839. April 8, 1846, at the request of the Worshipful Master, Bro. Gen. Geo. P. Morris presented three Past Masters of St. John's Lodge with jewels, and in concluding his remarks he said, poetically: "Please receive them as the

Records of an Order
First upon earth;
All within our Order
Estimate their worth.
Cordial in the greeting
That awaits you there;
On the Level meeting,
Parting on the Square.

These last two lines suggested that immortal song, "The Level and the Square," by Bro. Robert Morris.

∴

British Parliament—made its severe act against the fraternity in the third year of the reign of Henry VI, when he was a minor. It was passed at the instigation of Henry Beaufort, Bishop of Winchester, who was then entrusted with the education of the young king. It enacted that Masons should not assemble—that those who summoned them should be regarded as felons, and those who resorted to them should be fined and imprisoned. Yet this act was inoperative, as a Lodge was held at Canterbury, 1429, under the Archbishop himself. [For this act see Henry VI., cap. 1, A. D. 1425; vide Ruffhead's Statutes.] See manuscript Register of William Molart, prior of Canterbury, p. 28, for proof concerning Archbishop of Canterbury.

∴

Cross Crouch—is so termed because each limb terminates in a patent. It is also called a Cross baton, or Jerusalem Cross, from having formed part of the insignia of the kingdom of Jerusalem established by the Crusaders. In the Cross Potent, is between four plains crosslets, the five crosses symbolize the five wounds of Christ. King Ethelred bore a Cross Potent.

∴

The Office of "Bible Bearer" is found in the Grand and Prov. Grand Lodges of Scotland.

∴

Pythagorean Number of Nine—was composed of three times three. It was designated as an emblem of matter which, though continually changing its form, is never annihilated. It has its bearings on Freemasonry, well known to every Freemason. The following exemplifies the Pythagorean power:

$2\times9=18$,	$1+8=9$.
$3\times9=27$,	$2+7=9$.
$4\times9=36$,	$3+6=9$.
$5\times9=45$,	$4+5=9$.
$6\times9=54$,	$5+4=9$.
$7\times9=63$,	$6+3=9$.
$8\times9=72$,	$7+2=9$.
$9\times9=81$,	$8+1=9$.

∴

Tessara—is a cube, die; broad, square, paving tile; a square tally, ticket, watchword, &c.—from a word bearing the Ionic form of a word signifying *four.*

∴

The celebrated Baron Hund—was buried in 1774, in full Knight Templar equipment, in front of the high altar in the church of Melrichstadt, near Wurzburg.

∴

Irish Lodge Seal--by rule must have the impression of a hand and trowel, encompassed round with the name of the town or city where such Lodge is held.

∴

Doubling the Cube.—The crowning geometrical problem taking its rise from the oracle at Delphos, who, when the inhabitants of that island went to inquire what was to be done in order to stay a pestilence then raging at Athens, returned for answer that on their doubling the altar of Apollo, which was a perfect cube, the plague should case.

∴

Green and Gold—is the color of the Grand Lodge of Scotland.

∴

Cyrus—sent forth his edict of liberation to the Jewish captives A. M. 3466, or B. C. 538.

∴

Chattanooga.—(1.) Life memberships were granted first, we think, in Louisiana. (2.) They are simply certificates *ad vitam.* (3.) They are issued upon the payment of a certain sum. (4.) There is no established form. (5.) A dimit determines all privileges.

∴

Delaware.—It is entirely unnecessary to use Internal Revenue Stamps in giving receipts to members of the Lodge.

∴

Stone Square.—If the brother has been expelled from the Lodge, and his expulsion has been confirmed by the Grand Lodge, he cannot retain his standing in Chapter or Commandery. The cause of the expulsion is not material. But no Lodge should ever expel a member for non-payment of dues. (2.) He cannot be reinstated in the Chapter or Commandery until he has been reinstated in the Lodge. (3.) A brother may be a non-affiliate in symbolic Masonry and yet an active member in the higher bodies.

∴

Heart is Power.—As applicable to the subject of your communication, we fully indorse the sentiments of Spurgeon: "A man's force in the world, other things being equal, is just in the ratio of the force and strength of his heart. A full-hearted man is always a powerful man; if he be erroneous, then he is powerful for error; if the thing is in his heart, he is sure to make it notorious, even though it may be a downright falsehood. Let a man be never so ignorant, still if his heart be full of love to a cause, he becomes a powerful man for that object, because he has heart-power, heart-force. A man may be deficient in many of the advantages of education, in many of those niceties which are so much looked upon in society; but once give him a good strong heart, that beats hard, and there is no mistake about his power. Let him have a heart that is full up to the brim with an object, and that man will do the object, or else he will die gloriously defeated, and will glory in his defeat. *Heart is power.*"

∴

Mystic River.—You are mistaken about Bro. Lockwood. He says: "No ballot for a candidate can be reconsidered or set aside after he has been declared elected or rejected, and it has been so recorded." By adoption of Bro. Lockwood's book this becomes the law for your jurisdiction. The Grand Lodges generally of the United States take the same view respecting the ballot.

The Grand Lodge of New York decided in 1866:

That when a second ballot, after a first favorable one, is demanded on a candidate, the Lodge cannot lay the balloting over, but must proceed forthwith to ballot, if the demand be made at a regular communication. If the demand be made at a special communication, the candidate becomes immediately estopped, and the ballot must be taken at the next regular communication. That the brother making the demand may at any time withdraw it previously to the taking of the ballot.—1866.

∴

John H.—"Please state your opinion in regard to the following facts: Charges were preferred against a member of my Lodge, and referred to a committee for investigation. *Pendente like,* as the lawyers say, the accused brother preferred charges against a prominent member of the Lodge, which, when read, were of such a ridiculously frivolous nature, that the Lodge refused to receive them or have them referred to a committee. At the next communication, the D. D. G. M. appeared and took the East; the charges were again preferred, and, without consulting the Lodge or allowing it to express an opinion, the D. D. G. M. received the charges, and appointed a commission to hear, try, and determine them. Has a D. D. G. M. any power or authority to enter a Subordinate Lodge, transact its business, override its will, and appoint a commission from its members to try a case which the Lodge has already passed upon and disposed of?"

Answer.—Assuming the facts to be as stated, the D. D. G. M. has put his foot into it. He has no semblance of authority to warrant him in the appointment of a Lodge Commission. His power in the appointment of commissions is confined to cases which cannot be tried by Lodge authority or before Lodge Commissions (see Cons., Sec. 120, Sub. 1). On the other hand, the right of every Lodge to try its own members, and to exercise original jurisdiction over them up to the point of assessing punishment after trial, is indefeasible. The correction of the matter, however, lies with the Lodge. It may appeal to higher authority than the District Deputy, to have the whole proceedings set aside, or wait time with patience until the Committee report, when the matter by law returns to the hands of the brethren, to be disposed of as they may see fit. Our advice on this point is not asked, but we venture to suggest that if the charges are of the nature stated, the Commission should promptly so report, and the Lodge affirm its previous decision, by adopting the report and dismissing the case.

∴

J. H., Jr.—A Lodge or Chapter U. D. may change its officers, with the consent of the members and the approval of the officer granting the dispensation, at any time previous to presenting a petition for a warrant, but not otherwise.

∴

Memphis.—We cannot enter into the quarrel in these columns for obvious reasons, but we have good reason to know that the Masonic history of Mr. Burt will be made plain to all who wish to know it, and that, too, from official documents over the seal of the Grand Lodge of New Jersey. Previous engagements have been of such a nature as to prevent us from taking an active part in the affairs of the rite, and for the same reason we have been compelled to dissolve our connection with it. You may depend, however, that whatever of legality there is in the organization resides in the Sovereign Sanctuary, of which H. J. Seymour is the head. J. W. S.

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW YORK CITY.

Bro. James R. Ovington wishes us to announce that he "has withdrawn from all interest in the *Era* in every sense."

∴

Rev. Dr. and Bro. Deems repeats his lecture on "Culture against Nature," at University Chapel, Washington Square, Nov. 21st, at 8 o'clock. Tickets 50 cents.

∴

Official Visitation.—The Deputy Grand High Priest of New York will officially visit the following Chapters in this City at the time indicated below, and cordially invites the several High Priests and Past High Priests to accompany him in any or all of the visits:

Zerubbabel, Nov. 19; Zetland, Nov. 21; Empire, Nov. 25; Washington, Nov. 27; Ancient, Dec. 5; Adelphic, Dec. 11; Lafayette, Dec. 14; Amity, Dec. 17; Jerusalem, Dec. 20; Copestone, Dec. 23; Metropolitan, Jan. 3; Corinthian, Jan. 9; Union, Jan. 11; Phenix, Jan. 14; Sylvan, Jan. 27.

∴

Central Hall.—We call attention to the card of Bro. George Kuster, to be found in our advertising columns. Parties requiring a neat and commodious room, furnished with every possible convenience for social entertainments, will do well to give him a call. The room is so situated as not to be affected by the noise and confusion of the street, and is particularly suitable for Lodge festivals. Give George a call.

∴

Knights Templar should attend the Drill Convention at Odd Fellows' Hall this week, under Sir J. B. Chaffee. A good brushing up will put us in trim for the winter's work.

∴

Neptune Lodge.—Our regrets in not having been able to have been present at their Annual Invitation Soiree. We learn that there was a large and delightful assemblage of ladies and gentlemen.

BROOKLYN.

Royal Arch Work.—Jackson H. Chase, Grand Lecturer of the Grand Chapter, has been engaged during the past week in giving instructions in the City of Brooklyn, and has met with a warm reception and marked success.

∴

A. and A. Rite.—The several bodies of this rite are in a flourishing condition, and moving forward as fast as prudence will warrant. Aurora Grata Consistory, at their late rendezvous adopted a complete code of regulations, in accordance with the amended Constitution of the Supreme Council. Under the new rule, the fees are placed at a high figure, so that they will not be obliged to depend on a constant succession of candidates to meet current expenses. They have a complete outfit of paraphernalia, and are now about to raise money for the purpose of fitting up a hall suitable for their purpose, and properly arranged for their work. The subordinate bodies are also in a most satisfactory condition.

∴

A Fair.—There is considerable talk of getting up a Fair in aid of the fund for building a Masonic Hall in Brooklyn. If sufficient vim is put into the management, we should think, judging from past experience, that it might be made successful, although it must be confessed that appearances are decidedly against it. In the first place, the prevailing dullness in trade indisposes people to spend money when that process can be avoided, and doubtless a very depressing effect would thus be produced. In the second place, appeal is now being made to raise money for the Masonic Board of Relief, by the concert to be given by Stella Lodge on the 29th inst.; and again, the Promenade on the 27th December. These two events will be the prominent topics to the end of the present year. It is possible, however, that it may be rendered sufficiently attractive to draw out a large measure of public patronage and prove a success, and the brethren ought to be sure of pretty general co-operation before they commit themselves to the undertaking.

PENNSYLVANIA.

Grand Commandery.—At the late special meeting, the act of R. E. Sir J. L. Hutchinson, of dividing the jurisdiction of twenty-eight Commanderies into eight different divisions, with as many district Commanderies, was approved. The committee on Templar work made the following report, which will certainly prove of interest to Knights Templars:

Immemorial Encampments.—Your committee believe that the order of Knights Templar was instituted in the year 1118, for the defense of the Holy Sepulchre and the protection of Christian Pilgrims; that from that period to the present time it presents an unbroken history, showing upon its every page the solemn and avowed determination of the Sir Knights in every country to maintain the honor of religion and the principles of Knighthood, for chivalry was ever considered not only as a sacred ordinance, but a sacerdotal engagement; and a violation of any of the solemn vows of the fraternity was the highest reproach, and the offender received condign punishment. Hence the ceremonies of the reception of a candidate through the instrumentality of a well prepared *Ritual* was of the most impressive character. The Prelate administered the vow, and the Grand Master during the investiture deducing religious and moral truths from the Knightly arms, Cross, Mantle, &c., &c.

The Ritual has been transmitted through the secret archives of the Order, by the instrumentality of the IMMEMORIAL ENCAMPMENTS. These Encampments consisted of the Baldwyn Encampment at Bristol, the Antiquity Encampment at Bath, the Observance Encampment at London, the Ancient York Conclave of Redemption at Hull, and the Mount Calvary or Early Grand Encampment at London. These Encampments are styled IMMEMORIAL, having existed prior to the formation of the Grand Conclave of England and Wales.

* * * * * * *

Your Committee would call your attention to the fact, that at the triennial meeting of the Grand Encampment of the United States, in 1856, a Committee, consisting of Sir Gourdin of South Carolina, Sir Tucker of Vermont, and Sir Tracy of Georgia, learned and distinguished Sir Knights, were appointed to report on the feasibility of producing an accurate history of the order of Knights Templar. In the circular they issued they state that the English Templars may be divided into three classes:

1. The Knights of Baldwyn, who assert that their Encampment at Bristol was established about the time of the return of Richard I., from the Holy Land, and that it has been in operation ever since.
2. The Templars who owe allegiance to the Grand Conclave of England. This Grand Conclave claims to be the legitimate head of the Order in England, Wales and Canada.
3. The Templars of the United States.

These derive their origin from the three original Encampments at Bristol, Bath and York, and are styled Immemorial Encampments.

In connection with this interesting subject of the antiquity of Knighthood and the source from which we derive our origin, it should be observed, that the Knights of the Ancient York Conclave of Redemption, held from time immemorial in the city of York, upon uniting with the Grand Conclave of England, in May 1864, said, we are descended from the Knights of olden time, and shall endeavor to imitate those virtues of order and discipline by which they were characterized. The vows which each and every Templar was required to subscribe to were in these words: Do you promise to maintain and cause to be maintained the Ancient Laws, Rules and Ceremonies handed down to us by our sainted predecessors with Fidelity, Piety and Zeal.

(To be continued.)

CALIFORNIA.

SACRAMENTO, *October* 26, 1867.

DEAR DOCTOR: The brethren in this city are numerous, zealous, and very conservative. There are five Lodges, one Chapter, one Council, one Commandery, and a branch of the A. A. Rite, all in a flourishing and prosperous condition.

A splendid building, erected at a cost of $30,000, belongs to the Craft. The upper floor, consisting of two halls with ante-rooms, and a banqueting hall, are used by the various bodies; they are elegantly furnished in every respect. The various positions of the officers are festooned with the appropriate colors. The banqueting hall is adorned with engravings, and an original letter of Bro. George Washington, which is the special property of Washington Lodge. It is the custom here to spread a cold collation, with fruit and wine, whenever the third degree is conferred; this always secures a good attendance, and produces a sociable feeling.

A Board of Relief is established, similar to that in San Francisco. The fraternity have a Cemetery of their own, laid out in the shape of a Lodge-room; a certain portion is surrounded by a brick wall, and is appropriated for the poorer brethren and strangers; the interior is laid out in purchased and purchasable lots. The present D. G. M., several P. G. M's, and the Grand Chaplain, Rev. Wm. H. Hill, reside here. Also Bro. Isaac Davis, P. G. Lecturer, who is considered the pioneer of Masonry in this State, and one of its brightest members. *His* work used to be the standard work, and is still clung to by some Lodges. Bro. Hill is the pastor of the Episcopal Church here, and President of the Board of Education.

The passing or sending up of the * * *, during which the brethren are called up standing, is *not exclusively* practiced in Ohio; it is the practice in San Francisco on opening and closing, and here occasionally at closing. It was also done at the closing of the Grand Lodge. A peculiarity in the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of Rhode Island, which occasioned considerable discussion at the meeting of the Grand Lodge of this State lately, is worth noticing, viz.: Lodges in the former jurisdiction will not grant a dimit until a brother has affiliated, while Lodges here will not permit affiliation until a brother has dimitted.

ILLINOIS.

Rock Island—mourns the loss, by death, of Bro. W. W. Harper, of the firm of Harper & Co. At his request, his father, residing in Shippensburg, Pa., reached him a few days before his death.

Bro. Harper was a prominent Mason, a member of the Presbyterian Church, and highly esteemed by all.

Bro. Harper was born Feb. 22, 1836, in Galway, Saratoga County, New York, and pursued his studies at Poughkeepsie. At the battle of Great Falls, on the Potomac, he received a wound in the arm.

The following is the last verse of a beautiful poetical tribute to our brother's memory:

> Pure heart laid low! Thou shalt not be forgotten;
> Through shifting scenes of coming years thy memory we'll cherish,
> Till death for us shall solve Life's mystic problem,
> And thought itself in Lethe's sea shall perish.

OHIO.

In the proceedings of the late meeting of the Grand Council (which for the most part have already been noticed in the columns of the NATIONAL FREEMASON), we find the following additional of interest:

[From the admirable address of Comp. Cunningham, Puissant Grand Master.]

A short time since a communication was received from Comp. J. Moody Smith, of Washington, D. C., requesting information, in behalf of the Regular Royal and Select Masters residing in the District, as to their best method of procedure for having the Council Degrees conferred in a legitimate manner by regular Councils within that jurisdiction, and informing me that the newly established Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia proposed no jurisdiction over the degrees of Royal and Select Master.

To this communication answer was returned that, upon the recognition of the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia by other Grand Chapters, their application for a dispensation for a Council at Washington, signed by a constitutional number of companions and accompanied with the regular dispensation fee, would meet with prompt response from this jurisdiction. * * * * * *

Touching the early history of Cryptic Masonry in Ohio, I have been unable to procure any points not heretofore presented, nor have I changed any opinions previously expressed.

In this connection, however, a copy of one of the three original dispensations issued by Comp. John Barker, under which this Grand Council was organized, has been furnished me, and as it is corroborative of positions taken by this Grand Body during the past three years, I reproduce it here, trusting that, as a matter of history, it may be of sufficient interest to warrant its insertion:

"DEUS MEUMQUE JUS.

"*To all to whom these presents shall come, Greeting:*

"Know ye that, by the high powers in me vested by the Grand Constitutions of the Supreme Council of the Thirty-third Degree,

"I do hereby authorize the following illustrious companions, viz.: A. P. Pritchard, Sylvester Spelman, G. P. Bancroft, Lucius D. Mower, Spencer Wright, L. S. Thrall, Leonidas Humphrey, Sylvester Hays, R. Marsh, R. Granger and L. N. Cook, to form themselves into a just and legal Council of Royal and Select Masters, by the name of Adoniram Council, No. 3, to be held at Granville, in the State of Ohio. And I do hereby confirm and sanction their choice and appointment of illustrious companion A. P. Pritchard to be First Thrice Illustrious Grand Master; illustrious companion S. Spelman to be First Deputy Illustrious Grand Master, and illustrious companion G. P. Bancroft to be the Principal Conductor of the work. And I do hereby empower the above-named illustrious companions and their successors, with their constitutional number, to assemble and open a legal Council, to confer the degrees of Royal and Select Master, to admit members, and to do all other business appertaining to said degrees, conforming in all their doings to the By-Laws of their Council and the Rules and Regulations of Select Masters, for which purposes this shall be their warrant.

"Given under my hand and seal, at Granville, in the State of Ohio, this first day of January, A. D. 1828, and in the year of Deposit, 2828. (Signed),

"JOHN BARKER,

"*K. H. S. P. R. S., Sov. Gr. Inspector General 33d, and Agent for the Supreme Council of the United States of America.*

.·.

The following resolutions were adopted at the late meeting of the Grand Chapter:

"*Resolved,* That this Grand Chapter endorses the positions taken by the M. E. Grand High Priest in his address, and the Committee on Foreign Communications, in their report in relation to the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia.

"*Resolved,* That the Grand Chapter, being thoroughly convinced of the legality of the organization of the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia, does now recognize it as a legal Grand Chapter, and extend to it the hand of brotherly love and friendly greeting.

"*Resolved,* That the Grand Secretary be, and he is hereby instructed, to forward a copy of these resolutions to the Grand Secretary of the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia.

GRAND CHAPTER OF MARYLAND AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

The Annual Convocation of this Grand Body took place on the 11th inst., at Baltimore. The attendance was quite large. Potomac Chapter (of Georgetown, D.C.) was represented by her delegates, who on paying dues participated in the proceedings.

Companion Yates, Past Grand High Priest, offered the following resolution, which was adopted:

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Grand Chapter that the proceedings of the two Special Convocations of March and May last, so far as they relate to a division of this jurisdiction, were irregular and illegal, and that this Grand Chapter still retains the name and character of the "Grand Chapter of Maryland and the District of Columbia."

The vote on adoption was nearly unanimous, being only four in the negative.

After which M. E. James G. Smith, G. H. P., and Grand Secretary Wm. M. Smith, reluctantly resumed their stations.

The following resolution was also unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That this Grand Chapter fully endorses the action of M. E. John L. Lewis, P. G. H. P., in declaring the so called Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia to be an irregular and clandestine body, and that it has no legal or valid existence, and all Masonic intercourse with it or its members is hereby strictly forbidden by this Grand Chapter.

The following resolution was also unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the Charters of Chapters Nos. 11, 15, 16 and 20 (in the District), or duplicates thereof, be restored to such sufficient number of members of said Chapters as may apply to the M. E. Grand High Priest, and satisfy him of their good standing.

The following officers were elected:

M. E. John L. Yates, G. H. P.; Comp. Charles H. Ohr, D. G. H. P.; Comp. George H. Hanson, G. K.; Comp. E. B. Barrett, G. S.; Comp. Fred. Frickey, Jr., G. T.; Comp. Wm. A. Went, G. S.; Comp. Rev. J. N. McGilton, G. C.; Comp. John Hanna, G. C. H.

The resolution of M. E. Comp. Yates was fully discussed by the oldest and best informed members of the Grand Chapter, who concurred in the opinion that a separation of the jurisdiction involved a change in the Constitution of the Grand Chapter, and this change could only be effected in the legal way prescribed by that instrument, viz., a notice of the change in writing at a regular convocation, which must lay over till the next regular convocation, and then it requires a two-thirds vote of the body to adopt it. ALPHA.

MARYLAND.

Grand Chapter.—[The following authentic copy was received after the above had been put in type.]

At the late session, Comp. John L. Yates offered the following:

Whereas, On the 16th of May last, this Grand Chapter, under a misapprehension of the authority received in a certain telegram from the M. E. G. G. High Priest, passed a resolution declaring a division of the jurisdiction to be complete; and

Whereas, The M. E. G. G. High Priest has since issued his edict declaring the formation of the so-called Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia to be irregular and to have no valid legal existence; and

Whereas, No division of the jurisdiction could legally be effected without amendments to the Constitution, a proposition for which must be made at one stated convocation and lie over until the next stated convocation before action thereon; therefore,

Resolved, That it is the sense of this Grand Chapter that the proceedings of the two special convocations in March and May last, so far as they relate to a division of the jurisdiction, were irregular and illegal, and that this Grand Chapter still retain the name and character of the Grand Chapter of Maryland and District of Columbia.

Adopted, on a vote by Chapters, by 18 ayes to 4 nays.

Comp. C. H. Ohr then offered the following:

Resolved, That the action of the M. E. G. H. Priest, in suspending the Charters of Chapters Nos. 15, 16 and 20 (of the District), be and is hereby approved, and their suspension is hereby continued.

Resolved, That the Charters of Chapters Nos. 15, 16 and 20, or duplicates thereof, be restored to such sufficient number of the members of said Chapters as may apply to the M. E. G. H. Priest and satisfy him of their good standing.

Adopted unanimously.

The following was also adopted unanimously:

Resolved, That this Grand Chapter fully endorses the action of the M. E. G. G. H. Priest, in declaring the so-called Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia to be irregular and clandestine, and that it has no valid legal existence; and all Masonic intercourse with it or its members is hereby strictly forbidden by this Grand Chapter.

KENTUCKY.

Grand Chapter.—At its late meeting the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

"*Whereas*, Since the last Communication of this Grand Chapter, the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia has been formed and duly established by our distinguished and most excellent companion, Albert G. Mackey, in strict accordance with the laws and usages of our Order. Therefore, be it

"*Resolved*, That the Grand Chapter of Kentucky tender its congratulations to the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia, and hereby accepts said Grand Chapter as an important acquisition to Capitular Masonry in this country.

"*Resolved*, That the Grand Secretary communicate the foregoing under the seal of this Grand Chapter to the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia."

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Extract from the report of the Committee on Foreign Communications, referred to in the above resolutions from the Grand Chapter of Ohio:

We have taken occasion properly to express our views in regard to this assumption of authority by the General Grand High Priest, and this invasion of the prerogatives of a Grand Chapter. It is a matter in which every Grand Chapter in the United States is interested; as, if this were permitted, we would, ere long, find the General Grand Chapter, through its officers, endeavoring to override and control every act which they see proper to perform. We trust that the Grand Chapter of Ohio may speak emphatically on this subject. Believing, as we do, that the formation of this Grand Chapter was eminently wise and proper, and that it will tend to the prosperity of Capitular Masonry, we recommend that the Grand Chapter of Ohio greet them with true Masonic cheer, and receive them with a hearty Royal Arch welcome into the family of Grand Chapters.

ARKANSAS.

Annual Address of M.·. W.·. E. H. English, Grand Master of Masons of Arkansas, delivered before the Grand Lodge, on Monday night, October 4th, 1867:

Brethren of the Grand Lodge:

It is written in the Book of the Law:

And God said let there be LIGHT, *and there was* LIGHT.

The Sun, the source of natural light, is a Masonic symbol, and, doubtless, was adopted as such at a very early age of the world, when men first began to be Masons. In comparison with other Masonic lights, it is termed one of the *lesser lights*, and the young apprentice, when he is first permitted to obtain glimpses of our sublime mysteries, is told in relation to this great symbol, simply, that, in its regular ruling of the day, it furnishes an example to the Worshipful Master in the government of his Lodge. But the progress of the novitiate, like that of the child in the schools, is by steps and grades. He is advanced into the profounder mysteries by degrees, and the further he advances, the more wonderful they become. Labor, however, diligently as he may, during all the brief years allotted to him here, and he has but sounded near the shore, while the deep, wide ocean of mysteries lies unexplored before him, for the employment of that unending life which is to come!

Since we last assembled here, my brethren, our busy little globe has made its annual flight around the Sun, whirling daily on its axis, and turning first the one hemisphere, and then the other, to the source of *heat* and *light*, that man, and beast, and herb, and tree might live.

Whatever of truth there may be in the geological speculations in relation to the condition of the earth during the primeval periods of its formation, it is doubtless philosophically true that a state of *coldness* is its normal (isolated) condition. Hence, in the polar regions, where Night holds her dark dominion half the year, and when the sun appears its rays are too feeble to produce germination, there is a dreary, lifeless world of ice, piled up in cold mountains, void of tree, or shrub, or flower, or fruit. So that if the sun were blotted from the heavens by the Almighty hand that placed it there, the earth would instantly become a frozen mass, and the dominion of Death would be universal.

It is equally true that the earth has no *light* within itself. That a state of utter *darkness* is its normal condition. Hence it was enveloped in rayless night, until God said, *let there be light.* and hung the Sun in the heavens!

It is not wonderful, therefore, that during the darker ages a large portion of the human family worshiped the Sun. But in no age, however remote or benighted, have *Masons* bowed the knee, or offered adorations to the Sun. To them it was, as it is to us, but the great symbol of the *ever-living* God, whose power and wisdom fashioned the universe. For David, faithfully adhering to the traditions of the Masonic patriarchs, instructed his son Solomon, our ancient Grand Master, and also wrote in the Book of the Law: *The heavens declare the glory of God, and the firmament showeth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night showeth knowledge!*

Or, as Addison has it:

> "The spang'ed heavens (a shining frame)
> Their GREAT ORIGINAL proclaim.
> The unwearied SUN from day to day
> Doth his Creator's power display,
> And publishes to every land
> The work of an Almighty hand.

There was a period far back in the dim, dark ages, when the masses of people, who assembled in the grand old temples on the Nile, worshiped the *Bull;* but the *priests*, who were initiated into the mysteries, understood very well that the Bull was a mere brute, with none of the attributes of a god; and they regarded him merely as an apt *symbol* of germination and procreation; because the Sun, in the spring time, the season of generation, when all organic life is springing, was in *Taurus*, the constellation resembling the Bull. *Aaron*, who was not a Mason, made a golden *calf* for the murmuring sons of Israel, then recently from the temples of the Nile, to worship. But *Moses*, who had seen the *symbol* of the true light in the burning bush, at the foot of Horeb, and in whose ear God had uttered his most sacred NAME, destroyed the miserable idol, and punished the idolatry.

In the natural world, there seems to be a struggle between darkness and light, and the day and the night alternate for about equal periods in their triumphs. So in the moral world, there has been, from the very beginning of time, an unceasing contest between darkness and light, and the fortunes of the prolonged battle have fluctuated, but usually darkness has triumphed. She has, time and again, waved her dark banner of victory over the field of strife; but Light has as often rallied her vanquished but unconquered forces, and renewed the contest.

Darkness is an emblem of ignorance, superstition, barbarity, fanaticism, intolerance, vice, and crime.

(To be continued.)

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Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

TURKEY.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 10, 1867.

Dr. R. McMurdy:

DEAR SIR AND BROTHER:—I have been for some months absent from this city on a visit to the baths of Germany, in the hope of there improving my wife's health, and this will account for my not having written you. I am happy to be able to add that our journey has not been an useless one, for the baths have quite restored her health.

Mineral waters and baths seem to be a "special gift of Providence," inasmuch as art or science has nothing to do with the benefits derived from them. In many parts of the world are to be found "holy fountains"—*holy* from this peculiar reason, and the cures which they effect are consequently considered superhuman or miraculous. Such a belief exists, I believe, in Wales; and throughout the "Orient," *Ayasmas*, or "Holy Fountains," have been quite a matter of faith or dogma, especially in the Greek Church. There is one near the walls of Constantinople, called *Baluklee*, and known as the "Orthodox Holy Well," in the efficacy of which there is scarcely a Greek who does not believe implicitly. Indeed, his Church would regard him as a disbeliever, a heretic or apostate, or, what is quite as bad, a Protestant, if he ventured to express a doubt upon the subject.

I presume that an origin can be found for this belief in the Holy Scriptures. The "Pools of Siloam and Bethsaida" were doubtlessly revered by the Jews and others for their healing character, and if the mystery was not attributed to its proximity to the temple of Solomon or other holy places, it must have been found in some other religious cause, perhaps to the especial favor of the Divinity. Modern science, especially chemistry, goes far towards freeing the mind of man from such errors of a past period; and by an analysis of the waters clearly shows that their healing qualities, though certainly, like all others, "Divine Providence" need not be ascribed to any peculiar, and therefore mysterious, interposition of God. Like many others of the gifts of Providence, this one, I fear, is in some places greatly abused, and invalids visit such "Healing Springs" and their vicinity for widely other purposes than those of seeking health and mental vigor. With them are now connected race courses, gambling houses, balls, &c., all of which withdraw the invalid from the true object of his visit, and he consequently departs without any happy result, and a disbeliever in what might otherwise have been a matter of fact. But such is now the "fashion," and the many Pools of Siloam and Bethsaida all over the world are not what they once were in the days of the Saviour of mankind.

The springs and baths we visited were at Gleichenberg, in Styria, between Gratz and Trieste. There the "medical faculty" ruled with wise and gentle sway. No gambling, spirits, and balls are permitted, and the result is that invalids go away from them improved in health, and with no regrets for fortunes cast away at the faro table.

I have but little news to give you on the subject of Freemasonry. During the Sultan's visit to England and that of the Viceroy of Egypt, the M. W. G. M. of England appointed H. H. Tuad Pacha, now minister of foreign affairs of Turkey, District Grand Master for Turkey, and H. H. Halim Pacha, uncle of the Viceroy, the same for Egypt. I am not yet able to say positively whether the former has found it possible to accept of the office. His many occupations, and the prejudice which, I regret to add, still exists in the minds of many of his countrymen against the Masonic order, may cause him to decline it.

My own name was before the M. W. G. M. of England (the Earl of Zetland) for the position bestowed upon H. H. Suad Pacha, but he did not think "an American gentleman could be properly named District Grand Master under the Constitution of the Grand Lodge of England." Perhaps he supposed I was only an American Mason, whilst I am also an English Mason, and an English Past Master. However, be it as it may, I shall sincerely rejoice if H. H. Fuad Pacha will accept of it, for it will be far more beneficial to the Craft in Turkey than my appointment could possibly be. H. H. became a Mason in England several years ago, but has never been connected with any Lodge here, although a P. M. of the "Bulwer Lodge" of this place, and as member of it, I am at present the Third Companion of a Scotch Chapter.

I shall write you soon again, and in the meantime remain, dear sir and brother,

Fraternally yours, J. P. B.

ENGLAND.

Grand Masonic Banquet at Gravesend to the Brethren on Board the American Ships of War recently in the Thames.

Prefatory to the following from our British cotemporary, we remark that the names of the American brethren will be found in the NATIONAL FREEMASON, No. 20. The Rev. Bro. has been known to us for many years as an estimable man, clergyman and brother.

On Friday evening, the 4th ult., the officers of the *Franklin*, the flag-ship of Admiral Farragut of the American navy, and of the *Frolic* gunboat, lying off the town, were invited by the members of the Gravesend Lodges 77 and 483 to attend a Lodge of Emergency and banquet. The Lodge was opened at the Clarendon Hotel, at 5 o'clock, Bro. T. Nettleingham, P. Prov. S. G. W. of Kent, occupying the Chair. For the entertainment of the American brethren, the five sections of the second degree were admirably worked, under the superintendence of Bro. Nettleingham, by Bros. Hollingum, Harvey, Sheen, Relph and Hilder (P. Prov. S. G. W. of Kent). Several of the American brethren having been present at an ordinary meeting of the Lodge of Freedom a few evenings before, when the usual ceremonies in connection with the initiation and further progress of candidates for Masonic honors had been performed, much to their gratification—drawing from them, as they informed us, expressions of the profoundest respect and esteem for English workers and the system of working followed—the Gravesend brethren thought that the working of the five sections of the second degree by expert brethren would prove of greater interest to their guests, and otherwise be more convenient and suitable to the occasion. We must do the brethren who took part in those lectures the justice to state that they never were better, more accurately, or effectively given by the best of our Masonic preceptors in the best Lodge of Instruction, and our American friends were highly gratified.

The proceedings within the Lodge-room of the Clarendon Hotel having been concluded about 6.45 P. M., the brethren were invited to adjourn to the New Falcon Hotel close by, in consequence of Bro. Chaplin, of the Clarendon, not having another room at disposal large enough to accommodate the members and their guests.

The banquet was held at the New Falcon Hotel. The Chair was taken at seven o'clock by R. W. Bro. W. F. Dobson, D. Prov. G. M. of Kent. At the upper table were ten of the American officers, Captain Drake, R. E., Captain Whitlock, Lieutenant Nicholson, and other officers of the garrison; Bros. Wm. Smith. C. E., Past Grand Steward; Southgate, P. Prov. S. G. W.; Hilder, P. Prov. J. G. W.; T. Nettleingham, P. Prov. J. G. W.; M. A. Troughton, Prov. J. G. W.; J. Johnson, P. Prov. Assist. G. S.; F. B. Nettleingham, P. Prov. Assist. G. S.; W. Hills, P. Prov. J. G. D.; Hart, P. Prov. S. G. D.; G. Wood, Sheen, S. W.; Bennett, J. W.; Hollingham, J. D.; Taylor. I. G.; Brandt, Pottinger, Moffat, Russell, Limbert, Solomon, &c. The attendance of members of the Lodges to honor their visitors was great, upwards of eighty being present.

The Lodge of Freedom (No. 77) and the Lodge of Sympathy (No. 483) have combined together on other occasions than the one we now record, for the advancement of Masonry and for the honor and advantages of their own members. They appear to unite for all good purposes, and are, therefore, able to exercise a due share of influence in the province of Kent. Their hospitality is extensively known, and their support of the great Masonic Charities is progressive; and we are assured it will be second to none during the coming season of Masonic charitable festivals.

After the cloth was removed, the Chairman gave the toast of "The Queen and the Craft," followed by "The Health of the President of the United States." In proposing this toast, the Chairman said it was fortunate for that country that, after the diabolical assassination of the late President, the mantle of office had fallen upon one so capable of wearing it. The President was displaying all the best qualities of an enlightened statesman, and the magnanimity of a hero by holding out the hand of pardon to his vanquished opponents, and seeking to restore them to the full privileges of citizens of the great American republic. This toast was drank with full Masonic honors, the President being a member of the Craft, and was responded to by one of the American officers, who said that the Chairman had partly taken the wind out of his sails, for he had intended to propose the health of the Queen, and success to the Masonic body of England, but that he would now give as a sentiment "The two nations of Great Britain and America, and may the same amity continue between the two countries as now exist between all present." The next toasts were, "The Grand Master of England, the Earl of Zetland," "The Deputy Grand Master of England, Earl de Grey and Ripon," and "The Grand Officers, present and past," responded to by Bro. Wm. Smith, P. G. Steward, who highly complimented the members of the Lodge for the very admirable manner in which their work was invariably performed in the Lodge, and more particularly for the really perfect delivery of the whole of the questions in, and answers to the five sections in the second degree; and "The Provincial Grand Master, Bro. Viscount Holmesdale, M. P." In proposing the toast of "Our American Visitors," the Chairman said that all present, and, indeed, all intelligent Englishmen, fully endorsed the sentiment proposed that evening by the officer of the American navy, and that whoever endeavored to sow dissension between the two countries was no friend to either. The true policy of both was to develop commerce, and though some turbulent scoundrels with nothing to lose might display the basest passions of rapine, plunder and even murder, in both countries, it would be found that the true feeling of all well-wishers of their countries was that amity should continue to exist between the two nations, whose forefathers and whose language were the same; and who, if united, might and would control all the nations of the world. The Chairman concluded a most impressive speech, which was greatly applauded, by tendering on behalf of the Masonic body, one of whose guiding principles was peace and goodwill to all, a hearty welcome to the American officers present, not only individually, but as representatives of the American navy and nation.

The toast, having been received with full Masonic honors, was responded to by Bro. Moore, the Chief Engineer in the American fleet, in a short, terse speech, in which he fully reciprocated the sentiments of the Chairman.

The next toast was, "The Navies and Armies of the United States and Great Britain," which was responded to by Captain Drake, R. E., and by the Captain-General of the American navy, who said that in all the parts of England which the fleet had visited they had met with truly Masonic receptions.

The next toast, proposed by Bro. Hilder, the senior member of the Lodge, was. "The health of the Chairman," which was most enthusiastically received, and replied to by him in his usual felicitous manner.

Many other toasts followed, and altogether a most pleasant evening was spent. The American officers expressed themselves extremely gratified by the kind feeling displayed to them by their Masonic brethren, and hoped to be able to reciprocate this international demonstration of courtesy and hospitality.

In conclusion, we are sorry to add that, notwithstanding our best endeavors have been exercised for that purpose, we have hitherto failed to obtain accurate particulars of the names and the professional and Masonic rank of the American brethren who were present on this occasion. We regret this, because such an event, so full of interest, not only to those who took part therein, but to the Craft in general, should be put upon record in a complete a state as possible. We may add this much. that we were informed there were ten American brethren present, but we learned the names of Bros. Moore, Cooke and Stivers only; the others were not mentioned, so far as we know, and they have certainly not been furnished to us; neither do we know the Masonic rank of any one of them, and as to professional rank, they might very well, so far as we knew (or know) be all Admirals, for a more gentlemanly body of officers and gentlemen we never had the gratification to meet; and Bro. Chief Engineer Moore—we would add that (apart from Freemasonry), he would do honor to his profession as a Naval Engineer in the navy of this or any other country as a thoroughly educated and highly trained technical officer.

As to the manner in which the entertainments, Masonic and festive, were arranged and conducted, nothing could be more admirable, reflecting great credit upon the officers of Lodges Nos. 77 (Lodge of Freedom) and 438; and of Bro. Charles Lockey, the proprietor of the New Falcon Hotel, it is but fair to state that he is deserving of every praise, not only for the prime excellence and abundance of everything provided at the banquet, but also for rapid and orderly service, and the admirable attendance afforded, both during and after the dinner. Indeed, the Gravesend brethren may well be proud of the great success attained by them on the occasion, while the visitors have every reason to feel highly gratified with the warm, cordial, and fraternal reception, and the princely entertainment.

BOOK NOTICES.

MACKEY'S MASONIC RITUALIST; or, Monitorial Instruction in the Degrees from Entered Apprentice to Select Master; by A. G. MACKEY, M.D., Past General Grand High Priest of the Gen. Grand Chapter of the United States, author of "A Lexicon of Freemasonry," "Manual of the Lodge," "The Book of the Chapter," "Cryptic Masonry," etc. New York: Clark & Maynard, Publishers. 1867.

This work of Bro. Mackey is composed of the "Manual of the Lodge" and the "Book of the Chapter," and a similar Manual of the Degrees of the Council. As the larger works of Bro. Mackey suit better the study, so this work, embracing the same matter, is adapted to be a convenient pocket companion.

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ILLUSTRATED ANNUAL OF PHRENOLOGY AND PHYSIOGNOMY FOR 1868, is now ready. Among its articles are Marriage of Cousins, and matters of interest to our Phrenological friends.

MARRIED,

In Calvary Church, Stonington, Conn., by Rev. John C. Middleton, Chaplain of Asylum Lodge, No. 57, F. & A. M., Dr. GEO. D. STANTON, W. M. of same Lodge, to Miss M. LOUISE PENDLETON, both of Stonington. Without Cards.

The brethren of Stonington generally were present to see their Master cut loose from the bands of batchelordom.

CORINTHIAN CHAPTER, No. 159, meets at Odd Fellow's Hall, on the 2d and 4th Thursdays.

METROPOLITAN CHAPTER, No. 140, meets on the 1st and 3d Fridays, at Masonic Hall, 114 and 116 East 13th Street.

PURITAN LODGE, No. 339, meets at No. 8 Union Square, on the 1st and 3d Wednesdays.

It was a Saying

of Paley, a most distinguished writer, that he who is not a fool *half* of the time is a fool *all* the time. This *may* or *may not* be true. We do know, however, that many persons are foolish who are suffering from dyspepsia and its kindred evils, who do not try

S. T.——1860——X
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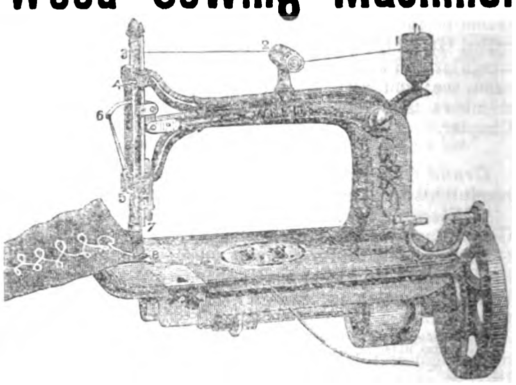

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Refers, by permission, to Chief-Justice CHASE, Hon. ROBERT J WALKER, B. F. PIXLEY. Dr. W. C. HUNT. Mr. KIDDER, Cash. S. Savings Inst., Hon. I. N. ARNOLD, and others.

WILLARDS' HOTEL, WASHINGTON, D. C., SYKES, CHADWICK & Co., near the Presidential Mansion, Treasury, War, Navy, State, Paymaster Gen'l, and Surgeon General's Depart's.

500 MILES OF THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD,

Running West from Omaha across the Continent, are now Completed.

THE UNION PACIFIC RAILROAD COMPANY have built a longer line of railroad in the last eighteen months than was ever built by any other company in the same time, and they will continue the work with the same energy until it is completed. The Western Division is being pushed rapidly eastward from Sacramento by the Central Pacific Company of California, and it is expected that *THE ENTIRE GRAND LINE* to the Pacific will be open for business in 1870. MORE THAN ONE THIRD OF THE WORK HAS ALREADY BEEN DONE. MORE THAN ONE-THIRD OF THE WHOLE LINE IS NOW IN RUNNING ORDER, AND MORE LABORERS ARE NOW EMPLOYED UPON IT THAN EVER BEFORE. More than

$40,000,000 in Money

have already been expended by the two powerful companies that have undertaken the enterprise, and there is no lack of funds for its most vigorous prosecution. The available means of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, derived from the Government and its own stockholders, may be briefly summed up as follows:

1.—United States Bonds,

having thirty years to run, and bearing 6 per cent. currency interest at the rate of $16,000 per mile for 517 miles on the Plains; then at the rate of $48,000 per mile for 150 miles through the Rocky Mountains; then at the rate of $32,000 per mile for the remaining distance, for which the United States takes a *second lien* as security.

2.—First Mortgage Bonds.

By its charter the Company is permitted to issue its own First Mortgage Bonds to the same amount as the Bonds issued by the Government, and *no more, and only as the road progresses.*

3.—The Land Grant.

The Union Pacific Railroad Company has a land grant or *absolute donation* from the Government, of 12,800 acres to the mile, which will not be worth less than $1.50 per acre at the lowest valuation.

4.—The Capital Stock.

The authorized capital of the Union Pacific Railroad Company is $100,000,000, of which over $5,000,000 have been paid on the work already done.

The Means Sufficient to Build the Road.

Contracts for the entire work of building and equipping 914 miles of first-class railroad west from Omaha, comprising much of the most difficult mountain work, and embracing every expense except surveying, have been made at the average rate of sixty-eight thousand and fifty-eight dollars ($68,058) per mile. Allowing the cost of the remaining one hundred and eighty-six of the eleven hundred miles assumed to be built by the Pacific Company to be 90,000 per mile, the total cost of eleven hundred miles will be as follows:

914 miles, at $68,058	$62,205,012
186 miles, at $90,000	16,740,000
Add discounts on bonds, surveys, &c.	4,500,000
Amount	$83,445,012

As the U. S. Bonds are equal to money, and the Company's own First Mortgage Bonds have a ready market, we have as the available cash resources for building eleven hundred miles:

U. S. Bonds	$29,328,000
First Mortgage Bonds	29,328,000
Capital Stock paid in on the work now done	5,369,750
Land Grant, 14,080,000 acres, at $1.50 per acre	21,120,000
Total	$85,145,750

The Company have ample facilities for supplying any deficiency that may arise in means for construction. This may be done wholly or in part by additional subscriptions to capital stock.

FUTURE BUSINESS.—The most skeptical have never expressed a doubt that when the Union Pacific Railroad is once finished, the immense business that must flow over it, as the only railroad connecting the two grand divisions of the North American Continent, will be one of the wonders of railway transportation; and as it will have no competitor it can always charge remunerative rates.

EARNINGS FROM WAY BUSINESS.

During the quarter ending July 31, an average of 325 miles of the Union and Pacific Railroad was in operation. The Superintendent's Report shows the following result:

EARNINGS.	
Passengers, Freight, Telegraph and Mails	$723,755 54
Transportation of Contractors' materials and men	479,283 41
Total	$1,203,038 95
EXPENSES.	
Fuel, Repairs, Offices, Conductors, Trains, &c.	$395,530 92
NET EARNINGS to balance	807,508 03
Total	$1,203,033 95

The net operating expenses on the commercial business for the quarter were $237,966 50. The account for the COMMERCIAL BUSINESS stands as follows:

Earnings for May, June and July	$723,755 54
Expenses for " " "	237,966 50
Net profit	$485,789 04

The amount of Bonds the Company can issue on 325 miles, at $16,000 per mile, is $5,200,000. Interest in gold, three months, at 6 per cent. on this sum, is $78,000; add 40 per cent. premium, to correspond with currency earnings, is $109,200—showing that the net earnings for this quarter were *more than four times the interest* on the First Mortgage Bonds on this length of road.

First Mortgage Bonds,

whose principal is so amply provided for, and whose interest is so thoroughly secured, must be classed among the *safest* investments. They pay SIX PER CENT. IN GOLD, and are offered for the present at NINETY CENTS ON THE DOLLAR, and accrued interest at Six per cent. in Currency from July 1.

Many parties are taking advantage of the present high price of Government Stocks to exchange for these Bonds, which are over FIFTEEN PER CENT. CHEAPER, and, at the current rate of premium on gold, pay OVER NINE PER CENT. INTEREST.

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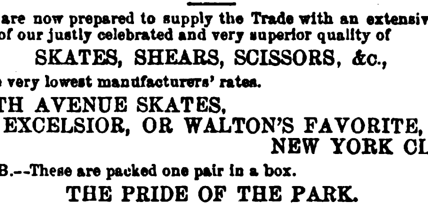

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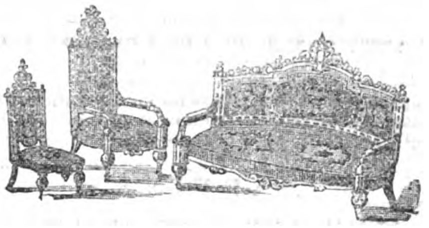

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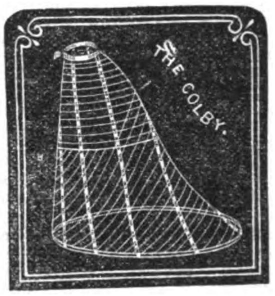

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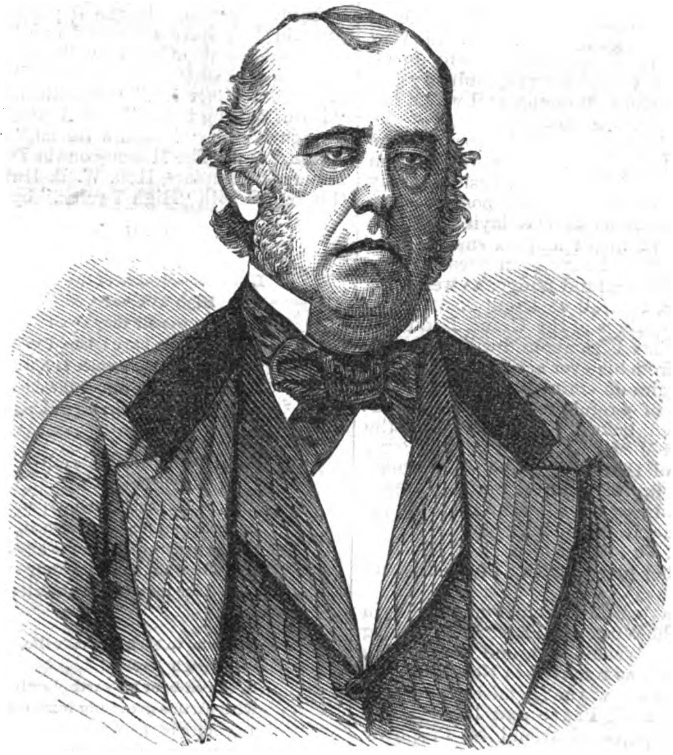

Hon. BENJAMIN BROWN FRENCH, Grand Master of D. C. and P. Grand Master Templars, United States.

Benjamin Brown French was born at Chester, in the State of New Hampshire, on the 4th day of September, 1800. His father was Hon. Daniel French, an eminent lawyer, and for several years Attorney-General of the State. His mother was Mercy French, daughter of Benjamin Brown, Esq., a merchant of Chester, and father of Rev. Francis Brown, D. D., well known as a popular President of Dartmouth College, who died while holding that office.

Mr. French was the first and only son of his mother, she dying when he was eighteen months old, at the early age of twenty-four. His education, commenced at the public schools, was completed at North Yarmouth Academy, Maine, when he was about seventeen years of age. His father and relatives caused him to be taught in the several preliminary branches of learning with a view to a collegiate education; but, at the end of his academical studies, he preferred to pursue the study of law without passing through college, and, at the age of nineteen, he entered his father's office as a student-at-law, where he studied faithfully five years, and was admitted to practice, at the Rockingham bar, in New Hampshire, in February, 1825. Early in that year he was married to Miss Elizabeth Smith Richardson, daughter of Hon. Wm M. Richardson, Chief-Justice of the Supreme Court of New Hampshire.

Mr. French commenced the practice of his profession at Hookset, in the County of Merrimack, N. H., but remained there only a short time, when he removed to Sutton, in the same county, where he settled down at housekeeping, and remained for nearly three years, when he received the appointment of Clerk of the Judicial Courts, in Sullivan County, and removed to Newport in the autumn of 1827. While at Sutton, Mr. French was elected Assistant Clerk of the New Hampshire Senate, which office he held until 1830. He was one of the proprietors and editor of the New Hampshire *Spectator* (a public newspaper still published) during most of the time while he resided in Newport, and represented that town in the Legislature of the State for the years 1831, 1832 and 1833. He was an active and prominent member of the House of Representatives.

In December, 1833, Mr. French was appointed an Assistant Clerk of the House of Representatives of the United States, by Hon. Walter S. Franklin, Clerk of the House, and went to Washington city, where he has ever since resided. After being Chief Clerk in the office of the House of Representatives for some time, he was elected Clerk of the House, in January, 1845, and re-elected at the commencement of the succeeding Congress, which office he held until December, 1847, when he was beat by a single vote, by Hon. Thomas J. Campbell, of Tennessee.

Mr. French had been elected President of the Magnetic Telegraph Company (the first Telegraph Company ever formed) in the July preceding, and devoted all his energies and attention to the interests of that company for three years, when he returned to the practice of his profession in Washington, and remained in that business until his personal friend, General Franklin Pierce, was elected President of the United States.

Soon after entering upon the duties of President, Gen. Pierce appointed Mr. French Commissioner of Public Buildings, and he entered upon the duties of the office on the 1st day of July, 1853, and held the office two years precisely, resigning the same on the 1st day of July, 1855.

He again returned to the practice of his profession, in which he continued until he was elected Clerk of the Committee of Claims of the House of Representatives, in 1859, which office he continued to hold until he was again appointed Commissioner of Public Buildings, by President Lincoln, on the 7th day of September, 1861. He performed the duties of that office faithfully and acceptably until it was abolished by Congress, on the 2d of March, 1867.

We have thus given a brief account of the prominent public positions held by Mr. French in political life, the duties of all which he always performed, as we believe, faithfully, conscientiously and acceptably.

In addition to these, he held a large number of minor offices, and was for eleven years a member of either one or the other Boards of the City Council of Washington, over both of which he presided.

His first wife, a most estimable lady, died in May, 1861. By her he had two sons, both of whom are living, and have families. He was again married, in September, 1862, to Miss Mary Ellen Brady, daughter of Peter Brady, Esq., of Washington, with whom he he still lives.

It has been our pleasure to know Mrs. French intimately, and we know nowhere a character nobler, as lady, woman, wife, friend and companion. She is perpetually bountiful to the suffering and unfortunate.

We will now proceed to give the Masonic history of our Most Worshipful brother.

Bro. French, as he himself informs us, was deeply impressed with the benefits and solemnities of Freemasonry upon attending a Masonic funeral at about the age of fifteen. He then witnessed the kind attentions of the brethren to the bereaved family, whose head was removed by death, and the solemn and imposing ceremonies with which the body was borne to and deposited in the grave. From that time onward he turned his attention particularly to the *exoteric* teachings of the Order, and determined, at the earliest possible moment after arriving at the proper age, that he would become a Freemason. There was no Lodge within twenty miles of his native town, and not until he settled at Sutton did the desired opportunity present itself.

King Solomon's Lodge, No. 14, on the registry of the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire, was located at New London, four miles from Bro. French's residence, and in the autumn of 1825, but a few weeks after he became a resident of Sutton, he made application to that Lodge for the degrees of Masonry, and during the following winter was initiated, passed and raised in that Lodge. Worshipful Bro. Moses S. Harvey, now a judge in one of the Western States, being at the time Master of that Lodge. Bro. French gave the utmost attention to the work and lectures, and in a very short time became perfectly informed in all that could be there taught.

In September, 1827, he removed to Newport, Sullivan County, N. H., when he *dimitted* from King Solomon's Lodge, and became a member of Corinthian Lodge, No. 28. In 1828 he was elected Senior Warden of that Lodge, and in 1830 Master of it. He became *ex officio* a member of the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire, the annual meetings of which, at Concord, he never failed to attend.

In 1830 he was appointed by the Grand Lodge District Deputy Grand Master, and in 1832 Grand Marshal, which office he held, as well as the Mastership of Corinthian Lodge, when he came to Washington, in Dec., 1833.

Anti-Masonry, caused by the Morgan excitement, was then sweeping over the United States, and many of the Lodges all over the Union were closed for the time being, and it is believed that after Bro. French left Newport Corinthian Lodge was never again opened.

On the arrival of Bro. French in Washington, upon inquiry, he found that Freemasonry was at a very low ebb; and, although he visited the Lodges and the Grand Lodge a few times, he did not affiliate with any one until National Lodge, No. 12, was formed, in 1846. He affiliated with that Lodge, and was elected one of its representatives in the Grand Lodge at its next meeting, in November of that year.

He attended the meeting of the Grand Lodge on the 3d day of November, 1846, and was then elected Grand Master, to which office he was annually reelected until November, 1852, when he declined a reelection.

Bro. French was made a Royal Arch Mason in Columbia Chapter, No. 15, of the City of Washington, on the 5th day of November, 1846, M. E. Companion Charles Gilman being present and aiding in the work.

In 1847 Bro. French, then being High Priest of Columbia Chapter, was elected Grand King of the Grand Chapter of Maryland and District of Columbia. In Nov., 1848, he was elected Deputy Grand High Priest, and in 1850 Grand High Priest, to which office he was annually re-elected until Nov., 1855, when he declined a re-election.

Bro. French received the Encampment Orders in De Witt Clinton Encampment, Brooklyn, New York, on the 8th day of April, 1847. There being at that time no regular Encampment working any nearer to Washington than New York, he went to New York for the express purpose of receiving those Orders.

Immediately after his return to Washington he united with other Templars, some of them being the old members of Washington Encampment, which had been dormant for a number of years, in reviving that Encampment, which was done through the M. E. Deputy G. G. Master of the G. G. Encampment of the U. S., Joseph K. Stapleton. And upon its reassembling for work Sir Knight French was unanimously elected Gr. Commander, which office he continued to hold, with the exception of a single year, for twelve years.

In Sept., 1850, Bro. French attended, for the first time, the triennial meeting of the two G. G. Bodies of the United States, at Boston, and was elected G. G. Recorder of the G. G. Encampment, and G. G. Secretary of the G. G. Chapter, which offices he held until Sept. 1859, when, at the triennial meeting of the Grand Encampment at Chicago, he was elected Grand Master of Templars of the U. S., and declined a re-election as G. G. Secretary of the G. G. Chapter.

M. E. Sir Knight French was re-elected Grand Master in 1862, so that he held the office for six years.

About the year 1851 (we have no data by which to fix the exact time), Ill. Bro. Giles Fonda Yates came to Washington with the dispensation of M. P. Sov. G. Commander, Edward A. Raymond, of the Northern Supreme Council of the A. & A. Rite of the U. S., authorizing him to confer on Bro. French all the degrees of that Rite, up to and including the 32d, which Bro. Yates did.

Ill. Bro. French was soon after elected by the Northern Council to receive the 33d degree, but a question having arisen between the Southern and Northern Councils as to jurisdiction, and it being doubtful to which jurisdiction the District of Columbia legally belonged, Bro. French declined receiving that degree until the matter should be settled.

It was finally settled and mutually agreed that Mason & Dixon's line was the true boundary which divided the jurisdiction, leaving Maryland and the District of Columbia in the Southern jurisdiction. This matter being settled, Ill. Bro. French was duly elected by the Southern Council to receive the 33d and last degree of the A. & A. Rite, as *active* Sov. G. I. Gen. for the District of Columbia; and, on the 12th day of Dec., 1859, M. P. Sov. G. Commander, Albert Pike, conferred that degree upon him in the city of Washington, and on the 21st of April, 1866, he was elected Grand Chancellor, *ad vitam*, of the Supreme Council. Brother French was again elected Grand Master of Masons of the District of Columbia on the 5th day of November, 1867, and is now the incumbent of that office.

We have thus given a running history of the life of our M. E. and Ill. Bro. Benjamin B. French. In every thing he has ever undertaken he has striven to do all that might devolve upon him with a zeal, industry and perseverance that has done him honor, and which has crowned all his efforts with success.

As Grand Master of Masons he laid the corner-stone of the Smithsonian Institution, of the Washington Monument, and the Capitol Extension, besides many other corner-stones of edifices not as imposing. The addresses delivered by him, at the laying of the corner-stones of the Monument and Extension, were impressive and eloquent, and have been preserved in the printed archives of the Grand Lodge, as well as in many other publications.

All the printed proceedings of the Grand Bodies at the head of which he has been abound with able addresses, reports, &c., from his ever active pen. He has delivered several eulogies on eminent deceased brothers, which are worthy of careful preservation, particularly the one delivered before Naval Lodge on the death of M. W. Grand Master Yelverton Peyton Page, who was a member of that Lodge, and an intimate and beloved friend of Bro. French.

He has delivered addresses at the tomb of Washington, at Portland, Maine, Richmond, Virginia, Charleston, Jefferson County, Va., Watertown, N. Y., Boston, and, it is believed, other places outside of the District of Columbia.

Bro. French was a constant contributor, both in prose and poetry, to the NATIONAL FREEMASON, as long as it was published in Washington, and has written for its columns since it was removed to New York.

Bro. French enjoyed the warm friendship and confidence of Presidents Polk, Pierce and Lincoln, and has been and is the personal friend of President Johnson.

He has been well acquainted and on terms of familiar intercourse with every President, except President Harrison, from John Quincy Adams to the present incumbent.

His acquaintance with and knowledge of eminent public men is perhaps as extensive as that of any single individual in the United States. And there is and has been, for forty years, hardly a Freemason of any standing who is not personally known to Bro. French.

He was the intimate friend and contemporary of Raymond, Tucker, Gilman, Dunlap, Haswell, Barker, Yates, Hubbard, Whiting, Quitman, Scott, and many others well known to Masonic fame who have passed away.

* * * * * *

Bro. French is of an ardent temperament and somewhat easily excited, but has the faculty of bringing his reason into play and overcoming in a moment any tendency of passion to subjugate that reason.

He is and has been liberal, almost to a fault, having given away in charity probably almost as much as he is now worth, and this tendency has caused him, as we know, to be often imposed upon. And when remonstrated with for thus suffering himself to be swindled, his reply has always been, "I had rather be cheated thus twenty times, than to have one really worthy object of my charity suffer from my refusal to aid him when in my power to do so."

Bro. F. is and always has been a working man. What he undertakes to do he does with his might. Of every office he has ever held he has performed *all the duties* that could possibly dovolve upon him, with an industry and energy unsurpassed by any one we have ever known, and we have never heard any fault found with his want of energy in the performance of any duty. He has great capacity for business, and, as a presiding officer, has ever been found equal to any labor o question that presented itself.

His heart overflows with the milk of human kindness, and we have seen it often exhibited towards his family, friends, or those in distress. His disposition is most forgiving, and toward those who have most deeply injured him we have known him to extend the hand of reconciliation and charity as freely as if nothing of the kind had taken place. He has ever lived up to that glorious maxim, "*Injuriarum remidium est oblivio.*"

Bro. French's life has been one of constant activity and much excitement; he has never suffered his energies, either of body or mind, to rest, and consequently now, in his green old age, moves, acts and thinks with an alacrity which would be creditable to a man who has not seen half his age.

If Bro. French had lived in the palmy days of British architecture, in Wren's position, his name would have been equally immortal with that of Wren's, and in the same departments of civil and Masonic life.

There are few gentlemen of his age who have preserved so well his knowledge of classical literature and his devotion to the fine arts. In the cultivation of classic English he has not perhaps his superior now living in America. In the department of poetry his contributions have enlivened our leading magazines, and his Masonic effusions will again and again be republished. Among these the best are "The Mottoes of Masonic Chivalry," "Whistle down the Brakes," "I am Willing to be Tried Again," "He Doeth All Things Well," "Masonic Burial," "The Gettysburg Hymn," and "The Monody on the Death of Past Grand Master of Templars, Hon. W. B. Hubbard." We close this sketch with "High Twelve," by Bro. French.

HIGH TWELVE.

I.

List to the strokes of the bell—
High Twelve!
Sweet on the air they swell
To those who have labored well—
And the Warden's voice is heard—
From the South comes the cheering word:
"In the quarries no longer delve."

II.

Again 'tis the Warden's call—
"High Twelve."
"Lay aside gavel, hammer, and maul,
Refreshment for Craftsmen all
By the generous Master is given,
To those who have cheerfully striven
Like men in the quarries to delve."

III.

There is, to each mortal's life,
High Twelve!
In the *midst* of his earthly strife—
With earth's groveling luxuries rife—
The voice of the Warden comes,
Like the roll of a thousand drums,
"In earth's quarries no longer delve."

IV.

List to the tones of the bell—
High Twelve—
As if from on high they fell,
Their silvery echoes swell;
And again the voice we hear,
As if from an upper sphere,
"Hence for heavenly treasures delve."

V.

There shall ring in the world of bliss
High Twelve!
When relieved from our work in this—
If we've not lived our lives amiss—
The Master shall call us there,
Our immortal crown to wear,
No more in earth's quarries to delve.

OUR WORKING TOOLS.

BY REV. MARSHALL B. SMITH, P. M., 32D, GRAND CHAPLAIN G. L. OF NEW JERSEY.

[The readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON are always glad to hear from our R. W. Brother.]

Now, in the years of manhood,
Ere we feel the chill of age,
With the coming of the sun-light
Let us grasp the craftsman's GAUGE;
Let us heed its earnest lessons
In youth and manhood's prime;
And by *work*, and *love*, and *worship*,
In faith "Redeem the time."

Let us take the mystic GAVEL,
And the holy work begin
Of divesting mind and conscience
Of each secret vice and sin;
And thus each shall be fitted
As a tried and living stone,
For that House no man hath builded,
Where Jehovah hath His throne.

Let all our words and actions
Be tested by the SQUARE,
And, walking on the LEVEL,
Each with each our blessings share.
Before God and our fellows
Let us upright be and true;
By the PLUMB each day adjusted
Our life of labor through.

And amid the stir and clamor
Of this stirring-clamorous age,
When brother strives with brother
And the storms of conflict rage—
Let us grasp the mystic TROWEL,
The Master-craftsman's tool,
And as we spread the cement,
Fulfill Love's *Golden Rule*.

Until our labor's finished
In the quarries of the soul,
We shall doff the laborer's garments
And reach the toiler's goal;
Then the craftsman's snowy apron
To each in truth shall be
The *earnest*, no less than the *symbol*,
Of lamb-like purity.

◆

BE NOT THE FIRST.

SPEAK WELL OF OUR BROTHER.

Oh! be not the first to discover
A blot on the name of a friend,
A flaw in the faith of a lover,
Whose heart may prove true to the end.

We none of us know one another,
And oft into error we fall;
Then let us speak well of each brother,
Or speak not about him at all.

A smile or a sigh may awaken
Suspicion most false and undue;
And thus our belief may be shaken
In hearts that are honest and true.

How often the light smile of gladness
Is worn by the friends that we meet,
To cover a soul full of sadness,
Too proud to acknowledge defeat.

How often the sigh of dejection
Is heaved from the hypocrite's breast,
To parody truth and affection,
Or lull a suspicion to rest.

How often the friends who held dearest
Their noblest emotions conceal;
And bosoms the purest, sincerest,
Have secrets they cannot reveal.

Leave base minds to harbor suspicion,
And small ones to trace our defects—
Let ours be a noble ambition,
For base is the mind that suspects.

We none of us know one another,
And oft into error may fall;
Then let us speak well of our brother,
Or speak not about him at all.

◆

REAPING—UP, BROTHER, AND ACT.

BY ROBERT BUCHANAN.

Up, brother, and act, while the angel of light
Melts the shadows before and behind thee!
Shake off the soft dreams that encumber thy might,
And burst the fool's fetters that bind thee!
Soars the skylark, soar thou; leaps the stream, do thou leap;
Learn from Nature the splendor of action;
Plow, harrow, and sow, or thou never shall reap;
Faithful deed brings Divine benefaction.

The red sun has rolled himself into the blue,
And lifted the mists from the mountain;
The young hares are feasting on nectar of dew,
The stag cools his lips in the fountain,
The blackbird is piping within the deep elm,
The river is sparkling and leaping,
The wild bee is fencing the sweets of his realm,
And the mighty-limbed reapers are reaping.

To Spring come the budding; to Summer the blush;
To Autumn the happy fruition;
To Winter repose, meditation, and hush;
But to man every season's condition.
He buds, blooms, and ripens, in action and rest,
As thinker, and actor, and sleeper,
Then withers and wavers, chin drooping on breast,
And is reaped by the hand of a reaper.

◆

THE INQUIRY.

BY CHARLES MACKAY.

Tell me, ye wingèd winds,
That round my pathway roar,
Do ye not know some spot
Where mortals weep no more?
Some lone and pleasant dell,
Some valley in the West,
Where, free from toil and pain,
The weary soul may rest?
The loud wind dwindled to a whisper low,
And sigh'd for pity as it answered, "No!"

Tell me, thou mighty deep,
Where billows round me play,
Know'st thou some favor'd spot,
Some island far away,
Where weary man may find
The bliss for which he sighs,
Where sorrow never lives,
Friendship never dies?
The loud waves, rolling in perpetual flow,
Stopp'd for a while, and sigh'd to answer, "No!"

And thou, serenest moon,
That with such holy face
Dost look upon the earth
Asleep in night's embrace,
Tell me, in all thy round,
Hast thou not seen some spot
Where miserable man
Might find a happier lot?
Behind a cloud the moon withdrew in woe,
And a voice sweet, but still, responded, "No!"

Tell me, my secret soul,
Oh! tell me, Hope and Faith,
Is there no resting place
From sorrow, sin, and death?
Is there no happy spot
Where mortals may be bless'd,
Where grief may find a balm,
And weariness a rest?
Faith, Hope, and Love—best boons to mortal given,
Waved their bright wings, and whisper'd, "Yes, in Heaven"!

◆

TO THE NEWLY "BROUGHT TO LIGHT."

[Another new contributor to the NATIONAL FREEMASON.]

Light, light has now its dawn,
Light that from Heaven is drawn,
Light from above.
Bright light that penetrates
Darkest of earthly gates,
See whence it emanates,
True gift of love.

Symbols of glorious three,
Faith, Hope, and Charity
Beam from above.
Three lights, triangular,
Each blazing as a star,
Shedding their flames afar,
Each tells of love.

Faith, with her upturned eye,
Hope, with her buoyancy,
Sweet Charity,
These o'er our altar dwell,
Love is the tale they tell,
Dear brother, mark it well,
Fraternity!

◆

NETTIE RAYMOND, OR THE GOLD MEDAL.

BY JENNIE WEST.

CHAPTER V.—NEW FRIENDS.

"Where am I?" asked Nettie, in a feeble tone of bewilderment, as her eyes unclosed, and she saw she was in a neatly furnished apartment with a bright fire, and a woman with a kind face bending over her.

"You've come to, have you, darling? And don't know where you are—and no wonder, when you've been about dead all night. I don't believe the doctor himself had much hopes of you at first. But take this cordial now and keep quiet."

"Where am I?" repeated Nettie; and missing the medal she hastily inquired after it.

"Oh, here it is, honey, and you might well think much of it, if you could only have seen the light come over the face of Mr. Ethan when he saw it. Mrs. Bard did not consent to have you brought into the house until she saw that, though she told her son you had probably stolen it. But there now, lie still. I know such a face as yours never belonged to a thief. You want to know where you are? Well, then, as Mrs. Bard and her son came home from the theatre last night, they found you lying on the doorsteps, almost dead with the cold. She wanted him to call the watchman and have you taken away; but he insisted on bringing you in, and on raising you up that gold thing dropped from your hand. Mrs. Bard thought you was dead, so did I when I first saw you; but Mr. Ethan thought you was not, and would have a doctor sent for, and got me to fix my bed for you, and here you are, just so nice and warm as can be. I am Mrs. Bard's housekeeper, Susan Lee."

Nettie's large eyes looked her thankfulness, as the kind-hearted woman talked on, arranging the bed and curtains, as she did so.

"If you was only strong enough for me to fix your pretty hair—my fingers fairly itch to get hold of it; besides Mrs. Bard and her son are coming up to see you, as soon as they are done their breakfast."

"Oh, I am, thank you," said Nettie, trying to raise up.

"There, you are not as strong as you thought, but just lie right still and I can comb it nicely." Nettie smiled gratefully as her eyes closed in very weakness. When she opened them again, a hadsome lady, clad in an elegant morning-robe, stood at the foot of the bed talking to the housekeeper, while a young man, with the most beautiful eyes she had ever seen, and something familiar, too, in his appearance, was bending over her.

"You say, Susan, she has been awake," said the lady, in a careless tone.

"Yes, madam."

"Did she tell you how she came to be out in the street on such a night?"

"Oh, no, ma'am, she was so weak, and I did not ask her any questions."

"She is awake now," said the young man, kindly. "How do you feel now, my little friend?"

"Oh, much better, sir."

"Don't you think she is strong enough to be moved now?" asked the lady. "She can be taken to the hospital, if she has no home."

Ethan and Susan both declared she was not strong enough yet.

"Well, inquire into her history," said Mrs. Bard, loftily, as though there was two great a distance between Nettie and herself for her to speak to her.

At Ethan's gentle request, Nettie in a few moments had told her simple story.

"What did you say your name was, dear?" inquired Ethan.

"Nettie Raymond, sir."

"Why, this is the 'little Nettie,' as we called her on board the ship! Do you remember, mother, my telling you of the burial at sea I witnessed, as I returned home four years ago. It was her mother's, and this is the little girl I was so interested in. So this was your father's Masonic mark, was it? 'Tis well you saved it from that old tiger's claws," alluding to Mrs. Simms.

"Well, Susan, you can take care of her until to-morrow," said Mrs. Bard, moving toward the door. "She can then be sent to the Orphan Asylum or the Poor-house."

"Poor-house!" Nettie's heart sank within her. The words sounded as terrible to her, coming from the lips of the haughty Mrs. Bard, as they ever had from those of Mrs. Simms.

"Do not feel troubled," said Ethan, lingering a moment, "Susan will take good care of you to day, and I will see that you have a home soon. Here, Susan, take this purse and purchase her some warm clothing."

"God bless his kind heart," said Susan, as the door closed on them. "The Lord have mercy also," she added, mentally, "on the heart that can turn from such loveliness and suffering as this child's."

CHAPTER VI.—NETTIE'S INTERVIEW WITH MRS. BARD.

"Oh, how is that child, this morning?" asked Mrs. Bard, in a manner that indicated it was by the merest chance that she had even thought of her.

"Oh, ma'am, she is quite well, and looks beautiful in the new clothes Mr. Ethan bid me get her. If you would only, ma'am, let me bring her down for you to see how sweetly she does look."

Mrs. Bard shrugged her shoulders in contempt, and passed on across the hall into the parlors, but as she entered she looked back at the discomfited Susan, and said, carelessly, "You may send her down, Susan."

"Go down these stairs, dear, and turn to the left; you will find Mrs. Bard in one of the parlors," said Susan, kindly.

The self-composed and haughty lady could not suppress an involuntary expression of surprise that passed over her features as Nettie entered the room, and modestly courtesying, stood with her fair head lowered, tremblingly awaiting her commands. A cashmere dress of dark blue contrasted beautifully with her alabaster complexion and golden hair that covered her shoulders in shining ringlets. A pair of gaiters to match her dress neatly fitted her tiny feet.

Mrs. Bard passed her eyes over Nettie from head to foot, several times before she spoke.

"What made your mother leave England?" she abruptly asked, as she fixed an earnest gaze on Nettie's features.

"She had heard of so many doing better by coming over here, and she thought she could get more to do."

"What did she do there?"

"She took in needle-work and painted pictures to sell, and gave lessons on the harp sometimes."

"Had she no relations?"

"I think, madam, she had some cousins, but I never saw them, only as they passed in their carriages, and mamma never told me much about them."

"Why did they not assist your mother?" Mrs. Bard's cold, bright eyes were still intently fixed on Nettie, as she now passed her little hand over her brow, as though striving to remember something.

"I don't know, madam, unless it was because we were so very poor and they were so rich," Nettie replied, innocently; and she timidly raised her eyes, but let them fall quickly as she saw the haughty smile her answer had brought to the face of Mrs. Bard.

"Do the rich never help the poor?"

"Oh, yes, madam, your son and you too have been very kind to me."

"Well, then, can you give no better reason than that?"

"I never heard mamma say why they did not, and I am sure I do not know why they never came to see her."

"Had she no brothers or sisters?" asked Mrs. Bard, arranging her bracelet carefully, and scarcely seeming to have any interest in what she was asking.

"No, ma'am," said Nettie. Then seeming to remember something, she added, "I recollect now, that when we were on the ship, and mamma was so very sick, she called out in her sleep for Angeline, and when I spoke to her and asked her who Angeline was, she answered it was a dear sister she once had—but that was the only time I ever heard her say any thing of the kind; and she was very sick, and it might have been the fever."

Somehow the bracelet had come unclasped, and Mrs. Bard had to bend over sometime before she could fasten it.

"Very probably it was the fever in her head, if you are sure you never heard her mention her before."

"Oh, I am sure I never did," said Nettie, earnestly.

"Did you know your mother's age?"

"No, ma'am," said Nettie, venturing to raise her eyes again to the face of her companion, who asked, "Did she look to be my age?"

Nettie shook her head. "She was so thin and pale; but I do not think she was as old, though I think she looked a little like you."

"Like me!" said Mrs. Bard, drawing herself up haughtily.

"I beg your pardon, ma'am," said Nettie, humbly, "but mamma was very beautiful, though she never looked so—"

"So what?" asked the lady, as Nettie paused in some trepidation.

"So fine and grand-like," said the child, shrinking back and leaning her trembling form against an elegant ottoman near.

"Well, you are certainly a very strange child."

"I feel very weak, ma'am," said Nettie, apologetically.

"As from what you say, there are no relations who will ever hunt you up, I will procure your admission into the Orphan Asylum. You may go now," she added, coldly.

CHAPTER VII.—LAWYER BLACK.

After Nettie had, with trembling steps, left the parlor, a change came suddenly over Mrs. Bard. Hastily rising from her seat, she paced the floor with rapid steps with her arms folded tightly across her bosom, while her handsome countenance wore a look of intense thought, mingled with pain. She seemed to become so deeply interested in these unpleasant reflections as to be unaware how time passed, and the entrance of a little man in black was totally unregarded, though this was not strange, for his cat-like tread made no sound on the soft carpet, and he had taken his seat without trying to attract her attention, and now sat watching her with a look not unlike that feline creature.

"Ah, Mr. Black, you have come," said Mrs. Bard, as she paused in her walk and met his eye. "I am glad you have answered my note so promptly. I am much in need of your advice. What I now tell you will show that I have the utmost confidence in you, Mr. Black." She glanced at the doors as though fearful she might be overheard in what she was about to communicate. The lawyer bowed, murmuring something about "the honor done him, and being at her service," and after closing both doors leading into the hall he took a seat near the one now occcupied by Mrs. Bard.

"You have been so long my lawyer and private counselor you are acquainted with some parts of my past history and that of my family, but not all. I have never told you of my mother's daughter by her second marriage. My father died when I was quite small; my mother afterwards married Colonel Sterne, and several years after, when I was about ten years of age, our little Julia was born. While she was still an infant, an epidemic broke out in the city and both our parents died. My mother's brother took us to his home. He was then a young man, but having married unhappily was divorced from his wife. Embittered by his disappointments, his temper had become irritable, often violent, but he was kind to us, and freely lavished his wealth upon us. My sister Julia became more beautiful every year, and being so much older I watched over her with a mother's care, though I do not think I ever loved her as a sister should, our characters were so very different. My mother had come of a noble family, and I inherited all of her's and my uncle's aristocratic pride, while Julia was the very opposite. At the age of twenty I married, with my uncle's consent, Mr. Bard, and we all lived together until my sister was about sixteen. Her beauty and amiability had won the heart of a young nobleman at this time, and we were pleased to think of her marrying a title. But to our astonishment and vexation she rejected his proposals. We remonstrated with her in vain. Encouraged by us he renewed his suit, and my uncle in a terrible rage swore that if she did not comply with his wishes he would disown her forever. My anger almost equaled his, for I had supposed I could prevail on her to do any thing, and so I bade her never call me sister again unless she obeyed me. She fled, and became the wife of a poor artist by the name of Raymond. My uncle, in a greater passion than ever, refused to forgive her, and sent back unopened the only letter she ever wrote to him, and forbade that her name should ever be mentioned. Thus my son, then too young to remember much, does not to this day know that such a person ever existed as my sister Julia. We left England soon after. My uncle, as you know, still lives, and has spent the greater part of his life since in traveling in foreign countries. Meantime, his immense wealth has been increasing, and there is now some likelihood of his obtaining the estates and title of his grandfather, the Earl of ——. You can now see what ambitious hopes I have for years entertained for my son. But the last letter I received from my uncle contained an allusion to Julia, indicating, I thought, a relenting mood on his part and a desire for a reconciliation. You perceive how this would be to my disadvantage."

"Certainly, lead to a division of the estate—or if she be the greater favorite, to her supplanting you altogether. But do you know what has become of her?"

"She and her husband are both dead, but they have a daughter living."

"Where is she?"

"At this moment beneath the same roof we are," said Mrs. Bard, in a low voice,

Mr. Black elevated his eyebrows, the only way he showed his surprise; too wary was he to let any exclamation escape him.

Mrs. Bard then, in as few words as possible, related to him Nettie's history, and how it was she chanced to be there, adding anxiously, "And now what am I to do with her—how get rid of her?"

The lawyer sat some time revolving the case in his mind, and finally suggested placing her in a nunnery.

"I thought of that last night. I passed the whole night thinking how I might dispose of her, but could not decide. Do you think that would be safe? I fancy the wily priests would ferret it out, and use it to their advantage. I would not like to trust them."

"True," said Mr. Black, musingly. "If you could keep her near you as a servant—"

"I never could have her about me," interrupted his companion, and a slight shiver ran through her frame as she spoke, "with those large eyes so like her mother's; besides you forget that should Ethan ever learn my sister's history his romantic disposition would induce him to find her out and acknowledge her——"

"I have it now! You place her in the Asylum for poor children, so clearing your hands of the affair. My sister or the wife of my confidential clerk, can soon after apply there for a young girl to nurse, or something of the kind. This girl can be chosen—the necessary papers can be obtained—an assumed name and address be given to the officers. Thus all clue to her whereabouts will be lost entirely, should search ever be made for her. As to the girl, she can be kept in entire ignorance—her very name changed, if necessary. You ought not to have disturbed her repose on your steps so soon.

"No, I ought to have remained at the theatre until the performance was over," said Mrs. Bard, with a bitter smile.

"Well, this certainly is the best plan I can devise, and I think it will succeed admirably." So thought Mrs. Bard, and in accordance with this plan, the time and all were arranged before Mr. Black left.

(To be continued.)

Beethoven's Moonlight Sonata.

FROM THE GERMAN, BY AUBER FORESTIER.

Before taking the position of Court Organist at Vienna, Beethoven was living in his native city, Bonn, in the most straitened circumstances. All day he sat at the old worn piano, from which he never parted, or wrote his great tone creations, and only under cover of the night would he venture without doors for his long walks. A musician, his faithful admirer and only friend, was in the habit of accompanying him upon these nightly rambles.

Once upon a winter evening, when the full moon shed its silvery light over the ancient houses and upon the glassy surface of the frozen river, they heard, in passing a lowly cottage in the vicinity of the Hoblenz gate, music that caused Beethoven to stand still in amazement. It was his F major symphony, played with the most astonishing fire and expression upon an old wiry harpsichord.

Suddenly, while Beethoven and his friend stood listening, the music ceased, and through the window out into the street, where they stood, they heard a suppressed sigh, and the voice of a young girl broke the stillness of the night. It was thus she spoke:

"I can play no more, brother. Some other time, not this evening. Oh, this music is so beautiful, it steals to my very heart, and implants there a feeling of deep sadness."

Beethoven pressed the hand of his friend. "I must see this genius," he said, and without delay he entered the house, walking at once to the room whence the music had proceeded. It was a little, shabbily-furnished room upon the ground floor, only faintly lighted by a broken piece of candle. A young man sat at a work-table. He was a shoemaker. Not far from him stood a maiden, her arm resting upon the old harpsichord, her head bent downward.

"Forgive me," said Beethoven to the shoemaker, who had sprung to his feet in surprise; "I heard music here, and as I myself am a musician—"

He hesitated a moment, then proceeded:

"I should like to play you something."

This certainly strange offer called a half mistrustful, half-ironical expression to the face of the young shoemaker, who thus replied:

"You would like to play something for me. Ah, our instrument is very poor, and, besides, we have no notes."

"How! You have no notes," cried Beethoven, in an ecstasy of delight; "and yet, Fraulien, you play—"

He stopped abruptly, for now for the first time he discovered that the maiden was blind.

"I could not believe," he said, somewhat embarrassed, "that you were playing the symphony from memory."

"I once lived with a lady in Bingen who played this symphony very often," the maiden replied: "It impressed itself upon my memory, for I love the music."

"Let me play for you," said Beethoven, and without another word he seated himself before the harpsichord. He struck first a few simple chords, which gradually rose and swelled to symphonic form, and beneath the master touch, the worn, discordant instrument seemed to regain its original harmony. With every increasing boldness and power did his phantasy find expression; now it was stormy and passionate, now wailing, dying away, melting into the tenderest tones.

Involuntarily all were spell-bound by the happy flights of imagination. The shoemaker sat with his eyes fixed in wonder upon the stranger, his sister was lost in devotional feeling.

Suddenly the lamp flickered up with a lurid glow, then went out. But Beethoven did not cease; doubtless he had forgotten the realities about him. Softly the shoemaker stole to the window and pushed open the shutters, so that the full moonlight streamed into the room.

The glorious light as it beamed upon the keys must suddenly have broken the chain of Beethoven's ideas. He ceased playing, bowed down his head, laid his hands upon his knees and seemed lost in thought.

Finally the blind girl's brother stepped up to him, and said in a tone of deep respect:

"Who are you?"

Beethoven raised his head and gazed absently at the shoemaker. Then he smiled and said:

"Listen!"

He played a few passages of the F major symphony, the one that had but now so excited the blind girl.

A cry of rapture ran from the maiden's lips.

"You are Beethoven! Oh, my God! Oh, play more!"

The master looked up greatly affected into the pleading face of the afflicted girl. Then a flash of lightning crossed the starry heavens of his brain; the fingers once more fell upon the keys. Deep, mournful, stormy was the melody that now arose from the instrument, then followed a passage of light, almost wanton coloring, like the dance of sportive elfs by midnight upon the surf, or on a desert island in the midst of the surging ocean. Now the chords burst into a wailing lament, making the heart thrill with a melancholy yearning. A shrill, ghost-like chord—then Beethoven sprang up, seized his hat, and turned to hasten away.

"Will you come again?" asked the blind girl, in deep emotion.

"Yes, yes," he called back as he dashed away, "I shall come again."

He hastened home to his wretched lodgings to write down this "moonlight" fantasia while it was yet night.

Morning was already breaking in the East as he wrote the last notes of this "C sharp minor Sonata."

The Archæology of Freemasonry.

BY W. S. ROCKWELL, OF GEORGIA.

A sketch so cursory and imperfect can only indicate, not prove, the wonderful results Freemasonry has achieved in the civilization of our race. The proofs afforded by the past are not exhausted. In ages whose written records have mouldered into dust—from the period (comparatively modern) whence authentic history dates its annals—in some one of its forms, which man's necessities have preserved, the influence of Freemasonry is distinctly visible, exerted upon his moral, social and political relations. The diligent inquirer into the archæology of the Craft will find, in this inviting field of investigation, the vast and varied fields of ancient learning opened to his eager scrutiny. Scholars, to whom the mysteries of our Order are unintelligible, may turn with indifference and incredulity from labor apparently so profitless and so barren; but the intelligent craftsman, with the key afforded by a thorough acquaintance with our symbolic lore, will seldom find his effort unrewarded. It is a common notion that the unrecorded ages of the past must necessarily have been buried in the profoundest ignorance; that all the benefits arising from the cultivation of art and science were confined to the periods whose mutilated chronicles afford our only knowledge of antiquity. The symbols of our Order, if read aright, establish the contrary. In its origin a religious, it was, nevertheless, and still is, a scientific institution. The justly proud philosophers of our own day may derive some lessons of instructive wisdom from its primeval age in the deciphered hieroglyphics of monumental records that antedate the exode of Abraham, from Ur of the Chaldees, perhaps a thousand years; when the altars of Freemasonry were the religious shrines of a powerful nation. The philologist may study the origin of language, and the art of alphabetic writing, in Egyptian sculpture and inscripture, coeval with generations that had long slumbered with the dust at the time of the Patriarch's visit to that land. The astronomer may recognize the astonishing remoteness of celestial observations, the intercalation of the civil year, the reformed division of the zodiacal signs, the establishment of the Sothic period, and explain, if he can, what the Priests of Mitzraim meant when they informed Herodotus, that "since the accession of Menes, the first king of Egypt, the sun had four times risen out of his customary places; that both where he now sets he had twice there risen; and where he now rises, he had twice there set." The monuments of the Nile display the condition of the people that dwelt upon its banks in Pharaonic days, and their familiar practice of useful as ornamental arts. The architect may ponder on the vast masses of sycnite, nine hundred tons in weight, used in the construction of edifices devoted to our mysteries, transported long distances on land and water by means which he cannot command; and study their lofty arches, round and pointed, constructed with a precision unsurpassed by his utmost skill, two thousand years anterior to the classic piles of Greece and Rome. The painter may wonder at the imperishable colors of their pictures in fresco, and find the variegated hues of the rainbow imparted to glass by a process which he cannot rival. Pictured on these indestructible monuments, in wonderfully fresh and brilliant coloring, the ingenious mechanic may see the condition of his art five thousand years or more ago; the wheelwright building a chariot, the shoemaker sewing his shoes, the leather-cutter using the self-same form of knife, found most convenient at the present day; the seal-engraver cutting in hieroglyphics the signet rings of the Egyptian Pharoahs. From the mythological and philosophical doctrines of this cultivated people the divine can glean much that attests the Unity of the Godhead, and illustrates the mystery of the Holy Trinity; the theologian may collect the evidences of a revealed religion, the pure primeval faith that glimmers from these ancient hieroglyphic symbols, teaching the immortality of the soul, and a final resurrection.

A Legend of Jerusalem.

In the travels of the Rabbi Benjamin of Tudela, a learned Jew, who made a journey through Europe and Asia in the twelfth century, is the following interesting legend. Benjamin, it must be observed, wrote his travels in the rabbinical Hebrew of the age in which he lived, but we quote from the very literal translation of Asher, correcting, however, his peculiar orthography of proper names. The legend runs as follows:

"Jerusalem is surrounded by high mountains, and on Mount Zion are the sepulchres of the house of David, and those of the kings who reigned after him. In consequence of the following circumstance, however, this place is hardly to be recognized at present. Fifteen years ago, one of the walls of the place of worship of Mount Zion fell down, which the patriarch ordered the priest to repair. He commanded to take stones from the original wall of Zion and to employ them for that purpose, which command was obeyed. About twenty journeymen were hired, at stated wages, who broke stones from the very foundations of the walls of Zion. Two of these laborers, who were intimate friends, upon a certain day treated one another, and repaired to their work after their friendly meal. The overseer questioned them about their tardiness, but they answered that they would still perform their day's work, and would employ thereupon the time during which their fellow laborers were at meals. They then continued to break out stones, and happened to meet one which formed the mouth of a cavern. They agreed with one another to enter the cave and to search for treasure, in pursuit of which they proceeded onward until they reached a large hall, supported by pillars of marble encrusted with gold and silver, and before which stood a table, with a golden sceptre and crown. This was the sepulchre of David, King of Israel, to the left of which they saw that of Solomon, in a similar state, and so on the sepulchres of all the Kings of Judah who were buried there. They further saw locked trunks, the contents of which nobody knew, and desired to enter the hall; but a blast of wind, like a storm, issued forth from the mouth of the cavern, strong enough to throw them down, almost lifeless, on the ground. There they lay until evening, when another wind rushed forth, from which they heard a voice, like that of a human being, calling aloud: 'Get up and go forth from this place.' The men came out in great haste and full of fear, proceeded to the patriarch and reported what had happened to them. This ecclesiastic summoned into his presence Rabbi Abraham el Constantini, a pious ascetic, one of the mourners of the downfall of Jerusalem, and caused the two laborers to repeat what they had previously reported. Rabbi Abraham thereupon informed the patriarch that they had discovered the sepulchres of the house of David and of the Kings of Judah. The following morning the laborers were sent for again, but they were found stretched on their beds and still full of fear; they declared that they would not attempt to go again to the cave, as it was not God's will to discover it to any one. The patriarch ordered the place to be walled up, so as to hide it effectually from every one unto the present day."

The Death of Adam.*

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF J. G. HERDER.

Nine hundred and thirty years old was Adam when he felt in his bones the sentence of the Judge, "thou shalt surely die."

To Eve, who sorrowed greatly, he said: "Let all my sons come around me, that I may behold and bless them;" and they came, as their father had bidden, and stood around him, many hundreds in number, and wept, and prayed for his life.

"Who of you, (said Adam,) will go to the holy hill? perhaps he may obtain mercy in my behalf, and bring me fruit from the tree of life." All his sons offered to go; but Seth, the most pious of them, was appointed by his father to accomplish this errand.

His head strown with ashes, Seth hastened and staid not until he stood at the gates of Paradise. There he prayed, saying: "Let Adam find favor in thy sight, O All-merciful! send my father of the fruit of the tree of life." Suddenly, a messenger of God, a shining cherub, stood before him, holding in his hand, instead of the fruit, a three-leaved twig; and he said mildly: "Take this unto thy father for his last consolation; eternal life is not for him on this earth. Hasten, for his hour is come."

Swift as an angel of consolation, Seth hastened, and prostrated himself, and said: "No fruit from the tree of life do I bring thee, O my father! but this branch which the angel gave to me for thy last consolation." The dying man took the bough, and was glad. He smelled thereon the odors of Paradise, and his soul was lifted up: "My children, (said he,) eternal life dwells not for us on this earth; I am dying, and ye must follow; but on this shrub I scent the odors of a higher world, the fragrance of a purer Paradise." Then his eyes were glazed, and his spirit departed from him.

The sons of Adam buried their father, and mourned for him thirty days; but Seth wept not. *He planted the twig on his father's grave, near the place of his head, and called it the tree of resurrection from the dead.*

The branch became a spreading tree, and all the children of Adam were comforted under it, because therewith came the promise of revival from the sleep of death; and it descended to their children's children, and was seen in David's garden, until his misled son began to doubt of his immortality—then the tree withered—but shoots thereof were multiplied in many nations.

At length, on a stem of this tree, the teacher of immortality resigned his hallowed life; and, behold, the fragrant hopes of resurrection are thence spread abroad among all the nations of the earth.

Turkey and Candia—Freemasonry—Reflections.

The following is from an eminent brother of the Turkish world. We publish the communication entire and are sure that it will interest the readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON, although some views presented do not exactly agree with our preconceived notions.

CONSTANTINOPLE, Oct. 22, 1867.

The long pending question of the insurrection in the Island of Candia has been brought to a termination, and peace has been restored among the inhabitants. All of the European powers, which for several months past seemed to favor the efforts made to wrest this important island from the Sultan and bestow it upon Greece, have changed their views, and left him to settle the affair, peacefully if he can, or by force of arms if absolutely necessary. The greater part of the islanders have long since withdrawn from the contest, and it has been kept up wholly by the foreign volunteers, Greco-Russian emissaries, established, 800 in number, at the little village of Assocorova, on Mt. Ida, from which spot they, from time to time, send forth edicts and proclamations worthy of even Jove, a Jupiter. These also have endeavored to coerce the population of the plains, and compel them to act with the armed volunteers, against their own feelings and means, in the view of keeping up, nominally, at least, a contest which they well knew had not the slightest prospect of success, notwithstanding that the vessels of war of some of these powers continue to carry off the wounded and invalids, and the women and children of the island. There was really no necessity for such an interference against the rights of the Porte; and now this is done exclusively by Russia, in the view, naturally, of enhancing and increasing her prestige with the Greek element, not only in Greece, but also throughout the Ottoman empire.

It is supposed that some 60,000 people have thus left the island, all Christians, out of a population of 200,000. Perhaps the number is exaggerated; but if it be correct, the cost of their support in Syria and Greece by public charities can easily be imagined. Most of the expense, however, has been borne either by English and American sympathizers, and by subscriptions made among the wealthy Greek merchants established in foreign parts.

It is well known that, though before the outbreak some of the people of Candia complained against certain taxes which the Porte assessed upon every part of the Empire, the idea of separation from Turkey and annexation with Greece was entertained and had its origin in the intrigues of Russia and Greece. Many lives have been wasted in the fruitless endeavor to bring this about. A large sympathy was created in behalf of the Christian element of Candia, from the erroneous supposition that they were ill-treated and tyrannized over by the local authorities. The Porte would, probably, have done wisely, in view of the wily diplomacy of Russia among the Greek and Bulgarian subjects of the Sultan, to allay the animosity of the Cretans by the abrogation of these taxes, though indeed it would have wronged his other subjects, and inspire them with the hope of gaining the same concession by the same means, and so put it out of the power of the enemy of the peace and repose of Turkey to foster insurrections and revolts in the Empire. It unfortunately, however, did not choose to do this, and the immense expense to which it has been subjected is the result. Governments, like private individuals, sometimes act upon a principle, and prefer to sustain it at any price, rather than yield to force and intimidation. Such has been the course pursued by the Sultan's government. The contest has been a prolonged and a severe one. It has been of immense evil to the government and the public in general. The Greek papers of Constantinople, as well as of Athens, have filled the whole world with reports, as unfavorable to the Turkish government as they were favorable to its Greek subjects, and all equally erroneous, for neither the one nor the other really merited their condemnations or praises. This sympathy, so generally expressed in favor of the Cretans, in Europe and America, has prolonged the struggle up to the present time, and prevented the Sultan's government from proceeding against it as it might and doubtlessly would have done. It feared to rouse that sympathy into acts of armed interference in their behalf, and so effect the annexation of Candia to Greece. It temporized with the insurgents at the expense of its own reputation. The world has been led to believe it incapable of suppressing them; its commanders have received stringent orders to act more upon the defensive than the offensive, to spare the insurgents and their property, and, indeed, to act far differently from the course of the United States during its war with the rebels of the Southern States. That acts of individual violence have been committed, there may be no doubt. The animosity existing between the Greek Christians and the Turkish Mussulmans must often have shown itself during the struggle. But of these the public generally have heard only one side. The acts of the Greek volunteers against the Mussulmans—many of them peaceful farmers of the plains—of villages burnt, fields and orchards devastated, mosques razed to the ground, and even men, women and children exterminated, found an echo in the papers of Christian Europe. No one has yet heard of a consultation for the suffering Mussulman families. And yet the civil war has been one of races, of religious animosity, both condemned by the liberal character and justice of the century in which we live. The cry has been against the Mussulman and for the Christian, without assigning any other cause for this than the fact that the one was in insurrection against the other.

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* Although Herder may not have intended to have here written a *Masonic parable*, yet the Freemason who is properly imbued with a sense of the true meaning of the legend of the third degree will be ready to appropriate the allusions of this exquisite little fable to the Masonic history of the *sprig of acacia*. Hence, we trust that our readers will excuse us for giving it a place in our miscellany. We may add to the force of the allusions, by reminding the Masonic student that, from the relative positions of the various places spoken of in the third degree, it has been supposed that the sprig of acacia was planted on the brow of Mount Calvary, which is a small hill west of Mount Moriah.

If there are several millions of Christians in Turkey subject to the Mussulman rule, it must not be forgotten that in India and Russia there are quite as many millions of Mussulmans under Christian domination. The world calls upon the Sultan to place his Christian subjects on a footing of perfect civil equality with the Mussulman; does this exist in Russia, in India, and the Cape of Good Hope? Europe, which demands this of the Sultan, should therefore set an example of Christian liberality; it should not sustain the Christian element and detest the Mussulman; and in the misfortunes of both people maintain a liberal benevolence towards both. Sorrow, affliction, poverty and misery should be the same in either case. This is true benevolence and Christian charity. The example offered against the Mussulman, simply on account of his religion, is unworthy of that impartial liberality in matters of religion so much preached in our times, and must have had an unfavorable influence on the Mussulman mind, which it is so much desired to coerce towards European *civilization.* As it is, Christian Europe and America have thrown down the *glove* and entered the lists morally armed against the Mussulmans of all the East, with the evident design of fighting them *à l'outrance* on account of their religion. How can Christian powers hereafter preach religious liberality and toleration, when it has denounced them both by the most arbitrary of acts? This is not the way to serve the Christians of the East, but rather to increase any animosity which exists against them.

At Constantinople there are several Masonic Lodges, in which are many Mussulmans. Fuad Pacha, the Sultan's chief adviser and the most eminent statesman of Turkey, is a Mason, and Past Grand Master of the Empire. Masonry certainly knows no religious sects or even nationalities. The worshiper of the one and only God is there admitted without being further questioned. The Jew, the Protestant, the Catholic, Greek and Mussulman, all meet together in the Lodge as brethren, and benevolence has its duties to the one as to the other. The object in view in establishing Masonry in Constantinople was to obliterate all religious animosities, and make all men brethren. But *principle* seems to be one thing, and *practice* another. There is only charity, love, and benevolence for the Christian, and none for the Mussulman. Masonry thus loses it hold upon the mind and hearts of men, when so glaring an inconsistency is practiced.

There is a broad line of distinction to be drawn between hostility to the real interests and welfare of the Christian portion of the population of the East and the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire. Certainly no one can be ever indifferent to the former, nor is it believed that the Sultan and his ministers are so. They must not, nevertheless, be considered as irreconcilable with each other. The sincerest and true friends of the Greeks tell them to qualify themselves for the part which they are destined in future to take in the government and administration of the empire. The first step to be taken by themselves is the education of their clergy, who have so great an influence over their minds. When it is recollected that the fundamental dogma of the Greek religion is that the Greeks *only* are Christians, this idea will be properly understood. None of the sects of Christianity in this view is so completely heretical as the Protestants. The supposition that the Greek and Protestant Churches can be united together is purely an absurdity; and the proposal of Russia to effect this is a part of her diplomatic manœuvering—dust in the eyes of the English and, perhaps, the American Protestants, unworthy of any credence. The Greeks are extremely hostile to all the other Christian sects, and the manner in which they hate the Mussulmans clearly shows what they would do with them did they rule in the East. It's the real cause of the insurrections got up from time to time in Turkey. Russia knows this very well, and by her declaration of an interest in the cause of her "co-religionists," the Greeks and Bulgarians, is simply a diplomatic effort to make use of this annimosity for her own ambitious plans. The better class of Greeks know this, and openly declare that, though they make use of Russia, they have no love for her, and do not intend to be subservient to her schemes. As to the Bulgarian Greeks, they hate both the Greeks and the Russians. The only connection existing between them and the latter is a mutual language—the Sclavic—and a supposed mutual origin. They have a strong desire to free themselves from the supremacy of the Greek Patriarch of Constantinople; but in nowise to come under the Emperor of Russia, who is the head of the "Holy Orthodox Greek Church" in his empire. In the province of Turkey called *Roomalia*, and by the people *Bulgaria*, there are very few men of intelligence. The inhabitants are possessed of much more "character" than the Greeks of other parts of Turkey, and when properly educated, will prove a fine people—a progressive one. The Sclaves are a more honest and enterprising people than the Greeks. The day will doubtlessly arrive when they will surpass the Mussulmans in all the arts and sciences, and, being fully qualified for such a position, will effect their separation and independence. But there is much to be done by themselves before that period arrives. To drive them into acts of hostility, even warfare, against the Ottoman rule at the present time is only to create victims and prolong their actual condition. Schools for their children, and especially for the clergy, are now the all-essential. This idea will be better understood by a comparison between them and the freedmen in the United States. The experiment now being made in the United States to place the colored citizens in a civil and political equality with the white, is one of deep interest to their future welfare and to mankind in general. It has, however, in its favor the popular form of government of the Republic, and the weight which their votes will have in party questions. This cannot occur in the monarchial government of Turkey.

In Russia, the Czar gave freedom to a large number of his own people. These are a white people, all Greeks, and of a purely Russian origin. There was no prejudice of color or of origin to be combated. The only opposition was the interests which the noble proprietors had in perpetuating the submissive condition of the serfs. The American people, through their representatives, warmly commended the act of the Czar.

In the United States there was a prejudice, almost incomprehensible, against the *color* of the slaves. Had they been *whites*, there would certainly have been none. It was not against their *condition* of slavery, nor yet against their foreign origin. But if it be granted that the prejudice was caused both by the *color* and the *origin* of the slaves, their debased condition and ignorance, and the declared superiority of the white race over the black, a greater difficulty also existed in the positive interests of their masters in the Southern States. How great, therefore, is the credit due to the people of the United States for the act which cast all of them aside, and freed their great country of the dark blot of human slavery.

The act of the Czar is nothing when compared to this of the people of the United States. *He* should have hastened to compliment and congratulate them, and then they him. History, however, will do the latter full justice for the magnanmity of the course pursued, and only will state the fact that in such a year the white Russian serfs of the Greek faith were put upon a footing with the other part of the Sclavic population of that empire. Serfdom had long previously ceased to exist in all other parts of Europe, and was at last also effected in that empire. Do the serf freedmen vote? Do they take any part in the government of their country? Are they now on a perfect equality with all the other subjects of the Czar? Can they hope to be princes, counts, etc., of the empire—to be decorated by the Emperor, and to become his counselors and advisers? Has it been heard that any one of them has been appointed to an office of trust and honor in the government?

In the Ottoman Empire there is no prejudice against *color.* There religion is the sole cause of an inequality of condition. The civilization of our times seeks to dispel this. The Mussulman considers the *new* Mussulman as his religious inferior, and the Greek returns this feeling with an intense hatred. No such sentiment animates the Mussulman—he simply regards the Greek as his religious inferior. Religious animosities exist in many other countries. In Catholic States, there is no salvation out of Papacy. The Protestant there is held even to have no religion at all. This is not the case in Mussulman Turkey, where Christ is deemed to be the "Spirit of God," and a "Prophet," only less than Mohammed, because he is held to have been the *last* of the prophets. In no country is there so much religious animosity among the Christian sects as in Turkey. Each one hates the other to an eminent degree. From this universal animosity must be excluded the Protestant, which only desires the purifying of the other from their superstitions and ignorances. In its simplicity it is nearer to the Islam forms of worship than all the other sects. If these animosities did not exist there would be much more harmony among the various peoples and religions of the East. The enemy of the Ottoman Empire avails itself of them to fan the flame of discord, to excite ill will against the Ottoman rulers, and thwart the best intentions of the more liberal and enlightened members or the government. The object is certainly a political one, and religion is the agent of ambitious designs. It would be an easy task to bring before the Ottoman Government any abuses of its subaltern officers, or to point out errors in its laws and regulations, and it has always shown a desire to satisfy the recommendations of its friends, by even consulting the foreign embassies in the formation of any new ones. But this Russia never does; it finds its interests in promoting disorders, and fostering religious animosities among its so-called "Co-religionists" against the Turkish government. Is this the proper "Mission" of Christianity? Will the welfare and prosperity of Christians be really advanced by it? Would it not be wise to advocate the cause of the Greeks by a friendly intercession at the seat of government with the Sultan and his ministers? The fact that this is never done by Russia, clearly shows that their *welfare* is not the object she has in view. Her aims are for political aggrandizement, and to these religion is made subservient.

The late insurrection in Candia is the fruit of this scheme. Many thousands of Christians have there been its victims. The troubled condition of Europe has given to Russia a freedom of action which, from its form and magnitude, has carried public opinion before it. Many journals have only judged of the truth by external appearances—by the surface, and have, perhaps, been also actuated by the ancient and obsolete animosity of Christians generally against the *Turk* of olden times. This has been as ungenerous as it was erroneous. The real causes of the insurrection have not been even thought of. No one deemed it necessary to ask or desired to know the basis of the prolonged struggle. It has now come to a close, and impartial history will show the whole affair was got up so as to wrest Candia from the Sultan, and to give it to the Russian Princess soon to be married to the Danish Prince, now King of Greece. The governments of Europe, whilst they joined Russia in removing the helpless population of Candia from the scene of bloodshed, have not been blind to the ambitious schemes of the Czar, the hereditary foe of Turkey—and now refuse to join him in an attempt to destroy the treaty of peace made at Paris for the maintenance of the integrity of the Ottoman Empire, and the checking of the advancement of Russia against Turkey. The "Levant Herald," a paper published at Constantinople, in the English language, and which is well known for its animosity to the Turkish government and advocacy of the cause of the Greeks, simply for the reason that the former has not subsidized it, whilst the Greeks have largely paid it in subscriptions, now says:

"The rejection of the amnesty by the rebel chiefs (of Candia) may be taken to indicate merely a desperate resolve to carry on a guerilla struggle, fatal indeed to the peace of the island, but from which no present political good can result."

It also states:

"The Russian government itself, however, seems to appreciate the true state of affairs, for its policy, for some time past, with regard to Turkey—the central point of its system of foreign tactics—has been one of simple procrastination, and has evinced a desire to avoid precipitating a crisis for which it feels not prepared. Meanwhile, its interest, of course, is to weaken Turkey by every means it can employ, and, consequently, not to take a more Phil-Hellenic action than will just seem to keep the Cretan sore running as long as possible—a decomposing limb being far more dangerous than an amputation." C. H.

Family Circle.

THANKSGIVING.

One of the most touching pieces of poetry is "The Blind Man's Thanksgiving," wherein a sightless brother thanks God for *Memory*, *Music*, and *Hope*.

Thank God for MEMORY! This is the green dell:
I hear the stream with musical ripples flowing;
The scent of flowers recalls my childhood well;
I feel the sun of new-born summer glowing:
And, in my spirit's view, I see the stream
And the bright fish that through the water gleam.

Thank God for MUSIC! for the pleasant voices
Of boughs and winds and waters as they meet;
For every bird that in the wood rejoices,
For every note in nature's concert sweet:
To me the lark's clear caroling on high
Reveals the whole wide, blue, bright summer sky.

Thank God for HOPE! that, after life's short night,
Cheer'd by fair dreams and memories, I shall rise
To fields with never fading verdure bright,
Unfailing fountains, pure, unclouded skies,
And see the world which will not pass away
In the full sunshine of perpetual day!

A THANKSGIVING.

For the wealth of pathless forests,
Whereon no axe may fall,
For the winds that haunt the branches—
The birdling's timid call;
For the red leaves dropped like rubies
Upon the dark green sod—
For the waving of the forests,
I thank thee, oh, my God!

For the sound of waters, gushing
In bubbling beads of light;
For the fleets of snow-white lilies
Firm anchored out of sight;
For the reeds among the eddies—
The crystal on the clod;
For the flowing of the rivers,
I thank thee, oh, my God!

For the buds that throng to gladden
The toiler's plodding way;
For the bursting of fresh roses
With every new-born day;
For the bare twigs, that in summer
Bloom like the prophet's rod;
For the blossoming of flowers,
I thank thee, oh, my God!

For the lifting up of mountains
In brightness and in dread;
For the peaks where snow and sunshine
Alone have dared to tread;
For the dark of silent gorges
Where giant cedars nod;
For the majesty of mountains,
I thank thee, oh, my God!

For the splendor of the sunsets
Vast mirrored on the sea;
For the gold-fringed clouds, that curtains
Of heaven's blue windows be;
For the burning bars of twilight,
Where thought leans, glad, yet awed;
For the glory of the sunsets,
I thank thee, oh, my God!

For the earth, and all its beauty—
The sky, with all its light;
For the dim and soothing shadows
That rest the dazzled sight;
For unfading fields and prairies
Where sense in vain has trod;
For the world's exhaustless beauty
I thank thee, oh, my God!

For an eye of inward seeing—
A soul to know and love;
For these common aspirations
Which our high heirship prove;
For the hearts that bless each other
Beneath thy smile, thy rod;
For the amaranth, saved from Eden,
I thank thee, oh, my God!

For the hidden scroll, o'erwritten
With one dear Name adored;
For the Heavenly in the Human—
The Spirit in the Word;
For the tokens of thy presence
Within, above, abroad;
For thine own great gift of Being
I thank thee, oh, my God!

WHAT IS IT MAKES A LADY?

BY E. L. CUSHING.

What is it makes a lady?
Asked my little girl of me,
One shining summer morning,
As she stood beside my knee;
And I told her that it is not
Fine dress nor heaps of gold,
Nor all the bright and flashing gems
The caves of ocean hold.

But it is a gentle temper,
And thoughts of peace and love,
And a mind that seeks in all things
Some goodness from above;
That thinks of another's comfort
Before it seeks its own,
And strives to live on earth the life
That is in Heaven known.

It is this that makes a lady,
And not being rich or poor;
For kind thoughts, kind words, and acts
Make the lady, I am sure.
So think of this, my darling,
And to the truth be true,
And soon will love and kindness
A lady make of you.

HE that indulges him in ridiculing the little imperfections and weaknesses of his friends, will in time find mankind united against him. The man who sees another ridiculed before him, though he may, for the present, concur in the general laugh, yet in a cool hour, will consider the same trick might be played against himself.

∴

SERVED HER RIGHT.—An amusing incident is told of a woman in England, whose husband, a wealthy man, died suddenly, without leaving any will. The widow, desirous of securing the whole property, concealed her husband's death, and persuaded a poor shoemaker to take his place while a will could be made. Accordingly, he was closely muffled in bed, as if very sick, and a lawyer was called to write the will. The shoemaker, in a feeble voice, bequeathed half of all the property to the widow. "What shall be done with the remainder?" asked the lawyer. "The remainder," replied he, "I give and bequeath to the poor little shoemaker across the street. who has always been a good neighbor and a deserving man," thus securing a rich bequest for himself. The widow was thunderstruck with the man's audacious cunning, but did not dare expose the fraud, and so two rogues shared the estate.

∴

DR. HENRY ALFORD, author of "A Plea for the Queen's English," tells the following:

A student at one of our military academies had copied a drawing of a scene in Venice, and in copying the title, he had spelt the name of the city Vennice. The drawing Master put his pen through the superfluous letter, observing, "Don't you know, sir, that there is but one hen in Venice?" On which the youth burst out laughing. Being asked what he was laughing about, he replied he was thinking how uncommonly scarce eggs must be there. The master, in wrath, reported him to the Colonel, a Scotchman. He, on hearing the disrespectful reply, without in the least perceiving the point of the joke, observed, "An' a varra natural observation, too."

∴

THE SEVEN WONDERS OE THE WORLD.—1. Pyramids of Egypt. These buildings are supposed to have been commenced about 1500 B. C. The largest, which is 460 feet high, measuring in a perpendicular line from the summit to the base, is said to have been built by Cheops, 1082 B. C.

2. The Mausoleum, or Tomb, built by Artenisia for her husband, Mausolus, King of Caria, in Asia Minor. This famous tomb was erected at Halicarnassus 350 B. C. The statue of Mausolus was brought from Hcasilrnassus in 1857, and placed in the British Museum.

3. The Temple of Diana, at Ephesus. This temple was 435 feet long and 225 feet broad. It was 220 years in building. It was destroyed by fire on the night of the birth of Alexander the Great, by a man named Erostratus, who perpetrated this reprehensible act, in order, as he said, that his name might be handed down to posterity.

4. The Walls and Hanging Gardens of the City of Babylon. These gardens were raised in terraces, one above another, on the tiers of arches, and reached by flights of steps. Flat stones were laid on the arches, and these were cemented together by bitumen, and covered with thick sheets of lead. Earth of a sufficient depth to allow trees and shrubs to grow was then spread on the lead. The gardens were five in number and in the form of an amphitheatre.

5. The enormous brazen image of Apollo, at Rhodes, commonly called the Colossus of Rhodes. It was erected about 200 B. C.. and was thrown down by an earthquake about seventy years after. It stood across the entrance to the harbor, with each foot on the extremity of a mole. It was hollow, and a winding staircase up one of the legs and through the body gave access to the interior of the head.

6. The statue of Jupiter Olympus. This statue was the work of Phidias, who flourished 438 B. C. It was made of ivory and gold, and measured thirty-nine feet in height.

7. The Pharos or Light-House, built by Ptolemy Philadelphus, King of Egypt. This tower was erected about 280 B. C. It was built of white marble, at the entrance to the harbor of Alexandria, and a fire was kept constantly burning at the top of it to aid the sailors of the Mediterranean in steering direct for the bay.

∴

THE LIVE MAN.—A live man iz like a littly pig, he iz weaned young, and begins tew root airly.

He iz the pepper sass of creation—the allspice of the world.

A man who kin draw New Orleans molasses in the month of January, through a half inch auger hole, and sing "home, sweet home!" while the molasses is running, may be strictly honest, but he ain't sudden enough for this climate.

The live man is full of business as the conductor of a street car—he iz often like a hornet, very bizzy, but about what, the Lord only knows.

He lights up a cotton factory, and hain't got any more time to spare than a skoolboy hez Saturday afternoons.

He is like a dekoy duck, always abuv water, and lives at least eighteen months during each year.

He iz like a runaway hoss, he gits the whole ov the road.

He trots when he walks, and lies down at night only because everybody else doz.

The live man iz not always a deep thinker; he jumps at conclusions just ez the frog duz, and don't always land at the spot he is looking at.

He iz the American pet, a perfect mystery tew foreigners; but has done more (with charcole) to work out the greatness of this country than eny other man in it.

He is just ez necessary as the grease on an axletree.

He don't always die ritch, but always dize bizzy, and meets death a good deal az an oyster duz, without enny fuss. JOSH BILLINGS.

∴

A RAT SHOW IN PARIS.—Sunday (Sept. 29), was celebrated the close of the fair at St. Cloud. The most popular of the shows of the season undoubtedly has been *l'homme aux rats*, well known to the inhabitants of the Quarter Mont Parnasse, where he has held his headquarters for the last thirteen years.

The name of this Rarey of the rat race is Antoine Leonard. If the former succeeded in breaking in the worst-tempered brute ever created, Leonard in three weeks certainly accomplishes the difficult task of inculcating habits of obedience on the biggest rats that ever ran. His favorite scene of action are some cross alleys in the 14th and 15th Arrondissement.

His sole theater is a sort of perch, which he sticks into the ground, and then he takes his *corps de bullet* out of his pocket. At his word of command the rats run up and down the perch, hang on three legs, then on two, stand on their heads, and in fact go through a series of gymnastic exercises that would put Blondin himself to blush. His crack actor is a gray rat he has had in his troup for eleven years; this old fellow not only obeys Leonard, but is personally attached to him. It is a most curious sight to see Leonard put him on the ground, and then walk away. The creature runs after him, and invariably catches him, however many turns he may take to avoid him. An Englishman offered 50 fr. for him about two years ago, but Leonard would not separate from his old and attached friend.

The National Freemason,

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R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S., Editor.

John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

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One copy will be sent free also to each person making up a club of seven or more.

◆

A few copies of Vols. 7 and 8 of the National Freemason, from September 1st, 1866, to July 1st, 1867, neatly bound, have been left at our office, and will be sent free on receipt of $8.00, by postal order or bank check. Address National Freemason, P. O. Box 5903, New York City.

The Sign of the Cross—Its Masonic Use—Symbols of Various Rites—Of Templar Interest—Its Varieties—The Cross Constantine Saw—The Crucifix. (No. 8.)

By a crucifix we mean a portable cross, bearing the figure indicated either flatly, as by painting or incising, or in semi-relief, or in the round upon it.

St. Gregory of Nyssa, Bishop of Tours, A. D. 574, first noticed its use.

The Council of Greek Bishops. held A. D. 629, thus spoke: "We therefore order, that in the stead of the ancient Lamb (the Agnus Dei), Jesus Christ, our Lord, shall be shown henceforth in his human form, in the images—He being the Lamb which bears the iniquity of the world. In this way, without forgetting the height whence the Divine Word abased itself, we shall be led to the memory of His mortal life, of His sufferings and of His death, which paid the ransom of mankind."

The early crucifix is generally a richly stoned and composite object, the figure in the centre being surrounded by all that can enrich the idea and that the narrow space can be made to contain.

The crucifix of Cardinal Borgia, having the stamp of great antiquity, was evidently a pectoral cross from its shape. The Christ is clothed to the feet in a robe that is intended to be honorable in character. He is dead, with his eyes closed and his head inclined. Sun and moon, as disk and crescent, are above. The Virgin and St. John are at the transverse ends.

A crucifix in the treasury of Aix-la-Chapelle is another specimen of the earliest known kind. This is a richly jeweled object, called the Cross of Lothario (son of Charlemagne—died 855). Here, in addition to the Christ being dead and not fully draped, the figure is sunk and swayed, and the head fallen, as in the worst art of the 14th century, while all four wounds are given and seen bleeding. The figures are all incised on a silver-gilt ground.

The custom of adorning the back of the crucifix with appropriate subjects continued into the 14th century. Cimpiani gives the back of a crucifix in which Adam and Eve, under the fatal tree, occupy most appropriately the centre, while around are the typical events from the lives of Abraham, Jacob and Joseph.

The *simple crucifix* appears on the scene of art in the 11th century.

We need not remark that the use of the crucifix has no Masonic nor Templar sanction.

◆

Our friend and brother, Rev. Dr. Long, sailed a few days ago from our city for his mission in Turkey. Bro. Long has been spending a large part of this year at the Bible House, superintending the publication of the New Testament in the Bulgarian language. He has accomplished his task—another monument to the labors of a worthy Freemason.

To our brethren in Turkey it is proper to say, that Bro. Long did all he could to secure a dispensation for a Chapter. We have written repeatedly to Bro. Lewis, but have failed to get a response. The petition was sent him months ago.

No Souls.

It has been observed by Lord Coke that corporations have no souls; and it would seem in all collective bodies, that in most of their deliberations, the immortal nature of man, with all its wants and wishes, is forgotten. Man, in his private capacity, has a body and a spirit; and the sensualites of the former are infinitely inferior to the everlasting wants of the latter. But when men are associated in political bodies, the high principles of a deathless spirit seem to be lost in the transient regulations of a material life, and there seems to be a total divorce between politics and principle.

Is there not danger of the statement of the foregoing paragraph becoming applicable to organic Freemasonry? The perpetual formal conferring of degrees, the thirst for office and petty distinction, the theory and practice prevailing respecting dues, dimits and affiliations, the discussion on jurisprudence, the multiplicity of presentations and showy processions, the growing developments of distinct legislative, judiciary and executive departments of Freemasonry, are all affecting the "soul" of Masonry and making it too much a "corporation"—"a body."

The assumptions of too many writers and speakers among us, respecting the intent and right development of Freemasonry, are not grounded on the true nature of man. The soul is the creature of Masonic principle; and there are principles never to be violated, however great the loss or gain. In the scramble for office and power among us, which is daily increasing, he is the right-minded brother who avows his reverence and respect for our eternal principles and scorns the expediency of the outer political world.

Republicanism has its tendencies, and one of them is to leap over the rules of right for accomplishing office and gain. Is there no such tendency among us and from the same cause? Is there any antagonist power to this dangerous propensity, but a reverence for justice to the incurring of some loss—the last lesson learned by individuals and communities? Of human institutions and governments, what teacher is there of this except Freemasonry? The famous anecdote of Aristides illustrates what I mean. He refused to burn the fleet of an enemy even, though highly advantageous to the public, because it was *not right*. He taught this great Masonic lesson to all posterity.

◆

Have Lodges any Rights?

A correspondent writes us a somewhat indignant note on this question, arising from some local transactions which appear to exercise severe pressure on his corns. We expect that when the matter is placed before the proper authority its solution will be entirely satisfactory to our correspondent, for which reason we have thought proper to suppress his note, giving particulars, and to treat the question on such general principles as will clearly display the error committed on one hand, and the right sought to be invaded on the other. We propose to do this rather by a simple statement of facts than by elaborate argument, because, if the facts advanced by us are not incontrovertible in themselves, then no extent of argument will make them so, and *vice versa*.

We say, then, that Lodges have some inherent and inalienable rights not subject to Grand Lodge legislation or executive interference, of which they cannot be deprived without their own consent. We are well aware that Grand Lodges claim to be supreme in all matters affecting the welfare of the Craft in their respective jurisdictions, but we shall find that this claim only holds good to the extent of matters expressly conceded to its authority, and not in those reserved by or delegated to the Lodges. Thus, the Grand Lodge will allow no Lodge to be formed in its jurisdiction without its consent formally given, first, through the dispensation of the Grand Master, and finally, by its own act, at an Annual Communication, when it orders a warrant to issue, but having issued the warrant and caused the Lodge to be constituted and its officers installed, it has no power in reserve to say who shall be admitted members or made Masons therein. The Grand Lodge may provide, by regulation, for the election of officers in its subordinates, but it cannot dictate to its Lodges who shall be chosen among their members, provided the brother chosen Master have the qualifications required by the ancient landmarks. These are rights, which, from their very nature, the Lodges could not surrender, and which the Grand Lodge could not exercise, even if vested with the power.

Of precisely the same nature is the right of every Subordinate Lodge to exercise discipline over and settle and adjust differences between its members. This right is as completely indefeasible as either of the others, and in this State, at least, is placed beyond question by the constitution, which expressly concedes to Subordinate Lodges "the exercise of discipline and settlement of controversies between and over all its members, except the Master." (Cons., Title III., Sec. 14, sub. 3.) A mere resolution of the Grand Lodge cannot set aside or invalidate a constitutional provision; and if we admit for argument's sake that such act would be legitimate and binding, we still claim that the right of a Lodge to try its own members is not a subject of legislation, but an inherent and reserved right which has never been conceded to the Grand Lodge, and upon which it has no right to legislate.

When the Subordinate Lodge has exhausted its powers by the trial of a member and the declaration of punishment, then the case naturally falls into the hands of the Grand Lodge, under the law of appeal, when any injustice that may have been done to the individual can be lawfully and fully remedied. But, we repeat, a constitutional provision cannot be set aside by a resolution, and any resolution passed with such intention, is, of itself, null and void, and of no effect; otherwise, constitutions would be of no more force than any temporary regulation, and the safeguard they are supposed to provide against, the invasion of rights, would prove a mere rope of sand. If the Grand Lodge can resolve away the right conceded to Lodges in Sec. 14, it can also, by the same process, defeat their right to elect their own officers, or decide who shall be admitted members. Neither proposition is tenable for a moment, and we are convinced that the resolution passed at the last Annual Communication, the effect of which is to nullify Sec. 14 of the Constitution, will be declared of no effect by the Grand Master and repealed at the next Communication. We make this assertion because the obligation to support the constitution is paramount, and the Grand Master must so regard it, in obedience to his publicly pronounced vow of office. And the Grand Lodge itself cannot vacate the Constitution, nor any part thereof, except in the way and manner therein specified. Any value therefore, that can attach to the resolution to be found on page 76 of the Proceedings of 1867, will only be such as is due to a proposed amendment to the Constitution, which does not take effect until it has been twice affirmatively voted upon at succeeding Annual Communications of the Grand Lodge. Further than this, we say that if the proposition to allow a Grand officer to enter a Subordinate Lodge and appoint a commission of its members to try a case which it had previously refused to entertain, or to order it to desist from trying one of its members, and to turn over to him the papers in the case, were made into a constitutional enactment in the usual way, it could none the less be void, because it would destroy a vested and immemorial right of every Subordinate Lodge to discipline and settle differences among its own members, subject to an appeal, after trial, to the Grand Lodge, and we appeal to any or all recognized authorities on Masonic law for the correctness of our position. This point was reached by the sixth decision reported to the Grand Lodge at its late communication by Grand Master Holmes, and unanimously approved by the body, wherein he says, "that the relevancy of all evidence offered on a trial is a question for the consideration of the commission alone, and not to be touched in any manner, except advisorily, and by request of the commission and parties, by any Grand Officer, no matter what may be his grade, except upon appeal, and certainly not during the pendency of the case. During the progress of the trial, no matter connected with it can be decided outside of the commission, unless all parties unite in asking the opinion of some proper official." This certainly contemplates the well established law, that a Lodge has the first right over its own members, for it will not allow even advice to be given without the consent of all the parties interested..

Again, Sec. 60 of the Constitution declares that when charges are preferred in a Lodge against a member, commissioners shall be appointed by the Master in the chair. A resolution authorizing a Grand Officer to step in before or during the progress of a trial and take the matter out of the hands of the Master and the Lodge, would exactly nullify this section—a proceeding which cannot be admitted.

We conclude, then, as we began, that the right of a Lodge to try its own members, guarded as it is by constitutional enactments and immemorial right, cannot be removed or abridged without revolutionizing the craft and breaking down its most venerated traditions and landmarks, and by assuring our correspondent that Lodges have some rights which must and will be respected.

Masonic History—No. 3.

We have already encroached so far on our space that we cannot, as we had intended, at least on the present occasion, trace down through successive ages and different countries and societies the progress and development of Masonic principles and Masonic organization; nor, indeed, can we now do more than briefly refer to a few well authenticated facts, which are, however, of great importance in this connection. Strabo, the celebrated geographer, informs us that colonies were established by the inhabitants of Palestine on the western coast of Africa, about fourteen years after the building of the temple; and as they were indebted to the Phœnicians for the ships and sailors that conveyed them, there is a good reason for supposing that the art, science and system of the Dionysiac Fraternity, of which evidences were subsequently found there, were conveyed and transplanted there at that time. Coming down to comparatively recent times, we find that Masonic Associations were spread throughout Europe in the 7th century—the era of Mohammed — under very similar regulations to those of the old Dionysians, although they were known by different names in different countries. In Italy, they appeared under the title of "Colleges of Architects;" in France, as "Free Corporators," and sometimes as "Pontifical Brothers;" and in England and Scotland, as Freemasons—this name being doubtless assumed in consequence of the exclusive privileges held by them as a corporation of builders. Connected with them, however, at an early period, were many persons of eminence in public life, and several ecclesiastics, these latter being (as Thomas Hope, an English writer, observes) especially anxious themselves to direct the improvement and erection of their churches and monasteries, and to manage the expenses of their buildings, and to become members of an establishment which had so high and sacred a destination—which was so exempt from all local and civil jurisdiction, and which acknowledged the Pope as its direct chief, under whose authority alone it worked, as his own immediate ministers. Hence it is that we read of so many ecclesiastics of the highest rank—abbots, prelates, bishops—conferring additional weight and respectability on the Society of Freemasons, by becoming members thereof.

In England, about the year 926, a great Masonic Convention was held under the presidency and patronage of Athelstane, who took the Masons specially under his protection, and granted them a charter to hold their assemblies and to form laws for their own government.

It was early in the 12th century that Masonry passed into Scotland, and in the 13th similar bodies were found in Germany; and a record is still extant of a convention held by them in the city of Strasburg, where they were engaged in building the famous cathedral. And here we may remark, *en passant*, that it is quite as likely that Germany was indebted to Scotland and England for its Masonic Associations, as that those countries derived them from Germany. The history of the latter changes, under which *operative* was at last entirely superseded by *speculative* Masonry, is familiar to all. In the beginning of the fifteenth century, Henry, VI., of England, asked of our brethren of that day: "*Where did Masonry begin?*" And being told that it began in the East, his next inquiry was: "*Who did bring it Westerly?*" and he received for answer that it was brought Westerly by "the *Phœnicians.*" These answers were predicated, not on archæological investigations, for the archæology of Masonry had not then been opened—but on the traditions of the Order, as they had been transmitted from generation to generation, and from a period running so far back along the stream of time, that it had been lost in the mists and obscurity of the mythological ages. And recent investigations, guided by more certain lights and more extensive and clearer developments of historical truth, have shown that these brethren were not materially misled by their traditions, and that their answers indicated, with remarkable precision, what the most learned of our brethren, both in this country and in Europe. at the present time believe to be the true origin of their institution.

Freemasonry was originally a fraternity of practical builders—architects and artificers. This is conceded by all who are to any extent acquainted with its history or its traditions. The Phœnicians, whose capital cities were Tyre and Sidon, were the early patrons of that semi-religious, mystic fraternity or society of builders, known in history as the "Dionysian Architects." That this fraternity were employed by the Tyrians and Sidonians in the erection of costly temples to unknown deities, in the building of rich and gorgeous palaces, and in strengthening and beautifying their cities, is universally admitted. And that they were the "cunning workmen" sent by Hiram, King of Tyre, to aid King Solomon in the erection of the temple on Mount Moriah, is scarcely less certain.*

The Jews were neither architects nor artificers. By Solomon's own admission, they were not even skillful enough in the art of building to cut and prepare the timber in the forests of Lebanon, and hence he was compelled to employ the Sidonians to do that work for him. "The Tyrians," says a learned foreign brother, "were celebrated artists; Solomon, therefore, unable to find builders of superior skill for the execution of his great plans, in his own dominions, engaged Tyrians, who, with the assistance of the zealous Jews, *who contented themselves in performing the inferior labor*, finished that stupendous edifice." And we are told, on the authority of Josephus, that "The temple of Jerusalem was built on the same plan, in the same style, and by the same architects, as the temples of Hercules and Astarte at Tyre." They were, doubtless, all three built by one of the companies of "Dionysian Architects," who were at that time numerous throughout Asia Minor, where they possessed the exclusive privilege of erecting temples, theatres and other public buildings.*

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* The existence of this Order in *Tyre*, at the time of the building of the temple, is universally admitted; and Hiram, the widow's son, to whom Solomon intrusted the superintendence of the workmen, as an inhabitant of Tyre, and as a skillful architect and cunning and curious workman, was doubtless one of its members. "Hence," says Mackie, "we are scarcely claiming too much for our Order, when we suppose that the Dionysians were sent by Hiram, King of Tyre, to assist King Solomon in the construction of the house he was about to dedicate to Jehovah, and that *they* communicated to their Jewish fellow-laborers a knowledge of the advantages of their fraternity, and invited *them* to a participation in its mysteries and privileges."

The testimony of history is, that they subsequently supplied Ionia and the surrounding country as far as the Hellespont with theatrical apparatus, by contract. They also practiced their art in Syria, Persia and India; and about three hundred years before the birth of Christ a considerable number of them were incorporated by command of the Kings of Pergamus, who assigned to them Teos as a settlement. It was this fraternity, whether called Greeks, Tyrians or Phœnicians, who built the Temple at Jerusalem. That stupendous work, under God, was the result of their genius and scientific skill. And this being true, from them are we, as a fraternity, lineally descended, or Freemasonry is a myth and our traditions a fable. Hence, the answer of our English brethren of the 15th century, to the inquiry of Henry VI., that Masonry was brought Westerly by the Phœnicians, indicated with great accuracy the probable origin of their institution.

They might, indeed, have said to him that long anterior to the advent of Christianity the mountains of Judea and the plains of Syria, the deserts of India and the valley of the Nile, were cheered by its presence and enlivened by its song; that more than a thousand years before the coming of the "Son of Man," a little company of "cunning workmen" from the neighboring city of Tyre were assembled on the pleasant Mount of Moriah, at the call of the wise King of Israel, and there erected out of their great skill a mighty edifice, whose splendid and unrivaled perfection, and whose grandeur and sublimity have been the admiration and theme of all succeeding ages. They might have said to him that this was the craft-work of a fraternity to whose genius and discoveries, and to whose matchless skill and ability, the wisest of men in all ages have bowed with respect. They might have said to him that, having finished that great work, and filled all Judea with temples and palaces and walled cities — having enriched and beautified Azor, Gozarra and Palmyra with the results of their genius —these "cunning workmen," in after times, passing through the Essenian associations, and finally issuing out of the mystic halls of the "Collegia Artificum" of Rome, burst upon the "Dark Ages" of the world like a bright star peering through a black cloud, and, under the patronage of the Church, produced those splendid monuments of genius which set at defiance the highest attainments of modern art. And if in addition to all this, they had said to him that in the year A. D. 926, one of his predecessors on the throne of England had invited them from all parts of the Continent to meet him in general assembly at his royal city of York, the answer to his inquiry—"*Who did bring it Westerly?*"—would have been complete.

Henceforward for eight centuries Masonry continued an operative fraternity, producing, both in England and on the Continent, those grand and unapproachable specimens of art which are the pride of Central Europe and and the admiration of the traveler. But it is no longer an operative association. We of this day, as Masons, set up no pretensions to extraordinary skill in the physical sciences. Very few of us—accomplished Masons as we may be—would willingly undertake to erect another temple on Mount Moriah! Very certain we are that any honored M. W. Grand Master would hesitate a long time before he consented to assume the duties of architect for another Westminster Abbey, or a new St. Paul's! No. At the reorganization of the craft and the establishment of the present Grand Lodge of England, in 1717, we laid aside our operative character, and with it all pretensions to extraordinary skill in architectural science. We then became a purely moral and benevolent association, whose great aim is the development and cultivation of the moral sentiment, the social principle, and the benevolent affections—a higher reverence for God and a warmer love for man. New laws and regulations, adapted to the changed condition of the institution, were then made—an entire revolution in its governmental policy took place—order and system obtained where neither had previously existed — and England became the great central point of Masonry for the whole world.

Bro Moore again said:

Some seem to consider the Masonic fraternity to have been at one time part and parcel of the ecclesiastical organization of the Church of Rome. Such an idea we believe to be utterly unreasonable and untenable. It is true, indeed, that during the Dark Ages that Church conferred very important privileges on the fraternity, allowing it to be governed by laws, customs and ceremonies peculiar to itself. For *a time*, wherever the Roman Catholic religion was taught, the meetings of Freemasons were sanctioned; but only *for a time, and so long as they were found to be useful and necessary.* The Masons were patronized and protected by the Roman Pope and bishops so long as these required their skillful assistance in the erection of splendid churches, monasteries and cathedrals. The Papal Church detested then, as she does this day, the principles of Freemasonry, but she did not deem it derogatory to her dignity or sanctity to patronize its members so long as they—*and they alone*—could minister to her vanity and ambition. But when the Masonic body became more numerous, and the demand for religious structures less urgent—when, especially, she had discovered by her treacherous intercourse with the fraternity, that the liberal and enlightening doctrines of Masonry were dangerous and antagonistic to the enslaving and debasing policy of the Papacy, we find her not only depriving the fraternity of those privileges that she had voluntarily conferred, but persecuting and pursuing with bitter intolerance the very men to whom she was indebted for so much of her ecclesiastical grandeur; and from that time to the present, she has been the crafty, steady and inveterate enemy of Masonry and Masonic principles—a fact which, to our mind, would in itself be one of the strongest *a priori* evidences of the truth, liberality and enlightenment of the Masonic system and organization.

Sir Charles Lemon, in his address, in 1846, to a Provincial Grand Lodge in England, observes: It happened last year that, traveling in Poland, he was induced to visit a very ancient Jewish temple, built 600 years before Christ, and which is preserved in the same state in which it was originally built and ornamented; here he discovered Masonic emblems now used by the fraternity. He was introduced to the chief rabbi, whom he found to be a worthy Freemason. A late writer remarks that, in investigating the subject of the *Discipline of the Secret*, as it was called by the Fathers of the Church, who were Masons, he discovered conclusive evidence that no less than eighteen of these holy men belonged to the fraternity. They had their signs and their symbols; and St. Chrysostom, who lived in the 5th century, alludes to our mysteries where he says, "the initiated will know what I mean."

Gliddon, in his Lectures on Egyptian Archæology, at Boston, in 1843, speaks of the symbols only used by the priests, which, to the ignorant, were ludicrous, but to the knowing were of great moral worth. He remarks that the stones of the pyramids, and of other stupendous structures on the Nile, which have survived the changes of time, bear Masons' marks as fresh as though chiseled yesterday. Similar traces have lately been discovered on the monuments of Ninevah and Babylon, undoubtedly having reference to Masonic mysteries, and among them to the occult name of Jehovah. The evidences of the antiquity of the Order are found not only in all written history, but in all the ancient remains of the labor of man which still exist on the face of the earth, or are at times drawn forth from its buried recesses.

"*The American Baptist*" ignorantly errs in attributing the origin of Freemasonry to the year A. D. 1717. It is true that at this time Masonry revived, and a second and enlarged Grand Lodge was established; but this very revival proves a more ancient establishment. We have already adverted to the statute book of England, showing the act of 1424, the third year of Henry IV., expressly forbidding the assembling of Freemasons. History tells us of Queen Elizabeth ineffectually undertaking to suppress a Grand Lodge which met at York, on St. John's eve, in 1561, and records accredited by all scholars, profane or Masonic, trace a regular list of Grand Masters and patrons up to Prince Edwin, the brother of King Athelstane, in 926. Craftsmen do not doubt of Alfred the Great having been a Grand Master.

* * * * * *

The great philosopher and student, De Quincey, not a Freemason, groping in the crepuscular light of the outer world, so far as our mysteries are concerned, finds the Masonic society all over the habitable globe in the time of Christ; but our anti-Masonic philosophers cannot find any trace of the institution beyond a century and a half ago.

The Greatest Masonic Offense is that against Charity.

The greatest Masonic sinner is he who violates most this Divine law and precept.

To endeavor to create an elevated Masonic sentiment within and without the fraternity is commendable and a duty; but it may be so unworthily performed as to motive and manner, as to result in great evil. To attack violently this or that vice, and especially to be unjust and malignant to the wrongdoer, is not a Masonic mode of curing an evil. To engage in a spasmodic effort against any wrong, under the direction of outside pressure, should be avoided by us as Masons. Give our people light.

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THE celebrated scholar, divine and commentator, Dr. Adam Clark, of the Wesleyan denomination, said of travel:

> Our ancient brethren are Masonically said to have traveled from west to east in search of instruction, and it is an undeniable fact that all knowledge, all religion, all arts and sciences have traveled, according to the course of the sun, from east to west. From that quarter the Divine glory first came, and thence the rays of divine light continue to diffuse themselves over the face of the earth. From thence came the Bible, and through that the new covenant. From thence came the prophets, the apostles, and the first missionaries that brought the knowledge of God to Europe, to the isles of the sea, and to the west.

◆

The *Tribune* of Colorado, of Nov. 6, contains the following:

> 'A BEAUTIFUL DONATION.—Those who attended the Grand Lodge a few weeks ago cannot have failed to notice a new set of aprons worn by the officers. They were presented to the Lodges of Denver by the NATIONAL FREEMASON, for a club of fifty subscribers raised here by W. D. Anthony, W. M. of Union Lodge, No. 7. The aprons are ten in number—of white lambskin, trimmed with blue, and with the emblems of the different Lodge officers stamped in gold thereon.

◆

The Evergreen is a new monthly to be issued December 1, by our esteemed friend and brother, Dr. Guilbert, of Dubuque, Iowa, at the price of two dollars per annum. We feel satisfied that Bro. Guilbert will issue a sheet acceptable and useful to the craft.

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* Dionysius arrived in Greece from Egypt during the reign of Amphycton, about 1500 years before Christ, and there instituted or introduced the Dionysian mysteries. The Ionic migration occurred about 300 years afterwards, or about 1200 years B. C.—the emigrants carrying with them from Greece to Asia Minor the mysteries of Dionysius, before they had been corrupted by the Athenians. "In a short time," says Mr. Laurie, "the Asiatic colonies surpassed the mother country in prosperity and science. Sculpture in marble, and the Doric and Ionic Orders, were the result of their ingenuity." "We know," says a learned encyclopedist (Am. En. *Arch.*), "that the Dionysiacs of Ionia" (which place has, according to Herodotus, always been celebrated for the genius of its inhabitants), "were a great corporation of architects and engineers, who undertook, and even *monopolized*, the building of temples, stadiums and theatres, *precisely as the fraternity of Masons are known to have, in the Middle Ages, monopolized* the building of cathedrals and conventual churches. Indeed, the Dionysiacs resembled the mystical fraternity, now called Freemasons, in many important particulars. *They allowed no strangers to interfere in their employment*; recognized each other by signs and tokens; they professed certain mysterious doctrines, under the tuition and tutelage of Bacchus; and they called all other men profane, because not admitted to these mysteries."

Answers to Correspondents.

A **Bucket Full of Honey**—was once, it is said, received in a Southwestern Lodge for an initiation fee. The honest brother was accustomed to purchase his calicoes and groceries by swapping coon-skins and other things for them. Being elected to take the first degree, he brought a large bucket full of honey as his initiation fee. The Lodge accepted the barter, and ate up all the honey while at refreshment the same night.

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The Party Challenged—not the challenger, begins.

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A **Knight Templar's Toast**.—

"Twelve once were highly lov'd,
But one a Judas prov'd:
Put out his fire."—*Ecaliobton.*

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Doubling the Cube.—The duplication of the cube was a celebrated problem much discussed by ancient geometricians. It is the finding of a side of a cube that shall be double in solidity to a given cube. It was first proposed by the oracle of Apollo, at Delphos, which declared that the plague then raging at Athens should cease when Apollo's altar—a cube—was doubled. It is hence called the Delphian problem. It cannot be solved geometrically, as it requires the solution of a cubic equation, but it has been solved mechanically by Archimedes and other philosophers.

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The Most Perfect Mason—is he who does his duty most faithfully to God, his neighbor and himself.

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Capt. Maryatt's Percival Keene—has the Masonic allusions referred to. It is a very good story about two reefers.

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Prince Albert—was once proposed for initiation and was anxious to become a Freemason. But the Duke of Sussex, the then Grand Master of England, died before the ceremony could take place; and, acting under the advice of Lord Palmerston, when jealousies of the Prince's position were rife, thought it not prudent as a foreigner to proceed.

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Why are Women not admitted into Freemasonry?—We answer: "Why were women not employed in the work of the Ancient Temple?

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The Arch in the Temple—was known before Solomon's day—in the early days of the Egyptians and Thebes Sir Gardner Wilkinson traced an arch in Thebes, which had an inscription on it, written 1540 years B. C. or 460 before the building of King Solomon's Temple.

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Sealed Certificates—have been in use one hundred and twelve years. July 24, 1755, was fixed as the date by the Grand Lodge of England, when and after the Grand Secretary would affix his seal and receive as his fee five shillings.

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Sweet Fern.—"Is there any regulation extant as to the special mode in which a petition may be presented to a Lodge? I mean a petition for initiation, and I ask in order to arrive at a solution of the question, 'can our Lodges, if so minded, adopt the mode in vogue in our French Lodges, where the name of the brother presenting the petition is not made known until after the candidate has been accepted?' In conversation with several Masters of Lodges the general sentiment appeared to be that the plan has the merit of placing the candidate on his own merits and not on the reputation or advocacy of his friend, and further, that it might also tend to head off the vicious blackballing of a candidate because of some personal pique against the brother presenting his petition."

Answer.—This is a matter of detail clearly left to the discretion of Lodges and to be governed by such regulations as they may choose to adopt. We know of no regulation on the subject except those found in manuals, which are of no authority whatever, except as matters of form and for convenience sake. Our own experience of the working of the French plan has been entirely in its favor, and we are clearly of opinion that its general adoption would prove greatly beneficial in our Lodges. Before adopting it, however, we would advise you to consult the Grand Master or his Deputy, they being the authorized expounders of the law and having power to enforce their opinions.

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Italia.—The opinion of our cotemporary in the premises stated was correct, but the facts on which his opinion was given were not correctly stated. The Executive officer suspended the warrant by a written order in which he distinctly stated that the members of the Lodge were exempted from the suspension. He simply arrested the charter without affecting the rights of the members as Masons in good standing.

A. A. W.—"I am requested to ask you a question based upon the following proposition: An affiliated Mason signs a petition for a dispensation for a new Lodge, not, however, intending or wishing to become a member of the new Lodge, should it receive a warrant, but with the idea that he is simply recommending it. After the warranted Lodge is instituted, he neither signs the By-Laws nor pays dues, nor are dues charged to him, neither is the old Lodge notified of his intention to withdraw and become a member of the new Lodge. Now after the dispensation has expired, of which Lodge, if either, is he a member, or can he choose between the two?"

Answer.—At or before the expiration of the dispensation the brother can choose whether he will remain in the new Lodge or resume active membership in the old one, but if he fail to make a choice and give notice to the Lodges, he will be held by common usage to belong to the new one. See Proceedings 1858, pp. 30 and 209.

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The Blue Blanket—is displayed in all the Masonic processions of Edinburgh. A number of Scotch Mechanics followed Allan, Lord Steward of Scotland, to the holy wars in Palestine, and took with them a banner on which were inscribed the following words from the 51st Psalm, viz.: *In bonâ voluntate Tua edificentur muri Hierosolymæ.* Fighting under this banner these valiant Scotsmen were present at the capture of Jerusalem and other towns in the Holy Land; and on their return to their own country they deposited the banner, which they styled "The Banner of the Holy Ghost," at the altar of St. Eloi—the patron saint of the Edinburgh tradesmen—in the church of St. Giles. It was occasionally unfurled or worn as a mantle by the representative of the trades in the courtly and religious pageants that in former times were of frequent occurrence in the Scottish capital. In 1482, James III., in consequence of the assistance which he had received from the craftsmen of Edinburgh in delivering him from the castle in which he was kept a prisoner, and paying a dept of 6000 merks which he had contracted in making preparation for the marriage of his son, the Duke of Rothsay, to Cecil, daughter of Edward IV., of England, conferred on the good town several valuable privileges, and renewed to the craftsmen their favorite banner of "The Blue Blanket." James's Queen, Margaret of Denmark, to show her gratitude and respect to the Crafts, painted on the banner with her own hands a St. Andrew's cross, a crown, a thistle, and a hammer, with the following inscription, viz.: "Fear God and honor the King with a long life and a prosperous reign, and we, that is the Trades, shall ever pray to be faithful for the defense of his sacred Majesty's royal person till death."

The King decreed that in all time coming this flag should be "the standard of the crafts within burgh, and that it should be unfurled in defense of their own rights, and in proteetion of their sovereign. The incorporated crafts were, therefore, ever ready to hoist their banner when any of their privileges were assailed; and hence James VI., in his work entitled "Basilicon Doron," which he addressed to his son Henry, Prince of Wales, says, "The craftsmen think we should be content with their work how bad soever it should be; and if in any thing they be controlled, up goes the Blue Blanket." The crafts, nevertheless, showed no less alertness in bringing it forth to uphold the honor and independence of their country, and to protect the life and liberty of their sovereigns. It is said to have flaunted amid a thousand streamers of all shapes, devices, and hues on the Borough Muir when the craftsmen rallied under the Earl of Angus, the Lord Provost, to accompany James IV. to the disastrdus field of Flodden. It was displayed to assemble the incorporated trades to protect Queen Mary when she was insulted and her life placed in jeopardy by the incensed populace after her surrender to the confederate nobles at Carbery Hill; and it went up to rescue James VI. himself from a rabble that assailed him in the Old Tolbooth for refusing to listen to a petition presented by the Presbyterian ministers, complaining of his undue leaning in favor of the Popish party. The last time it was publicly exhibited was on the visit of George IV. to Scotland, in 1822.

The privilege of displaying it at the Masonic procession was granted to the Journeymen in consequence of their original connection with the Masons of Mary's Chapel, one of the fourteen Incorporated Trades of the city. The "Blue Blanket" was long in a very tattered condition, but a number of years ago it was repaired by lining one of its sides with blue silk, so that it can now be exposed without subjecting it to much injury.

In Mrs. Muhlbach's "Napoleon and Queen Louisa," Napoleon questions Staps, the patriotic German, respecting his motives in attempting his assassination. Napoleon asked Staps, "Are you a Freemason, or one of the Illuminati?"

Evening.

BY S. C. COFFINBURY, GRAND MASTER OF MICHIGAN.

[Bro. Coffinbury is renewedly welcome to the readers of the National Freemason.]

Soothingly the lone twilight song-bird singing
Her soft mournful lull, like a sad farewell,
When, on the crumbling wall, sweet flowers are clinging,
And the dull roar of distant waters swell,]
Restores lost thoughts and light of youth, in golden beams,
Sweet early flowers, with'ring with life's fading dreams.

Softly, silently the pale moonlight stealing
'Neath the dark shadows of the slumbering trees,
In pure and softened beauty half revealing
Sweet flowers wav'ring in the whispering breeze—
The thought, the sense, the soul, the love, the life inspires,
And lights our higher being with celestial fires.

And mem'ry, the long, long past awaking,
Steals, with her hallowed light, through faded years,
While, through the vista, shadowy forms are breaking,
Enshrined in glad'ning smiles and sorrowing tears.
They wake a thrill of joy—they breathe love's tender strain—
On age they shed a light that makes life young again.

Oh! the sweet smiles of well remember'd faces,
Still freshly beaming in bright fancy's spell,
How quickly, fondly still, glad mem'ry traces!
How sadly, too, she breathes their last farewell,
As the dim light doth glow above life's shadowy even,
That pure, that holy light, that guides the way to heaven.

Constantine, Mich., Nov. 18, 1867.

Gazette, Woodbridge (N. J.), says:

The National Freemason is the largest and best Masonic Journal in this country. It is published weekly, and is well edited and printed. Its reading matter is of a varied nature, and the paper will be of interest not only to the members of the fraternity, but to all who desire sound and sensible reading.

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Constitution and Union (Ill.), says:

The Nationll Freemason is right on the square.

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The Journal, Fulton (Ill.), says:

The National Freemason is an excellent paper and ably edited.

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The Star and Journal (Louisiana), says:

We find no exchange more worthy of praise than the National Freemason. This weekly is filled with valuable reading matter, not only to the fraternity, but also to general readers. It teaches the true spirit of charity, which is the bond of the craft and the true cement of society.

∴

National Democrat (Michigan), says:

The National Freemason.—The *best* Masonic publication in the United States. Filled with matter of the greatest importance to *live* Masons, who desire to become well posted; profusely illustrated. Every Master Mason would prize it, and no Master of a Lodge can afford to be without it. We have often recommended this publication to Masons, and cannot speak of it in too strong terms of approbation. We believe it to be *the best.*

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The North Missourian (Mo.), says:

National Freemason.—It is a handsomely printed paper and is now in its ninth volume. It is devoted to the interests of the Masonic fraternity, and is just such a paper as every Mason cannot well afford to do without.

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Southern Shield (Ky.), says:

The National Freemason.—This is one of the ablest and best family newspapers published in the country. It is interesting not only to Masons, but to everybody.

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The Union Monitor (Illinois) says:

The National Freemason is edited with pre-eminent ability.

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The *Athens Post* (Alabama) says:

The National Freemason is a large, fine weekly, each number embracing sixteen pages, and beautifully embellished with the portrait of some distinguished Mason, and has a circulation extending over the entire country, and in London, Paris, and other foreign ports. We commend it to the fraternity everywhere.

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The *Mount Joy Herald* (Pa.) says:

The National Freemason is a neat illustrated Journal.

Masonry and Labor—Why is one Man Richer than Another.

Masonry proposes to elevate labor. She estimates the tradesman and the mechanic according to his real worth, as she does the professional man. A mechanic presides over men of science, literature and the learned professions, because he is Masonically esteemed more worthy. Masonry checks and modifies the worst symptoms of modern society—as Ruskin says—

> Its notion of great inferiority and ungentlemanliness as necessarily belonging to the character of a tradesman. I believe tradesmen may be, ought to be, often are, more gentlemen than idle and useless people; and I believe that art may do noble work by recording in the hall of each trade, the services which men belonging to that trade have done for their country, both preserving the portraits, and recording the important incidents in the lives, of those who have made great advances in commerce and civilization. We are stewards or ministers of whatever talents are entrusted to us. Is it not a strange thing, that while we more or less accept the meaning of that saying, so long as it is considered metaphorical, we never accept its meaning in its own terms? You know the lesson is given us under the form of a story about money. Money was given to the servants to make use of: the unprofitable servant dug in the earth, and hid his Lord's money. Well, we in our poetical and spiritual application of this, say, that of course money doesn't mean money, it means wit, it means intellect, it means influence in high quarters, it means every thing in the world except itself. And do not you see what a pretty and pleasant come-off there is for most of us, in this spiritual application? Of course, if we had wit we would use it for the good of our fellow-creatures, But we haven't wit. Of course, if we had influence with the bishops, we would use it for the good of the Church; but we haven't any influence with the bishops. Of course, if we had political power, we would use it for the good of the nation; but we have no political power; we have no talents entrusted to *us* of any sort or kind. It is true we have a little money, but the parable can't possibly mean any thing so vulgar as money; our money's our own.
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> I believe, if you think seriously of this matter, you will feel that the first and most literal application is just as necessary a one as any other—that the story does very specially mean what it says—plain money; and that the reason we don't at once believe it does so, is a sort of tacit idea that while thought, wit and intellect, and all power of birth and position, are indeed *given* to us, and, therefore, to be laid out for the Giver—our wealth has not been given to us; but we have worked for it, and have a right to spend it as we choose. I think you will find that this is the real substance of our understanding in this matter. Beauty, we say, is given by God—it is a talent; strength is given by God—it is a talent; position is given by God—it is a talent; but money is proper wages for our day's work—it is not a talent, it is a due. We may justly spend it on ourselves, if we have worked for it.
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> And there would be some shadow of excuse for this, were it not that the very power of making the money is itself only one of the applications of that intellect or strength which we confess to be talents. Why is one man richer than another? Because he is more industrious, more persevering, and more sagacious. Well, who made him more persevering and more sagacious than others? That power of endurance, that quickness of apprehension, that calmness of judgment, which enable him to seize the opportunities that others lose, and persist in the lines of conduct in which others fail—are these not talent?—are they not in the present state of the world, among the most distinguished and influential of mental gifts? And is it not wonderful, that while we should be utterly ashamed to use a superiority of body, in order to thrust our weaker companions aside from some place of advantage, we unhesitatingly use our superiorities of mind to thrust them back from whatever good that strength of mind can attain. You would be indignant if you saw a strong man walk into a theatre or a lecture-room, and calmly choosing the best place, take his feeble neighbor by the shoulder, and turn him out of it into the back seats, or the street. You would be equally indignant if you saw a stout fellow thrust himself up to a table where some hungry children were being fed, and reach his arm over their heads and take their bread from them. But you are not the least indignant if, when a man has stoutness of thought and swiftness of capacity, and, instead of being long-armed only, has the much greater gift of being long-headed—you think it perfectly just that he should use his intellect to take the bread out of the mouths of all the other men in the town who are of the same trade with him; or use his breadth and sweep of sight to gather some branch of the commerce of the country into one great cobweb, of which he is himself to be the central spider, making every thread vibrate with the points of his claws, and commanding every avenue with the facets of his eyes. You see no injustice in this.
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> But there is injustice; and, let us trust, one of which honorable men will at no very distant period disdain to be guilty. In some degree, however, it is indeed not unjust; in some degree it is necessary and intended. It is assuredly just that idleness should be surpassed by energy; that the widest influence should be possessed by those who are best able to wield it; and that a wise man, at the end of his career, should be better off than a fool. But for that reason, is the fool to be wretched, utterly crushed down, and left in all the suffering which his conduct and capacity naturally inflict? Not so. What do you suppose fools were made for? That you might tread upon them, and starve them, and get the better of them in every possible way? By no means. They were made that wise people might take care of them. That is the true and plain fact concerning the relations of every strong and wise man to the world about him. He has his strength given him, not that he may crush the weak, but that he may support and guide them. In his own household he is to be the guide and the support of his children; out of his household he is still to be the father, that is, the guide and support of the weak and the poor; not merely of the meritoriously weak and the innocently poor, but of the guiltily and punishably poor; of the men who ought to have known better—of the poor who ought to be ashamed of themselves. It is nothing to give pension and cottage to the widow who has lost her son; it is nothing to give food and medicine to the workmen who has broken his arm, or the decrepit woman wasting in sickness. But it is something to use your time and strength to war with the waywardness and thoughtlessness of mankind; to keep the erring workman in your service till you have made him an unerring one; and to direct your fellow-merchant to the opportunity which his dullness would have lost. This is much; but it is yet more, when you have fully achieved the superiority which is due to you, and acquired the wealth which is the fitting reward of your sagacity, if you solemnly accept the responsibility of it, as it is the helm and guide of labor far and near. For you who have it in your hands, are in reality the pilots of the power and effort of the State. It is entrusted to you as an authority to be used for good or evil, just as completely as kingly authority was ever given to a prince, or military command to a captain.

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The discussions of the Christian Conventions lately in our city look very much like true Masonic work. Among them were:

The unreached masses in our cities and larger towns.

What means more direct than those now in use can be employed to reach the people in sparsely settled neighborhoods?

Lay preaching; is it desirable, what should be its character, and how rendered most productive of good?

How can mission stations and churches in larger towns and cities be best developed into self-sustaining organizations?

Cottage and district prayer meetings: how best established and conducted?

How can direct personal Christian effort be made universal and characteristic in the whole Church of Christ?

How can woman's talent be best employed in our churches?

How can the influence of Christian homes be increased?

Why do so many churches fail to reach the poor?

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Music in Speech.—Sitting in some company, and having been but a little before musical, I chanced to take notice that in ordinary discourse words were spoken in perfect notes, and that some of the company used eighths, some fifths, some thirds; and that those were most pleasing whose words, as to their tone, consisted of most concords, and, where of discords, of such as constituted harmony; and the same person was the most affable, pleasant, and the best natured in the company. And this suggests a reason why many discourses, which one hears with much pleasure when they come to be read, scarcely seem the same things. From this difference of music in speech we may also conjecture that of tempers. We know the Doric mood sounds gravity and sobriety; the Lydian, freedom; the Æolic, sweet stillness and composure; the Phrygian, jollity and youthful levity; the Ionic soothes the storms and disturbances arising from passion. And why may we not reasonably suppose that those whose speech runs into the notes peculiar to any of these moods are likewise in disposition? —*Philosophical Transactions, vol.* 2, p. 441.

An Objection Answered.

BY REV. BRO. TUCKER.

"Masonry is a deistical system, ignoring the Gospel of Christ." Of course this can be said with any appearance of truth only of the three *lower* degrees of Masonry, which alone constitute ancient Masonry. Royal Arch Masonry and many of the higher degrees are essentially Christian. In the Degrees of Ancient Masonry, indeed, no direct mention is made of our Saviour or his Gospel: the prayers at their opening and their closing are not made expressly in His name. But as these degrees came to us from a time *antecedent* to the birth of Christ, it would be inconsistent to expect to find in them any such direct mention. But all the ceremonies contain abundant references to, and explanations of, the most prominent types of the Messiah, and the person and character of the great Anti-type are frequently presented to us, vailed in symbol and allegory. The Grand Architect of the Universe can be no other than He "who declared the Law unto Moses," viz.: that "Eternal Word," by whom, as St. John tells us, "all things were made," and the God to whom the fervent and beautiful prayers are offered up, must be the God of the *Old Testament*, the God of the People of Israel, the God of the Holy Trinity. No Lodge is ever completely furnished without an open Bible, and faith in that blessed book is constantly inculcated. The Lord's Prayer, given us by our Saviour himself, contains no direct mention of his name; it is addressed to "Our Father," and so the Masonic prayers commence with the name of "the Almighty Father." Let me repeat one: "Vouchsafe thine aid, O Almighty Father of the Universe, to this our present convention; and grant that this candidate for Masonry may dedicate and devote his life to thy service, and become a true and faithful brother among us. Endue him with a competency of the *Divine Wisdom*, that by the secrets of our Art he may be better enabled to display the beauties of holiness, to the glory of Thy Holy Name. So mote it be." Who can doubt that such a prayer as this, when offered up in a Christian country, by a Christian Lodge, is addressed to the Christian's God in the name of the Chistian's Saviour? That such was the opinion of those who were instrumental in the revival of Masonry we may learn from the following prayer, which was used by them, and had come down to them from a still earlier date of Saxon history: "The Almighty Father of Heaven, *with the wisdom of the glorious Son*, through the goodness of the Holy Ghost, Three Persons in one Godhead, be with our beginning, and give us Grace so to govern our lives that we may come to His bliss, which shall never have an end." A perusal of many of our Manuals and Handbooks may lead the uninitiated to the inference that the practice of morality is our chief aim; but the intelligent Mason knows that under it all lies a rich vein of Messianic truth. Freemasonry is in fact a system of traditionary teaching vailed in symbol and allegory, and handed down through successive generations of initiated Masons from the earliest ages of Bibilical history. And as we compare it with our Bibles now, their agreement is to the Freemason an additional evidence of the truth of the Holy Book, and also a proof that his own system is founded on Truth.

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The *Quincy Herald* (Ill.) says:

The National Freemason is the excellent leading illustrated Masonic Weekly.

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The *Columbus Dispatch* (Ky.) says:

The National Freemason.—This is one of the ablest and best family newspapers published in America. It is interesting not only to the Craft, but to everybody.

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WANTED.—Bro. Gould, Huntington, L. I., wants in his store a boy, from 14 to 16 years of age, of good habits and undoubted integrity.

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW YORK CITY.

Sir J. B. Chaffee, Grand Lecturer, has been engaged during the past week in giving instruction in the drill and ritual of Knight Templary to a large number of Sir Knights representing the various Commanderies in New York and Brooklyn. As usual with him, he has created a most favorable impression, and enabled his pupils to make remarkable progress, the good effects of which will doubtless appear in the future work of the Commanderies.

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Honorarium.—Mystic Tie Lodge, No. 272, presented M. W. Bro. Robert D. Holmes, P. G. M. and P. M. of that Lodge, with a series of beautifully engrossed resolutions, enclosed in a richly gilt frame, expressing fraternal regard and appreciation for services rendered the Lodge by the distinguished brother. The presentation speech was made by the Master of the Lodge in a rather neat speech. Bro. Holmes responded, and in the course of his remarks said that it had long been a matter of regret that Masons' wives, sisters, daughters, widows and (although it was not in the Masonic ritual) mothers had not been recognized among Masons. From this time forth he would labor in the Grand Lodge of this State to have it use its great influence with the Grand Lodges of the world for the purpose of having some token brought into being and generally recognized, by which wives, sisters, daughters, widows and mothers of Masons may make themselves known all over the world. (Applause). In this he intended no infraction of Masonic law, but he did mean that when such relatives of Masons were in distress they should be known without carrying their relatives' diploma in their pocket. The M. W. brother mentioned the fact that out of all the charter members who opened the Lodge 16 years ago, only the Treasurer, Bro. Sigler, and he were left. In conclusion, he again thanked the Lodge, not only for himself but his family, for the elegant testimonial which they had so fraternally tendered to him. The presentation was witnessed by some two hundred ladies, wives, sisters and daughters of the brethren, upon whom R. W. Bro. Macoy subsequently conferred the Order of the Eastern Star.

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The Chapter Visitations have thus far been very successful, large numbers of companions being in attendance, and all appearing gratified with the animus of the occasion. Zerubbabel Chapter, M. E. Comp. Beck, H. P., was visited on Tuesday, and Zetland Chapter, M. E. Comp. Dixon, H. P., on Thursday of last week. The visits will continue until all the Chapters in this district have received a call.

BROOKLYN.

Promenade Concert.—We again call attention to this entertainment, to be given at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, on the 27th December, in aid of the funds of the Brooklyn Relief Association, one of the best conducted of the various Boards of Relief of the State. The number of pensioners depending on their bounty is large and the calls for relief frequent and pressing. We, therefore, trust that an earnest attempt will be made to secure a large sale of tickets to the end that the heart of the widow may be made glad and that the tears of the orphan' may be dried. The music, which is to be furnished by Bro. Papst, will be a treat worth all the money, to say nothing of the benevolent object to be accomplished by the concert.

NEW HAMPSHIRE.

Pittsfield.—The Lodge, on the cover of its By-Laws, prints for the use of its members the following:

Never forget that you are a Freemason, a link in the chain of universal brotherhood.

Never be absent from the meetings of your Lodge, if you can help it.

Never forget that a true Freemason is your brother, and treat him accordingly.

Never fail to kindly admonish a brother if you see him err.

Never repel the approach of a brother because he is poor.

Never cease to be a "peaceable subject" to the civil powers, wherever you may reside or work.

Never be concerned in plots and conspiracies against the peace and welfare of the nation.

Never be incautious in your works and carriage.

Never cease to act as becomes a moral and wise man.

Never solicit a man to be a Mason.

Never recommend an applicant unless you know him to be a good man, and who will conform to the precepts of society.

Never cast your ballot in favor of a candidate unless you know him to be worthy, and his moral character free from reproach.

Never fail to exercise your right as a member of your Lodge, and vote upon every application.

Never let it be known, directly or indirectly, how you vote upon an application to the mysteries of Masonry.

Never be afraid to do your duty if you believe a candidate is not worthy to be received into membership with us.

Never speak of Masonic matters in unseemly or improper places.

Never indulge in practices that may bring reproach upon the institution.

OHIO.

Grand Chapter.—In our last issue we published the resolutions adopted by the Grand Chapter respecting the Grand Chapter of the D. C. We have received from Bro. Larner during the week the following extract from the report of the Committee on Foreign Communications, referred to in the resolutions from the Grand Chapter of Ohio:

"We have taken occasion properly to express our views in regard to this assumption of authority by the General Grand High Priest, and this invasion of the prerogatives of a Grand Chapter. It is a matter in which every Grand Chapter in the United States is interested; as, if this were permitted, we would, ere long, find the General Grand Chapter, through its officers, endeavoring to override and control every act which they see proper to perform. We trust that the Grand Chapter of Ohio may speak emphatically on this subject. Believing, as we do, that the formation of this Grand Chapter was eminently wise and proper, and that it will tend to the prosperity of Capitular Masonry, we recommend that the Grand Chapter of Ohio greet them with true Masonic cheer, and receive them with a hearty Royal Arch welcome into the family of Grand Chapters."

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Cleveland.—Bro. Capt. Sam Whiting, like a true Freemason, does not hesitate to go anywhere with his Masonic charity. We find him presenting a beautiful engraving to the Sisters of Charity, and addressing them in poetry, from which we take these lines:

> The mother calls a blessing down on her who nursed her son,
> And thanks of wounded heroes *prove* how well her work was done.
> True womanhood has ever prov'd self-sacrificing—brave—
> Last at the dear Redeemer's cross, and earliest at his grave.

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Grand Councils.—Table of titles prepared by Comp. Drummond:

Grand Councils.	Officers and Titles in Grand Council.				Officers and Titles in Subordinate Councils.		
Alabama	G. P.	D.G.P.	G.T.I.	G.P.C.W.	T.I.M.	D.I.M.	P.C.W.
Arkansas	M.P.G.M.	R.P.D.G.M.	R.P.G.I.M.	R.P.G.P.C.W.	"	"	"
Connecticut	"	D.P.G.M.	T.I.G.M.	G.P.C.W.	T.I.G.M.	D.G.M.	P.C.
Florida	"						
Georgia	T.I.G.M.	I.G.H.T.	I.G.H.A.B.		T.I.M.	I.H.T.	I.H.A.B.
Illinois	T.I.G.P.	M.I.D.G.P.	I.G.T.I.	I.G.P.C.W.	T.I.G.M.	D.I.G.M.	P.C.W.
Indiana	M.P.G.M.	D.P.G.M.	T.I.G.M.	G.P.C.W.	"	"	"
Iowa	"	R.I.D.G.M.	R.I.G.M.	"	T.I.M.	R.I.M.	I.M.
Kentucky	G. P.	D.G.P.	G.T.I.	"	"	D.I.M.	P.C.W.
Louisiana	M.P.G.M.	D.G.M.	T.I.G.M.	"	"	D.I.G.M.	"
Maine	"	D.P.G.M.	R.P.G.M.	P.G.M.	"	R.I.M.	I.M.
Massachusetts	"	R.P.G.M.	P.G.M.W.	G.M.C.	M.I.G.M.	R.I.G.M.	I.G.M.
Michigan	T.I.G.M.	D.I G.P.	D.T.I.	G.P.C.W.	T.I.G.M.	D.I.G.M.	P.C.W.
Mississippi	M.P.G.M.	D.P.G.M.	G.T.I.G.M.	"	"	"	I.P.C.W.
Missouri	G. P.	D.G.P.	G.T.I.	"	"	D.T.I.	P.C.W.
New Hampshire	M.I.G.M.	R.I.G.M.	I.G.M.				
New Jersey	M.P.G.M.	R.P.D.G.M.	R.P.G.I.M.	R.P.G.P.C.W.	T.I.M.	R.I.M.	I.P.C.W.
New York	"	"	"	"	"	"	"
North Carolina	"	T.I.D.G.M.		I.G.P.C.W.	T.I.G.M.	I.H.T.	I.H.A.B.
Ohio	P.G.M.	D.P.G.M.	I.G.M.	G.P.C.W.	"	D.I.G.M.	P.C.W.
Pennsylvania	M.P.G.M.	R.P.D.G.M.	R.P.G.I.M.	R.P.G.P.C.W.	T.I.M.	R.I.M.	I.P.C.W.
Rhode Island	"	D.P.G.M.	I.G.M.	G.P.C.W.	"	M.I.M.	P.C.W.
Tennessee	"	D.M.P.G.M.		"			
Texas	"	R.P.D.G.M.	R.P.G.M.	R.P.G.P.C.W.	T.I.M.	R.I.M.	I.P.C.W.
Vermont	"	P.D.G.M.	T.I.G.M.	R.I.G.M.	T.I.G.M.	R.I.G.M.	I.G.M.
Wisconsin	"	R.P.D.G.M.	R.P.G.T.I.	R.P.G.P.C.			

PENNSYLVANIA.

The Claim of the English Ritual.—The existence of the Ritual of England runs far back in the history of time. We have no definite means of ascertaining its precise date, but it is sufficient for our purpose only to know of its existence prior to the establishment of the *first* Grand Encampment in America, which was instituted in Philadelphia in May, 1797.

The Grand Conclave of England was formed on the 24th of June, 1791, and derived their Ritual from the Immemorial Encampments of which we have spoken. The Constitution and Ritual was also confirmed April 10, 1809, by the Duke of Kent, the Grand Patron of the Order. From April, 1809, to August 6th, 1812, Sir W. R. Wright was Grand Master. From August, 1812, to April 13, 1846, the Duke of Sussex was Grand Master. From April, 1846, to May 10, 1862, Col. Sir —— Tyute was Grand Master; and from 1862 to the present time, Sir Wm. Stuart is the present Grand Master of the Grand Conclave of England, Wales and Canada; and during this whole period the Ritual, as derived from the Immemorial Encampments and approved in 1791, has been pertinaciously adhered to *as the genuine and correct work of our Fathers.* The English Ritual, therefore, as now used, and which our Fathers brought to America, has been traced to have had an existence before Grand Conclaves, Grand Encampments, or Grand Commanderies existed. This being true, Sir Knights, the only remaining question for your examination is: Has this Ritual been changed?

The Claim of the Grand Encampment of Massachusetts and Rhode Island.—Your Committee are free to confess that the Ritual of the Order has been completely and entirely changed and revolutionized, and from a Military character transformed tothat of a Masonic cast; and that although we derive our origin through the Grand Conclave of England, yet it is presented to us in a new garb—unlike that from which we derive our lineage.

To demonstrate this, let facts be submitted to the Templar world.

In an address delivered before the Grand Encampment of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, on the 5th day of May, 1865, the M. E. Sir William Sewall Gardner, Grand Master, used the following language:

"On the 6th of May, 1805, Sir Thomas Smith Webb, of Providence; Sir Henry Fowle, of Boston; Sir Jonathan Gage, of Newburyport, with other Templar Masons, assembled at the Masonic Hall, at Providence, and FORMED this Grand Encampment. * * * There they assembled and laid the foundation of Templar Masonry as WE recgnize it to-day. * * * This Grand Encampment was the germ of Templar Masonry as now organized in the United States, and the RITUAL AS ADOPTED HERE HAS BEEN TAKEN AS THE TRUE TEMPLAR WORK throughout the jurisdiction of the Grand Encampment of the United States. * * * Immediately after the formation of the General Grand Encampment of the United States Sir Henry Fowle was employed by that Grand Body to establish subordinate Encampments, and as an instructor of the Templar Ritual. * * * Perhaps no person in the United States had more to do with the FORMATION AND RENOVATION OF THIS RITUAL than Sir Henry Fowle. * * * We have then for our gratification, that this Grand Encampment (Massachusetts and Rhode Island) has FURNISHED THE RITUAL which is now used in all the bodies, both Grand and Subordidate, within the United States."

The Grand Master, Gardner, also asserts (and in corroboration of the principles for which your Committee so earnestly contend) that "the English Order from which our Fathers, in this Grand Encampment, DERIVED THE ELEMENTS OF OUR RITUAL is termed the Masonic Knights Templar Conclave."

But your Committee desire to add more proof—both convincing and overwhelming.

The M. E. Sir Wm. Sewall Gardner, in 1864, as Grand Master, prepared the History of the Grand Encampment of Massachusetts and Rhode Island. In this history he says: Fortunately it can be determined with almost absolute certainty that that Convention (June 20, 1816, which organized the General Grand Encampment of the United States) was composed of but FOUR KNIGHTS—Sir Thomas Smith Webb, Sir Henry Fowle, Sir John Snow, delegates from the United States Grand Encampment (so called), established at Providence, Rhode Island, 1805, having an acquired jurisdiction over Massachusetts and Rhode Island, and Sir Thomas Lowndes, delegate from the Grand Encampment of New York. * * * It was considered necessary not only to establish the General Grand Encampment, but to make it a living, active body, which should exert its power and influence over all the territory of the United States. In this attempt one difficulty was apparent, the CONVENTION CONSISTED OF BUT FOUR MEMBERS. They agreed that it would be impolitic for them, in inaugurating a body of such extensive powers as the contemplated Grand Encampment, to give their names to the Templars of the United States as its founders. They considered it would be arrogant and presumptuous in them, as individuals, to ask the Templars of the United States to submit to their dictation, and to compel them to come under the jurisdiction of this body, *formed by the sole action of four individual Knights.*"

In addition to the history of the organization of the present Grand Encampment of the United States—so strangely and so wonderfully brought into existence—and whose extreme modesty only withheld the names of the originators themselves from the Masonic public—we shall next give the history of the present *Ritual.*

(To be continued.)

VIRGINIA.

Richmond.—The Hustings Court of the city requested the City Council to secure a portrait of our late brother Hon. Wm. H. Lyons, whose biography was given some time ago in the NATIONAL FREEMASON. Mr. Elder executed the portrait, and it now hangs over the Magistrates' seat in the City Hall.

In the right hand Judge Lyons holds a book, which he has just closed, and sits thoughtfully considering what he has just read. The hand holding the book is a gem, and shows a knowledge of anatomy highly creditable to the artist. But the crowning glory of the picture is the face and head. The whole likeness of the nature of the just and upright judge, the grand intellect which pierced through the most intricate causes, and sweet serenity of temper which made it a pleasure to hear a decision from his lips, even though adverse, is plainly portrayed in the head and face and attitude which Mr. Elder has given to our city and the world. Our brother lives upon the immortal canvass. Buried as he is at Hollywood, he lives. Elder has in this picture perpetuated the judicial officer who was loved, admired, well nigh reverenced, by the whole community. This picture will ever be a treasure to Richmond.

ARKANSAS.

The Grand Lodge closed its session November 11, followed by a banquet; 150 representatives were in attendance. We continue our publication of the address of Grand Master English:

Near the old city of Alexandria stands alone, amid the surrounding desolation, the pillar of Pompey, crowned with its Corinthian capital, gray with accumulated centuries, and looking down upon the unmarked and unlettered tombs of the millions who have been buried near it. There it has stood, while successive kingdoms and empires have risen and crumbled, unshaken by the storms and unwasted by the ravages of time. Its pedestal is raised twelve feet above the surface of the earth, its shaft, carved from a single stone, is nine feet in diameter, twenty-seven in circumference, and seventy in height. By what means was this vast stone, weighing tons enough to sink the largest ship that ever floated in the olden time on the sea, reared upon its pedestal and crowned with its huge capital? History does not answer the question. But if the venerable Masonic sages, who lived in the age in which this wonderful monument was constructed, and who were profoundly learned in geometry, skilled in architecture, and thoroughly acquainted with the philosophy of the mechanical powers, could be called up from their tombs, to instruct the present generation, they could doubtless solve the mystery.

All along the track of time, blackened by crime and stained with blood, Masonry has erected her temples of light, and taught men to be virtuous, charitable and, good. But her voice has too often been as unavailing as the feeble wail of the child amidst the hoarse howlings of the storm. She has said to the waves, be still, and heedless of her voice, they continued to rage. She has said, *let there be light*, and darkness yet prevailed. But never discouraged, she has toiled away at her noble work, and has, at no period, however dark, been wholly destitute of influence. It often happens that during the darkest night the rays of some beautiful star struggle through the rifted clouds, and light up the pathway of the belated traveler. So it has been with Masonry. But now her temples are springing up in every land, her *sons of light* are becoming numerous, and her moral influence is surpassed by no social organization.

Illustrative of the influence of Masonry over the passions and prejudices of men, may I be permitted, without intending to tread upon forbidden ground, to allude to a *striking contrast.* Whilst extreme partisans among the *profane* have been clamoring for the blood and extermination of the Southern people, the Masons of the North, rising above the passions and prejudices engendered by the late unhappy war, have been sending *bread* into the South to feed her impoverished and starving families. Among other instances of the liberality of our Northren brethren, the Grand Lodge of New York donated *five thousand dollars* for the relief of the destitute of the Southern States, and the Grand Treasurer, our Ill. Bro. John Simons, sent me *five hundred dollars* of the contribution to be distributed at my discretion. I have been endeavoring to divide it among a hundred of the most destitute *widows* to be found in the different parts of the State. So that, small as the sum is to each, a hundred hearts might feel emotions of gratitude to the Grand Lodge of New York.

BOOK NOTICES.

LOVE IN LETTERS; Illustrated in the correspondence of eminent persons, with Biographical Sketches of the writers, by ALLAN GRANT. New York: G. W. Carleton & Co., publishers. London: S. Low, Son & Co. 1867.

This book, of 337 pages, contains letters from 38 persons of prominence in the world. It commences with those of Abelard and Heloise. Among the prominent Freemasons we notice letters from Charles II., Goethe, Nelson, Burns, Napoleon, Sir Walter Scott, and the late Grand Master of England, the Duke of Sussex.

The Duke of Sussex was the son of George the Third, and uncle of Queen Victoria. He went to Italy in 1793 for his health. While there he fell desperately in love with Lady Augusta Murray, the Countess of Dunmore, and married her. His letters to her came out in a legal investigation.

A MANUAL OF ANGLO-SAXON, Comprising a Grammar, Reader and Glossary, with Explanatory Notes. By Samuel Moore Shute, Professor in Columbia College, Washington, D. C. New York: Leypoldt & Holt, 1867.

When a youth at college, with an earnest desire for the light which the Anglo-Saxon throws upon our etymologies and the philosophy of our language, we labored over "Purley," "Hermes" and kindred works for a few isolated facts, which were timidly classified. What an amount of labor and toil would have been saved with such a manual.

We commend this book heartily to our young friends, to parents, and educators. Parents should see to it that at college while their sons do not neglect the classics, they are yet proficient in elementary Anglo-Saxon. A majority of words in use by any standard author, and in the ordinary conversation of the best educated persons, is of Saxon origin.

Professor Shute, one of the first classic minds of the country, has performed his task well.

This manual treats of the orthography, etymology and syntax of the Anglo-Saxon.

It contains selections for reading from the gospels, the life of St. Guthlac, King Alfred's Orosius, King Alfred's Bœthius, from Cadmon's paraphrase of the scriptures, and selections from the poem of Judith. A glossary is added.

HENRY VIII. AND HIS COURT, OR CATHARINE PARR, a Historical Novel. By L. Muhlbach, New York. Published by D. Appleton & Co., 443 and 445 Broadway. New York, 1868, pp. 418.

This work treats of the Queen and her friend, King Henry the Eighth, king by the wrath of God, the Rivals and Intercession, Henry the Eighth and his wives, Father and his daughter, the King's Fool, the Declaration, Jno. Heywood, the Confidant, Gammer Gurton's Needle, Lady Jane, Loyala's General, Princess Elizabeth, Brother and Sister, Queen's Toilette and Rosette, Revenge, Intrigues, Fear of Death, Queen, King and Priest, Chess Play and the Catastrophe.

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2. No brother is entitled to a dimit until he pays his dues, unless the Lodge, for good cause, donate them to him. Neglecting to apply for a dimit for years is no good reason for exemption from dues.

3. Visiting brothers have no right to vote. The privilege of ballotings on application for degrees or affiliation, is merely a matter of courtesy. If objection be made, the courtesy cannot be extended.

4. A suspended member is restored upon the expiration of his suspension, without action of the Lodge.

5. A Master Mason may be a member of more than one Lodge, until the Grand Lodge enacts a law to the contrary.

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$40,000,000 in Money

have already been expended by the two powerful companies that have undertaken the enterprise, and there is no lack of funds for its most vigorous prosecution. The available means of the Union Pacific Railroad Company, derived from the Government and its own stockholders, may be briefly summed up as follows:

1.—United States Bonds,

having thirty years to run, and bearing 6 per cent. currency interest at the rate of $16,000 per mile for 517 miles on the Plains; then at the rate of $48,000 per mile for 150 miles through the Rocky Mountains; then at the rate of $32,000 per mile for the remaining distance, for which the United States takes a *second lien* as security.

2.—First Mortgage Bonds.

By its charter the Company is permitted to issue its own First Mortgage Bonds to the same amount as the Bonds issued by the Government, and *no more, and only as the road progresses.*

3.—The Land Grant.

The Union Pacific Railroad Company has a land grant or *absolute donation* from the Government, of 12,800 acres to the mile, which will not be worth less than $1.50 per acre at the lowest valuation.

4.—The Capital Stock.

The authorized capital of the Union Pacific Railroad Company is $100,000,000, of which over $5,000,000 have been paid on the work already done.

The Means Sufficient to Build the Road.

Contracts for the entire work of building and equipping 914 miles of first-class railroad west from Omaha, comprising much of the most difficult mountain work, and embracing every expense except surveying, have been made at the average rate of sixty-eight thousand and fifty-eight dollars ($68,058) per mile. Allowing the cost of the remaining one hundred and eighty-six of the eleven hundred miles assumed to be built by the Pacific Company to be 90,000 per mile, the total cost of eleven hundred miles will be as follows:

914 miles, at $68,058	$62,205,012
186 miles, at $90,000	16,740,000
Add discounts on bonds, surveys, &c.	4,500,000
Amount	$83,445,012

As the U. S. Bonds are equal to money, and the Company's own First Mortgage Bonds have a ready market, we have as the available cash resources for building eleven hundred miles:

U. S. Bonds	$29,328,000
First Mortgage Bonds	29,328,000
Capital Stock paid in on the work now done	5,369,750
Land Grant, 14,080,000 acres, at $1.50 per acre.	21,120,000
Total	$85,145,750

The Company have ample facilities for supplying any deficiency that may arise in means for construction. This may be done wholly or in part by additional subscriptions to capital stock.

FUTURE BUSINESS.—The most skeptical have never expressed a doubt that when the Union Pacific Railroad is once finished, the immense business that must flow over it, as the only railroad connecting the two grand divisions of the North American Continent, will be one of the wonders of railway transportation; and as it will have no competitor it can always charge remunerative rates.

EARNINGS FROM WAY BUSINESS.

During the quarter ending July 31, an average of 325 miles of the Union and Pacific Railroad was in operation. The Superintendent's Report shows the following result:

EARNINGS.	
Passengers, Freight, Telegraph and Mails	$723 755 54
Transportation of Contractors' materials and men	479,283 41
Total	$1,203,038 95
EXPENSES.	
Fuel, Repairs, Offices, Conductors, Trains, &c.	$395,530 92
NET EARNINGS to balance	807,508 03
Total	$1,203,033 95

The net operating expenses on the commercial business for the quarter were $237,966 50. The account for the COMMERCIAL BUSINESS stands as follows:

Earnings for May, June and July	$723,755 54
Expenses for " " "	237,966 50
Net profit	$485,789 04

The amount of Bonds the Company can issue on 325 miles, at $16,000 per mile, is $5,200,000. Interest in gold, three months, at 6 per cent. on this sum, is $78,000; add 40 per cent. premium, to correspond with currency earnings, is $109,200—showing that the net earnings for this quarter were *more than four times the interest* on the First Mortgage Bonds on this length of road.

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whose principal is so amply provided for, and whose interest is so thoroughly secured, must be classed among the *safest* investments. They pay SIX PER CENT. IN GOLD, and are offered for the present at NINETY CENTS ON THE DOLLAR, and accrued interest at Six per cent. in Currency from July 1.

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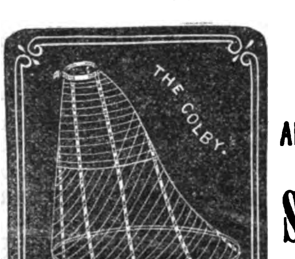

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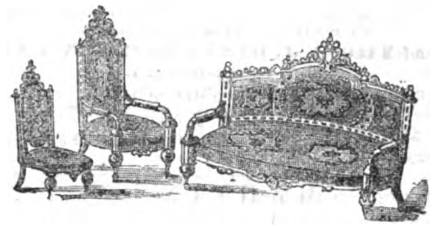

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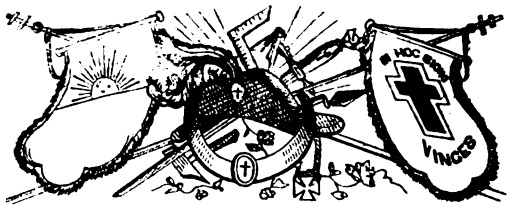

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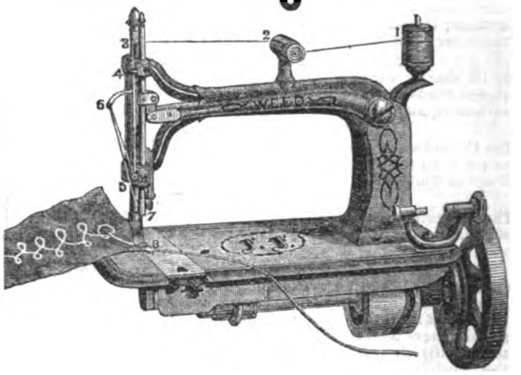

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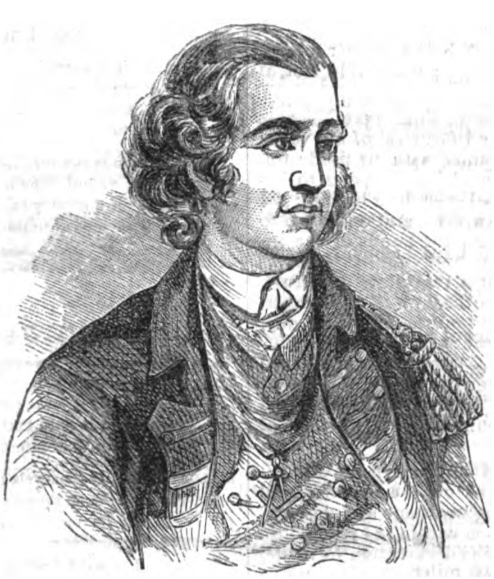
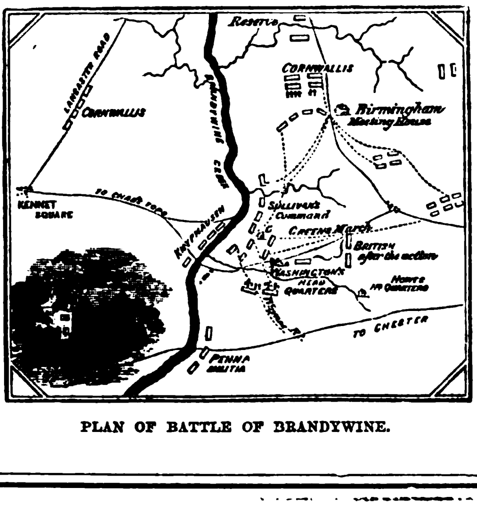


Jno. Sullivan

JOHN SULLIVAN, LL.D., Major-General of the Revolution, Governor and first Grand Master of the Grand Lodge of New Hampshire.

John Sullivan, the first Grand Master of Masons in New Hampshire, was of Irish descent, and was born in Berwick, Maine, on the 17th of February, 1740. His youth was spent chiefly in farm labor. At matarity he studied law, and established himself in its practice in Durham, New Hampshire, where he soon rose to considerable distinction as an advocate and politician. He was chosen a delegate to the Continental Congress, in 1774, and soon after his return from Philadelphia he was engaged with John Langdon and others in seizing Fort William and Mary, at Portsmouth. When, the following year, the Continental army was organized, he was appointed one of the eight brigadiers first commissioned by Congress; and early in 1776 he was promoted to be major-general. Early in the spring of that year he superseded Arnold in command of the Continental troops in Canada; and later in the season he joined Washington at New York. General Greene commanded the chief forces at Brooklyn designed to repel the invaders, then on Staten Island, but was taken sick, and the leadership of his division was assigned to Sullivan. In the disastrous battle that soon followed, he was made prisoner, but was soon afterward exchanged, and took command of Lee's division, in New Jersey, after that officer's capture, later in the season.

In the autumn of 1777 General Sullivan was in the battle of Brandywine and Germantown, and in the succeeding winter he was stationed in Rhode Island, preparatory to an attempted expulsion of the British therefrom. He besieged Newport, in August 1778, but was unsuccessful, because the French Admiral D'Estaing would not co-operate with him, according to promise and arrangement.



PLAN OF BATTLE OF BRANDYWINE.

Bro. Hayden says:

While in command in Rhode Island, in the autumn of 1778, our first Masonic record relating to General Sullivan as a Mason appears. It was the permission granted by him to the brethren under his command to join in the Masonic festival of St. John, on the 28th of December of that year, in Providence. Gen. Varnum, who was also stationed in Rhode Island, delivered the Masonic address that day.

General Sullivan had, doubtless, been made a Mason previous to the Revolution, but we have seen no record of the time or place. In the spring of 1779 he was called into a new field of operations, being sent in command of the expedition against the Indians and Tories of New York. In this service he was accompanied by Gen. Clinton, and Col. Proctor with his regiment of Pennsylvania artillery, in which a Military Lodge had recently been organized under Col. Proctor as Master.

This expedition, successful in its designs but tragic in its events, was a distinct feature in the war of the Revolution, and the pages of our country's history have invested with a kind of romance the details of its progress and consummation. From the commencement of the war the loyalists of the North had been joined with the Indians of the Six Nations in New York in cruel and destructive warfare on our Northwestern borders. In Canada and along the mighty lakes and rivers of the North were British fortresses, in whose strongholds the loyalists found safe retreat and shelter from danger; and between these and the settlements and towns of the States which were in arms against the king, were the hunting grounds and the war paths of the Iroquois. Here, for years which they numbered by the leaves of their forest trees, their old men and their women had rudely cultivated rich interval lands along the streams, and in many favorite places their cone-like cabins had clustered into villages. Around these the fruit trees of their distant civilized neighbors had been planted and grown to maturity, and abundant cornfields supplied their wants when the fortunes of the chase failed them.

From these British fortresses upon the lakes, and the intervening wilderness fastnesses between them and the American settlements, the loyalists and Indians commingled together, and fell in predatory bands on many defenseless towns and villages, whose natural defenders were absent in the general defense of the country under Washington. Like arrows from an unseen bow or fire-bolts from a mantling summer cloud they often came when and where they were least expected, and retired so quickly that no trace of them was left except the work of the firebrand and the hatchet, or the blood-stained footsteps of their captives in their hurried return to the wilderness of the Iroquois or the forts of Niagara. The forest domains of New York were a hiding-place for loyalists, and a storehouse and home to the Indians. The leaders of the loyalists were Sir John Johnson, Colonel Guy Johnson and Colonels Butler and Claus, all relatives, and all formerly distinguished Masons of the Mohawk Valley, and members of St. Patrick's Lodge. Their Indian ally, Brant, the war-chief, was also a Mason. To him history has sometimes paid a tribute of respect for a remembrance of his Masonic vows during the bloody scenes of war, but to Johnson and Butler never. Their eyes had become blind to the Mason's sign, their ears deaf to the Mason's word. In the Masonic traditions of the Revolution they have since stood as Ishmaelites in Israel. But let the mantle we seek to draw over our own faults in part cover theirs. History is not always impartial.

The expedition of General Sullivan, in 1779, against these loyalists and Indians was a war measure planned and approved by Washington as a punishment for the unjustifiable warfare of the allied loyalists and Indians; and by breaking up their strongholds and destroying their means of subsistence, to prevent their future depredations on our unprotected settlements. Sternly he gave what he deemed a necessary command, and most faithfully and severely did Gen. Sullivan execute it. History has told it on its pages, and we have only space for some of its incidents.

Having no previous military road to use, General Sullivan was obliged to cut his pathway from Easton on the Delaware across a mountainous wilderness to Wyoming on the Susquehanna. As he approached the latter place, he sent a small advance company ahead, under Captain Davis and Lieutenant Jones. They were met by a party of Indians, defeated, and the captain and lieutenant both slain and scalped. They were left by the Indians on the ground where they fell, and after their departure were hastily buried by their surviving comrades. Captain Davis and Lieutenant Jones were both Masons, and when Gen. Sullivan reached the valley, he had their bodies taken up and reinterred at Wyoming with Masonic ceremonies. It was the first Masonic meeting ever held in that valley, and the procession of brethren that bore the bodies of their slain companions from their first resting-place in the forest for a more decent interment at Wyoming was attended by the regimental band, which played Roslin Castle on their march. This military Lodge on that occasion met at the marquee of Colonel Proctor. Neither history nor tradition has given us the names of brethren present, but it is well known that a large number of the officers in that expedition were Masons, all of whom, whose duty permitted it, it is presumed, were present. The old town at Wyoming had, at that time, a few permanent inhabitants, whose descendants still reside there; and traditions of these events have the most positive verity. Fifteen years later (1794) a Lodge was chartered in the same place by the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, which still exists as No. 61 at Wilkesbarre.

General Sullivan proceeded soon after on his expedition, following up the Susquehanna to its junction with the Tioga. Here, while awaiting the arrival of General Clinton, who was to meet him with additional forces at this point, a Masonic funeral sermon on the death of Captain Davis and Lieutenant Jones was preached by Dr. Rodgers, one of the chaplains of the expedition.

This service was held on the 18th of August, and the text was from the seventh verse of the seventh chapter of Job, "Remember that my life is wind." The progress of Masonry was thus following the footsteps of war in its advancement into the American wilderness. The sound of its gavel was renewed at old Tioga Point, under a warrant granted by the Grand Lodge of Pennsylvania, in 1796, for Lodge No. 70, which is still working, but a few rods from where this Masonic sermon was preached in Fort Sullivan, in 1779.

From the commencement of General Sullivan's wilderness march, the scouts of Brant and his Tory associates, Johnson and Butler, had watched his progress. They no doubt knew his design was to penetrate the heart of the Indian country, and, perhaps, proceed to Niagara. His superior numbers had now gained him an admission to their "House," as they termed their country, the south door of which they said was at "Tioga Point." There General Sullivan had been joined by two thousand men under General Clinton, making his number then five thousand.

With this strong force Brant, Johnson and Butler saw General Sullivan enter the *south door* of the Iroquois, and proceed up the Tioga. When near what was afterwards called Newtown (now Elmira), they laid an ambuscade and prepared to give him battle. His strength overcame their cunning and bravery, and, defeated and disheartened, they fell back before his victorious army, and saw him destroy their cornfields, cut down their orchards and burn their towns without again offering a united resistance. One of the incidents of this devastating march is painfully interesting, and of a character entitling it to a place in Masonic narrative.

After General Sullivan had passed into the heart of the Indian country, and was near Genesee River, he sent Lieutenant Boyd with a guide and twenty-six men to reconnoitre an Indian town six miles ahead. His guide mistook the way, and on the return of the party, they were drawn into an ambuscade by Brant and Butler with several hundred Indians and rangers, as the loyalists were called, and nearly all of his men were killed. Boyd was wounded, and with one of his party taken prisoner. He had been captured once before at the storming of Quebec, but then was exchanged. From the private ranks he had risen to that of lieutenant of a rifle company of the Pennsylvania division, and was about twenty-two years of age. He was the largest and most muscular man in his company, but having been wounded, he was now in the power of the enemy. Lieutenant Boyd was a Mason, and knowing the ferocity of the Indians after seeing their towns burnt, he gave to Brant, who was also a Mason, a sign of the fraternity, claiming protection. The dusky chief recognized it, and at once promised him his life. But being called away soon after, Boyd was left in the care of General Butler, who, as before stated, had formerly been a member of St. Patrick's Lodge on the Mohawk. Butler demanded of the captive information which his fidelity to his own commander would not allow him to give. The scene became one of tragic interest. Enraged at the silence of Boyd, Butler had him placed before him kneeling upon one knee, with an Indian on each side holding his arms, and another standing behind him with a tomahawk raised over his head. Butler inquired the number of Sullivan's men.

"I cannot answer you," was Boyd's reply. He then inquired how his army was divided and disposed. "I cannot give you any information, sir," again replied the heroic captive. Again, for the third time, Butler harshly addressed him:

"Boyd, life is sweet; you had better answer me."

"Duty forbids," was the reply; "I would not, if life depended on the word."

Reader, contemplate the scene. Both were Masons; the one haughty, imperious, and forgetful of his vows; the other a captive in his hands, with fortitude undaunted and fidelity unshaken, thrice refusing to betray his trust. His last refusal cost him his life; for before Brant returned to his captive, and unknown to him, Butler delivered him into the hands of the infuriated Indians about him, and, amidst tortures too horrid to describe, he fell a martyr to his trust. Thus fell Lieutenant Boyd on the 13th of September, 1779. His remains were found on the following day, and buried by order of General Sullivan on the borders of a small stream, where they lay undisturbed until 1841, sixty-two years after the event, when they were identified, collected in an urn, and reinterred with much ceremony in Mount Hope Cemetery at Rochester.

General Sullivan proceeded no further on this expedition than the Indian towns on the Genesee, and returned to Tioga, still burning wigwams and destroying every means for subsistence within his reach. So dreadful and widespread was the devastation he made, that he was afterwards called by the Indians "The Town Destroyer."

General Sullivan was absent from the headquarters of the army in this expedition about five months, and on his return received the thanks of Congress for his services; but he was dissatisfied with the action of the Board of War, pleaded ill health, and resigned his commission in the army. He then retired to private life, and resumed his former profession. He was, however, immediately elected by the State of New Hampshire a delegate to Congress, and took his seat in that body in 1780. He left Congress after one year's service, and again returned to his profession. In 1783 he was appointed Attorney-General of his State, helped to form its constitution, and was chosen a member of its council. In 1786 he was elected Governor of New Hampshire, and held the office for three successive years.

During the last year that General Sullivan occupied the gubernatorial chair of his State, an independent Grand Lodge was formed in that jurisdiction, and he was elected its first Grand Master. Masonic Lodges were not numerous in New Hampshire at that time, but five having then been organized in the State, and but one of these (St. John's, at Portsmouth) preceding the Revolution.

During the same year that General Sullivan was Grand Master of the State, he was also Master of this old Lodge at Portsmouth. In October of 1790, at a meeting of this Grand Lodge, General Sullivan communicated to that body by letter the fact that the alarming state of his health would no longer permit him to serve as Grand Master, at the same time expressing his grateful acknowledgments for the honor they had conferred upon him. Dr. Hall Jackson was, therefore, elected Grand Master in his stead.

General Sullivan soon after received an appointment as Federal judge of his district, and held that office till the close of his life. He died on the 23d of January, 1795, in the fifty-sixth year of his age. Twenty years of his life had been spent in public service, but still he had found time to acquire a fund of general literature, and had been honored by the University at Dartmouth with the degree of Doctor of Laws. He led a life of usefulness, and his death was felt as a public loss.

STEP BY STEP.

BY DR. J G. HOLLAND.

Heaven is not reached by a single bound,
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count these things to be grandly true,
That a noble deed is a step toward God—
Lifting the soul from the common sod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered in greed and gain,
By the pride deposed and the passion slain,
And the vanquished ill we hourly meet.

We hope, we resolve, we aspire, we trust,
When the morning calls to life and light;
But our hearts grow weary, and ere the night
Our lives are trailing in the sordid dust.

Wings for the angels, but feet for the men:
We must borrow the wings to find the way—
We may hope and resolve, and aspire and pray,
But our feet must rise or we fall again.

Only in dreams is the ladder thrown
From the weary earth to the sapphire wall;
But the dreams depart and the visions fall,
And the sleeper wakes on his pillow of stone.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

* * *

SECRETS.

THE SWEET AND BITTER SECRET OF A LIFE.

Strange things we reck not of, or reck in vain,
In calm, mysterious splendor round us reign;
His kingdom still, until His kingdom come.
The heart that loves them knoweth not their ways,
Nor understandeth half the hymns of praise
They sing to comfort us, and lead us home.

And of all the marvels that creation hoards,
The sweet deep seceets, past the reach of words,
I know no marvel like my love for thee.
The treasure of my heart, unseen, untold,
Lies bidden, low, as do the sands of gold,
And rends it as the lightning rends the tree.

In every change, through nature's harmonies,
Some hidden charm, some dear new wonder lies,
Some tender story that we fail to read.
The green leaves whisper things we cannot hear;
The stars unnoted vanish from their sphere;
And wounds no skill can fathom inly bleed.

The dews and storms of snow their courses run;
Light was, before the word which called the sun;
The winter and the summer rains must fall.
In the new birth the bright light perisheth;
The sleep by which we live resembles death;
Only the hand that made them knoweth all.

Within the fern's sweet stem the oak lies hidden,
Till by love's art the scented vail is riven;
Neither is love neglected, lost or dead.
From the decay of verdure and of flowers
New plants spring up, the sweetest in our bowers,
And memory embalms the joy that's fled.

In the far west the solitary bird
Makes through the night its solemn music heard,
Chanting the "Miserere" low and sad.
The wild woods echo the unearthly cry,
And stricken souls in midnight silence sigh,
Sighs that are prayers, to make the morning glad.

But while these tender marvels fade away,
Each in its fleeting hour, its passing day,
And each with death and with oblivion rife,
My love is part of immortality;
A human soul's desire, which cannot die;
The sweet and bitter secret of a life.

* * *

MASONIC HYMN.

BY CENTRAL.

Music : Greenville—8s, 7s, 4s.

Masons, on the wings of morning
Let pure thoughts to heaven ascend,
Upright walks life's ways adorning,
Prayer and praise let Masons blend!
God, our Father,
Is the Mason's brother, friend.

Masons, while life's day is passing
Noon succeeds life's morning gray;
Ask for wisdom, grace surpassing,
Strength proportioned for life's day.
Time is passing,
Soon, ah, soon, we pass away!

Time is fleeting. days are gliding,
Swift life's sands unceasing run;
While on this green earth abiding,
Ere shall sink life's setting sun,
Let each Mason
Know that he life's work has done!

Masons, ere life's day is ended,
Ere the night of death comes on,
Faith, hope, love, here sweetly blended,
Waft us to our Father's throne;
God, our Father,
Let each Mason meekly own.

WORK AWAY—THE MASTER'S EYE IS ON US.

Work away?
For the Master's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!
Work away!
Keep the busy fingers plying;
Keep the ceaseless shuttles flying;
See that never thread lie wrong;
Let not clash or clatter 'round us,
Sound of whizzing wheels confound us;
Steady hand! let woof be strong
And firm, that has to last so long!
Work away!

Keep upon the anvil ringing
Stroke of hammer: on the gloom
Set 'twixt cradle and 'twixt tomb,
Shower of fiery sparkles flinging;
Keep the mighty furnace glowing;
Keep the red ore hissing, flowing
Swift within the ready mould;
See that each one than the old
Still be fitter, still be fairer
For the servant's use, and rarer
For the master to behold.
Work away!
For the Leader's eye is on us,
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day!

Wide the trackless prairies round us,
Dark and unsunned woods surround us,
Steep and savage mountains bound us;
Far away
Smile the soft savannahs green,
Rivers sweep and roll between;
Work away!

Bring your axes, woodmen true,
Smite the forest till the blue
Of Heaven's sunny eye looks through
Every wild and tangled glade;
Jungle, swamp, and thicket shade
Give to-day!

O'er the torrents fling your bridges,
Pioneers! Upon the ridges
Widen, smooth, the rocky stair,
They that follow far behind,
Coming after us, will find
Surer, easier footing there;
Heart to heart, and hand with hand,
From the dawn to dusk of day,
Work away!

Scouts upon the mountain's peak,
Ye that see the Promised Land,
Hearten us! for ye can speak
Of the country ye have scanned,
Far away!
Work away!
For the Father's eye is on us!
Never off us, still upon us,
Night and day;
Work and pray!

Pray! and work will be completer;
Work! and prayer will be the sweeter;
Love! and prayer and work the fleeter
Will ascend upon their way!

Fear not, lest the busy finger
Weave a net the soul to stay;
Give her wings—she will not linger:
Soaring to the source of day,
Cleaving clouds that still divide us
From the azure depths of rest,
She will come again! beside us
With the sunshine on her breast,
Sit and sing to us, while quickest
On their tasks their fingers move,
While the outward din was thickest,
Songs that she hath learned above.

Live in Future as in Present;
Work for both while yet the day
Is our own! for lord and peasant,
Long and bright as summer's day,
Cometh, yet more sure, more pleasant,
Cometh soon our holiday!
Work away!

NETTIE RAYMOND, OR THE GOLD MEDAL.

BY JENNIE WEST.

CHAPTER VIII.—A NEW HOME.

That very afternoon Mrs. Bard followed the advice of her lawyer. Nettie had to part with the warm-hearted Susan, to whom she had become quite attached, and was conveyed to the Orphan Asylum. While Mrs. Bard was absent on this errand, Ethan came in, and learning from Susan the state of the case, and feeling that it would be wrong to let Nettie remain there, where she would be exposed to all kinds of associates, he immediately started out to find some one who would give her a more fitting home. As he hurried along the busy streets, revolving in his mind as to whom he had best apply, the pleasant countenance of an elderly gentleman, whom he met leisurely promenading the pavement, decided him at once. Mr. Bell was a merchant of wealth and respected by all who knew him, and although Ethan was not much acquainted with him or his family, he knew enough to feel entire confidence in him, and did not hesitate in making known his wishes, and asking his assistance.

Mr. Bell thought as Ethan did, that the child ought not to remain where she was. After musing a moment, he said he would go immediately and take her away, that she could for the present, at least, remain at his house, and he added, "If we find her as pleasant and docile as you think her, my wife may keep her, as she is fond of children."

True to his promise, Mr. Bell, accompanied by his wife, called for Nettie. She had cried herself quite sick the few hours she had passed there, where her pretty clothes had made her the gazing-stock of her rude companions, who all seemed glad to think she would have to lay them aside, and assume the coarse garb they all wore. But Nettie grieved most when they told her the matron would trim her hair off close like theirs—her pretty curls that her mother had taken so much care of, that Harry had praised and that Susan had, that very morning, arranged with so much pride. But Mr. and Mrs. Bell, like guardian angels, arrived just in time to prevent this sacrifice, and bore her away to their quiet and elegant home. Her appearance had been an immediate passport to the hearts of her kind friends, who watched over her with the tenderness of parents. Nettie was naturally delicate, and her late trouble and exposure had affected her lungs, and now for several weeks she was quite sick with a cough. Her patience and sweetness of temper completely won the love of Mr. Bell and his wife, and by the time Nettie had recovered her health they informed Ethan that they had resolved not to part with her. Pleased that she had now found a good home and was no longer in distress, or dependent on him, Ethan soon forgot all about little Nettie.

Mrs. Bard and her lawyer found their plans all frustrated, but did not know that her son had been the unconscious agent, and learning who had taken Nettie, supposed it was by accident they had chosen her. Mrs. Bard felt afraid that Nettie's history would be brought to light, but when months passed on, and she heard that the Bells had adopted the child and that she was called by their name, she tried to feel satisfied, and as their family did not move in the same circles as she did, her fears gradually wore away.

Mrs. Bell was a lady of refined taste and cultivated intellect, but having long been somewhat of an invalid, she went very little into society. She had never had any children, and as Nettie's shyness wore off, and she seemed so happy to be permitted to be near Mrs. Bell and wait upon her in any little sickness, she loved the gentle child, and clung to her as proudly as if she had been her own. Mr. Bell also became so much attached to her that they adopted her as their own, and learning from Nettie's recital that she had relations in England, they were much afraid that she might some day be taken from them; thus so far from tracing them up or making known Nettie's history, they never told her former name even to their intimate friends.

Nettie had only one thing now to mar her happiness, and that was her dread of old Mrs. Simms, who still haunted her childish memory. She was afraid to go out of the front door, for fear of meeting her, and falling again into her hands; she did not like to leave the side of Mrs. Bell a moment scarcely, and grew quite nervous when they began to talk of sending her to school.

"What are you thinking about, Nettie?" asked Mrs. Bell, one morning, after watching for some time the little girl as she sat perfectly still, gazing with her large, earnest eyes on the fire.

"I was only thinking, ma'am," replied Nettie, starting from her reverie, "how much I should like to see Haddy, and how glad I'd be to hear from Harry."

"I am glad you remember old friends," said Mrs. Bell, with a pleasant smile; "I think I can arrange it also for you to go and see Haddy."

"Oh, no, I should be afraid of her aunt, she would tell Mrs. Simms where I am," and Nettie shrank closer to her friend, as though for protection.

"I have often distributed tracts in the ward you say she lives in. I can take some out this afternoon, and you can go with me in the carriage, and show me where they live. I can then go in with the tracts, while you remain in the carriage, and if the aunt is from home, you can go in and see Haddy."

Nettie's desire to see her friend Haddy finally overcame her fears, and she went in with Mrs. Bell.

Fortunately Miss Dogberry was out, and Nettie was called in to be half smothered with the caresses of the overjoyed Haddy, to whom she seemed like one risen from the dead, as she had never heard any thing of her since Mrs. Simms had driven her away. She was delighted that Nettie had now a good home; but they had received no more letters from Harry, and Mrs. Simms was fast killing herself with liquor. Just as Haddy had finished telling this, Nettie caught a glimpse through the window of Miss Dogberry approaching, and with one bound she had cleared the house by the back door, and darting through the filthy alley, without waiting for Mrs. Bell or the carriage, or even looking back—she ran all the way home.

Miss Dogberry received the tracts very ungraciously, and Mrs. Bell soon left, much amused at the precipitate retreat of the frightened Nettie.

As Nettie was so opposed to leaving Mrs. Bell, to attend school, and that lady also equally disliked to have the affectionate child away from her, they employed a governess, Miss Serle, a very competent lady, to take charge of Nettie's education. No pains or expense were spared to render her lovely and accomplished. Learning was not to Nettie a task, but a delight. But all her time was not devoted to her own improvement—she became an excellent nurse, and no one could prepare little delicacies to suit the taste of Mrs. Bell as well as Nettie. She also understood and was always ready to perform any work about the house when necessary; and thus at the age of seventeen she was not only very beautiful and intelligent, and capable of taking her place in polished circles with ease and grace, but excelling in domestic virtues, with a loving heart and willing hands, dearly beloved by all around her.

CHAPTER IX.—SARATOGA.

"No, no, Nettie, you must go down to dinner—you and Miss Serle. I shall take a good nap while you are gone. I do not wish you both to be cooped up here with me all the time, because I have been sick. I want Saratoga to benefit us all."

But Nettie insisted on having dinner brought up to their rooms, that the morning walk to the springs was enough for her, and that she should enjoy it better than she would with a crowd of strangers, so fashionable and stupid as they all seemed to her.

"Perhaps they would not appear so if you were acquainted with them," said the charitable Mrs. Bell. "But I have set my heart on your dressing your best and going down to dinner; so be about it, you have no time to lose. You can amuse me this evening with a description."

"Yes, we will take notes for your benefit," said Miss Serle; laughingly adding, "We will be sure to come across some oddity; and nothing of the kind ever escapes Nettie's eyes."

"Well, if it must be so, we will have to submit. Come on, Miss Serle," said Nettie, entering the adjoining room.

Mrs. Bell laid back on her couch, and dreamily gazing through the half-opened door, and catching now and then the view of a graceful form, listened to the rustling of silks, and the murmur of sweet tones, broken sometimes by Nettie's low, musical laugh.

"How will we do now, mamma?" said Nettie, with a mock courtesy, as they presented themselves, ready for dinner.

"Beautiful, beautiful!" exclaimed Mrs. Bell, rising up with animation. "I never saw either of you look so well. I wish I was well enough to go down with you, to see what a sensation you will create among the company."

"This white silk is so becoming to Nettie, is it not?" said the admiring governess, lightly passing her hand over her glossy curls, and arranging the shining folds of Nettie's elegant robe.

"So is your green one; is it not beautiful, mamma?"

Miss Serle, though not very handsome, possessed a very fine figure, and graceful carriage, and certainly did appear very well; but with her goodness of heart she had paid far more attention to the person of her beautiful friend.

"Yes, you look uncommonly well; here, let me arrange your lace a little," said Mrs. Bell. Miss Serle bent gracefully on her knee, while Mrs. Bell smoothed out her collar, and fastened it slyly with a superb broach. "There, that will do now," she added, as the young lady arose without being aware of the addition to her toilet. But Nettie noticed it with pleasure, and ran back, when they had got to the door, to kiss Mrs. Bell for it.

Mrs. Bell was right in their creating quite a sensation. The whispered inquiry ran around the table, "who are they? who is that beautiful girl?" but none could answer it. They were strangers to all. They were not all strangers to Nettie, however, for almost opposite to her, and looking at her with evident interest and admiration, sat Ethan Bard. Nettie knew him at once, and her honest heart beat with pleasure at the meeting, but seeing that he did not remember her at all, she let her eye rove carelessly past him along the numerous strange faces.

Many eyes were upon them as the dinner progressed, but the two ladies took it very composedly, Miss Serle rather enjoying the attention her lovely companion evidently attracted.

Thus it continued for some time. Ethan Bard and others interested could find out nothing about the strange ladies, except their names. They were seen every morning at the springs with Mrs. Bell, now convalescent, and also at the table, but seldom appearing in the parlors.

An end was put to their curiosity, though not to their interest, by the arrival of Mr. Bell, who being acquainted with a number of the gentlemen, immediately introduced to them his wife, daughter and Miss Serle. Ethan soon got them acquainted with other young ladies; and now came walks, riding parties and soirées of evenings, all much enlivened by the brilliant conversation of Nettie and the keen wit and humor of Miss Serle. Nettie's heart tremblingly rejoiced as Ethan's manner showed more and more plainly the interest she had awakened in his heart, for he had always seemed to her the personification of all that was noble and good.

Ethan's surprise was great one day when Nettie spoke of their former acquaintance, and asked him if he did not remember her as "little Nettie," and she saw with pleasure that he did not think any the less highly of her—that with his generous heart he was no respecter of persons. Several weeks had thus passed when the time for them to leave for home arrived, and Ethan accompanied them, asking and obtaining permission to visit them at their house.

Mrs. Bard was shocked beyond measure, and indignant when informed by her son, on his return, of his love for Mr. Bell's daughter, and refused in bitter terms to ever consent to his union with her.

"Do you know she is not their child?" she exclaimed harshly, in reply to Ethan's remonstrances, "that she was a beggar?"

"I know all her history," said he, calmly; "let me hope, dear mother," and he laid his hand upon her arm, "that you will, for my sake, give her a place in your love."

"Never," she exclaimed, fiercely throwing his hand off. "If you persist in your rashness—if you do ask for her love, you forever forfeit mine." Ethan turned away sorrowfully, and left the room; but Mrs. Bard saw by the expression of his countenance that he would not, in this case, yield to her will, and she bethought her of some other method by which to gain her end. Opening her writing-desk she hastily penned a few lines of bitter reproach and contempt, and directed them to Miss Bell.

That very evening Ethan sought an interview with Nettie, and declared his love, asking for a return. He had noticed when he came in that Nettie's cheek was very pale, and her manner was colder towards him than ever before, but he was not prepared for the calm rejection with which she met his suit. Unable to hide his disappointment and sorrow, he hastened away from her presence.

CHAPTER X.—THE MEDAL CONSULTED.

"Low birth—beggar!—disgrace her family, indeed!" ejaculated Mrs. Bell, as she sat with her husband the same evening that Mrs. Bard's insulting letter had aroused Nettie's pride, and caused her with a breaking heart to reject the offers of the man she loved. Mrs. Bell's delicate cheeks were flushed, and her manner quite excited. "I wonder who this Mrs. Bard is, that she should write so haughtily—to our darling, too, whom any king might be proud to call his own." Here the thought of Nettie's anguish caused Mrs. Bell to break down, and her indignation dissolved in a flood of tears.

Mr. Bell, to his wife's recital, listened silently, but with a troubled countenance. He knew that Nettie loved Ethan, and he was grieved that the heart of his gentle child should thus be pained, and he felt for Ethan also.

"I tell you what, wife, we must trace up Nettie's family. As to her being of low birth, I don't believe a word of it. We never did for fear of their claiming her, but I feel that now it will be but justice to her and Ethan also. If there is any disgrace connected with it Nettie will still be our own, and she need never hear of it. If it prove otherwise, it will add to her happiness, and perhaps remove the only obstacle to their union; for I would rather, Hannah, consign our child to his care than that of any one living. He is worthy of her. Had it not been for him we never would have possessed the treasure Nettie has been to us. He was not ignorant of her history when he asked for her hand, for Nettie, like a brave girl, had reminded him of his former kindness. She is now too much attached to us to leave us, even if any of her relations should desire it."

"She has been a great blessing to us these five years, and I cannot think of parting from her without pain. I saw, however, that she truly loved Ethan, and I had tried to make up my mind that some day she would marry him, and so to console myself with thinking they would live near us. But, poor child! this is a great grief for her. I fear she will be quite sick."

"No, no, Nettie has a stout heart—you will see how well she bears it. She has pride enough when it is roused. I fancy she would have too much, if any one else than yourself, Hannah, had raised her."

Mrs. Bell smiled as the tears gathered in her eyes.

"You remember, Hannah, the gold medal she had when she came here. I wish you would bring it here. I want to see it."

Mrs. Bell brought it in a few moments, and handed it to her husband, who said, examining it, "You see this has her father's name, Henry Raymond, on it, and also the name and number of the Chapter to which he belonged. He was a Mason, that is certain; now get a pen and paper and I will write this very night to the Secretary of this Chapter, making inquiries about him—what kind of character he sustained, whom he married and what their families were, desiring all the information they possess or can obtain on the subject. But we will have to wait patiently, as it will take sometime for us to hear from England.

(To be continued.)

The Castilian Captive.

The thunders of Achmet Pacha's artillery ceased to shake the towers of Temeswar, which the rebel Suli Bey had long held out against the Porte. The fortune of the day had been decided by the fall of a part of the fortifications; and the young and fiery general of the Sultan's troops, bearing down all opposition, made himself master of the fortress, and pursued Suli Bey into his harem, whither in despair he had taken refuge.

The helpless and affrighted females crowded round their master with loud cries for protection, when they saw the hitherto inviolate portals of their apartments burst open by the fierce Achmet. The wretched Suli Bey, prostrating himself on the ground, buried his face in his garments, and awaited his fate in silence.

Achmet, whose first intention had been to plant his foot on his body and strike off his head, felt his arm arrested, in spite of himself, by the glance of a dark-eyed slave. The silent language in which the emotions of the soul are conveyed, is understood by all, and Achmet read in the eyes of Camilla such horror and detestation of the deed he was about to perform, that although he would not own to himself that her opinion was of the slightest importance, he suffered that look to change his purpose; and, instead of becoming himself the executioner of Suli Bey, he beckoned his mutes to perform his will upon him.

The awful silence that followed this transaction was succeeded by the frantic outcries of the ladies of the harem, who, full of terror for their own safety, hastened to implore the mercy of their new lord. Achmet condescended to return his scimitar to its sheath, and assure them of their security. No sooner did they perceive his gracious demeanor, than they began to address him with the most high-flown terms of flattery, and each strove by every possible wile to attract his attention.

Achmet could not help being struck by the contrast Camilla presented, who stood proudly aloof with two of her countrywomen. The haughty conqueror felt mortified that the fair Castilian did not join in the homage paid him by the other ladies, whom, by the superior richness of their dresses, he perceived had been considered as her superiors, in the estimation of Suli Bey.

"Slave," said he, approaching her, "wherefore is it that you have not joined with your companions in paying your duty to me."

"Because I owe you none," answered Camilla.

"Dare you thus reply to the conqueror of Temeswar? Do you not know that your very existence is in my hands?"

"I am aware of it," replied Camilla, raising a pair of radiant dark eyes to his face.

"Then why do you not fall at my feet and ask your life?"

"It is not worth the trouble."

"You are a daughter of Frangistan, as I perceive by your rebellious spirit."

"I am."

"And a Christian?"

Camilla made the sign of the cross. Achmet spit on the ground.

"It must be confessed," said Camilla, reddening, indignantly, "that you Turks are the most disgusting people under the sun."

"Slave," cried Achmet, "if your anger did not become you so well, I would command my black eunuch Puffim to chastise you for your insolence."

"And even if you were to commit such an outrage, I could hardly think worse of you than I do at present," returned Camilla, bursting into tears.

"What is it that you think of me?" asked the Pacha."

"That you are an unmanly ruffian, whom I hate, but do not fear!" replied the fair Castilian, her fine eyes flashing through her tears as she spoke.

Achmet knew not how to answer the beautiful vixen. To conceal his perplexity, he turned to Antonia and Beatrice Manzares, her fellow-captives.

"And ye, whom I perceive to be the countrywomen of this contumacious slave, are ye of a like spirit?"

They looked in great embarrassment from the Pacha to Camilla and remained silent.

"How," exclaimed Achmet, angrily, "when I speak to the meanest of my slaves, am I not deemed worthy of a reply?"

"My cousins do not understand the odious jargon in which you address them, and are, therefore, unable to appreciate your courteous and obliging speeches," replied Camilla, drily.

"How comes it, then, that you not only comprehend every word that I say, but are so ready with your provoking replies?"

"Because I have labored indefatigably to attain fluency in the Turkish language while in captivity."

"And what, my princess, might be your motive for taking so much trouble?"

"Merely that I might have the satisfaction of speaking my mind on occasions," replied Camilla, with the sauciest glance imaginable.

"It must be owned that you have enjoyed that pleasure very fully to-night," said the Pacha, laughing. "But did you ever reply to Suli Bey in this daring manner?"

"He never gave me an opportunity by pestering me with his conversation and company."

"How then did he comport himself?"

"Positively I am weary of your eternal questions, and I will answer you no more to-night."

"Am I not your master, wayward thing? Can I not force you to do any thing I choose?"

"No, you cannot make me talk unless it pleases me. My head aches with the uproar you have made in battering the Dervent about our ears, and I am fatigued with your conversation. I wish you would leave me, and attend to those ladies who are taking such pains to attract your notice.

"Oh, prophet! is it come to this? Is the conqueror of the warlike Suli Bey dictated to by one of his slaves?"

"More extraordinary things than that happen every day, mighty Pacha," replied Camilla, with the utmost composure.

"Do not think, perverse one, that your charms are to excuse your impertinence. Most of these fair Circassians are more beautiful than yourself, yet they extol me above all the heroes of the East, and rejoice in the good fortune that hath transferred them from Suli Bey to Achmet."

"And did you believe one word they said?"

"Why should I not?" demanded Achmet, much mortified.

"Do you think that the ladies of your own harem could be sincere in praising and caressing a man who had murdered you an hour before?" said Camilla.

"Mighty prophet! no; but is there no difference between Suli Bey and Achmet?"

"Yes—a very great difference; Suli Bey was a much handsomer man," said Camilla with a provoking smile.

"This is past bearing!" exclaimed Achmet, stamping; "I will teach you that you have a master!" So saying, he withdrew, darting at her an angry glance.

"Ah, imprudent Camilla, what have you been saying to put that terrible Turkey man in such a fury?" cried Antonia, in great alarm. "Though I could not understand a word of your conversation, I knew by the sparkling of your eyes that you were exasperating him, and trembled lest you should go too far. How could you venture to coquet with Achmet after the fate of Suli Bey? (who was, by the bye, just such another tiger as himself.) For my part I felt as if I were being strangled all the time Achmet stood so near us."

"I expect nothing less than that he will cause you to be sewed up in a sack and thrown into the river," cried Beatrice, weeping.

"Never fear, my gentle coz, this bloody-minded Pacha will do us no harm, though I doubt not he will attempt to frighten me into submission."

"Dearest Camilla, I tremble for you. Oh, what a sad, sad day it was that threw us into the hands of that villainous corsair."

"Who sold us to Suli Bey with as little remorse as if we had been three pullets," answered Camilla. "Come," continued she, "cheer you, dear Beatrice. I will venture to pledge my word, that through my means you will be restored to your native country and to Henriquez, and Antonia to Diego."

"Fine things to be effected by a damsel in your predicament!" sobbed Beatrice, weeping and hanging about Camilla, as Puffim approached to separate her from them.

"Courage, sweet cousins, fear not for me—I have no fears for myself," said she, embracing them; "and now, my good old soul, whither are you going to take me?" continued she, as Puffim proceeded to lead her from the apartment.

Puffim rolled his eyes till only the whites were visible, as he replied, "Where I would not go for all the pearls in Lalla Oella's necklace. But if you offend my lord, it is meet you take the consequence."

Camilla, who expected something truly dreadful from this prelude, was not so much shocked as Puffim expected, on being conducted into a gloomy vaulted chamber, lighted by a small grating near the roof, and containing no other furniture than a wretched sofa. Puffim pointed to a pitcher of water and a platter of rice, which were placed in a corner, and withdrew.

During Camilla's imprisonment it was in vain that Achmet sought the society of the ladies of his harem. The spirited and charming Castilian had made an impression on his heart and fancy that he never before experienced; restless and discontented, he could know no happiness but in the presence of her who had captivated him. At the end of the third day he could not forbear visiting her. As he approached her cell, he heard her singing, in a voice of touching melody, one of the exquisite airs of her native land. The lovely captive raised her eyes as Achmet entered, and her cheek flushed with a brighter vermillion as he approached her.

(Concluded in next number.)

Anecdotes and Sayings of Masons.

Learn a Trade.—Stephen Girard had a favorite clerk, and he always said he "intended to do well by Ben Lippencott." So when Ben got to be twenty-one, he expected to hear the "governor" say something of his future prospects, and perhaps lend a helping hand in starting him in the world. But the old fox carefully avoided the subject. Ben mustered courage. "I suppose I am now free, sir," said he, "and I thought I would say something to you as to my course. What do you think I had better do?"—"Yes, yes, I know you are," said the millionaire; "and my advice is that you go and learn the cooper's trade."

This piece of advice nearly froze Ben out; but, recovering his equilibrium, he said if Mr. Girard was in earnest, he would do so. "I am in earnest;" and Ben forthwith sought the best cooper in Spring Garden, became an apprentice, and in due time could make as good a barrel as the best. He announced to old Stephen that he had graduated and was ready to set up in business. The old man seemed gratified, and immediately ordered three of the best barrels he could turn out. Ben did his prettiest, and wheeled them up to his counting-room. Mr. Girard pronounced them first rate, and demanded the price. "One dollar," said Ben, "is as low as I can live by." "Cheap enough! Make out your bill." The bill was made out and old Stephen settled it with a check for $50,000, which he accompanied with his little piece of moral to the story: "There take that, and invest it in the best possible manner, and if you are unfortunate and lose it, you have a good trade to fall back upon, which will afford you a good living."

Aaron Burr—His Death Bed—John Marshall.—There has been an impression that Aaron Burr refused to converse upon the subject of religion during his last illness. But this is an error. The writer has received from the daughter of the late venerable Doctor Van Pelt the following account of Burr's death, related by her father, who visited him when dying.

Colonel Burr died at the present Port Richmond Hotel, Staten Island, where Dr. Van Pelt frequently visited him during his protracted illness. The time spent with him was chiefly employed in religious conversation, concluding with prayer. Asked as to his views of the Holy Scriptures, Col. Burr replied: "They were the most perfect system of truth the world had ever seen." Two hours before his death, Dr. Van Pelt informed him that he could not survive much longer, when he replied, "I am aware of it." Dr. Van Pelt thus describes his last moments: "With his usual cordial concurrence and manifest desire, we kneeled in prayer before the throne of heavenly Grace—imploring God's mercy and blessing. He turned in his bed and put himself in an humble, devotional posture, and seemed deeply engaged in the religious service; thanking me, as usual, for the prayer made for him. Calm and composed, I recommended him to the mercy of God and to the Word of His Grace, with a last farewell. At about two o'clock, P. M., without a groan or struggle, he breathed his last. His death was easy and gentle as a taper in its socket, or a summer's wave that dies upon the shore. Thus died Col. Aaron Burr."

His last years were spent in comparative obscurity; a few old friends, never deserting him, followed his body to its final resting place, in the cemetery at Princeton, N. J., where they deposited him alongside, or at the feet, of his reverend father's remains. For years not a stone marked the silent spot; but a plain white marble monument has been placed there, by the same kind hands who ministered to his wants when in retirement, sick and dying.

What a strange history was Aaron Burr's? at one time carried along on the wave of popular favor, the chief magistracy of the great Republic seemed almost within his very grasp, but not securing it, he became the second officer of the Government, the Vice-President of the United States.—How rapid and lofty his rise, and his fall how sudden and entire! After the fatal duel with Gen. Hamilton, he was indicted for murder by the Grand Jury of New Jersey; by flight sought a refuge in the South, living in obscurity there until the meeting of Congress, when again he appears as President of the United States Senate. His term of office expired, he goes West and becomes the master-spirit of an ambitious scheme to invade Mexico. But he is brought back a prisoner of State to Richmond, charged with high treason; was tried and acquitted. This happened in the year 1808; and only fifty-two years old, his locks were quite silvered, but his form still erect; his eye sparkled with undiminished radiance. His trial was one of the most remarkable in our nation's history. John Randolph, of Roanoke, the illustrious orator, was the foreman of the Grand Jury, and the eminent John Marshall the presiding Judge. Not less than five lawyers, with the prisoner himself, appeared in the defense. The fifty witnesses were sworn, and their tedious cross-examination disclosed depths of perjury. Still the Government, after every attempt, failed to obtain a conviction. Aaron Burr, a man of plots and conspiracies, was acquitted, but ruined. From the public indignation, however, he was compelled to leave his native land. Looked upon with suspicion in England, he retired to France, there living in reduced circumstances, and at times not able to procure a meal.

Thus an alien for several years, he obtained from Jeremy Bentham the means to return home, and landing at Boston without a cent, he found himself still an object of distrust to all. Since his departure to Europe he had received no tidings of his beautiful, accomplished, and devoted daughter Theodosia. She had married, in 1800, Gov. Allston, of South Carolina, and the first news he now heard was that his grand child, her only son, in whom his soul delighted, had died, while he was an outcast. She had been married young, when her father had reached the zenith of his fame. She was not only a lady of rare endowments, but of the most refined feelings, an elegant writer, devoted as a wife and mother, and a most dutiful and affectionate daughter. As the clouds of sorrow and adversity gathered around him, and he was deserted by friends he had formerly cherished, she clung with redoubled affection to her father's terrible fortunes, while the dark clouds of sorrow and adversity gathered around him.

Upon his arrival, Col. Burr immediately informed Mrs. Allston of it, when she promised to meet him in New York in a few weeks. She had now become his all on earth—wife, grand child and friends were all gone, and this precious daughter alone remained to welcome him from his exile and cheer the evening of his checkered and sorrowful life. Days and months passed away without any intelligence from his daughter, when he grew more and more impatient, almost doubting the sincerity of her affection. At last, however, he received a letter from Governor Allston, stating that she had sailed some weeks before for New York in a vessel expressly chartered by him for the purpose.

But this vessel never arrived; undoubtedly all on board perished at sea, as no tidings have ever since been heard of her fate. Now Burr's last link of life was broken and his cup of sorrow full! The mysterious uncertainty of her death greatly increased the poignancy of his accumulated griefs; and hope, the last refuge of the afflicted and the bereaved, became extinct as years rolled on.

Kind Words, Good Deeds, and Evidences of Progress.

BE GENTLE TO THE STRANGER.

Oh, be gentle to the stranger,
  Wandering from friends and home—
Wandering 'mong scenes of danger,
  Oft with spirits sad and lone.

Now with gentleness approach him—
  Talk to him in accents kind;
Let him feel that you would know him,
  With him friendship's flowers find.

Oh, 'twill cheer him; half his sadness
  Will be gone at the first word;
And his heart with thankful gladness
  E'er toward thee will be stirred.

⁂

The brave and gallant gentleman, Charles Jackson, of Boston, gave his life in trying to save the unfortunate victims of the Lockland disaster. He alone of the passengers rushed into the burning car where four young ladies perished. His body was found in the car, burned to a cinder. It is a piece of heroism worthy to be placed beside the noblest exploits and to be spoken of and sung with the fervor of eulogy. The day of heroism is not done, and whoever seeks to devote life to noble purposes, and to meet death in noble endeavors, will find opportunities all around him, in peace as in war.

⁂

A Friend in Need.—"When I was a poor girl," said the Duchess of St. Albans, "working very hard for my thirty shillings a week, I went down to Liverpool during the holidays, where I was always kindly received. I was to perform in a new piece, a pretty little affecting drama; and in my character I represented a poor, friendless, orphan girl, reduced to the most wretched poverty. A heartless tradesman prosecutes the sad heroine for her heavy debt, and insists upon putting her in prison, unless some one will be bail for her. The girl replies, 'Then I have no hope. I have not a friend in the world.' 'What! will no one be bail for you to save you from prison?' asks the stern creditor. 'I have not a friend on earth,' was my reply. But just as I was uttering the words, I saw a sailor in the upper gallery, springing over the railing, letting himself down from one tier to another, until he bounded clear over the orchestra foot-lights, and placed himself beside me in a moment. 'Yes, you shall have *one* friend, at least, my poor young woman,' said he, with the greatest expression in his honest, sunburnt countenance. 'I will go bail for you to any amount. And as for *you*' (turning to the frightened actor), 'if you don't bear a hand and shift your moorings, you land-lubber, it will be worse for you when I come athwart your bows.' Every one in the house rose; the uproar was perfectly indescribable; peals of laughter, screams of terror, cheers from his tawny messmates in the gallery, preparatory scrapings of violins from the orchestra; and amidst the universal din there stood the unconscious cause of it, sheltering me, 'the poor, distressed young woman,' and breathing defiance against my mimic persecutor. He was only persuaded to relinquish his care of me by the manager's pretending to arrive and rescue me with a profusion of 'theatrical bank notes.'"

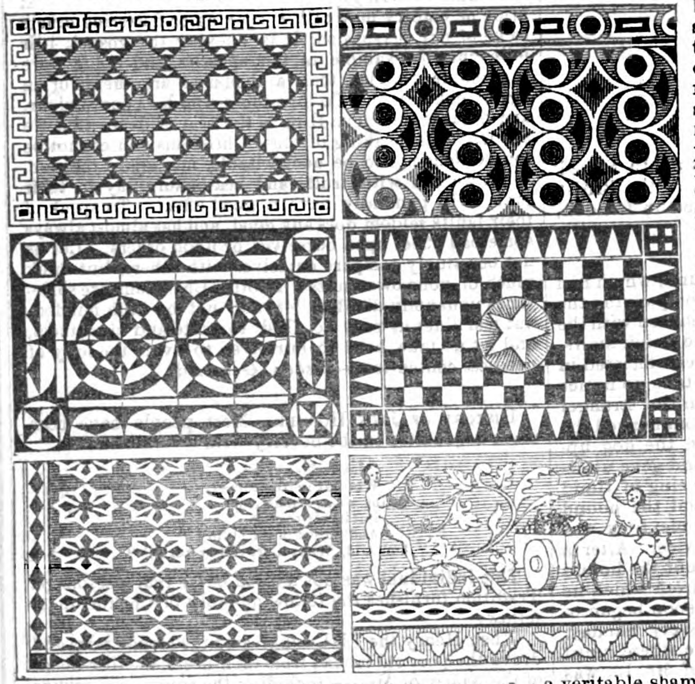
The Late Masonic King of Hanover and the Jews.

We heartily unite in the wish of Bro. William Smith, of London, when he says:

The Jews lived under the rule of our blind brother in contentment and happiness, fully enjoying the royal protection, and in possession of all the rights exercised by their fellow-citizens of other denominations. The life of the dethroned king and brother is full of sweet illustration of Masonic teaching, Masonic toleration and Masonic charity. We trust that our royal brother of Prussia will put into practice his Masonic principles, and will treat Masonically and governmentally the Jews as he does the Lutherans throughout all his great empire.

Mosaic Work.

The Mosaic pavement, so frequently alluded to in the rituals of the Order as the ornament of a Lodge, is the production of artistic designs, by setting small and variously shaped stones, glass or wood of different colors so as to give the effect of painting. The floor of the tabernacle and the pavement of Solomon's Temple were thus ornamented. Mosaic or tesselated pavements were common among the ancients; the Egyptians, the Greeks, and especially the Romans most ingeniously decorated the floors and walls of their temples in this manner. In commemoration of the flooring of the temple and tabernacle, the Mosaic pavement is always preserved as an ornament of the Masonic Lodge, with the blazing star in the centre, and the beautiful tesselated border* surrounding the whole, as a symbol of the manifold blessings and comforts which constantly surround us. The Mosaic pavement of a Lodge is placed there as an emblem of the vicissitudes of human life; that however prosperity may favor us with smiles to-day, it is uncertain how long it will continue to bless us. Adversity may come when we least expect it, and penury and distress may follow joy and pleasure. The latter period of life may be subjected to want and misery, when we are most unfit to encounter it; and instead of resting in peace after a long and troublesome journey, we may be compelled again to encounter the burden and heat of the day.—*From Cyclopedia of Freemasonry, by Macoy.* (*See advertisement.*)



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Happiness in Working—"Good Work."

Masonry does much good in the world by creating a respect for labor. It teaches that God intends no man to live in this world without working; but it seems no less evident that He intends every man to be happy in his work. It is written, "in the sweat of thy brow," but it was never written, "in the breaking of thine heart," thou shalt eat bread; and, on the other hand, infinite misery is caused by idle people, who both fail in doing what was appointed for them to do, and set in motion various springs of mischief in matters in which they should have had no concern, so on the other hand, no small misery is caused by over-worked and unhappy people, in the dark views which they necessarily take up themselves, and force upon others, of work itself. Were it not so, the fact of their being unhappy is in itself a violation of divine law, and a sign of some kind of folly or sin in their way of life. Now in order that people may be happy in their work, these three things are needed: they must be fit for it; they must not do too much of it; and they must have a sense of success in it—not a doubtful sense, such as needs some testimony of other people for its confirmation, but a sure sense, or rather knowledge, that so much work has been done well, and fruitfully done, whatever the world may say or think about it. So that in order that a man may be happy, it is necessary that he should not only be capable of his work, but a good judge of his work.

The first thing, then, that he has to do, if unhappily his parents or masters have not done it for him, is to find out what he is fit for. In which inquiry a man may be very safely guided by his likings, if he be not also guided by his pride. People usually reason in some such fashion as this: "I don't seem quite fit for a head-manager in the firm of ——— & Co., therefore, in all probability, I am fit to be Chancellor of the Exehequer." Whereas, they ought rather to reason thus: "I don't seem quite fit to be head-manager in the firm of ——— & Co., but I dare say I might do something in a small greengrocery business; I used to be a good judge of peas;" that is to say, always trying lower instead of trying higher, until they find bottom; once well set on the ground, a man may build up by degrees, safely, instead of disturbing every one in his neighborhood by perpetual catastrophes. But this kind of humility is rendered especially difficult in these days by the contumely thrown on men in humble employments. The very removal of the massy bars which once separated one class of society from another, has rendered it tenfold more shameful in foolish people's, *i. e.*, in most people's eyes, to remain in the lower grades of it, than ever it was before. When a man born of an artisan was looked upon as an entirely different species of animal from a man born of a noble, it made him no more uncomfortable or ashamed to remain that different species of animal than it makes a horse ashamed to remain a horse, and not to become a giraffe. But now that a man may make money, and rise in the world, and associate himself, unreproached, with people once far above him, not only is the natural discontentedness of humanity developed to an unheard-of extent, whatever a man's position, but it becomes a veritable shame to him to remain in the state he was born in, and everybody thinks it his *duty* to try to be a "gentleman." Persons who have any influence in the management of public institutions for charitable education know how common this feeling is. Hardly a day passes but they receive letters from mothers who want all their six or eight sons to go to college, and make the grand tour in the long vacation, and who think there is something wrong in the foundations of society, because this is not possible. Out of every ten letters of this kind, nine will allege, as the reason of the writer's importunity, their desire to keep their families in such and such a "station of life." There is no real desire for the safety, the discipline, or the moral good of the children, only a panic horror of the inexpressibly pitiable calamity of their living a ledge or two lower on the molehill of the world—a calamity to be averted at any cost whatever, of struggle, anxiety, and shortening of life itself. No greater good could be achieved for the country, than the change in public feeling on this head, which might be brought about by a few benevolent men, undeniably in the class of "gentlemen," who would, on principle, enter into some of our commonest trades, and make them honorable; showing that it was possible for a man to retain his dignity, and remain, in the best sense, a gentleman, though part of his time was every day occupied in manual labor, or even in serving customers over a counter. There is no reason why courtesy, and gravity, and sympathy with the feelings of others, and courage, and truth, and piety, and what else goes to make up a gentleman's character, should not be found behind a counter as well as elsewhere, if they were demanded, or even hoped for there.

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A FRIEND OF THE AFFLICTED.—He who has it in his power to alleviate the sufferings of those whom misfortune has visited, or is qualified by education, skill and experience to mitigate a single pang to which the human body is heir, must be regarded as a friend of the afflicted—a benefactor of his race. And so we regard Dr. Sherman of this city, whose masterly treatment of one of the most distressing infirmities known to the medical profession has won him a world-wide reputation. The doctor's card will be found in this number of the FREEMASON, to which we would direct the attention of every reader in need of the relief he promises to afford.

The Great Light in Masonry.

ARTICLE FOURTH. THE ACACIA.

How far it can be proven that the Acacia (or, as the old Masonic writers spell it, *Cassia*) has a Masonic application, will not be attempted in the present article. The writer has his doubts whether the word *Acacia* in the Masonic lectures is not used merely as a general name for *evergreen*, but for the present will not intrude this theory upon the readers of the NATIONAL FREEMASON. The term *Acacia* is not found in the Holy Scriptures; its synonym being "the Shittah-tree, or "Shittim-wood." Several species of *Acacia* occur in Bible lands, among which may be specified *A. Seyal*, *A. Nilotica*, *A. Arabica*, *A. Tortilis*, etc. Of these the first is most probably the kind so extensively used in the construction of the tabernacle—the ark of the covenant and the staves for carrying it—the table of shew-bread and its staves—the altar of burnt offerings with its staves, and the altar of incense with its staves, all being made of it. The Egyptian name of the Acacia tree is *Sont*, *Sant* and *Santh.* On Mount Sinai it grows to the size of a mulberry tree. It is abundant throughout the peninsula of Sinai, and was doubtless "the Burning Bush" of Moses. It yields the well known substance called *Gum Arabic.*

In the Holy Land it is not so common, although the traveler need not search in vain for it. A valley on the west side of the Dead Sea, about 30 miles southeast of Jerusalem, is so noted for the abundance of this plant as to derive its name, *Wady Seyal* (Acacia Valley), from the circumstance. The student of Freemasonry must not confound this tree with the well known North American plant denominated "Acacia," which belongs to an entirely different genus and sub-order, and is properly named *Robinia pseudo-acacia.* The true *acacias* are mostly tropical plants possessing hard and durable wood; their botanical order is *Leguminosæ*, sub-order *Minosæ*.

Plants of the order *Leguminosæ* abound in all situations in Palestine, especially the genera *Trifolium*, *Trigonella*, *Medicasso*, *Lolus*, *Vicia* and *Orobus* in the richer soils, and *Astragalus* in enormous profusion in the drier and more barren districts. Of the shrubby plants of this order there are a few species of *Genista*, *Cytisus*, *Ononis*, *Retama*, *Anagyris*, *Calycotoine*, *Coronilla* and *Acacia*. In the valley of the Jordan the *Acacia Farnesiana* is very abundant, and celebrated for the delicious fragrance of its yellow flowers. It is chiefly upon it that the superb mistletoe, *Loranthus Acaciæ*, grows, whose scarlet flowers are brilliant ornaments to the desert during Winter, giving the appearance of flame to the bushes. On the banks of the Jordan itself the arboreous and shrubbery vegetation includes the *Acacia Vera.* Near the southeast corner of the Dead Sea, Lynch records the presence of "groves of acacia." Expedition, p. 341.*

◆

Jacob's Well.

BY REV. NORMAN MACLEOD, D.D.

There has never been a doubt entertained by the most skeptical or critical traveler regarding the authenticity of this well. Beyond all question, it is the one at which our Saviour rested as he journeyed along the route which travelers generally follow from Jerusalem to Galilee. Every feature of the landscape starts into life as we read the narrative of his memorable conversation with the woman of Samaria; the plain of cornfields which were then as now whitening to the harvest; the mountain rising above, on which the Samaritan temple was built; the neighboring town of Shechem; the Samaritans worshiping, as they still do, toward "this mountain," and there only; all are evidences of its truth, apart from the common and unbroken tradition.

The well is not what we understand by that name. It is not a spring of water bubbling up from the earth, nor is it reached by an excavation. It is a shaft cut in the living rock, about nine feet in diameter, and now upwards of seventy feet deep. As an immense quantity of rubbish has fallen into it, the original depth must have been much greater, probably twice what it is now. It was, therefore, intended by its first engineer as a reservoir rather than as a means of reaching a spring. Then, again, if any wall, as some suppose, once surrounded its mouth, on which the traveler could rest, it is now gone. The mouth is funnel-shaped, and its sides are formed by the rubbish of old buildings, a church having once been erected over it. But we can descend this funnel and enter a cave, as it were, a few feet below the surface, which is the remains of a small dome that once covered the mouth. Descending a few feet, we perceive in the floor an aperture partly covered by a flat stone, and leaving sufficient space through which we can look into darkness. We sent a plumb-line down into the water—with which the well certainly seemed to be abundantly supplied at the time of our visit.

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* The indented tessel is a border of stones, of various colors, around the pavement. *Tessel*, from the Latin tessela, means a small square stone, and to *indent* is to cut or notch a margin into inequalities resembling teeth; a tesselated border is, therefore, a notched border of variegated colors. A limited number of samples of Mosaic work is represented in the above engraving.

* "The Cassia was anciently a symbol of honor, triumph, life and resurrection according to Pierius, who published his *Hyeroglyphica* in 1675."

Many have been puzzled to account for Jacob's having dug such a well here, when the whole valley of Shechem, only a quarter of an hour's walk off, is more musical with streams than any other in Palestine. But some one dug the well—and who more likely than Jacob, not only to have on his own property what was, in his time, more valuable than a private coal mine would be with us; but also for the moral purpose of keeping his family and dependents as separate as possible from the depraved Shechemites.

This well is, indeed, a holy spot. One is glad that the contending ecclesiastical parties in the land have built their churches on places which have but little historical value, and that a merciful Providence has preserved untouched, and open to the eye of heaven, such spots as that on the Mount of Olives, "over against the Temple," and, above all, Jacob's well. It is now said, however, that the Greek Church have purchased it, as the site of a church, for $70,000 piasters. Universal Christendom, to which it belongs, should protest against such "pious" profanation.

◆

Family Circle.

"DON'T STAY LONG."

TO HUSBANDS.

A look of yearning tenderness
Beneath her lashes lies,
And hope and love unutterable
Are shadowed in her eyes,
As in some deep unruffled stream
Are clouds and summer skies.

She passed to early womanhood,
From dreamy, sweet girl life,
And crossed the rosy threshold, but
To find herself a wife;
Oh, gently should he lead her steps
Along the path of life.

And as she clasped her small white hands
Upon his arms so strong,
How often, like a summer sigh,
Or a sweet pleading song,
She whispers, with a parting kiss,
"Beloved one, don't stay long."

It's almost always on her lip,
Her gentlest parting words,
Sweet as the fragrance from rose leaves
When by soft zephyrs stirred,
And lingering in the memory
Like songs of summer birds.

And in his heart they nestle warm
When other scenes amid;
He stays not till she weary grows,
And her fond eyes are hid
In tears which lie in bitterness
Beneath each vailing lid.

And oh, how many hearts are kept
By that love-uttering song!
There's scarcely one who on life's waves
Is swiftly borne along,
But what has heard from some dear lips
Those sweet words—"don't stay long."

⁂

THE PRAYER OF THE BETROTHED.

Father, I come before Thy throne
With love and bended knee,
To thank thee, with a grateful tone,
For all Thy love to me.
Forgive me if my heart this hour
I give not all to Thee,
For deep affection's mighty power
Divides it now with Thee.

Thou knowest, Father, every thought
That waketh in my breast,
And how this heart has vainly sought
To keep its love suppressed;
Yet when the idol, worshiped one,
Sits fondly by my side,
And breathes the vow I cannot shun,
To me, his destined bride—

Forgive me, if the loving kiss
He leaves upon my brow,
Is thought of in an hour like this,
And thrills me even now.

He's chosen me to be his love
And comforter through life,
Enable me, O God, to prove
A loving, faithful wife.

He knows not, Father, all the deep
Affection I control,
The thousand loving thoughts that sweep
Resistless o'er my soul.
He knows not each fount of love
That gushes warm and free;
Nor can he ever, ever prove
My warm idolatry.

Then guard him, Father! round his way
Thy choicest blessings cast;
And render each successive day
Still happier than the last.
And, Father, grant us to live
That when this life is o'er,
Within the happy home you give
We'll meet to part no more.

⁂

STORIES ABOUT DOGS AND BULL-BAITING.—In a book entitled "Researches into the History of the British Dog," by George R. Jesse, just published in London, we find these anecdotes:

A "DISSENTING" DOG.

The Rev. Mr. L. had a large bloodhound, which had been allowed to acquire the habit of accompanying the household to church, where he always behaved with the greatest decorum, lying at the foot of the pulpit stairs, till one unfortunate day when a stranger officiated in lieu of his master. The dog seemed to take no notice until the communion service; but when the stranger was within the altar rails, and had just commenced the reading of the first commandment, then the dog uprose, placed his forepaws on the rails, and gave utterance to a fearful bay. The stranger, being of timid temperament, fled to the vestry-room, and the hound was ignominously expelled, and for some time was kept chained upon Sundays during service. After a while this restraint was discontinued; but the hound did not attempt to re-enter the church, from which he felt himself excommunicated. It then soon began to to be observed that he disappeared every Sunday, though no one knew or cared to inquire where, until one day a Mrs. H., a married daughter of Mr. L., was stopped in the street at Brixham by an angry looking woman, who poured a flood of abuse on her, the drift of which she could not at first understand, until the woman openly accused her of sending her dog to disturb the devotions of those who attended meeting. Mrs. H., aghast, asked what she meant, and heard to her surprise that for some Sundays the ex-church dog had gone to chapel, and though most respectful and devotional in his demeanor, his presence was a trial to the nerves of the congregation to whose body he had tried to join himself. Mrs. H., being a High Church woman, could only express her regret that her dog should have so far lapsed as to let himself down to attend meeting. He was once more placed under strict restraint on Sundays, and thus debarred from attending any religious denominations whatsoever.

BULL-BAITING IN ENGLAND.

In Berkshire, at Wokingham, a certain George Staverton, in 1661, because he was once chased by a bull, for revenge left by will property to buy a bull for ever for the poor of the town to bait and eat, and the offal and hide to be sold to procure shoes and stockings for the poor children. A second bull was provided for baiting, by the poor rates, and in 1801 the practice was there unsuccessfully preached against.

A bull was baited at Lincoln as late, or even later, than 1820, on the 5th of November, and in the mining districts of South Staffordshire bulls and even bears were occasionally baited down to 1836, or, perhaps, still more recently. Probably every town in England had at one time its bull-ring. A large open space in the oldest part of Birmingham, and under the walls of its ancient church, bears the name of "The Bull-ring," and one of its principal streets and thoroughfares, "Bull street." Banbury, in Oxfordshire, is said to have had one which was a Roman amphitheatre. In Canterbury, the place where the chief market of the city was held was, in Edward the Fourth's reign, called the Bullstake. Formerly, in some towns, a butcher who sold the flesh of a bull in the market without having produced the animal on the previous market day to be baited, was liable to a penalty.

When a bull was baited he was usually tied to an iron ring, fixed into a post level with the ground in the middle of the street; a strong leathern collar went round his neck, and was connected with the ring and post by a chain or rope. The atrocities perpetrated on such occasions were sometimes really demoniacal. In 1801, at Bury St. Edmunds, the bull's hoofs were cut off, and the wretched animal was forced to defend himself as best he could against the dogs set upon him, on his mangled and bleeding stumps.

In the House of Commons, 1802, a bill was introduced to prohibit bull-baiting and bull-running, but was thrown out on the second reading.

⁂

LOVE OF THE BRETHREN.—BY A MASONIC BISHOP.—Permit ma again to remind you of what is, in my judgment. too generally neglected. the duty of loving those who love the Lord Jesus Christ, of blessing God for all the good that others do, and cultivating union, harmony, and love among all Christian people, which is more than burnt offerings and sacrifices. This is not what pride or bigotry may call it, coaxing or flattering others to be of our persuasion; it is obeying the gospel; it is following the example of the apostles, and doing more to promote religion than a thousand arguments or an age of contention. To love those who lave our Saviour, and because they love Him. is the best evidence that we are His. In speaking of other Christians you cannot be too cautious not to be uncharitable, nor injure religion. What we can with truth and seasonably say in their praise will generally have a good effect. To speak of their faults seldom does any good, and has almost always some bad effect upon ourselves or upon others. Let us not boastingly compare ourselves with others, but think much of your own faults. If other Christians are sometimes unhappily divided. let us "not be high minded, but fear;" let us pray to God to unite and bless them, and let us take heed to ourselves to avoid the folly of needless contention.—*Bishop Griswold.*

⁂

HISTORY OF JACK HORNER.—Most people have been made acquainted in the nursery with

"Little Jack Horner,
Who sat in the corner,
Eating a Christmas pie,
Put in his thumb
And pulled out a plum,
And said, What a brave boy am I!'"

This individual was not a myth but a real personage. Tradition furnishes the following story of the fortunate fellow:

When Henry the VIII. suppressed the monasteries and drove the poor old monks from their nests, the title-deeds of the Abbey of Mells—including the sumptuous grange built by Abbot Bellwood—were demanded by the commssioners. The Abbot of Glastonbury determined that he would send them to London, and as the documents were very valuable, and the road infested by thieves, it was difficult to get them to the metropolis safely. To accomplish this end, however, he devised the following plan:

He ordered a pie to by made—as fine as ever smoked on a refectory table; inside he put the documents—the finest filling a pie ever had since pies were first made—he intrusted this dainty to a lad named Horner to carry up to London, to deliver safely into the hands for whom it was intended. But the journey was so long, and the day cold, and the boy was hungry, and the pie was tempting, and the chance of detection was small. So the boy broke off a piece of pie and beheld a parchment; he pulled it forth innocently enough, wondering how it could have reached there, tied up the pastry and arrived in town. The parcel was delivered, but the title-deeds of Mells Abby estate were missing—Jack had them in his pocket. These were the juciest plums of the pie. Great was the rage of the commissioners, heavy the vengeance they dealt out to the monks. Jack kept his secret, and when peaceable times were restored, claimed the estates and received them. Whether Mr. Horner deserves the title of "good boy" bestowed on him by the nursery lament, is more than doubtful; however, that's the story.

⁂

THE BEST EDUCATION.—They say that apprenticeship is distasteful to and out of fashion with the boys of our days; if so, I regret it for their sakes. To the youth who asks, "How shall I obtain an education?" I would answer, "Learn a trade of a good master." I hold firmly that boys may thus better acquire the knowledge they need than by spending four years in College.—*Autobiography of Horace Greeley.*

◆

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The National Freemason,
A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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R. McMurdy, D.D., LL.D., Grand Prelate of Grand Encampment of U. S., Editor.

John W. Simons, Past Grand Master N. Y., Associate Editor.

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A Few Words in Brief Reply to the American Baptist.

1. The *a priori* argument for Christianity does not indicate the weakness of our holy religion, historically considered. No less does it indicate it respecting historical Freemasonry.

2. The National Freemason is sufficiently familiar with Baptist history to give to Baptist ideas and even to Baptist organizations a remoter antiquity than does our editorial Baptist brother himself. But to the particular Baptist organization of which our brother is a member, a much later date must be given. So the fixing of the Anglican *revival* of Freemasonry as its *origin*, indicates ignorance of our history.

We do not pretend that the name "Masonic" was given before the time of Christ to Masonic associations. We simply claim that there have always existed, so far as we can learn any thing of the remote past, societies in every land having the same general principles, governed by similar regulations, and seeking to secure the same end.

The Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States is a daughter of the British National Church. The date of American Episcopacy extends to the consecration of those noted Masonic Bishops, White and Seabury. Yet the Episcopal system extends back, as the Episcopalians contend, to the time of the Apostles, and was found in all lands.

Whatever may be the date of the origin of American Grand Lodges or of British, ancient or modern, history plainly teaches that Masonic societies existed so far back in the past that the memory of man runneth no to the contrary.

3. Freemasonry does not exclude from her charities and care those who have broken arms, deformed feet or injured eyes. In the army, in its contests for home, country and liberty, these classes would be excluded. Yet the soldier especially contends for the women and the helpless at home. So these ought to be the especial care of Freemasons.

4. Freemasonry teaches the most comprehensive benevolence. It would extend the blessings of liberty, peace and charity over the whole earth. It inculcates the duty of "doing good to all men." From our ranks and disciples have arisen many who have blessed the world with the most enlarged benevolence.

5. Masonry does teach and practice so much of religion as is involved in the belief of a God, the immortality of the soul, the duty of prayer and faith and hope and charity, the living with a sense of accountability to God, and perceiving and doing what ought to be done in the domestic, civil and social relations of life.

The Masonic is not a Christian, for then it would cease to be a universal, institution. We regard it as doing much, however, for the spread of Christianity, and preparing the way for the reception of the truth in its fullness into many hearts.

A temperance, or a peace, or a Bible, or a life insurance organization is not Christian. Yet not, therefore, an anti-Christian organization. Because a temperance organization requires prayers, anthems to God and a moral life, it is so far religious; yet it is not Christian, for Jews are admitted. How absurd to say that temperance societies promote deism, because they admit "Turk and Tartar, Buddhist and Brahmin, Papist and Parsee, Christian and Confucian."

God and Man.

"Still they were wise, whatever way they went."—Dryden.

There have been too many commotions in American Freemasonry. The supremacy of our Constitutions and Landmarks have been set aside; the statutes of fraternity, toleration and charity have been vailed, while Grand Bodies have signified their supreme will and a short cut to rectitude (or, at least, to vengeance) is sometimes chosen by those who are impatient of delay and restraint.

We have no mobs, but we sometimes have disorder and agitation—the spirit of discord and disturbance let loose in several jurisdictions to break our repose and make us a reproach. What cause has produced this fermented state of things, open or latent—a cause which, if sagacity could discover, wisdom might be employed to remove it?

We are told by physicians that there are some diseases of the body for the origin of which we must look into the mind. They are caused by grief, or care, or depression; so that in these cases we must *seek a moral medicine for a mortifying mischief.*

In the diseases of social communities, fraternities and nations, a similar remark is sometimes true. For their outward faults you must look into their ideal world. You must inquire into the state of philosophy and truths taught and sentiments encouraged among them—into the processes of initiation and Lodge instruction. There the steam is generated which moves the engine. There is a public soul; and its habits and opinions will govern the body Masonic in all its material development.

The characteristic of the *ideal* of our own age and country is that no principle appears to be fixed, no foundation laid. It appears as if a universal skepticism has seized the public mind as to every human interest, and not a corner-stone is laid in politics, religion, morals or education.

We are, to be sure, on the *verge* of a glorious millennium; the day of light and felicity is soon to dawn upon us; but this day is future, and all the light and splendor of it only serves to throw darkness on the present hour. Our hopes are in discovery; we have nothing in possession. The description which Dr. Johnson has given of the age of Hudibras is too faithful a picture of our own time. "It is scarcely possible," says he," "in the regularity and composure of the present, to imagine the tumult of absurdity and clamor of contradiction, which perplexed doctrine, disordered practice, and disturbed both public and private quiet, in that age when subordination was broken and awe was hissed away; when any unsettled innovator, who could hatch a half-formed notion, produced it to the public; when every man might become a preacher, and almost every preacher could collect a congregation."

I was a few days since conversing with a lawyer, and expressing my astonishment, considering the nature of our courts, that any culprit was ever brought to execution. I observed to him that crimes were always secret, and there must be evidence technically sufficient; then the justice must commit him; the grand jury must find a bill; the attorney-general was intrusted with a vast deal of discretionary power; the traverse jury must be unanimous in their verdict; one man with a scruple in his mind may defeat their decision; then comes the motion for arrest of judgment, or for a new trial; the judge must pronounce sentence; and, finally, the executive power may grant a pardon. So many were the tripping-stones in the way to justice in the plainest cases. The lawyer replied it would be so, were it not that the very difficulty in the theory was counteracted by a moral spirit in the practice. Nay, the consciousness of this difficulty almost produced this reacting spirit. In like manner it seems to me our only salvation from certain tendencies in our country must come from a consciousness of them, and an antagonist spirit produced by that knowledge.

There is a tendency to rash innovation which must be counteracted by a moral bearing the other way. It wants a stable philosophy, and a fixed and binding religion. Party spirit has existed ever since man has existed in the social state; and I have often thought it might be reduced, like questions in algebra, to a certain formula. Whatever the subject, political or religious, there are the innovators and conservatives, and these again are subdivided into divisions more or less developed, according to circumstances. There are your headlong innovators, root and branch men, radicals, enthusiasts, jacobins, or whatsoever name they assume, and the moderate innovators. So, on the other side, the conservators are subdivided into two orders, more or less tenacious. Now the rectitude of these principles depends on circumstances. Our blessed Saviour was an innovator; but then we know from Josephus and other sources it was in opposition to the phariseeism of the Jewish religion. Cicero was a conservative, but then it was in opposition to the corruptions of Rome and the ambition of Cæsar. On understanding this formula, depends almost all the light we derive from history. One of the strongest proofs of the truths of the Gospel, historically speaking, is seen by viewing this very question correctly. But however this may be, in this age monarchy and all its appendages fall into the favor and custody of the conservatives. Republicanism and democracy were born in innovation, and love innovation — innovation in politics; innovation in morals; innovation in principle; innovation in practice. We are on a whirling stream, sure to go fast, and not very sure whither we go.

It is the spirit of this age that nothing is fixed. Every foundation totters, and every fundamental principle is disputed. Now, if you were to see a great fleet, spreading all their canvas, throwing over their ballast and committing themselves to the wildest winds, you would see in visibles the invisible spirit of our times. We cannot entirely prevent it. But we may counteract it by a spirit of moral conservation. Let us lay the injunction on our youth, let us teach it to our children, that old principles tried by experience, are not lightly to be shaken. We have something to keep as well as to gain.

Some excellent men, in giving exhortations on this subject, have been deceived by the value of their object. They seem to think that by exhorting young men to cast off the chains of authority, they shall stimulate their powers, and make them original geniuses. One eminent writer has said, "that the chief object of past ages has been to rear prison walls around the human mind." I accept his metaphor, and would observe that these walls never imprisoned one original genius; they only serve as a test of his strength, by showing how easily he can leap over them; and, as to the majority of students, they were not born to expand the horizon of human knowledge. But, whatever we want in these days, we do not want less reverence for authority. There are too many who, with the unjust judge's moral character, have his dangerous intrepidity—I FEAR NOT GOD, NEITHER REGARD MAN.

This spirit is somewhat in our Lodges, and among our fraternity. It comes from the outer world. It is a result of receiving too many initiates and precipitating them through our ceremonies and degrees. This is no time for the growth of the seed. It comes from the manifold activities of the world around us.

We must see to it that our great truths be thoroughly taught and learned, and that our form of sound words be faithfully preserved. We must realize that there can be *no new Masonic truth*—that fraternity, toleration, liberty and charity — love to God and love to man, will be the lessons of Masonry a thousand years hence as now; that it is not the mission of Freemasonry to discover the new, but to preserve the old, to exemplify and propagate truths and principles which are eternal and immutable.

Proper Headings.

We occasionally hear the remark from a friend that a certain event in which he was interested, was not noticed in the NATIONAL FREEMASON. Reminding him that the event had been noticed, the reply comes, "Well, I didn't see it." The reason we find to be that, many readers looking on the editorial page and failing to see the paragraph looked for, imagine that it is not in the paper. The conclusion is not a fair one, and those who adopt it miss some of the choicest morsels in our issues. We divide the paper thus: First, biographies of distinguished and meritorious brethren; next stories and miscellaneous matter for the home circle; then the editorial pages of matters of general interest; then answers to correspondents; then local matters with appropriate subheadings, as New York, Brooklyn, Ohio, Texas, etc., under the caption, Masonic (Home) Intelligence; then Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence; Jurisprudence, miscellania, etc.

We try to make every article, from the title of the paper to Bro. Medole's imprint at the end of the advertisements, worthy of perusal, and flatter ourselves that no one will be the worse for carefully reading the whole; but if those who seek only a particular matter will remember the general arrangement of the paper they will have little trouble in turning to the department they seek. It is a convenient arrangement to open the paper in the middle, secure the leaves with a pin, and then cut them as you would those of a book.

Temperate Habits of President Johnson—Letter from B. B. French.

The following letter was addressed to the *National Intelligencer*, at Washington City, by Bro. French, the Grand Master of the District. We have not as a Masonic journalist any thing to do with either political attacks of the President or his defense herein. But it affords us pleasure ever to sustain the moral reputation of a brother whenever it can be done. Bro. French's statement corresponds with our own observation of the President's habits while he was in New York.

WASHINGTON, Nov. 23, 1867.

I have just read, with exceeding regret, a statement that Hon. Mr. Price, in some remarks on temperance recently made by him, spoke of President Johnson as a drunkard.

I feel it to be a duty that I owe not only to the President, but to the community, to say, that probably no person has had a better opportunity, from April, 1865, to this time, to judge of the habits of the President than I have. As Commissioner of Public Buildings, duty required that I should visit the President's house almost daily, and no week passed when I did not have personal interviews with President Johnson. I have seen him at all hours of the day—in his office, in his sleeping-room, in the reception-room—and never have I seen him in the least under the influence of strong drink, nor did I ever see him taste any but once, and then, when in company with many gentlemen, at their urgent solicitation, he poured into a glass perhaps half a table-spoonful, and drank in company with the rest.

I was with him throughout his journey to Boston, and I saw him in places where intoxicating liquor was abundant; but he followed strictly the injunction, "Touch not, taste not, handle not," so far as my observation extended.

I sincerely believe Andrew Johnson to be as temperate a man in all his habits as any man in the United States.

Hon. Mr. Price is not the only man who has been misled by false statements, as I well know from the questions that have been put to me when visiting New England friends.

Respectfully yours,
B. B. FRENCH.

The Sign of the Cross—Its Masonic Use—Symbols of Various Rites—Of Templar Interest—Its Varieties—The Cross Constantine Saw—The Crucifix. (No. 9.)

To meet the demands of several inquirers, we append the following as Nos. 9 and 10 to our series of articles on the cross:

Gibbon says: "The Protestant and philosophic readers of the present age will incline to believe that, in the account of his own conversion, Constantine attested a willful falsehood by a solemn and deliberate perjury." ("Decline and Fall," chap. xx.) And, as if he had gone too far in his sweeping condemnation, he afterwards qualifies it by adding, "In an age of religious fervor, the most artful statesmen are observed to feel some part of the enthusiasm which they inspire; and the most orthodox saints assume the dangerous privilege of defending the cause of truth by the arms of deceit and falsehood." The skeptical opinions and prejudices of Gibbon are well known, and he lets no opportunity escape to contemn the Christian faith and to sneer at its professors. For how long before his open profession the mind of Constantine was agitated between the truths of Christianity and the errors of paganism, no human being can say; but we have no right to pronounce him false and perjured in giving his account of the remarkable sign seen in the sky, and of his change of opinion and views caused thereby, even although we may not believe that he actually saw the figure of the cross with the inscription. It is very probable that he was himself deceived, and that his heated imagination at a most critical turn in his life painted on the heavens the salutary sign. Deliberate trick and deception were quite foreign to the character of Constantine. His mind was too strong and enlightened, and his temperament too impetuous for planned hypocrisy. He won the prize of the great battle of Saxa Rubra as fairly and gallantly as ever conqueror did before or since. His opponent Maxentius was in every respect inferior, being pusillanimous, indolent, sunk in pleasure, cruel and despotic. The army of Constantine was much less numerous than that of Maxentius, and it was only by superior conduct and greater enthusiasm that it broke through the formidable Prætorian Guards, who to the last kept their ranks, and left their dead bodies along the line of battle where they had stood. The sight of the standard of the cross must have animated the courage and roused the enthusiasm of Constantine and his troops as they marched against and charged their enemies; and we will endeavor to show from the circumstance of the sacredness attached to that ensign by the Roman armies, and the consequent enthusiasm excited by it, that the Christians were much more numerous in the fourth century than Gibbon is disposed to admit. His aim is to depreciate the influence of the Christian religion, and to show that the number of Christians among the subjects of the Roman empire was small previous to the declaration by Constantine of his conversion. He makes the number to be only about one-twentieth, or five out of the hundred, of the total population. ("Decline and Fall," chap. xv.) But we take the liberty of drawing a very different conclusion from the account that he himself gives of the transfer of the Roman Labarum into the figure of the Christian Cross as a standard of war.

In reference to our observations on man as an objective being, we state that it is the aim and desire of all great captains to raise enthusiasm among their soldiers, to animate their courage, and to strengthen their nerves through their imagination; and most great conquerors have effected these objects by the display of some symbol or trophy which appeals to their love of country, to their religion, or to their own vanity and pride. Standards, and various sorts of ensigns, have in all wars been favorite instruments wherewith to inflame the patriotism and military ardor of armies. No leader in war, with any regard for his own reputation or with a desire to gain the firm support of his followers, would raise a standard which in its form and appearance or associations would be offensive to them, or to the great mass of them. And let this be borne in mind in reflecting on the state of thought and opinion among the soldiers of Constantine in his war with Maxentius, and in his war with Licinius, until he established peace by the transference of the seat of government from Rome to Constantinople.

Gibbon thus introduces the cross as the standard of the Roman armies: "An instrument of the tortures which were inflicted only on slaves and strangers, became an object of horror in the eyes of a Roman citizen; and the ideas of guilt, of pain, and of ignominy were closely united with the idea of the cross. The piety rather than the humanity of Constantine soon abolished in his dominions the punishment which the Saviour of mankind had condescended to suffer. * * The same symbol sanctified the arms of the soldiers of Constantine. The cross glittered on their helmets, was engraved on their shields, was interwoven with their banners; and the consecrated emblems which adorned the person of the Emperor himself were distinguished only by richer materials and more exquisite workmanship. ("Decline and Fall," chap. xx.) There is a complete contradiction in this passage; and the historian increases the contradiction by a subsequent paragraph in these remarkable words: "In the second civil war Licinius felt and dreaded the power of this consecrated banner, the sight of which, in the distress of battle, animated the soldiers of Constantine with an invincible enthusiasm, and scattered terror and dismay through the ranks of the adverse legions." ("Decline and Fall," chap. xx.)

We crave particular attention to the foregoing remarks, and to the conclusions to which they lead. Here we have the historian describing an instrument of torture as an object of horror, and associated with ideas of guilt and ignominy in the eyes of the Roman citizens; and at the same time informing us that the greatest captain of the age adorned his own person with this figure, and adopted it as the standard of his armies; and that the sight of it animated his own soldiers with courage, and struck his enemies with terror. The two armies opposed to each other were strongly and mysteriously affected by the sight of this new and extraordinary ensign; but while one army fought under it with an enthusiasm that led to victory, the other fighting against it was terror-stricken and defeated. The historian in his estimate of the population says: "The most favorable calculation, however, that can be deduced from the examples of Antioch and of Rome, will not permit us to imagine that more than a twentieth part of the subjects of the empire enlisted themselves under the banner of the cross before the important conversion of Constantine". ("Decline and Fall," chap. xv.)

We have thus got from the historian's own account the elements or data for the solution of a very interesting question, and the result is quite different from what he meant to establish. The fact is, he proves too much; and as regards the proportion of five Christians out of every hundred soldiers of the Roman armies opposed in civil conflict, the probability is, that the ratio was reversed, and that the numbers of Christians greatly predominated over the pagans. As we have never met with any views of this subject similar to those we now take, we have not the advantage of information to guide us, and we must use our own process of reasoning on the objective qualities of men.

(To be continued.)

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Relief.—A brother in good standing asks aid for his family who are two thousand miles from here, sick and in want, he being unable to relieve them. Our brother is a stranger and out of business. Any sum, however small, will be thankfully received for the distressed Bro. by D. Sickels, 432 Broome street, New York.

Atlanta, Georgia.—The appeal in our intelligence columns, headed "Georgia," comes to us indorsed most fully by the Grand Master of Georgia, as well as by brethren sojourning at Atlanta from all parts of the United States.

We sincerely trust that our Masonic brethren who can aid in *Masonic reconstruction* will do so.

Death of Past Grand Master Walworth.

Reuben Hyde Walworth, the last of New York's chancellors, was born at Bozrah, Connecticut, on the 26th of October, 1789, and four years afterwards his parents removed to Hoosick, Rensselaer Co., this State. Up to his fifteenth year his opportunities of acquiring education were extremely limited, most of his time being spent in labor on a farm. At sixteen he opened a school which he taught during two winters, when an accident resulting in a broken limb incapacitated him for further labor as a farmer, and he entered the office of Joseph Russell, Esq., of Troy, as a student of law, one of his fellows being Wm. L. Marcy. When but twenty years old, he was admitted to practice, and two years afterward was appointed by his Masonic brother, Gov. Tompkins, Master in Chancery, and Associate Judge in Clinton county. Bro. Walworth was made a Mason at Plattsburgh, in 1811, and during the succeeding year was exalted a Royal Arch Mason, at St. Albans, Vermont. He was for several years Master of his Lodge and High Priest of a Chapter at Plattsburgh. He subsequently received the Orders of Knighthood in a Commandery established in that place.

In the war of 1812 he distinguished himself as aid to Major General Moers, and in the battles of Beekmantown and Pike's Cantonment.

In 1821 he was elected to Congress and served two years with considerable distinction.

In April, 1823, he was appointed circuit judge, by Gov. Yates. In 1828 he received the appointment which, more than any other, has made his name familiar to the public, that of Chancellor of the State of New York, in the discharge the duties of which station his great learning and research created for him a fame which time will never dim. He retained this office 20 years, till it was abolished by the adoption of the present Constitution.

The abolition of the Court of Chancery was largely due to the anxiety of leading jurists in the State and the Constitutional Convention of 1846, to obtain the judicial rank which, till his death, they had no hope of doing. In 1848 Judge Walworth received the Hunker nomination for Governor against General Dix, the candidate of the Free Democrats. He was, however, third in the race, and subsequently took little prominent part in politics till the meeting of the Democratic Tweedle Hall Convention of January, 1861.

For more than a third of a century Mr. Walworth was an active member of religious and benevolent associations. He was for a long time president of the State Temperance Society, and an advocate of prohibitory legislation. He also filled the place repeatedly of president of the American Tract and Bible Societies, and belonged to the Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions. His personal character was irreproachable, and he was warmly beloved for his hospitality and generous disposition.

His legal publications are voluminous, and may be found in the twenty-six volumes of Wendell's Reports, seven of Hill and five of Denio. As advising council, after his retirement from the bench, his assistance was much sought. His part in the judicial history of the State has been honorable and conspicuous.

In 1853 he was elected Grand Master of Masons in this State, but declined a re-election on the ground that his engagements would not allow him to properly discharge the duties of the office, and he was unwilling to be a Masonic drone.

Of late years the infirmities of age have prevented his attendance at our annual communications, and to the present generation he was comparatively unknown.

We had the pleasure of meeting him at his home in the early part of October, and enjoyed a lengthy conversation with him, in the course of which we asked him whether he thought his mind was as clear as ever on legal questions, and he replied that he thought it was, in proof of which he cited the fact that he had recently delivered an opinion in a disputed will case which he regarded as one of the soundest he had ever drawn. He was, however, fully aware of his approaching end, and spoke of it as one who, having faithfully wrought his appointed task, calmly awaits the summons to rest. He died on the 28th November at his residence, Saratoga Springs.

Sentinel (Ill.) says:

Masonry has many organs, but none have we examined which furnish more interesting news of the Order than this paper. It is a sixteen page periodical, each number containing the life and portrait of some distinguished Mason, sketches, poetry, stories, family articles, news and replies to correspondents. Masons want a good representative of the news of the Order, and in this respect they will highly appreciate the National Freemason. Its editor is a thorough scholar and an able writer, and thoroughly imbued with that charity which is the true bond and cement of the craft.

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Leader (Wis.) says:

National Freemason.—This is one of the very best Masonic journals in the country. From the beginning to the end there is not an item or word that one would wish left out, and it is most complete in all its departments. Every true Mason should regard this journal in the highest esteem as a most efficient and praiseworthy organ of the Order.

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Herald (N. Y.) says:

National Freemason is a handsomely got up illustrated weekly paper. It is devoted entirely to the interests of the craft, and from what we have seen of it we consider it one of the best Masonic papers of the age.

Address to a Candidate Upon Initiation in an English Lodge.

BY BRO. LITTAUR.

"If now you ask me what Freemasonry is, then I will tell you its glorious institution admits all religious systems, without trying to alter their character, without calumniating or slandering any particular creed—for all that is opposed to toleration is not Masonry. In our holy Masonic Temple there is room for the followers of the Church, room for the followers of the Synagogue, for those that pay their adorations in a pagoda or mosque—for all Freemasons adore the same God, the great, the incomprehensible, eternal Great Architect of the Universe. Brother, the Masonic world is a body connected by the strongest ties of affinity, and everywhere actuated by the same principles. No invidious distinction exists among us—merit alone is respected, and honors are given where honors are due. In Freemasonry there is neither first nor last, neither strong nor weak, neither high or low; we are all brethren, all equal. Brother, if you wish to know what Freemasonry teaches, I will tell you. It teaches us to think well, to speak well, and to act well. Our pursuits are neither trifling nor frivolous, for the most learned, the most useful, and the most religious principles are developed in our Lodges. You will find the fundamental doctrines of Freemasonry to be to fear God, love one another, and live in peace and charity with all mankind. If you ask me what the effects of Freemasonry are, then I will tell you. Freemasonry improves all it touches, and consecrates all its followers to priests of peace and mercy; in fact, it makes of us better men. If our Order had been bad it would have collapsed long ago; but what are the facts? While the mightiest empires lie buried in the dust of oblivion, we find Freemasonry immutable and imperishable, shining as brilliantly as the sun at its meridian, although its origin dates from the remotest antiquity. It almost appears as if Freemasonry gathered strength as it rolled on through countless ages. Brother, I consider by your having become a Mason you have joined an academy of wise men, for there is not a more transcendently majestic subject for study than Masonry; in fact, I consider it to be the science of all sciences."

Answers to Correspondents.

THE CROSS OF ST. GEORGE—has been the royal badge of England from the time of Edward II.

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AT THE TEMPLAR WEDDING REFERRED TO—the ring was placed by the husband on the top of the thumb of the left hand, with the words, "In the name of the Father;" he then removed it to the forefinger saying, "In the name of the Son;" then to the middle finger, adding, "And of the Holy Ghost;" finally he left it on the fourth finger, with the closing word, "Amen."

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NO IRON TOOLS WERE USED IN THE BUILDING OF THE TEMPLE—to preserve it from pollution. In the Holy Scriptures, wherever a command is issued to build an altar to God, it is always composed of unhewn stones. At the erection of the Tabernacle in the wilderness, God commanded Moses—See Deut. xxvii. 5. And again, at the building of the temple, it is said that—1 Kings vi. 7. And the idea of the pollution of iron tools was so prevalent among the Jews, that David, speaking of the desecration of the Temple by the heathen says: "They break down the carved work at once with axes and hammers. They have cast fire into thy sanctuary; they have defied by casting down the dwelling place of Thy name to the ground." Read in this connection, Bishop Heber's lovely poem, "Palestine."

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BRO. BELZONI'S—work on Egypt will give you the light you seek.

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FOR THE COSTUME OF THE—Knights of Malta, consult "Histoire des Chevaliers de Malté, Ornée de Plusieurs Gravures," 12 mo, Paris, 1843.

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AFTER DINNER SPEECHES—are generally out of our line. If any fact is stated or curious remark made, glad to receive it; but fullsome adulation of officers is not favorably received by our readers.

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THE DOUBLE-HEADED EAGLE—is worn to show that the members of the higher degrees derive their powers from Frederick II. of Prussia. The double-headed eagle is the Prussian symbol as the lion is that of England.

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ROYAL SOCIETY OF ENGLAND.—Three of the Presidents were Grand Masters of England. Sir Christopher Wren was President of the Royal Society from 1681 to 1682; Martin Folkes from 1741 to 1752; the Duke of Sussex from 1830 to 1838.

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DELTA.—"Can a Royal Arch Chapter affiliate members?"

Answer.—Under the ruling of the Grand Chapter they cannot; but while we have no power to change the law as it stands, we are free to say that we do not concur in its wisdom or propriety. In the first place, we assume that a Chapter U. D. is intended to have a full warrant at the next convocation of the Grand Chapter, otherwise the dispensation would not have been issued; which being the case we can perceive no reason why companions who choose to do so should not be allowed to affiliate with them while under probation as well as afterward, if the Grand Chapter so order, for they are not the creatures of the Grand High Priest but of the Grand Chapter, under whose regulations they are established, the Grand High Priest exercising only constitutional functions. But it is beyond doubt that, having granted a dispensation to a constitutional number, the Grand High Priest could on application increase that number indefinitely by simply writing their names on the dispensation. The result is the same, new members would have been added, and it appears to us just as safe to accomplish a desired end by direct action of the body as by indirection. We have never known any difficulty to arise from the practice of Lodges U. D. affiliating members, nor do we see why there should be any in allowing Chapters the same privilege.

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CONSTITUTION.—"Can a Lodge lawfully elect to the Mastership a brother fully qualified, but who at the moment of election will be out of the jurisdiction?"

Answer.—Certainly. Why not? If the brother elected stays out of the jurisdiction, his mere election will amount to nothing, and the Senior Warden will act as Master for the term. Otherwise the Master elect will be installed on his return, and every thing will be lovely.

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H. R. B.—"Our election falls on Christmas night, which is very inconvenient for a majority of the members whose business requires their attention at that time. What can we do to remedy the trouble?"

Answer.—Pass a resolution to dispense with the meeting on the 26th inst., and summon the Lodge for election the meeting next this way.

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MASON.—Whenever a precise statement is practically important a brother should indicate the Masonic degree. He should avouch for him as an "Entered Apprentice," or as a "Fellow-Craft, or as a "Master Mason." Where the term "Mason" is used by itself it is understood in America to mean a Master Mason.

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The publishers should have printed "Sun," not "Gem." It is a capital monthly, and worthy of extended patronage.

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THE REVENGEFUL FREEMASON.—You are right. It is original to the NATIONL FREEMASON.

Frogs a la Poulette.

We copy the subjoined article, from Bro. C. Moore's *Review*, to thank him and M. W. Bro. English for their kind remembrance, and as an evidence of the feeling existing in the Craft, a feeling which neither time nor distance can effect. The "Loving tie we feel" is, after all, the strongest bond of the Craft, and it will draw us together like a three-fold cord whenever the enemies of the institution endeavor to put us down. We acknowledge a weakness for stewed frogs—the English of our caption—and hope some day to call on Bro. English and take him out in the fields where we can switch frogs on the head and talk Masonry to our hearts' content. Such a day's shooting as that would be worth a journey half way across the Continent to enjoy:

OFFICIAL RECOGNITION—FROGS AND GRAND MASTERS.—Our old friend, Judge English, the Grand Master of Arkansas, is considerable of a wag, besides being a very talented gentleman and zealous Freemason. In his last official address to the Grand Lodge, he introduces some *extra* official matter which is worthy of record. He was complimenting the Grand Lodge of New York on its liberality to the distressed Masons of the South during last year, and says Bro. Simons (everybody knows John W. Simons, Past Grand Master of New York) sent him (English) five hundred dollars, which he had distributed among one hundred poor widows. He then adds, *officially:*

"The Grand Lodge of New York is a *Great Light*—Bro. Simons is a Light, and a representative man of the Masons of that State. The last time I saw him was at a Masonic dinner, in Chicago, in 1859. We sat opposite to each other at the table. He had a dish of *frogs*, and I had a Mackinaw trout. He offered to divide his *frogs* with me, and the expression of his noble face indicated that he would divide his last loaf with a brother Mason. He seemed to be fond of *frogs*, but I was not, and declined his hospitality. Not a great while ago, camping on a bayou, with my head pillowed on a pine knot, I listened to the great *frogs* making the night vocal with their hoarse music, and thought of Bro. Simons, and wished that he was with me, that I might supply him abundantly with his favorite dish. And now, if he were here, I think I may safely say that this entire Grand Lodge would cheerfully call from labor to refreshment, and join me in a general *frog-hunt* for the benefit of Bro. Simons!!"

What a pity Bro. Simons had not just then entered the Grand Lodge! It would have been a sad day for the frogs—"the *great frogs*"—in the bayous of Arkansas. And then to have seen the "entire Grand Lodge" of Arkansas, with the Hon. Judge English, as Grand Master, at their head, scouring the pools, and swamps, and bayous in their raid on frogs! And *such* frogs! why, many of the old fellows have been growing and swelling and croaking there since "long time ago," and must be in splendid condition for the table. Bro. Simons may regard it as fortunate he was not there, for the consequences, to him, of such a frog feast would have been fatal.

But one thing is secured—the official recognition of frogs by the Grand Master of Arkansas. Are any of the "great" ones eligible for initiation, Bro. English?

THANKSGIVING.—We acknowledge, with emotions of profound gratitude, a pair of canvas-back ducks, a hen turkey, two pumpkins, a case of *eau de vie*, and a hamper of Scotch ale. We met the enemy with commendable fortitude, but, as the Frenchmen say, "What will you?" We could not demolish the entire force brought against us in a single day, particularly as we had to cope single handed. Our senior, who is advanced in years and dyspectic withal, lives on hard tack and spring water and could do nothing for us, but in due time we shall get through. Thanks, meanwhile, to those who have kindly recollected our commissary department. May their own larders ever be full to overflowing.

DECALCOMANIE—ART AMUSEMENTS FOR LADIES.—Decalcomanie is a mode of decorating the panels of rooms, chair coverings, cloth, linen, silks, metals, and indeed almost all kinds of solid or opaque surfaces. It is effected by means of transferring. There must be, as in all these fancy arts, a storehouse of little aids for facilitating the work—designs printed on paper, bottles of fastening varnish, finishing varnish and clarified spirit, a roller, a few camel-hair pencils or brushes, a piece of cloth or leather, a sponge, an ivory knife—all of which can be obtained in convenient boxes made for the purpose.

The designs are printed on paper, so prepared that, after the colored surface has been cemented down upon wood, cloth, metal, &c., by means of varnish, the colors become transferred from the one surface to the other. The art is, in principle, diaphanie applied to an opaque instead of a transparent substance, with certain changes in plan and procedure depending on this difference. There are two kinds or classes of designs prepared and sold for this purpose: one, intended to appear like ordinary pictures, is for applying to light-colored surfaces, such as white wood, china, paper, &c.; the other, intended to present a kind of lustre of metallic hue, is for application to dark grounds, such as rosewood, japanned ware, brown or black woven fabrics, &c.

The designs may be chosen *ad libitum;* flowers, birds, figures, landscapes, imitations of Sèvres porcelain, Chinese and other vase patterns, imitations of beautifully veined woods, arabesque or renaissance ornaments—any thing is available, provided it is properly printed in colors; although in this, as in other things, good taste will produce wonders out of very slight materials.

We may now watch the lady artist at her work. Let us say that a white earthenware or porcelain plate is to have a picture attached to it. The selected design is cut with scissors nearly to the proper size and shape, and is well coated with varnish by means of a sable-hair pencil, every portion of the design receiving its due quota. The paper is not made use of immediately, but allowed to remain a minute or two, until the varnish becomes slightly tacky to the fingers. The paper is then laid face downward upon the plate in its proper position, a piece of cloth or leather, damp, but not actually wet, is laid upon it, and is pressed or rubbed down carefully, either with a roller or an ivory knife; the back of the paper is next moistened, and allowed to remain for a minute or two, by which time the paper itself is removed from the plate, leaving the colors of the device behind, as well as the varnish.

This removal is effected either by the fingers only or with the aid of pincers. The porcelain or earthenware plate, with the design thus transferred to its surface, is next washed carefully with water and a camel-hair brush, to remove spots or irregularities. When finally dry, a coat of varnish secures the whole work, and the fair artist has a pictorial dinner plate at her disposal.

A learned professor of this art tells his lady pupils that "white biscuit china vases are very ornamenta articles to work upon; and glass potiche vases, being colored on the inside white, green, blue, or any other color, make very handsome ornaments when decorated. Also tea and coffee services of white earthenware or China; white wood articles, such as screens, card cases, and boxes; straw dinner mats, pieces of silk or cloth, slippers, hand screens, sofa cushions, scent bags, ribbons, articles in ivory or wood; indeed, it is difficult to say what ornamental article may not be thus decorated, from the panels of a room to the tiny articles upon the dressing table."

This artistic amusement can be learned by any one in a few minutes, and when once learned "every lady can be her own house decorator." It is a beautiful and and simple art, and one that every lady ought to know and practice. It can be applied to church and *Lodge windows*, and would add much to the beauty of either. It is much cheaper than stained glass, and is, if any thing, more beautiful.

We printed the following some weeks ago:

"Major A. M. Pegus is not authorized to act as agent for the NATIONAL FREEMASON, nor is any one, without the seal of our office. Persons paying money to men without the seal of the office do it at their own risk. Major Pegus is giving receipts as our agent without authority. Parties thus swindled should not hesitate to deal with such persons as they deserve."

The Major called at the office during our absence and reported that he had received money and had lost it. We do not believe that he lost it. He has no authority to act as agent for us or to sign receipts. They who pay him do it at their own risk.

We are pleased to hear that officers are in pursuit of him, and trust that these Masonic swindlers may be brought to legal, if they cannot be to Masonic justice.

Masonic (Home) Intelligence.

NEW YORK CITY.

A brother, a worthy member of Zeredatha Lodge, has recently met with an accident which has deprived him of the use of his right hand. He would like some employment by which he can earn a livelihood for himself and family. See Bro. Marrat, No. 8 Spruce street.

NEW YORK STATE.

To whom it may concern:

We print the following notice for the information of all concerned, and take occasion to say that it means neither more nor less than is expressed on its face:

New York, 30th Nov., 1867.

The undersigned, members of the Ancient and Accepted Rite of Freemasonry, and attached to the Supreme Council of the Northern jurisdiction by active or honorary membership, deeming their allegiance to that body as superior to any other system of Ineffable Masonry, have dissolved their connection with the Rite of Memphis, and hereby declare unauthorized the further use of their names in connection therewith."

John W. Simons, 33d,
Clinton F. Paige, 33d,
Orrin Welch, 33d,
John L. Lewis, 33d.

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Ancient and Accepted.—We call the attention of presiding officers to the subjoined notice from the State Deputy as of great importance to the Order, and trust it may receive prompt attention. Peace now reigns, and nothing prevents the rite from assuming the position to which it is entitled but a determination on the part of its adepts to place it on a proper footing. A full attendance on the proposed council of deliberation will be the best evidence of sincere interest in the progress of the rite.

T∴ T∴ G∴ O∴ T∴ G∴ H∴ O∴ T∴ U∴

Office of the Deputy of the Supreme Council
for the State of New York.

Syracuse, Nov. 20, 1867.

Dear Sir and Bro.:—In accordance with Article 25, of the Constitution of 1867, of the Ancient Accepted Scottish Rite for the Northern Masonic Jurisdiction of the U. S., you are hereby summoned to attend a Council of Deliberation, to be held at the Hall of Central City Lodge, in the city of Syracuse, on Wednesday, the 18th of December, inst., at 10 o'clock A. M., for the purpose of considering such matters as may be of interest to the several grades of our Rite, and which may tend to promote efficiency in the various bodies, as well as secure uniformity in our modes of work and enforcing discipline.

I have invited some of the most practiced ritualists in our jurisdiction to participate in this Council, and with their aid hope to illustrate some of the principal degrees for the mutual benefit of all present.

Truly and courteously yours,
Orrin Welch, 33d.
Deputy for New York.

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Our Lowville brethren mourn the loss by death of Past Master Doig.

PENNSYLVANIA.

The Present Ritual.—In October, 1866, a Committee consisting of Sir William Sewall Gardner, Sir Chas. W. Moore and Sir James Hutchinson, *inter alia*, said: It must be remembered that, in 1816, the Ritual of Massachusetts and Rhode Island had been in use more than fifteen years, and that it was as well determined then as now. * * * Sir Charles W. Moore obtained the following facts from Sir Benjamin Gleason: While Gleason was in College, at Providence, he became deeply interested in Masonry, and was advanced to the degree of Knight Templar. He then became acquainted with Webb and Fowle. Their attention was early directed to the Templar Ritual then in use, and *it appeared to them necessary for its success that it should be modified and arranged* in such a manner as to adapt it to the use of Encampments. They accordingly revised it, each doing his share of the labor. * * * That part known as the "Soliloquy" was prepared by Gleason, and was entirely new. Webb and Fowle had more to do with arranging the work and details. Both being accomplished and effective workmen, and knowing what was required, they were able to give to the Ritual all that was needed in these particulars. When the work was completed the Lectures were prepared. PREPARED AND ADOPTED, THIS RITUAL SUPERSEDED THE OLD WORK. Thus originated the Templar Ritual in use throughout the United States.

Maltese Ritual.—In examination of this Ritual—another innovation of the Grand Commandery of Massachusetts and Rhode Island—your Committee would only call your attention to a resolution, unanimously adopted by the Grand Encampment of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, October 12, 1840:

Whereas, The Order of Knights of Malta, founded on events recorded in the Scriptures, embodying in its history and emblems that which is well calculated to enforce truths of great weight and solemnity has been heretofore conferred on initiates with too little ceremony, deteriorating from the effect which should be impressed on the mind of the recipient, and as the Boston Encampment of Knights Templar has, with good taste and judgment, devised appropriate Ceremonies for the better Conferring of the Degree; therefore,

Resolved, That this Grand Encampment approve and sanction the manner of conferring the degree of Knight of Malta, as proposed by the Boston Encampment.

The address of Sir Gardner says: The Grand Encampment of the United States, *for want of any*, has adopted the brief ceremonial used in this jurisdiction. * * * It remains for the Grand Encampment (of the United States) at some future triennial convocation to examine into its merits, and if, upon [illegible] careful deliberation, it should be adopted, it is to be hoped that it would be univerasally acquiesced in throughout the jurisdiction.

Ritual of the Red Cross.—Your Committee feel no hesitancy in declaring from their own knowledge, as well as from reading, that the Ritual was manufactured by Webb and his associates from kindred degrees not of this Order. It requires no argument to demonstrate that this Degree has no connection whatever with the Orders of Christian Knighthood, nor never should have been incorporated into an Order whose sublime teachings are of Jesus as the Redeemer of the world—in his mediatorial character, as the Way, the Truth and the Life.

CIRCULAR FROM GRAND COMMANDERY TO THE GRAND ENCAMPMENT OF KNIGHTS TEMPLAR OF THE UNITED STATES.

Christian Knights of the United States:

Our vows of fealty are due to the Grand Encampment of the United States. Acknowledging her Constitution and edicts as supreme, and from which we all (directly or indirectly) derive our charters authorizing every State and Subordinate Commandery to comply with her laws, we cannot run counter thereto. But we have the privilege, nay, the right, of asking her, as the governmental head of Knighthood in the United States, to redress grievances whenever or wherever they exist, and to suffer no innovations to be made into the usages, ceremonies or ritual of Templar Masonry, but *always adhering* (as the Constitution says) to the *Ancient Landmarks*. The questions, therefore, recur: Have innovations been made? Have the Ancient Landmarks of our Fathers been removed? Has the Ritual of the Orders of Knighthood remained intact since promulgated to the Grand Conclave of England, in 1791, by the Immemorial Encampments?—and from whom we derive our lineage, and to whom Pennsylvania is indebted for the Orders of Knighthood. Step by step have we demonstrated these things, as the result before you proves. Your Committee has studiously and laboriously examined the whole question, and have been careful to present, in a concise view, both sides of the question, to enable you, as members of your State Grand Commandery and of the Grand Encampment of the United States to determine the fact *that innovations* not only have been made, but that these very innovations were made by the acknowledgment of the Grand Master of the Grand Encampment of Massachusetts and Rhode Island, through Sir Wm. Sewall Gardner, M. E. Grand Master.

Your Committee cannot, for one moment, believe that either Massachusetts, Pennsylvania, New York, or any other State Commandery of the Union, has a right to make innovations into the body of Templarism, nor change and modify her Ritual thereby, changing the Ancient Ritual of our Fathers.

It is a question, however, how far each State, in its sovereign capacity, is bound to follow such palpable innovations, when they are satisfied a fraud has been perpetrated, and the ancient Landmarks removed. It must be apparent to every intelligent Sir Knight that rules and ceremonies have been ruthlessly sacrificed—obligations wantonly set at naught, and the interests of Knighthood, founded on truth and the new law of our Redeemer, jeopardized by a departure from original principles and ancient landmarks.

Your Committee do not design to impugn the motives of any Sir Knight in defense of the present heterogeneous Ritual, but we would be distinctly and unequivocally understood as declaring that our duty to ancient Knighthood—to its Ritual, Rules and Ceremonies—to the memory of our Fathers—to ourselves—to posterity, and, above and beyond all, to our solemn vows; all, all require that we should ABANDON A RITUAL which was manufactured in Massachusetts, by Webb and his associates, and foisted upon the General Grand Encampment in 1816, at its organization, *by the very Sir Knights who manufactured it.* If, during the half century which the Grand Encampment of the United States has existed error has been perpetrated through ignorance, it is to be regretted; but when light becomes manifest, and darkness itself shines through the light, our duty—of Knighthood—our obligations compel us to claim from the Grand Encampment of the United States a return to the ancient Ritual—the Ritual now used, and which has been used by the Immemorial Encampments even before the organization of the Grand Conclave of England, in 1791, and transmitted to the present period.

Sir Knights of the United States, the questions are now before you, and we confidently rely on your intelligence and respect for the ancient landmarks, to give this subject the consideration which its importance demands, and instruct your Representatives to vote for a return to the ancient Ritual.

VERMONT.

Bellows Falls.—*An Aged Mason.*—Nathaniel Fullerton, President of the Bellows Falls (Vt.) Bank, was born in 1775, and is consequently ninety-two years old. He remembers Gen. Washington, whom he saw at Worcester, Mass., and also many events connected with his Presidential administration, as well as the period of Confederation. He was made a Mason in 1797, and has always been active and faithful in his relations to the fraternity. By industry and integrity he has accumulated a large fortune in the avocation of farmer, merchant and banker. He still retains much of the vigor of manhood, signs all his bills in a full, clear hand, attends Lodge meetings quite regularly, and plays euchre with all the relish and zeal of the amateur. His son, sixty-three years of age, whom he calls his "boy," lives near him, and partakes much of his father's energies and tastes. He is probably the oldest Mason, the oldest bank president and the oldest euchre player in the United States. Better than this, his long life has been marked by a strict adherence to the right, which has brought to his old age honor and competence.

GEORGIA.

Atlanta, Ga., Oct. 1st, 1867.

To the Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons throughout the United States of America.

Brethren: On the first day of May last, through an accidental fire, our Masonic Temple, with all its contents, was reduced to ashes: this temple, consisting only of the second and third stories of a building on Decatur Street, was built in 1859, by a company duly incorporated by the Legislature of the State of Georgia.

Notwithstanding that almost the entire city was destroyed in the progress of the late war, by conflagration, yet, through the fraternal care of officers of the United States Army in high command, this building was saved, and until the first of May it stood among the ruins of this city, as a monument of that universal bond of fellowship peculiar to our time-honored Order.

The fraternity being anxious, in this the Gate City of the South, where more visiting brethren are received than, perhaps, in any other Southern city, to own a Temple which would at the same time be an ornament to the city and a credit to the Craft, in which all visiting brethren could be made welcome, purchased a site in a first rate business situation, on the corner of Marietta and Wadley streets, and with the money realized from the insurance on the old building, and what could be raised in the fraternity, laid the foundation of a new Masonic Temple, and have already expended about thirteen thousand dollars ($13,000.) The estimated cost of the new Temple is thirty-three thousand dollars ($33,000.)

The building is, at present, in a very unfinished state, not even covered in to protect it from the weather. The materials to finish it are partly purchased, and if sufficient money could be raised to continue the work, and put the third story in a condition for the Lodges to be held in, it would be a great help, as we are now compelled to meet in a room belonging to the Odd Fellows, which is entirely inadequate, also destitute of the necessary ornaments, &c.

Having entirely exhausted our slender means, we are compelled to call on our brethren to aid us to complete our Temple: to accomplish this, about twenty thousand dollars will be required; and we sincerely hope that all will do their best to help us in this our time of need.

As the original stock issued by the Company was all paid off before our Temple was destroyed, a new issue of twenty thousand dollars' worth in shares of twenty-five dollars each has been authorized, and the Lodges and fraternity in the city requested to undertake the raising of the same; but they are unable to do so.

The Temple will be one hundred by fifty feet, built of brick, with part granite front, and slate roof: it will contain, when completed, two front basement rooms, two stores in the first story with capacious cellars, a large concert hall in the second story, with the Lodge-rooms in the third; so the rental will pay a good dividend on the outlay.

Any of our brethren who have not, like ourselves, suffered the desolation of war, and wishing to aid us in this enterprise by taking stock in this company, can do so with confidence and a feeling that the investment will be safe and yield a remunerative interest.

All contributions of money or ornaments (of which we are destitute) will be thankfully received and acknowledged by

W. W. Boyd, D. G. M., State of Georgia.
T. W. Chandler, W. M., Atlanta Lodge, No. 59.
D. Meyer, P. M., Fulton Lodge, No. 216,
W. H. Tuller, S. W., Atlanta Lodge, No. 59.
H. Marshall, S., Mount Zion Chapter No. 16.

☞ Applications for shares in the Stock Company should be addressed to the Masonic Hall Company, Atlanta, Georgia.

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Grand Lodge.—Late session commenced Oct. 30th, and ended Nov. 1st. A very harmonious communication. $3,000 was appropriated to Southern Masonic Female College at Covington, Ga., also 5,000 to be distributed to the necessities of indigent Masons, their widows and orphans, for food and raiment and tuition. Grand officers elected: John Harris, G. M.; D. N. Austin, D. G. M.; J. M. Mobley, D. G. M.; R. M. Smith, D. G. M.; G. W. Adams, D. G. M.; C. F. Lewis, S. G. W.; J. E. Borders, J. G. W.; J. E. Wells, G. Treas.; S. Rose, G. Sec.

SOUTH CAROLINA.

Grand Lodge—Met in Charleston November 19; 75 Lodges were represented. From the address of the Grand Master, Gov. Orr, we learn that $2,325 was received from other Grand Lodges for charitable distribution.

Bro. Orr was re-elected Grand Master and Bro. Bruns Grand Secretary.

OHIO.

The following resolutions were adopted at the late meeting of the Grand Chapter:

"*Resolved*, That this Grand Chapter endorses the positions taken by the M.·. Ex.·. Grand High Priest, in his address, and the Committee on Foreign Communications, in their report in relation to the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia.

"*Resolved*, That the Grand Chapter, being thoroughly convinced of the legality of the organization of the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia, does now recognize it as a legal Grand Chapter, and extend to it the hand of brotherly love and friendly greeting.

"*Resolved*, That the Grand Secretary be, and he is hereby instructed, to forward a copy of these resolutions to the Grand Secretary of the Grand Chapter of the District of Columbia.

Masonic (Foreign) Intelligence.

SCOTLAND.

Grand Lodge met Nov. 4.—There were 500 members of it present.

The Grand Master was supported in the Grand Orient at the opening of the Grand Lodge by the following distinguished brethren:

Right Hon. the Earl of Dalhousie, Prov. G. M. for Forfars and Kincardineshire, and Grand Master elect; the R. W. Bro. H. Inglis, of Torsonce, Prov. G. M. for Peebles and Selkirkshire, Substitute G. M. M. elect; Captain Spiers, *M. P.*, J. G. Warden, England, and one of the candidates for the office of Prov. G. M. for Glasgow; Col. Archibald Campbell, of Blythswood, Prov. G. M. for East Renfrewshire; Colonel Houston, of Clackington, G. S. B. elect; J. Ballantyne, G. Bard; W. Mann, S. G. D.; Alex. Hay, G. Jeweler.

The Grand Master, after the reading of the minutes, thus spoke:

A great many of you will recollect that previous to this time twelve months ago it was my wish that you should appoint some one else to the very high office to which you had done me the honor to elect me two years before. When I was nominated to that distinguished office, I said I thought it would be quite sufficient for me to hold it for two years. However, this time twelvemonth I was induced to allow myself to be put in nomination for another year, but I did so in the hope that I should have the opportunity at the end of that period of proposing the brother whom I have now the greatest pleasure in naming as my successor, namely, the Earl of Dalhousie; and, in nominating that distinguished brother to the high office of Grand Master Mason of Scotland, I nominate a brother who is in every way well qualified to fill such an important office. The noble lord has distinguished himself in every grade of life in which he has been called to administer the laws of the country, or to administer in any degree the various offices in which he has been called to act. Whether as a minister of the crown, or in the comparatively humble office of a justice of the peace, he has done his duty on every occasion. I have, therefore, the greatest pleasure in nominating Bro. the Right Hon. the Earl of Dalhousie as the Grand Master Mason of Scotland, for election on the 30th of November curt.

Bro. the Rt. Hon. the Earl of Dalhousie was then elected unanimously, to the Grand Mastership, in room of the M. W. Bro. J. Whyte-Melville, who retired after having been Grand Master three years, succeeding the late lamented Duke of Athole.

Bro. Capt. Speirs was made Provincial Grand Master of Glasgow, vacant by the death of Bro. Sir Archibald Alison, *Bart.*, whose biography has been presented to the readers of the National Freemason.

The following is a complete list of the nominations:

Bros. the Earl of Dalhousie, Grand Master Mason; J. Whyte-Melville, of Bennochy and Strathkinness, Past Grand Master; Earl of Haddington, Depute Grand Master; Henry Inglis, of Torsonce, Substitute Grand Master; Duke of Athole, Senior Grand Warden; Earl of Dunmore, Junior Grand Warden; Samuel Hay, Grand Treasurer; W. A. Laurie, W. S. Grand Secretary; Alexander J. Stewart, W. S. Grand Clerk; Rev. Dr. David Arnott, and Rev. V. G. Faithfull, *M. A.*, Joint Grand Chaplains; Wm. Mann, Senior Grand Deacon; Colonel Campbell, of Blythswood, Junior Grand Deacon; David Bryce, Grand Architect; Alexander Hay, Grand Jeweler; D. Robertson, jun., Grand Bible Bearer; Captain P. Deuchar, R. N., and C. S. Law, Joint Grand Directors of Ceremonies; James Ballantyne, Grand Bard.; Col. Houston, of Clackington, Grand Sword Bearer; Charles William M. Müller, Grand Director of Music; Robert Davidson, Assist. Grand Director of Music: John Coghill, Chief Grand Marshall; John Laurie, Grand Marshal; W. M. Bryce, Grand Tyler; and Wm. Mann, Grand Clothier.

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The Earl of Dalhousie, Grand Master elect, said it was impossible for him to find adequate terms in which to return his thanks for the high honor and compliment paid him. He believed he was not altogether wrong when he attributed the favor done him much to the name he bore. It was exactly one hundred years since his grandfather was elected Grand Master Mason of Scotland, and since that period the throne had been occupied by no less than six of his family—twice by his father, and once by his cousin, the late lamented Earl of Dalhousie. He would bear in mind the word of warning just uttered by the Grand Master, and could only say that it should be his duty, in whatever condition he found the business of Grand Lodge, to forward and solve that business in a manner which should conduce to her prosperity, maintain the honor of the Craft, and promote the interests of Scots Masonry throughout the world. The noble earl concluded by saying that of all the grand officers who had been nominated that evening there was not one to whom he could not give the right hand of fellowship.

ENGLAND.

Lord Pelham has been installed Grand Master of the province of Sussex.

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Lord Kenlis has been installed Grand Master of the province of Cumberland and Westmoreland.

FRANCE.

The number of Symbolical Lodges composing the Ancient and Accepted Scottish Rite in France is 78. Of these 32 hold their meetings at Paris, 27 in the provinces and 19 in the colonies and foreign parts.

The members of the Supreme Council ought to be in number 27 (the actual number is 17), and are such *ad vitam*. The Central Grand Lodge is composed (1) of the deputies from the Symbolical Lodges, (2) deputies from the Chapters, (3) Masons of the higher grades. The Grand Lodge meets quarterly, and for dispatch of business is divided into three distinct sections, convoked periodically. The first section, composed of deputies from the Lodges, has charge of what affects their administration; the second fulfills the same mission for the Chapters, and the third that for the higher bodies.

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Great complaints are made in France about the Supreme Council being absorbed in the Secretariat.

CHINA.

Shanghai.—At the dedication of the Masonic Temple there was a Shanghae torchlight procession, in which an American fire-engine took part.

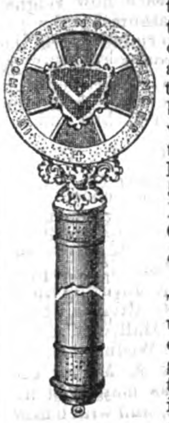
That microscopic marvel of art, from the Le Carpentier collection, a cherry-stone upon which is carved a charge of cavalry, which was so much admired at the Exhibition in the Champs Elysées, was sold by auction at the Hotel Drouet, in Paris, for nearly 920 francs.

BOOK NOTICES.

A Cyclopedia of Masonry: Containing Definitions of the Technical Terms used by the Fraternity. With an Account of the Rise and Progress of Freemasonry and its Kindred Associations—Ancient and Modern. Embracing Oliver's Dictionary of Symbolical Masonry. Edited by Robert Macoy, 33°, author of The Book of the Lodge, Masonic Manual, True Masonic Guide, Vocal Manual, etc.; Past Deputy Grand Master of New York and Nova Scotia, Past Grand Secretary of New York, Grand Recorder of the Grand Commandery of New York, Representative of the Grand Lodges of Wisconsin, Illinois and Nova Scotia, etc., etc. Illustrated with upwards of 200 Engravings. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. New York, Masonic Publishing and Manufacturing Co., 432 Broome Street. 1867. Sent free on receipt, price $3.

This great work of the present Masonic age has reached in a few months a second edition, much improved and enlarged.

The following are samples of the articles in the Dictionary, and others will be found upon another page of this issue.

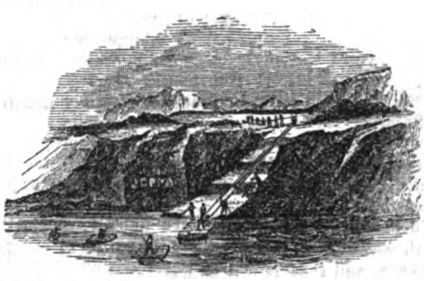


ABACUS. 1. An instrument to facilitate computations in arimethic; 2. In architecture, a table constituting the upper or crowning member of a column and its capital; 3. A game among the Romans; so called from its being played on a board, somewhat in the manner of chess; 4. A tray or flat board, perforated with holes for carrying cups, glasses, etc.; 5. In the Templar system of Masonic Knighthood it is the name of the Grand Master's staff of office.

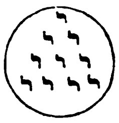
> "In his hand he bore that singular Abacus."
> —Ivanhoe.

The upper part of the staff is gilt, usually of metal, with a Templar's cross, enameled red, and edged with gold, within a circle; upon the centre of the cross a black shield, bearing a silver square. On the circle is the motto of the Order—"In hoc Signo Vinces." Among the early Templars this staff bore a mystic and significant symbolism, and was held in high veneration by the members of the Order.

JOPPA. One of the most ancient seaports in the world; on the Mediterranean sea, about thirty-five miles northwest of Jerusalem.



Here the materials for building the first and second temples, sent from Lebanon, Tyre and other places, were landed, and conveyed to Jerusalem. Its harbor is shoal and unprotected from the winds; but on account of its convenience to Jerusalem, it became the principal port of Judea, and is still the great landing-place of pilgrims and travelers to the Holy Land. The place is now called Jaffa. The peculiarly hilly and even precipituous character of Joppa is preserved in the traditions of the degree of Mark Master, and a benevolent moral deduced, in accordance with the entire instructions of the grade.



TETRACTYS. A Greek word—*tetraktus*—meaning four. It was a Pythagorean symbol represented by a delta formed by points, so arranged that each of the three sides consisted of four. The one point, or Monad, represented God; the two points, or *duad*, matter; the three, the worlds which were formed by the action of the one, or Monad, upon the *duad*; and the four points referred to the divine reason and those sciences which are the revelations of it.* On this symbol the initiate into the Pythagorean mysteries was sworn. According to Jamblichus, the oath was as follows:

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* The sum of all the principles of Pythagoras is this: "The Monad is the principle of all things. From the Monad came the indeterminate Duad, as matter subjected to the cause of Monad; from the Monad and the indeterminate Duad, numbers; *from numbers, points; from points, lines; from lines, superficies; from superficies, solids*; from these solid bodies, whose elements are four—Fire, Water, Air and Earth—of all which transmuted, and totally changed, the World consists."

> "*Ou ma amdere gene:, paradonia tetraktun,*
> *Pagan aeenaou phuseos rizoma' t' echousan.*"

"On the sacred *tetraktus*, eternal fountain of nature, I swear to thee!"

This word is nearly related to the Hebrew Tetragrammaton; probably derived from it.

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Bro. Capt. Samuel Whiting, of Cleveland, Ohio, has published a Masonic Annual, containing his original songs and odes, "Lights of Masonry," "Installation Ode," "The Mystic Tie," "Universality of Masonry," "Holy Bible, Square and Compass," "Golden Maxim of Masons."

A Centenarian and Companion of the Poet Burns.—It may not be generally known, says the *Ardrossan Herald*, that there lives at Whiting Bay, Island of Arran, a centenarian who was a companion of Robert Burns. His name is Ebenezer Baillie, and he is a native of Dalrymple, near Ayr. He was born 7th May 1767, thus making him one hundred years and five months old. When a boy he was at school and slept in the same bed with the poet; his brother, a tailor, also made clothes for him, and the two amused themselves writing verses together. Ebenezer came to Arran eighty years ago as a weaver, but farmed a little, and in summer employed himself at the herring fishing. He worked at the weaving till he was ninety years of age. For the last six years he has mostly been confined to bed, but the other day he was sufficiently well to sit on a chair and have his likeness taken by a photographer.

Irresolution.—In matters of great concern, and which must be done, there is no surer argument of a weak mind than irresolution—to be undetermined when the case is so plain and the necessity so urgent. To be always intending to live a new life, but never to find time to set about it, this is as if a man should put off eating and drinking and sleeping from one day and night to another, till he is starved and destroyed.

At the termination of the war the business community began to realize the fact that Union Square was destined to a great transformation, but none of our leading business men did imagine that the most important retail trade in the city, that done in expensive goods, would concentrate itself on it in so short a time, and that within a year three-quarters of a million of dollars would be expended in changes alone, and that unpurchased property would advance one hundred per cent. on account of the large number of applicants.

Much of this transformation is due to the enterprise and energy of Messrs. C. A. Stevens & Co., jewelers and silversmiths, 40 East Fourteenth street, and who were the first to move on the Square in May, 1866, taking the lead among retail dealers of costly goods. For a few days ago we paid them a visit at their store, wishing to gain some information about the Square, and after a brief inspection of their stock did not wonder any longer about their success.

Their store is divided in two parlors, elegantly outfitted, one for jewelry, the other for works of art, reminding us of one of those charming Parisian stores. Their white oak cases for silver are all of the best workmanship, and their regulator of the same wood is a masterpiece of design and carving.

Each one of their well-selected bronzes would be an ornament in the princely mansions of our wealthy merchants. Amongst them we did especially remark a rouge antique marble and bronze clock, with vases; the bronze figure Sesostris placed on the clock is well worth remarking on account of its purity of design, and the Michael Angelo like power of execution. Inquiring after the price of this beautiful set we received the answer, $1,200.

Another *chef-d'œuvre* is a large bronze representing an Indian girl in her canoe; it is one of the most lifelike, pleasing, and graceful bronzes we ever saw.

As to their department of jewelry, their collection of precious stones, in regard to beauty of color and exquisite settings, may compete with any of our best jewelers. A magnificent diamond, unset, weighing ten carats, did especially strike our attention by its faultless shape and color. This princely stone cost $10,000. A necklace composed of twenty-four diamonds, a cross of twelve diamonds (all first water, and one a carat in weight), a coral breastpin of the most delicate color, with diamonds, $1,400 in gold, an emerald and diamond breastpin, with bracelet and earrings to match, $3,000, and some magnificent solitaire earrings and rings, some raising as high as $4,000.

As to the other cases, filled with a large assortment of jewelry of various descriptions, we found Etruscan, Byzantine and plain, in fact antique and modern styles of setting, but all really beautiful as to their oddity and originality of design.

This young firm has already executed satisfactorily very large orders for our first-class families, some amounting to over $25,000. Mr. Stevens does all the designing himself, and we saw a few pieces of a solid silver dinner set they are just completing, amounting to various thousand dollars; and if we take in consideration the fine design, the beautiful chasing, and general finish of this order, we understand the well-deserved confidence they enjoy.

In leaving these artist jewelers we don't know which to admire most, the mysterious processes of nature, which out of the most common of substances produces the most precious stones—of crystalized charcoal forms the diamond; of crystalized alumina she produces the rubies, the sapphires, the oriental amethysts, the topaz, the emerald; and that the beautiful pearl is nothing but a concretion found in an injured oyster, consisting chiefly of carbonate of lime—or the genius or perseverance of man, which, amongst the greatest difficulties obtains the rough stones from the depth of the earth and seas, and which through the hands of a jeweler are transformed after a great deal of labor being spent in gathering them together, polishing and setting them in stone, wonderful and precious gems for to ornament and beautify the most perfect work of God—woman.

The American Button Hole, Overseaming, and Sewing Machine Company offer a most simple, perfect, and noiseless labor-saving sewing machine of modern times. It executes in the greatest degree of perfection all kinds and varieties of sewing, hemming, felling, cording, tucking, braiding, gathering, and sewing on, quilting, &c., that is or can be done by any sewing machine, and stands to-day without a rival, in its celebrated overseaming stitch, embroidering on the edge, and button hole and eyelet hole making, which it does in all kinds of fabrics, not excepting leather, in the most perfect, beautiful, and durable manner. It is but one machine, combining and doing the work of many, without even a change of thread, needle, or tension, being at the same time very simple, and within the capacity of all to manage with ease.

It is especially adapted to shirt making, all kinds of tailoring, dress and cloak making, and fine leather work.

This Company also manufactures and sells a beautiful little Braid Making Machine as an attachment to the Sewing Machine. Call and see it at 482 Broadway.

CORINTHIAN CHAPTER, No. 159, meets at Odd Fellow's Hall, on the 2d and 4th Thursdays.
METROPOLITAN CHAPTER, No. 140, meets on the 1st and 3d Fridays, at Masonic Hall, 114 and 116 East 13th Street.
PURITAN LODGE, No. 339, meets at No. 8 Union Square, on the 1st and 3d Wednesdays.

Whene'er I take my Walks Abroad,
how many poor, miserable Dyspeptic people I see, who would be healthy, and rosy, and happy, if they took
PLANTATION BITTERS,
that paragon of preparations for giving tone to the stomach, energy to the torpid liver, a joy to the nervous system, and strength to the muscles.
S. T.——1860——X.,
is an admirable regenerater of nature's wasted or neglected functional powers, in either man or woman. It gently excites and pleasantly soothes. With a bottle thereof every man may be his own physician. Sold everywhere.

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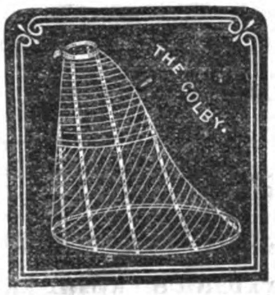
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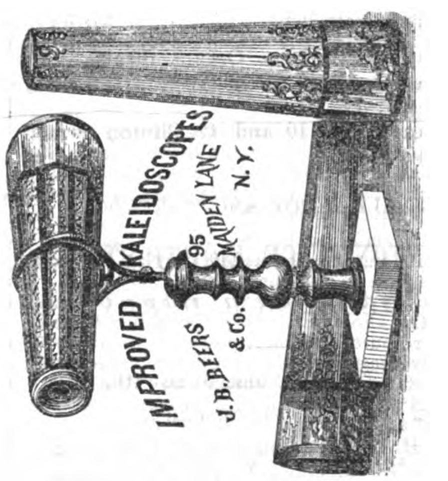
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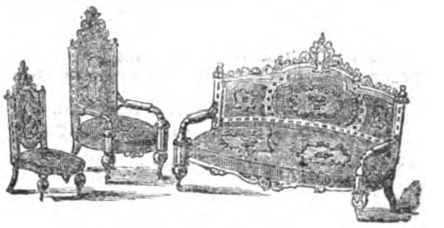

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The authorized capital of the Company is One Hundred Million Dollars, of which over five millions have been paid in upon the work already done.

Earnings of the Company.

At present the profits of the Company are derived only from its local traffic, but this is already much more than sufficient to pay the interest on all the Bonds the Company can issue, if not another mile were built. It is not doubted that when the road is completed the through traffic of the only line connecting the Atlantic and Pacific States will be large beyond precedent, and, as there will be no competition, it can always be done at profitable rates.

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JOHN J. CISCO, Treasurer, New York.

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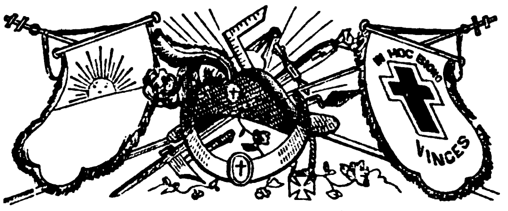

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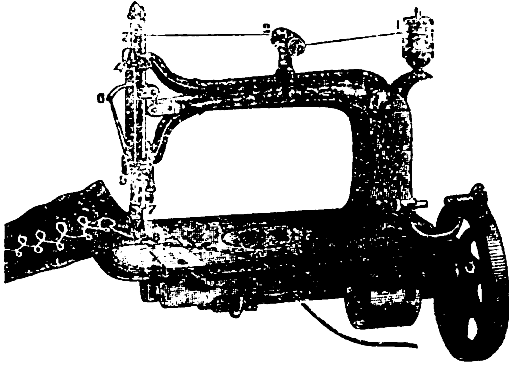

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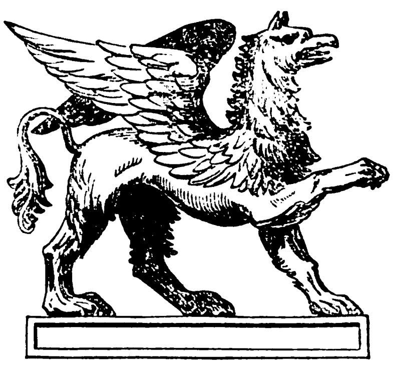

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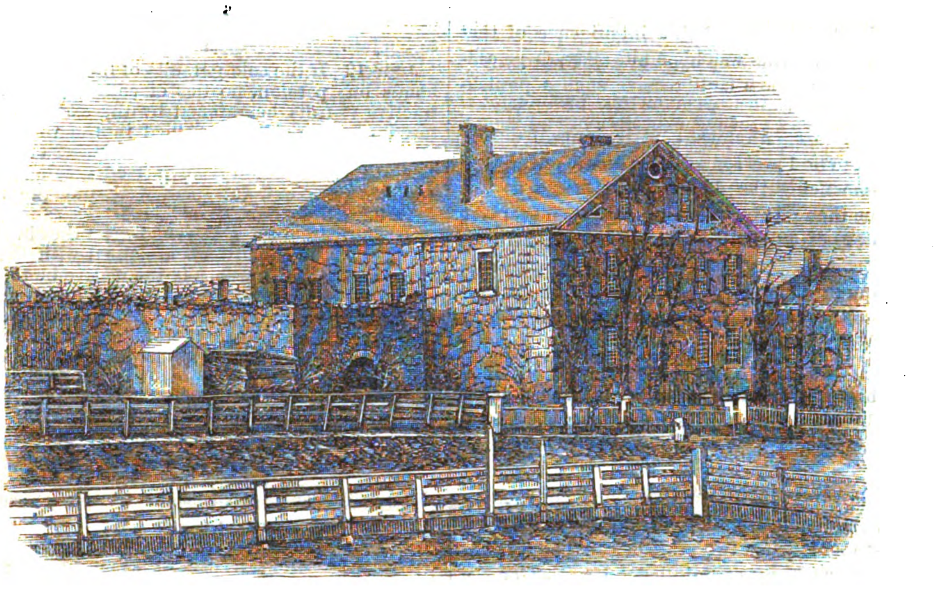
VOL. IX., NO. 25. WEEKLY. NEW YORK CITY, DECEMBER 21, 1867. 10 CTS. A COPY—$4 PER ANN.



JAIL AT CANANDAIGUA, IN WHICH ELI BRUCE WAS IMPRISONED.

ELI BRUCE—The Masonic Martyr.—(No. 1.)

Thirty-eight years ago the Masonic martyr, Eli Bruce, entered the Canandaigua jail, on the 20th day of May, and came forth September 15, 1831, feeble and reduced, to fall an easy and early victim of the terrible epidemic of the ensuing year.

In the series of papers published some time ago in the NATIONAL FREEMASON relative to the "Anti-Masonic warfare" of 1826 to 1836, more than one allusion is made to Bro. Eli Bruce, a man upon whom the utmost vials of anti-Masonic wrath were poured. The history of the sufferings of this unfortunate brother will form the subject of several articles.

Bro. Bruce was born at Templeton, Massachusetts, November 8, 1793. His brother, Dr. Silas Bruce, is or recently was a resident of Boston. His widow and three children still reside somewhere in the Western States. Being left an orphan at the age of twelve years, Eli was reared as a farmer's boy, until at nineteen he purchased his time, and removed to Leicester, Massachusetts, where he entered himself as a student in the academy. He then taught school in the vicinity of that place for several years, after which he removed to Western New York, and taught at Niagara about four years—part of the time in the family of the late Gen. Whitney.

In personal appearance Mr. Bruce was commanding. He was above the average height, and the strongest individual among his school-fellows and associates. In physical power and endurance he was remarkable. His manners were genial and winning, and his conduct in all respects irreproachable. This was even admitted by those who most abounded in aspersions of his Masonic acts. His education was considerably above mediocrity. Those who knew him most intimately testified concerning him thus: "Mr. Bruce was a bright star in Masonry, a devoted husband, a kind and indulgent father, a warm and constant friend. He was charitable to the poor, a good teacher, and in the last years of his life a skillful physician, a calling which he acquired while in prison. He was emphatically a nobleman by a patent from God's own hand. Few men in my acquaintance won so rapidly upon the esteem of men as Eli Bruce. He was never idle for a moment, being always engaged in personal improvement or for the good of his fellow-men. He was a person of great activity and vigilance in himself, and possessed of fine, liberal and social feeling. At the commencement of the unfortunate difficulty which afterwards occasioned his removal from office, he had become extremely popular. He was as honest a man as ever breathed."

From Niagara he removed to Lockport, Niagara County, where, in the latter part of the year 1825, he was elected High Sheriff for the official period of three years. This was a position of eminent respectability and trust. Here, in furnished apartments in the buildings connected with the county jail he was living in 1826, at the period of the Morgan abduction, with which his name is associated.

The period of his Masonic initiation cannot now be ascertained, but he was serving in 1826 as Principal Sojourner in the Royal Arch Chapter at Lewiston, and the Council of Royal and Select Masters then working at Lockport contains his name as a member.

[We have seen a drawing of his Royal Arch Medal. It is heart-shaped, and contains nothing more than is usually found upon objects of that character used at the period mentioned. It is worthy of notice that the Council of Cryptic Masonry now working at Lockport, N. Y., is named "Bruce Council," in his honor.]

Having sketched the character of this amiable and intelligent individual, then about 33 years of age, the "Morgan affair," as already given in the NATIONAL FREEMASON, with some additions, furnish a proper link in his biography.

Early in 1827 Bro. Bruce was arraigned before A. J. Hinman, a justice of the peace at Lockport, for assisting in the abduction of Morgan, but he was acquitted. Complaint was made to the Executive, De Witt Clinton, against Mr. Bruce, who promptly summoned him to appear at Albany, and show cause why he should not be removed from office. Mr. Bruce replied by counsel, who failed to satisfy the Governor, who required not that Bro. Bruce should be proved guilty, but that he must establish his innocence, and who, while he knew as a Freemason that Bro. Bruce had committed no wrong, yet as a Governor, and in the excited state of the public mind, there was no alternative but to remove Bro. Bruce.

The trial of Bro. Bruce before the Circuit Court of Ontario County, sitting at Canandaigua, commenced August 20, 1828. Bro. Orsamus Turner and Jared Darrow, both of Lockport, were united in the indictment and upon the same counts. The *first* count was for conspiring to abduct Morgan; the *second* for the abduction itself. The following judges were present: Hons. Nathaniel W. Howell, Chester Loomis, John Price and Samuel Lawson. For the State the attorneys were Messrs. Moseley, Whiting and Charles Butler; and for the defense Messrs. Marvin, Sibley, Adams, Matthews and Griffin. The jurors were Messrs. Anson, Cary, Peet, Smith, Spencer, Stults, Green, Dodge, Lincoln, Short, Pennal, Jr., and Reed.

Bro. Bruce was sentenced to 28 months' imprisonment. An appeal to the Supreme Court postponed the execution of the sentence until May 13, 1829. He was then imprisoned at Canandaigua, as already stated, and remained in jail until September 23, 1831.

Upon the trial of Whitney Mr. Bruce was a witness and testified:

> That on the evening of the 13th of September, 1826, he was first apprised that William Morgan was coming on from Canandaigua, on the *ridge road*. He was told this by Burrage Smith and another person, then living at Lockport. Some six or eight days previous to this, he had been informed by a gentleman from Batavia that Morgan was willing to go away from Miller, and the witness was requested to assist in his removal, which he declined. He, however, had been requested by another person to prepare a cell for Morgan in the jail at Lockport, in contemplation of Morgan's being carried directly across from Batavia to Lockport, and thence to Niagara. Smith and the person who came with him told witness that Morgan had come voluntarily, and was willing to go into Canada; they said he had come peaceably, and wanted witness to assist

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